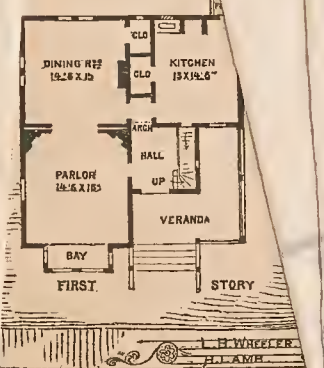


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THE LADIES' National Calendar

BY HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

VOL. VI

NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1877.

No. 61.

PRICE 12 CENTS.

A COUNTRY PARSONAGE.

The book-case was already in its place and full, and deserves a passing notice. Of course, no such movable property as Methodist ministers have any right to great, cumbersome book-cases, yet their books are an important item. So *our* book-case was made of packing-boxes, and the boxes were made to fit the books. One box was placed above the other, open side outward, then securely screwed together and stood up against the wall. Where the boxes join, a piece of black walnut, about two inches wide, was screwed on. Two walnut boards the height of the eight boxes, or shelves, as they have now become, were screwed on the ends, a slight cornice over the top, the books placed in their appropriate shelves, and a very handsome black walnut book-case stood forth.

Between the two west windows hung a little cluster of oak leaves, done in pastel, my last Christmas gift to Liddy.

"The home group will hang here," I said, pointing to the only space wide enough for more than one picture, and between the south window and the wall. So the loving father whose face I had not seen for three years, and that I should never again see on earth save as pictured before me, looked down from the wall, and mother's kindly one hung just above, looking as if she would like very much to step down and help. Just beneath father hung the only brother, while at his left was the sweet face of our Margie, who for a year and a half had slept by the side of our father. To the right was our Oracle, and I really think I ought to introduce her, for she forms an important item in our home life. She is the youngest sister of Mrs. Miriam, but the family dignity centres in her. She is a most energetic seeker after bugs, and we call her Orrie, for short. Over the fold-

ing doors hung one of the mottoes so common now; yet I believe they are beautiful educators.

Two or three small pictures, three hanging shelves for books (which I have seen described in the CABI-

NET, and therefore pass by), a mantel-piece full of the inevitable books, a corner closet, with glass doors, filled with that same article, and the walls of our little room were finished for the time being.

BIRD'S NEST.

DESIGN FOR COTTAGE.

Upon this page is illustrated a design of a cottage in the Italian style of architecture, modified to suit our American climate by a steeper pitch of roof, &c.

This style of design seems to be most appropriate to our cottages of small cost, because of the plainness and consequent inexpensiveness of its details and finish.

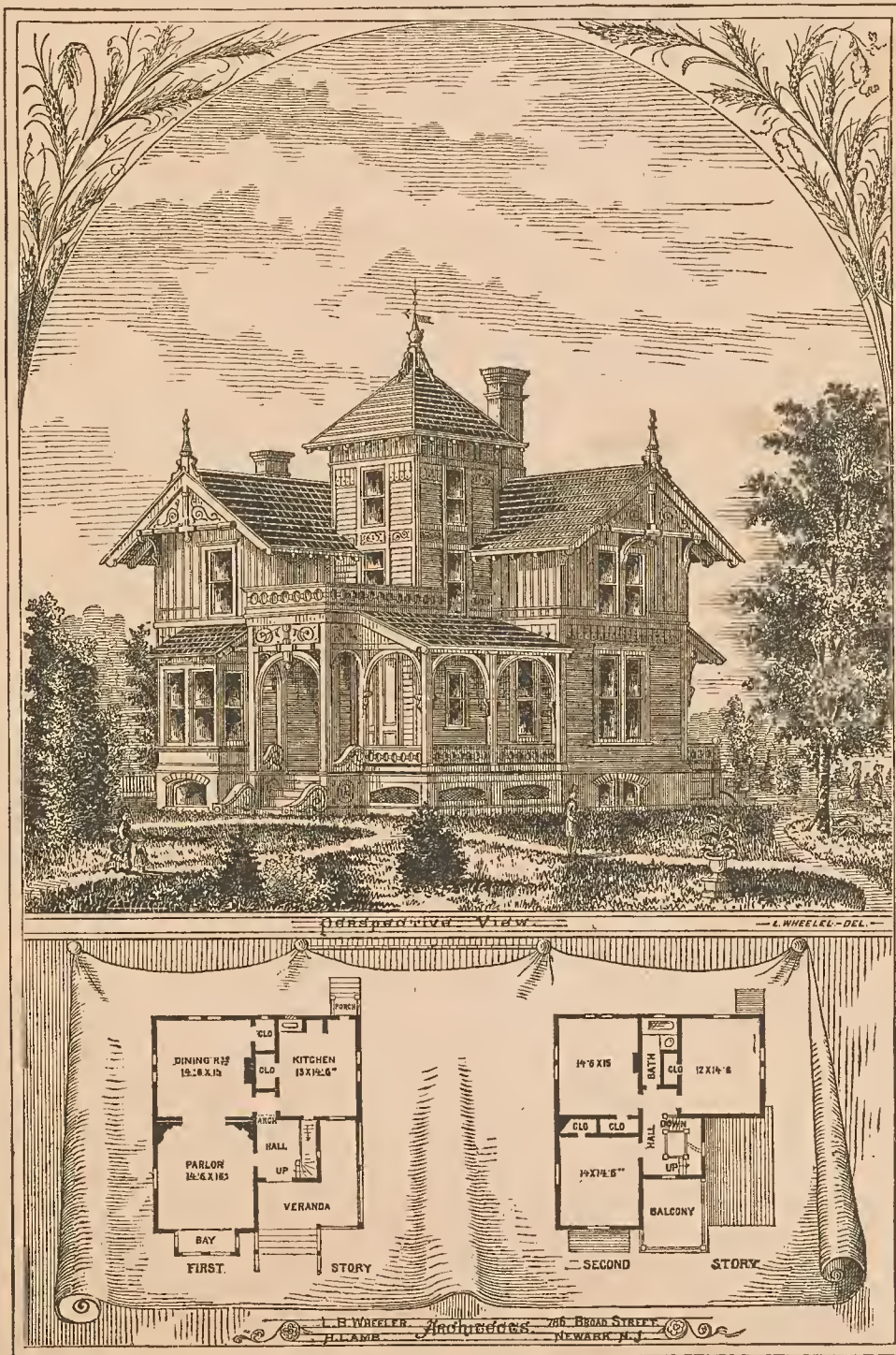
The building is intended to be sheathed diagonally and tar papered, thus giving strength and warmth; then to be clapboarded on the lower story and boarded vertically with battened joints above, producing a pleasing variety without additional expense.

The main roof is covered with slate. The interior is, we think, conveniently arranged. We enter a square, well-lighted hall, nine feet wide, containing broad, easy stairs to upper story. We prefer a *square* hall to a long, narrow one, giving simply an *alley* alongside of stairs—the latter generally taking more square feet of space than the former, and being much more cramped.

The parlor and dining-room are connected by large sliding doors. The kitchen is convenient to the dining-room, with passage between. The kitchen is provided with stationary range, with boiler attached for warming water. Force pump to supply tank, sink, &c., complete.

There are three bed-rooms and bath-room on the second floor. All rooms throughout are well supplied with closets. The bath-room has bath-tub and wash-bowl, supplied with cold water from tank in roof.

The cost of this cottage would be from \$2,500 to \$2,800, complete.



DESIGN FOR COTTAGE.

Floral Contributions.

MY AFTERNOON AT MRS. BRIGGS.

[This article received first prize floral topics.]

When we commenced house-keeping, Moses and I, our assets were not heavy, and we soon learned that finding a living for two, in addition to the usual outlay necessary to begin a house of one's own, *did lighten* them uncomfortably, especially in the winter, and no work; though M. was skilled in the use of plane and saw. We economized, and several years had passed, bringing with them a reasonable degree of prosperity, yet the old habits elung to him, and he believed, or thought he did, that the mere beautiful should be passed by, mostly, by persons in our circumstances. He was not willing that I should be a breadwinner in any way. "If I attended to my household duties it was enough, he could support us," he guessed. Like a dutiful wife, I acquiesced in all his views and wishes; but I often wished for something to enliven those bare windows and walls, neither very large, but bare, nevertheless. One evening, I saw an advertisement in the *Times*, something like—"10 Beautiful Window Plants for \$1.00. Catalogues Free." How those "beautiful window plants" haunted me. I said to myself, Moses does not care for those things, and I don't think he would be willing to spend much, if anything, for them; but I am going to have them, if it can be done. Fortune favors the brave. Just then Mrs. Ruffle was making a wonderfully extensive trousseau for Miss Precise (aged 36), and she must have the buttonholes very nice.

Now, Mrs. R. can build the most elaborate structure of flounces and puffs and folds, but she cannot make a decent buttonhole. It happens, I have acquired some reputation for excellence in this ornamental utility department; so, stating the situation, she offered me \$1.50 if I would do said buttonholes. I caught eagerly at the chance, for here was the means of getting my coveted plants. Every stitch meant a leaf or a blossom to me; and I enjoyed that work, though the pay was in small proportion to the amount of work, as I found before I got through with it. To lose no time, I had sent for the catalogue, which I examined carefully, and by the time I received my pay I had decided to send for two Fuschias, a double, two single, and one Rose Geranium, a Heliotrope, a Calla and an English Ivy. When they came, they were fresh and beautiful, surely, and there was a bright Colens added to them. When I went to buy pots, I was astonished at the prices, but was assured that they could be sold for no less; so I concluded to buy two six-inch and one five with what was left of my \$1.50. There were two one-gallon jars I did not need, not good for much else anyway, and I would use some old tin cans. I saw some nice plants in cans in a window as I came down town. Accordingly the gallon jars were filled with mostly manure and a little soil, and no drainage, and the Fuschias put in them. The double and single Geraniums in the six-inch pots, the other single one in the five-inch one, the Calla in a three-pint can, the Colens, Heliotrope and Ivy in cans holding about a pint apiece. After being thoroughly watered, they were put in the east and south windows, and I watched to see them grow. In a few days the Fuschias began to decay; the leaves dropped off, and they gradually dried up. My sad, longing looks could not save them, and I saw with dismay my Heliotrope turn yellow, then blackness, then the stem looked black too, and soon it, too, was gone. Soon the Colens followed;

and I fairly cried when I could no longer deny that the Geraniums were likely to perish also. There was one consolation, my Calla was flourishing. That was one ray of hope. I need not follow the course of their lives and deaths, suffice to say, that soon I had left, my Calla, Ivy and two Geraniums, the last with one leaf apiece, about as large as an old-fashioned half dime.

A friend gave me a plant of white-flowering, large-leaved Begonia. I began to think I had watered them too much, perhaps, so tried a new plan with my Begonia. Just a very little was given, on the top of soil, at a time. The result was so unsatisfactory that my husband's sympathies were aroused. "Bella," he said, as he turned away from the half dead remnants, "why don't you ask Mrs. Briggs what to do for the poor things?"—"Just what I ought to have done before; why did I never think of it." The next afternoon found me in her sitting-room, and I do wish I could describe it, but the three to five pages would be filled before I got done, if I tried to; and I would rather tell you what she told me. When she asked me to lay off hat and shawl, I said, with a slight flush I suspect, for it is hard to say one has failed, "Thank you, I will; for I have come for a long talk about plants, if you have the time to spare."—"I always have time to talk about them. While I go for a piece of work for my hands, please look at my pets."—There was one east and one south window, neither very large; the last close by a partition, along which were arranged shelves, so that all the sunshine was used. As Mrs. B. took her seat, she said, "Now, tell me what you want to know about." I told her how unfortunate I was in my attempts at window-gardening; and when I spoke of my Fuschia, I could not help looking at a graceful, drooping one, just laden with its jewels of waxy white and rose; I also saw the shadow of a smile she could not wholly conceal; but she only said, "You made a mistake in putting them in too large a quantity of soil, and it was too rich. For a long time I lost every one of that family I received by mail, and about concluded that it was hardly possible to recover them after being sent in that way; but finally found that no plant small enough to be sent by mail was too large to put in a two-inch pot, and use pure, fresh garden soil to pot it in. When they have got growing again, and made, say, two new sets of leaves, you can transfer them to something larger. A four or five-inch pot will be large enough for a good-sized plant; if they are in a larger one, they will not bloom so soon. The soil should be one-third well-rotted manure (I use that from the cow stable for all my plants) with two-thirds garden soil and, say, three or four tablespoons of sand to a five-inch pot. Some soils do not need any, there being enough in it already. I always wash the sand, if there is any clay in it. They want plenty of light, but are content to get along with very little sun. Unless watered enough to keep the earth moist, they are apt to drop their leaves; yet, must not be allowed to stand with water in the saucers, as no plant suffers sooner from sour soil. I will here give you a word about watering: water when they need it, then withhold until they need it again—whether it is twelve hours, or two weeks. All plants, except Callas (in common culture), love a sweet, well-drained soil. To secure this, drain your pots well, by putting some pieces of rock, pebbles, broken pot, or dishes, or even some straw (fine) in the bottom of the pot, and, if you can procure it, some charcoal, a few small pieces. Now, I usually water from the saucer, especially in the winter, when I use water too warm to put around the stems. Watering from the saucers prevents the soil from becoming hard on the surface.

"After an hour or so, pour out what water may be left in the saucers. The proportions of soil I mentioned are about right for most plants." "But, if I should get the dirt from the roots, I should be no better off than when they came from Post-Office," I said, thinking of changing them from the smaller to larger pots. "Not if you do as I am going to tell you: Have the new pot ready with drainage and soil, half full or more, so that the plant, with the ball of earth around, will not be above the top of the pot, or rather one-half inch below the top; then place the small pot upside down in your left hand, with the stem between your first and second fingers; with the right hand strike gently on the bottom of the pot, when the contents will be deposited in your hand; turn it right side up in the new pot, and fill to within a half-inch of the top."—"I forgot to ask you when you water them, in the morning or evening?" "In the morning in the winter, and in warm weather in the evening; and Heliotrope and Rose Geraniums and Vineas, and all those that need more water, again in the morning. Always give enough to wet the ground through, and when it is dry a half-inch or more from the surface, give again, but do not water when the sun shines hot on them, or you may destroy them." "Now, tell me about Geraniums." "I find that they double-bloom better in three or four-inch pots, and a five-inch is large enough for a large single, and most of them can be successfully grown in a four. They need moderate watering; will stand a good deal of dryness, but do not do well on it. Those of yours you had better take from the pots they are in—the soil has become soured. Take a knife and cut out a ball of three inches in width with the plant; break away the soil carefully until you reach the roots; then take some of those smallest cans, make some holes in the sides, near the bottom, and fill half-full of drainage, and fill in the top of that with pure soil; put your plants in, and water them so as to settle the soil good; then don't touch it while it is wet—you utterly ruin soil to stir or touch it then. After that, let them set until they either grow or show signs of wilting; if the last, water thoroughly, and, if they are beginning to grow, water frequently, but be sure the surplus can run off. Keep them out of the noontday sun until they begin to grow. The flowering, or Zonales, need good soil, moderate supply of water (more when in bud or bloom, as all plants do), good drainage and plenty of sun. The Scented Leaf, as well as the Variegated, need more pot-room, and plenty of sun and water, as it is foliage we want in this case. The Ivy-leaved need a warmer, dryer soil than any of the rest, so are well-adapted for baskets in the sun. They do not need near so much root-room as any of the other varieties. So when yours start again, give them the sunniest place you have, but save one as good for the Heliotrope I am going to give you. But put it in one of those empty pots (they are a particular family about the size of their houses), and be sure and draw their water well and often, unless you want the leaves to drop off after they have blackened. Charcoal in the soil is very acceptable to them."—"What are these lovely bells?" "They are Abutilons; that striped one is Striatum; that pure white, Boule de Nilge, that large-leaved, gold and green, is Thompsonii; and those drooping branches so filled with golden and green marbled leaves and yellow patched blossoms with scarlet calyx and a bunch of brown stamens that look like tassels, that is Velillarium Variegatum. There are more new varieties, and when I am rich enough to own a conservatory I mean to have them all. They are so easily cultivated, plenty of root-room, sun and water, and they are so free from insects, which is a great consideration. One must be

sure to pinch the top out; when six or eight inches higher you will see a straight stem and few blossoms, but if pruned right and cared for well they are constant and free bloomers. Those are Cuphea Platycentra and Libonia floribunda, both valuable. The first blooms almost all the time, and from a fancied resemblance of its blending of scarlet, black and white, to the lightest end of a cigar, is sometimes called cigar plant. Its treatment is similar to the Fuchsia. The Libonia is a winter bloomer, and the blossoms resemble those of Honeysuckle, in shades of orange. Like the Bouvardia, it should be grown in the same pot all summer in which it is intended to bloom. I found some dark gray lice on mine last summer, and as it stood somewhat hidden by others, they were quite numerous before I knew it, and I think they injured it.

"Those odd-looking scarlet and yellow flowers are Asclepias Curassavicas. I grew them from seed last spring; I know nothing about them but what I have learned from those. But they have bloomed constantly for several months, and from the number of buds on them I think will continue for a while yet; one thing, they will stand a good deal of bad treatment. I grew those Lantanas from seed also last spring. Are they not lovely, that pure white, that buff with orange centre, and this that opens just like the buff one, but turns to rosy purple, so the cluster when fully open shows all the intervening shades. They need only common care and amply repay me for what they get. This Carnation will soon reward me with a wealth of fragrant, crimson bloom. They must have sun and rich earth and not be allowed to suffer for water." "What ails these plants?" "They are Pelargoniums, first cousins to the French Geranium. They are not of the every day value of their uncle's family. They bloom only in spring and early summer, but the flowers are so beautiful; and they seem like some member of the human family to live so perfectly in the memory of that one grand achievement, that they can only be brought to a sense of duty by lopping off their branches, thus compelling them to replace their lost proportions; this should be done when they are done blooming, and then repotted, shaking off nearly all the old soil; then started and grown as fast as they wish until about three months before you want them to bloom; then give just water enough to keep them from turning yellow or wilting for six or eight weeks; then give more and let them grow, and when buds appear you may give them manure-water."

"I heard you kept your Calla pot out of doors, and lying on the side, during the summer?" "I do; after it is done blooming in the spring, I put it on the side somewhere in the shade, and leave it there about two months, then carefully wash the dirt from the roots; wash the pot clean, too, (by the way, never put a plant in a dirty pot, box, or can), then re-pot in one-half rotten manure, the other half two-thirds dirt, the rest clean sand, with a handful of sand around and under the bulb, water well and set somewhere in the shade. After they get started again, put in the sun and fill the saucer at least once a day with boiling water, and keep water in the saucers all the time. This boiling water plan is a good one for all winter-bloomers. They will need no other watering, but empty the saucers again. Those are Vincas, wandering their own sweet way among the pictures. I had them in a basket, but that was too dry for them, so I put them in that good-sized pot on the bracket, and see how they grow. That English Ivy has grown over seven feet since I took it a little over a year ago and gave it plenty of root-room and warm manure-water, weak. That basket is Senecio Scandens, some-

times improperly called German Ivy. It makes a fine basket in the shady corner there. I keep the ends pinched off, and you can't tell that the root fills an old tomato can. That other basket in the other shady corner is Linaria Cymbalaria, or Kenilworth Ivy. It likes a loose, light soil, good drainage, plenty of water, and no sun. What is it in? A cocoa-nut shell opened near the end. This Othonno is in one, too, and so is this Fragaria, but I must put it in something larger. This Oxalis has something more aristocratic—an old wash-bowl painted green. These last three need sun, and there is, I think, one of the prettiest, that Dewplant, it needs sun, too, but can do with very little water. When you get your plants, I will come and help you pot them."

She did help me and gave me a good many slips, and some day I will tell all she told me about those two things. This was a year ago, and now I have some fine specimens, thanks to Mrs. B. and THE FLORAL CABINET, which she first showed me a copy of. Moses thinks our home is much prettier than it was. So do I.

BELLA DONNA.

Bleaching Wax—Hair Flowers.—Will some one be kind enough to inform me, through the medium of your columns, how to bleach wax, and how to harden it and prepare it for making wax flowers, and also how to make wax grapes? Will some one also tell me how to make hair flowers?

EMMA CARSON.

Painting.—Perhaps the lady who paints with oils on Bristol board will find the following preparation for ready use, convenient: To any quantity of glue use common whiskey instead of water. Put both together in a bottle, cork it tightly, and let it stand for three or four days, when it will be fit for use without the application of heat. Glue thus prepared will keep for years, and is at all times fit for use, except in very cold weather, when it should be set in warm water before using. To obviate the difficulty of the stopper getting tight by the glue drying in the mouth of the vessel, use a tin vessel with the cover fitting tightly on the outside to prevent the escape of the spirit by evaporation.

AVIS.

Fringed Gentian.—Another lady wishes to know something of the habits of the Fringed Gentian. Here in the west it is found in roadside ditches, or in moist unfrequented places, where it will bloom year after year if undisturbed. Its habits are similar to those of the closed Gentian, which abounds in the sloughs of our prairies. We have also the Creeping Gentian, which loves a dry, somewhat clayey soil, but it is rare, and its rich, expanded blossoms are never seen until after the first frosts of October.

AVIS.

White Worms.—In what way, without injuring the plants, can we destroy the little white worms that seem to breed in the jars containing old plants? We have some old Fuchsias that we keep in the cellar during the winter, and about two months since we brought them up, and now there are hundreds of buds and blossoms on them, but the earth is full of those little worms. We have tried tobacco tea and diluted ammonia, but they do not seem to have the effect of killing them. An answer through the CABINET would very much oblige

F. D. PERKINS.

Rome, N. Y.

Answer.—Bake the earth in an oven and it will kill all animal or insect life—after baking put the plants in.

Japan Lily.—My Japan Lily failed to bloom this season: it is now six years old, and never failed before. Shall I divide the roots?

MRS. H. SWAN.

Answer.—The original bulb is probably decayed; the offshoot will most likely flower next year.

Stove Urn.—One of the CABINET correspondents tells how to make old stove urns useful (I had already found it out), and perhaps it may be interesting to some of your

numerous readers to know how they can easily utilize the cover. First give the outside two coats of brown or drab paint, then take a round wooden box which will just fit into the bottom of the cover (a strawberry box will answer), and treat in the same way; now invert the cover, attach three cords of suitable length, place the box in this, and you will have a very respectable hanging-pot, and something much prettier than a tin basin. Do not omit to make a hole in the bottom of the box for drainage, and place under it, in what is now the bottom of the cover, a piece of sponge or some moss, to absorb any water that may pass through. Will correspondents give their methods of treating Smilax? I have had one for several years, but have never succeeded in making it grow well, and not at all except in the shade; and can any one give me the true name of what is sometimes called "Abutilon Fuchsia"? also the name of the plant commonly known as "Baby's Breath"?

W.

House Vines.—What vine can I have in the house this winter that is a rapid grower and has bright flowers? Also tell me the price of the plant and mode of culture.

LOUIE.

Answer.—Coboea Scandens.

Liquid Fertilizer.—The following works like magic on vegetable life. You can recommend it without fear of failure. Its inexpensiveness and convenience will recommend it to all. Take of ammonium sulphate, 4 oz.; salt-petre, 2 oz.; white sugar, 1 oz. Powder, mix, and dissolve in one quart of water. One tablespoonful of this mixture added to one gallon of water and sprinkled on the plants once or twice a week enriches the soil and imparts health and vigor to the plants. I do not know who is the originator. I have been using a tablespoonful to about one and a half pints of water on an almost hopeless window basket and it has done wonders.

ELLE SCHEREFFLER.

Splendid Salve Receipt.—You will confer a kindness by publishing the following for the good it may do. It was sent to my mother to relieve her agony while suffering with a carbuncle on the back of the neck, and afforded her wonderful relief. For boils and sores of almost every kind it will be found of great service: Tallow, 1 lb.; linseed oil, 1 lb.; beeswax, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.; Burgundy pitch, 4 oz.; Venice turpentine, 4 oz.; rosin, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.; oil of lavender, 2 oz. Mix all together and simmer over the fire for about twenty minutes. As this makes a large quantity, one half of the above ingredients may be taken. I consider this receipt alone worth many times the price of the CABINET.

ANNIE O. SOLLERS.

Maryland Biscuit.—One of your correspondents asks for a receipt for making these biscuit, and as Maryland is my native State I can give her very explicit directions how to make them, but whether she will be successful is the question, as the whole secret is in the proper handling of the dough. The fact is that few can make them in perfection except the old colored women who have been brought up as family servants, and who are fast passing away. This is the receipt: Rub in two quarts of flour, one small teacup of lard, and the usual quantity of salt. Mix it up with just enough water to make a stiff dough. Now comes the tug of war. The dough must be worked and beaten from half an hour to an hour. It should be worked until the blisters are constantly snapping and breaking and the dough is waxy. After the dough is once mixed there should be no more flour worked in. When it is all right, if you break off a piece quickly, it snaps off short, and in cutting a piece off with a sharp knife the holes or pores where you have cut it are small and of an even size. Now break off the dough in small pieces, and work each piece into a nice biscuit shape, and press it with the lower part of the thumb where it joins the hand to make the indentation; prick, and bake quickly in a very hot oven. The biscuit should be a light brown in the centre of the top and on the bottom, but not all over, and not hard. I should like to hear if your correspondent is successful in making them.

MRS. M. W.

Waterbury, Md.

Flower Gardening.

THE DANDELION.

Gay little "Golden Head" lived within a town
Full of busy bobolinks flitting up and down,
Pretty neighbor buttercups, cosy auntie clovers,
And shy groups of daisies whispering like lovers.

A town that was builded on the borders of a stream
By the loving hand of Nature when she woke from winter's dream:
Sunbeams for the workingmen, taking turns with showers,
Rearing fairy houses of nodding grass and flowers.

Crowds of talking bumble-bees, rushing up and down,
Wily little brokers of this busy little town—
Bearing bags of gold-dust—always in a hurry,
Fussy bits of gentlemen full of fret and flurry.

Gay little "Golden Head" fair and fairer grew,
Fed with flecks of sunshine and sips of balmy dew,
Swinging on her slender foot all the happy day,
Chattering with bobolinks, gossips of the May.

Underneath her lattice on starry summer eves
By and by a lover came with a harp of leaves,
Wooded and won the maiden there—tender, sweet
and shy—

For a little cloud-home he was building in the sky.

And one breezy morning on a steed of might
He bore his little "Golden Head" out of mortal sight,
But still her gentle spirit, a puff of airy down,
Wanders through the mazes of that busy little town.
AMBER HOLDEN.

[This Article received Second Prize for Floral Topics.]

FLORAL ITEMS.

In Floriculture, as in most other pursuits, success depends greatly upon attention in little matters. Plants cannot be neglected and thrive. Many who keep their plants in almost sunless windows, wonder why they do not have more blossoms, not realizing that they must have plenty of sunshine to perfect them. A window with southern exposure is best suited to plant-growth; if a bay-window, so much the better. But many fine plants may be grown in ordinary windows, if facing east, south, southeast or southwest; and even in a western window we have seen some excellent plants; while Ivies, hardy Ferns, Tradescantias, and similar plants, will thrive in a north window.

In the cultivation of house plants, much of our success depends upon our choice of plants. Most any of those known as green house plants will flourish in our sitting-rooms, also some called hothouse plants, though not a great many, unless our rooms are kept far too warm for human health or comfort.

One winter I had a beautiful Croton—it barely lived; but barely living did not please me, and though I paid a high price for it, I did not care to try it another year. So, too, with the Torrenia—it was pretty, but I found in order to thrive that it wanted to live a-top of the stove-urn, or over the tea-kettle, and that followed the Croton. So, too, with Bonvardias. I had blooms, to be sure, but not in any such quantities as to render them desirable. In my choice, I wish to select only such plants as are well-adapted to room-culture, doing well in an atmosphere from 60 to 68 or 70 degrees by day, often ranging as low as 40 or 45 degrees at night.

From observation and experience, I find the following plants well-suited to grow in such a temperature; The Calla, Genista, Smilax, winter-blooming Fuchsias, Cupheas, Daphnes, Feverfews, all the different sorts of Geraniums, Jessamines, Pelargoniums, Stevias, Eupatoriums, Primroses, Centaureas, Ivies, Achyranthus, Dracenas, greenhouse Ferns, Cacti, some sorts of Begonia, Veronica Variegata, Petunias, Mahernias, Oleanders, Maurandias, Ageratums, Roses, Carnations, Abutilons, Camelias, Azalias, Sedums, Lobelias, Lantanas, Cyclamen, Mesembryanthemum, Violets, Musk-plant, besides many others. The Heliotrope, too, we all admire for its delightful fragrance; although

classed with hothouse plants, we find that by giving it the highest shelf in the sunniest window, we are rewarded by its sweet blossoms. Then there are the different bulbs, such as Oxalis, Ixias, Hyacinths, Polyanthus, Narcissus, etc., so that any lady can find sufficient variety from which to choose, and be confident of success, if proper care be given them. Make ready for the winter by starting cuttings of the various plants desired, during the summer and autumn. It is best to commence early in the fall, potting and cutting such as we wish to preserve, not leaving too many till there is danger of hard frosts, for then we are apt to work too hurriedly, and may lose some of our treasures after all. Never bring them at once into a warm room, but place in some sheltered spot or cool chamber, where they can have plenty of light and air. John says I have "posies on the brain," and thinks his "pathway actually strewn with flowers," for they are growing "upstairs, and down stairs, and in my lady's chamber." He thinks the cellar may need enlarging to accommodate all my Oleanders, Chrysanthemums, Roses, etc., that go there to rest; (but I have agreed not to crowd the potatoes and cabbages.)

Having many plants to care for, I wish, of course, to make their washing easy, and to save as many steps as possible. I spread down a piece of old carpet in front of the bay-window, set thereon a small table to hold my pail or basin of water. The small and medium-sized plants can be immersed and receive a good washing here, while the larger ones must go to the kitchen sink for their bath. After setting on the table to drip, the pots can be wiped, and the plants restored to their places, while we proceed with others. One lady said in THE CABINET, that she thought washing did more harm than good, because it "stuck the dirt down." I really cannot see how there can be much "dirt" to "stick down," if they are washed weekly. Some persons never smoke their plants, thinking it more agreeable to pick off all intruders by hand every morning. I have no patience with that method, but prefer smoking them. It is very disagreeable, to be sure, but is the only preventative or cure for the aphids and green fly. I recollect telling my manner of smoking in the pages of THE CABINET some years since; but knowing the paper has hosts of new readers since then, I will repeat it for their benefit:

Beyond the kitchen, in a back room, we have a large old-fashioned sink, beneath which is a capacious closet; into this I set my plants as closely as convenient, leaving a large unoccupied space in the centre. Here I place a large brick, and upon this a piece of iron, several inches square, previously heated red-hot in the stove among the coals; then lay upon it some tobacco cut fine, and rather damp, so as not to blaze, and close the door as quickly as possible. In about half an hour I remove the plants, wash both plants and pots, and carry to their places in the windows. I thus proceed with them all before putting in their winter quarters. Those too tall to stand in the closet, I lay upon their sides. The plants should not remain too long after smoking, before being washed, or the insects (should there be any) might revive. A writer, in THE CABINET, once said that the aphids or green fly appeared only on the most healthy plants. Now, I always thought there was something wrong about mine when I chanced to see any of those insects upon them; that they had been kept too wet, so that the roots had suffered, and become sodden and rotten. I repot such plants, cutting off the rotten roots, and if the pot is too hard baked to allow of sufficient evaporation through its sides, change it for a new one, not forgetting to place in the bottom a handful of broken

charcoal. If placed in moderate sunshine after repotting, and kept there, its health will be restored, and the aphids not likely to appear again, especially if washed every week with carbolic soap suds. Perhaps some of our readers do not know that tobacco smoke, though called destructive to the aphids, will not kill their incipient offspring. To do this, it will be found necessary to smoke again on the second or third day, that is, all such plants as we know to have been infected. This will generally suffice, if the weekly washings are attended to, to keep them free from insects.

When plants seem subject to attacks from the red spider, they should be washed, or dipped in water twice a week or more. Common flower-pots are far more healthy than glazed or ornamental ones, and plants grown in the latter should be more sparingly watered. The temperature of the room should be kept as even as possible, and air given on mild days. Plants at rest, or lately cut back, require little water. In winter use warm water, and remember to give your Callas water much too warm for the hand. Also turn hot water in their saucers. I commence this treatment soon after potting in September, and the last two years buds have appeared in October. Hot water may also be turned in the saucers beneath Fuchsias, Genistas, Geraniums, etc., when blooming freely or coming into bloom. All new pots should be well soaked in water, and old ones thoroughly cleansed before using. In potting, have your soil slightly moist. Plants, when first brought in, need no stimulants; but later in the season, or when blooming freely, they may be given it once a week. That from stable manure is much safer, especially for the inexperienced. To prepare it, get your "John" or "Isaac," to fit a cheap lead faucet (cost about a quarter) into one side of a tight butter firkin, as near the bottom as convenient. Have a circular piece of board well perforated with large holes for a strainer; nail upon it three small blocks of wood three inches long for legs; but do not have it fit too tightly the sides of the firkin, so as to be easily removed and replaced. This strainer when dropped upon its legs into the firkin, will, of course, leave a space between the bottom and the strainer, the height of these legs. Place upon the strainer a large handful of straw, and upon this several shovelfuls of stable manure; then turn on sufficient boiling water to nearly fill the firkin; place on the cover tightly, and when cool it is ready for use. Keep it where it will not freeze, and have it placed upon blocks, so as to draw off easily. Add warm water to make it the color of weak tea. I find this much neater and more convenient than the usual method. One writer in THE CABINET thinks angle-worms are beneficial to her Callas, while I carefully avoid all insects and worms by baking my earth. Another says, "don't do it, for it takes the life all out of it." Now, it has sometimes happened that in baking my earth, it has really been burnt a little, and I observed that my plants never did better; the Petunias and Pelargoniums that had been re-potted in it, were splendid in growth and perfectly gorgeous in color. Once, owing to an unexpected change in the weather, I had some fine Verbenas, Pelargoniums, and Petunias (kept in a chamber) badly frozen. I plunged them at once into cold (not freezing) water, and had them removed to a dark closet in the cellar, where they remained for two or three days. They were then returned to their places, looking as fresh and well as though the frost had never touched them. This is the only way to restore frozen plants.

MRS. POLYANTHUS PERIWINKLE.

[Written specially for the LADIES' FLORAL CABINET.]

Winnifred's Will.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

CHAPTER IV.

"A young man married is a man that's marred."

A tall, broad-shouldered, brown-haired young man was standing in an elegant little city breakfast parlor, fitted up with the subdued, well-harmonized colors and artistic devices that modern taste delights in, and holding in his hand one of the ominous yellow envelopes of the Western Union Telegraph Company. The centre of the polished hardwood floor was covered by a rich Turkey carpet. The shining, plate-glass windows, draped with heavy striped curtains of Oriental stuff, the jardinières full of growing plants, the gleam of a soft coal fire in the low grate of polished steel, the mirror frame, and buffet, and mantel, all of the most exquisite wood-carving, the few excellent oil sketches on the wall, with rare Japanese bronzes and vases scattered about, made this room a perfect setting for the lady seated by the breakfast tray, furnished simply with a fragrant pot of tea and crisp, golden rolls, and dainty pats of butter.

She had lived much abroad, and abominated heavy American breakfasts. You might know she would—so perfect was she from the crown of her head to the tip of her bronze slipper. There is a beauty that does not perfect and mature itself before the age of fifty. It was fresher at eighteen, but less harmonized, less complete. The smooth puffs and baudeaux of this lady's silvery hair, the pale, aristocratic tint of the skin, the clear-cut features, the fine dark eyes that had a depth of passion and intensity time had not subdued, the hands and feet slim and delicate with the distinction that belongs to some old races, the rich lace of the morning cap, and the violet wrapper, with touches of the same lace about the neck and sleeves, enchained and satisfied the eye as rounder contours and brighter tints seldom do.

She was a woman of delicate and perfectly refined charms, like faint, sweet perfumes shaken out of a silk robe. She was an eager woman, intent upon the objects of her life, and with a fire of purpose and energy in her that years could not tame, though her manners had the perfect ease and composure that the best society requires. She had travelled much, had read widely but not profoundly, and had met and mingled with many elegant, high-bred people in different countries, and was a charming companion when her sense of self-respect was bolstered up by fine old laces and beautiful, artistic surroundings. She needed a rich frame, an appropriate background of finely-blended tints and tones, and then she never failed to make a delightful picture.

Now, as she raised the little pot to pour an odorous stream of breakfast tea into a china cup that a collector of ceramics would have coveted, her hand was arrested by an exclamation from the young man at the fireside.

"What is it, Bradley?" and she placed the tea-pot back on the tray.

"He is dead, mother."

"Not the old Judge?"

"Yes, mother, the old Judge."

Mrs. Halcourt subsided into her large, soft, easy chair. She experienced the giving way of physical powers which follows a shock. But the shock was an immense relief—a cause of congratulation and rejoicing, as she acknowledged to herself with the next breath she drew.

In a moment she had recovered from the surprise, and straightening herself, and giving a little shake to the violet cashmere drapery, said, with clear, distinct intonation:

"Bradley, why don't you read me the telegram?"

"Yes, mother, pardon me, I will," he replied, with his eyes still bent upon the bit of paper in his hand, and then he began slowly:

"Judge Braithwaite died at Halcourt Hall, of apoplexy, on the evening of the 25th. The interment takes place on the 28th. Your immediate presence is requested. 'EDGAR SWAYNE.'"

"The telegram is ten days old," he added. "It has been following us about to various places. Of course there were notices in the papers which we missed, as we happened to be out at sea in the yacht; and getting in town late last night there was no one to tell us the news. I see," he added, scrutinizing the piece of paper again, "the telegram was originally sent to Newport."

"And why to Newport?" Mrs. Halcourt asked, a little sharply.

Bradley's face was well bronzed from the sea air—only a strip of white forehead, with the golden-brown locks of hair scattered over it in picturesque confusion, showed what his natural hue might be. He calmly directed his hazel eyes toward his mother as he said, with deliberate slowness:

"Mademoiselle Duval must have told them. I wrote to her that we might put in at Newport for a day or two. We have had some correspondence in reference to her missing uncle."

Mrs. Halcourt appeared to receive the information with a shade of annoyance.

"You take a deal of unnecessary trouble about that girl, Bradley; but come, sit down and have a cup of tea. I do not know why I should be deprived of my breakfast because of the demise of that old man. If I had passed off the stage instead, it would not have affected him to the turning of an eye-lash. In fact, I believe he would have openly rejoiced, and regarded his having outlived me as a victory. He was a dreadful old man. I wonder that any human being can shed a tear over him. But it is strange that when he was taken seriously ill they did not summon you to the Hall. You might have been of great service to your cousin at such a time."

"Oh," said Bradley, stirring his tea, "I presume she had all the aid and assistance she needed from this Edgar Swayne, who signs the telegram. Perhaps he is my fair cousin's chosen swain."

"How can you speak so lightly and make puns, Bradley?"

The young man smiled and showed a beautiful set of even, white teeth.

"I am sure, mother, you do not think it necessary to pull on a long face about the taking off of the old Judge. He was no good to anybody, himself included. He made life disagreeable to all around him by his parsimony and bad temper. He worshipped his money-bags, and believed in nothing else. Such people cannot expect even the hypocritical pretence of mourning. I am sure my poor aunt must secretly rejoice that he is out of the way, and though Winnifred probably felt some natural affection for her father, who humored her one moment and showered imprecations on her the next, she will soon reconcile herself to the independent life of a great heiress. I really cannot see how this event is going to affect us."

"But it does affect you immensely," said Mrs. Halcourt, leaning forward, while the fire burned in her dark eyes; "or it would if you had the natural and proper ambition of your manhood. You are the head of the Halcourt family, and the Halcourt estates ought to go with the name. Your poor father was terribly wronged by this old man, who is lying cold in his grave, while his wicked deeds remain behind him to work their spells on the living. There is every reason to believe that he influenced your grandfather Halcourt's will. The old man stood in mortal terror of him, but was as abject as a whipped dog in his presence. He gained complete ascendancy over his mind after he became weak and childish, and the slave Jeannette, mother of old Nanna, who was devoted to the Halcourt interest, told us, with tears streaming down her cheeks, how the old man would sob and moan and cry for his son when the Judge's stern eye was withdrawn. At last it reached that pass that the Judge would allow no one to approach him. He gave him all his food and medicine to prevent the poor old creature from sending a message to Harold; and when he begged on his dying bed for the privilege of reconciling himself to his son, the boy he had loved so fondly, the Judge, with a fiendishness almost unparalleled, denied his prayer, and kept him locked up like a lunatic. We knew the will was extorted by that wily, wicked man, but there was no redress. The Judge was then on the bench, all powerful in the courts. We could not afford to risk our whole fortune in a legal contest, and so we endured the wrong. Does it not rouse your indignation, Bradley, to think of the manner in which you and your father were robbed?"

Bradley was leaning back in his chair. His clothes sat upon him with easy and unstudied grace. There were golden touches in his beard and hair, and his eyes had a kind of gentle benignity seldom seen in a young man's face. He had taken out a cigar, and was holding it unlighted in his fingers.

"Well, no," said he, turning his gaze, with a lurking smile in it, upon his mother, "I can't say that I am indignant. I suppose I ought to be; but I always seem lacking in emotions proper to the occasion. I do feel deep regret that my poor father's last years were embittered by this unfortunate will; but I haven't it in me to envy that wretched old man, who browbeat and half starved his family. The money, or something else, was a curse to him; perhaps it would have been a curse to us if we had got it; and, as for being Halcourt of Halcourt Hall, that would not weigh with me a rush. You know, mother, that is all moonshine."

"Oh, Bradley, you are exasperating," cried his mother, her consuming anxiety breaking through her repose of manner. "Why can't you be reasonable, and look at things as other people would; people whose opinions you ought to respect. Why, with all your cleverness, haven't you a little of my spirit? It seems impossible to arouse you. You are never prepared to take hold of advantages, because all motive is 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.' It is the not-worth-while that comes in to hin-

der everything. Now your pulses are as even as clock-work, when the opportunity has come to redeem all the past."

He turned his eyes just enough to note the unwonted flush in her pale cheek, and her flutter of excitement, and then he said slowly and seriously, looking down, "I know what you mean, mother. You would have me try for the hand of my cousin Winnifred."

"And why not?" she asked eagerly. "It is an idea that must be familiar to you, for it has been talked of for years in both families; even the old Judge was not averse to it. It would right the wrong, and put you at once in your true position. What possible objection can you have, Bradley?"

Bradley elongated his long limbs, and, putting the cigar in his mouth, sat in silence for a moment, and then withdrew it.

"Oh, it is not worth while to discuss my objections. A man might not like to be disposed of like a bale of goods, or an odd auction lot. He might not care to be led about by a rich wife like a poodle dog by a ribbon. The point is, what objection has my Cousin Winnifred? She is as independent as an heiress can be, with full liberty to bestow herself on the first knave or fortune-hunter that comes along. I am incapable of deceiving her. She would know my motives were mercenary in proposing marriage to her, and she would either laugh in my face, or scorn me bitterly. How, I ask you, can a man fall in love with a girl he has dreaded as an *enfant terrible*? When I last saw Winnifred, five years ago, she was a lean, brown, meagre, scrawny creature, with great eyes out of all proportion to the rest of her face—a perfect hoyden and mad-cap. She wore me out and exhausted me, strong fellow that I was. She put me directly on my muscle, and challenged me to foot races, and beat every time. Now, I don't fancy marrying Atalanta. I wouldn't take the trouble to drop golden apples in her path."

"She has outgrown the hoyden. She has become a beautiful, clever girl," Mrs. Halcourt rejoined. "Those dark, meagre children, with great saucer eyes, do often develop into rich, ripe loveliness. Mrs. Fortescue, who has spent several summers at Cloverbrook, is enthusiastic over Winnifred's picturesque, fascinating, vivid kind of beauty. She says she flashes about like a red-bird, and is as natural and unspoiled as one, with great shrewdness and spirit. Her father, though diabolical, was a brilliant man of the world; and he has given her a training that will fit her for the position she is to fill. Cleverness and a little eccentricity are pardoned in a great heiress. They add piquancy to her charms, if she has any. We shall see Winnifred day-queuing it in society one of these days. It will not take long to polish away any rusticity of manner, and it is fortunate that she has none of poor Susan's beauty. Charley Fortescue has been more than half enamored with her these two seasons past."

"Oh, well then, let Fortescue take her," said Bradley, with a half yawn. "I can't undertake to rival him."

"Oh, Bradley, why will you be so resistant, so blindly, cruelly opposed to your own interest?" She clasped her jewelled hands together in an agony of expostulation.

"Mother," said he, drawing himself up and wheeling round, "what have I to offer her, when we come to that? I know I am a failure; and the knowledge ought to make me miserable, but it does not. Life has been singularly pleasant to me. I have enjoyed the whole of it thus far, but I have always looked forward to my marriage as to the time when trouble was to begin—probably because this thing was hanging over my head, like the sword of Damocles. My book fell dead from the press, though some of the critics did me the favor to say that it ought to have succeeded. My play was damned, though the manager voted the public stupid and purblind not to applaud. Art, and music, and poetry, and numberless things, have lured me with their wiles. My head is stuffed with an odd assortment of lumber that nobody cares for. I should be a conceited ass to offer my incompleteness and miserable failures in exchange for my brilliant cousin's beauty and ducats. I have viewed all my own disappointments with a calm and philosophic eye, because no man is really a failure unless he seems so to himself; but, would it not be the most disastrous failure of all to deliberately approach this girl with mercenary motives? I am not so confoundedly weak-minded as to set myself up on my old blood and lineage, but I do prize my honor, my manhood."

"Why do you take such a high tone, Bradley?" the mother asked, with an anxious wrinkle in the middle of her forehead, that was usually as smooth and fair as ivory. "You are always soaring away out of the reach of common mortals. Do you suppose I would counsel any breach of your honor and manliness? But why is it impossible to anticipate a fair share of happiness in a union with your cousin? You certainly cannot cherish a wild, impracticable dream of love, that would fade away and leave you without any basis of mutual respect or comfort! From what I hear Winnifred is too sensible to have her head filled with such romantic stuff. You ask what you have to offer, Bradley. You have yourself. You are incomparable, and I am a

doting old creature to say so. Ah, Bradley, your father had your golden temperament, but it was mixed with some foibles and weaknesses—some dross you do not seem to have inherited."

He rose from his seat and looked at her with an expression intense, ardent, almost imploring.

"We have always been lovers," he said, as he passed around her chair and took her thin, white hand with a pretty, caressing gesture in both his brown ones; "why do you wish to drive me away, mother? Why should we not live on happily together in the old way? We have enough for every comfort—for luxuries even—and the indulgence of our tastes."

Mrs. Halcourt's face changed as if from some inward pang.

"You are as sadly at fault there," she said, in a low, pained voice. "There have been bad investments made; some of the securities I was advised to buy have proved worthless. I found last night on my arrival a letter from my lawyer, with the terrible news that we have only enough left to live on with the strictest economy. I could not break it to you all at once, and this other startling announcement drove it for the moment from my mind."

"So much the better," cried her son, as he threw his arm around her and drew her into a closer embrace. "I will work for you now. I will achieve wonders to make you happy. I have splendid health, plenty of bone and sinew, and energy, too, when it is called out. I will throw off the foolscap and bells, and show myself a resolute man."

"Oh, Bradley," she cried, almost wringing her hands, while real, passionate tears broke through her conventional being. "you do not know me, though you are bone of my bone. I am worldly, I am ambitious, if not vulgarly mercenary. I cannot change my whole nature. For years I have had but one aim, one purpose, to see you righted, to see you in possession of the estate that belongs to you. Bradley," she repeated sinking down, with sobs, upon his shoulder, and lowering her voice to an intense whisper, "if you do not marry your cousin it will break my heart and bring me down a disappointed, miserable old woman to the grave."

All the light, and ardor, and affection, had gone out of his face. It was pale now, and almost stern.

"Mother," he asked slowly, "do you desire this object of your ambition more than my happiness?"

"Why should it be inconsistent with your happiness, Bradley?"

"Because I wish to be free to dispose of my own life, my own heart."

She looked up alarmed, with the tears on her face.

"Do you love another woman?—is that the reason this idea of marrying your cousin Winnifred seems repugnant? Surely, if you are heart free, you might in time come to love a beautiful, spirited creature like that!"

Bradley had withdrawn his arm. He stood back and made no answer to the question for a moment or two. Then he said, with a strange infusion of bitterness, almost of irony, in his tone:

"I will do as you desire, mother, seeing that you desire it more than all other things—that your happiness, your very life depends on it. I will obey the summons to the Hall. I will marry my cousin Winnifred if I can do it consistently with honor—without lying professions of love or an unnecessary display of mercenary meanness. But the result, I must forewarn you, on these conditions is more than doubtful."

She half sprang out of her chair toward him with an unnecessary effusion of gratitude.

"O Bradley, you are my good, reasonable, loving boy. I knew you would come around, for you have never crossed me. I have made myself odious to you, but I am sure the day will come when you will bless me for having secured the happiness of your life."

She would have caressed him, putting her hands upon his shoulders in an old familiar fashion, but there was something repellant and chilling in his air, which she had never felt before in all their years of loving intimacy.

"Now," she continued, trying to resume her sprightliness and old charm of manner, "there is one thing more I must ask of you, Bradley. You know a woman, if you give her an inch, will take an ell. Mademoiselle Duval had better leave the Hall. She ought not to be leading the life of an idle dependent, and Winnifred is too old for a pupil. Virginia has accomplishments that will secure her a good support in her own sphere in life. If you will send her to me I will provide for her future."

"I have no control over Mademoiselle Duval," he answered, coldly. "We cannot move human beings about at will, as if they were pegs in a cribbage-board."

"Nonsense," she cried, still trying to make the spell of playfulness work. "You know that ever since you began to take such a delightfully romantic interest in her affairs, and especially since the search began for that mythical uncle, she has looked up to you as her patron saint and guardian angel. She would be as submissive as a child to any request you might make."

"I cannot take it upon myself to ask her to leave the Hall," said Bradley, as he turned and quitted the room.

Mrs. Halcourt sat gazing after him for a long time. A red, excited spot still lingered on her pale cheek, and many painful chords were vibrating within her. She was a proud woman, and this interview had cost her dear. She sat fingering a fold of her violet cashmere robe with her jeweled hand, while plans and purposes took clear shape in her mind, and then she rose with a half smile on her face, thinking how she would lure her dear boy back again.

In less than two hours Bradley had packed a portmanteau and was on his way to the hill country. The railway journey was devoid of incident, but it was a long one, and afforded too many vacant hours for brooding over troubled thoughts. He sat all night in a corner of the car, wrapped in a rug, and without catching a single wink of sleep, and early on the afternoon of the following day, stepped out, jaded and travel weary, at the little upland station, five miles from Halcourt Hall. Leaving his portmanteau with the station master, to be called for, he set out on foot over the hills to the old Hall. It was a beautiful September day, the air just crisped and clarified with autumnal freshness. The hills were of a deep, dark blue, glorious and strong, as if freshly buttressed and strengthened in their mighty fortresses. Health and vigor came from the aromatic pine forests and acres of sweet fern that clothed the barrens. Bright tints had begun to kindle at the edges of the wood. Every now and again a partridge started up with a great whirr from some copse, and the nut trees were heavy with rich brown clusters, and the streams, swollen by late rains, came foaming and dashing and tumbling down through the hill gorges.

Bradley was delicately alive to every sensation of physical enjoyment, and as he struck out of the main road into by-paths and forest ways that he remembered exploring in his school-day vacations sometimes spent at the home of his ancestors, the blood tingled down to his healthy finger tips, in spite of a sleepless night and a long fast. He remembered the streams where he had fished, the places in deep, mossy glens where he had watched the habits of wild birds and animals, and the glorious weather and the beautiful scenery helped to shift the dull load of foreboding from his thoughts. His young life had thus far been singularly bright and unclouded. He was so little accustomed to mental disturbance that it seemed like a thorn in his hand, which he must pluck out and be rid of. The feeling of bitterness toward his mother was the most unyielding, the most stubborn and resistant. His heart had smarted and burned with a sense of wrong, the conviction that she was ungenerous and cruel to make use of his affection to force him into a position abhorrent to his nature. It was the first time that a dense shadow had fallen between them. Mrs. Halcourt had always been her boy's playful, indulgent companion, using her wit and culture and grace and worldly wisdom to bridge over the disparity of years, that she might charm and fascinate him into the worship she craved, rather than bind him to her by formal ideas of duty and obedience. Bradley was suffering the pang an ingenuous nature feels when a direct ray is thrown upon the fatal weaknesses of a character it has loved blindly. The clear vision of the present moment made his former security and peace seem almost a mockery.

But he was determined to crush out this mental disturbance, to put it under his feet by vigorous exercise. So he chose the roughest road through the woods, leaping over logs and stones and crashing through undergrowth until he had got into a great glow. He noticed the little curling moss at his feet, the red-berried vines twining about gray rocks; the plump ferns in many-shaded tints of green; the tree branches over his head gathering a sunny glow; and glimpses of the azure hills seen through great tree-bolls, and a gleam of the old tranquillity stole back upon his heart. Surely, if his vision was awry, the world was still fair and healthy; the future could not all be hung in sable without a touch of silver lining anywhere.

As he drew nearer to it, he thought of the old Hall as it used to look in his boyhood's days, with sepia touches about the gray roofs and gables, and the long sweep of carriage drive, and the old oak avenue leading up from Glenmere. It seemed to furnish a background for only one picture, the fair, pale face and shy, blue eyes, and sunny hair, and slender figure of a young girl. It came over him for the first time, like a thrill, that he was drawing near to Virginia Duval; that he should see her and hear her speak, and make her look at him in spite of herself, as he had done more than once on the ship. And then he fell into a reverie in which he lived over every little event connected with the young stranger, since she had been thrown so singularly on his care. If a young man, going a wooing, finds the wrong maiden making pictures in his brain, how can he help himself?

When Bradley came to the upper end of Glenmere, the thick woods that clothed its bank were casting dense shadows, and the water lay at his feet in a long, bright line. He remembered poing about this pretty lake in his boyhood on an old raft. He could have gone to the very spot where he had often hidden his poles to prevent his Cousin Winnie from getting drowned in the same kind of

exercise. Now he emerged upon a tiny cove, upon the opposite side of which ran a little green path, turning in and out among the trees. It was not many rods across, and the path was in plain sight from where he stood hidden by the sloping branches of a great hemlock.

As Bradley paused a moment in this place a confused murmur of voices struck his ear. The words were indistinguishable; but a woman was half sobbing or imploring, and when she ceased the sound continued in the heavier tones of a man's voice. The blood rushed back on Bradley's heart, as he seemed to recognize the accents of Virginia, in those low pleadings, from the green path across the little cove. He peeped through the thick branches of the hemlock, and caught the flutter of a light skirt just as it disappeared from view. At the same instant a man emerged from the shadow of the trees. He was tall and slender, with dark hair, and a pale face. He turned and mounted the wooded bank of the lake with a quick, noiseless, stealthy step.

Bradley dashed from his hiding-place, and almost with one bound had struck the path that rounded the little cove like a bent elbow, just where it was joined by a bridle-road that led through the forest, and over the hills, to the Halcourt mines, when Virginia, with her hat off, her hair unloosed, her bosom panting, her face bloodless, and eyes dilated, came flying toward him like a frightened wild bird. In a moment she was almost in his arms, and then she shrank and cowered away, exclaiming:

"Oh, Monsieur Halcourt!"

"Virginia—Miss Duval—what has happened? Were you assaulted? I heard your voice in distress, as I thought, and I was running to the rescue."

She cowered back still farther, and said, as well as she could, in gasping, agitated tones:

"Oh, no, no. I was foolish, nervous. I—I—that is, it was a man from the mines, who spoke to me, but he did not mean to harm me. I was fearful in that lonely place, and I lost my head."

"The miscreant, did he frighten you? Did he threaten violence? I cannot leave you here half fainting from agitation and alarm, or I would go after him and give him a lesson he would not soon forget."

"Oh, no, no," cried Virginia, in agonized tones. "Do not think of it again. It was all my weakness and folly."

"Did he beg of you, the scoundrel?"

"He asked for money, but I had none to give," she said hastily. "But it was all my fault. Do not speak of it to your cousin; it might disturb her?" And again the trembling and shuddering came on more violently than before.

"Do let me support you; you will fall," said Bradley, in an anxious tone. "The villain has given you a shock that may throw you into a fit of illness. You must not go straying alone about this wild country."

He passed his arm around her waist, and Virginia burst into a flood of passionate sobs and tears.

"At that moment Winnifred, with a brilliant, glowing color in her dark cheeks, and mounted on Thunderbolt, came riding down the road from the mines with Edgar Swayne, who had resumed his clerical dress, by her side.

(To be continued.)

MADAME SOBIESKI—A NOBLE WIFE.

During the troubles in Poland which followed the revolution of Thaddeus Kosciuszko, many of the truest and the best of the sons of that ill-fated country were forced to flee for their lives, forsaking home and friends. Of those who had been most eager for the liberty of Poland, and most bitter in enmity against Russia and Prussia, was Michael Sobieski, whose ancestor had been a king a hundred and fifty years ago.

Sobieski had three sons in the patriot ranks, and father and sons had been of those who had persisted in what the Russians had been pleased to term rebellion, and a price had been set upon their heads.

The Archduke Constantine was eager to apprehend Michael Sobieski, and learned that the wife of the Polish hero was home in Cracow, and he waited upon her.

"Madame," he said, speaking politely, for the lady was queenly and beautiful, "I think you know where your husband and sons are hiding?"

"I know, sir."

"If you tell me where your husband is, your sons shall be pardoned."

"And shall I be safe?"

"Yes, madame, I swear it. Tell me where your husband is concealed, and both you and your sons shall be safe and unharmed."

"Then, sir," said the noble woman, rising with a dignity sublime, and laying her hand upon her bosom, "he lies concealed here—in the heart of his wife—and you will have to tear this heart out to find him."

Tyrant as he was the Archduke admired the answer, and the spirit which had inspired it, and deeming the goodwill of such a woman worth securing, he forthwith published a full pardon for the father and sons.

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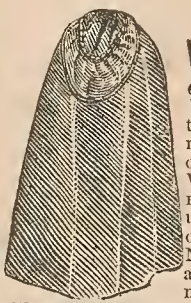
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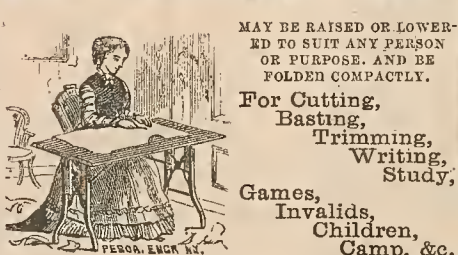
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NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1877.

OUT-DOOR RUSTIC WORK.

When Mildred and I visited the city in May, we spent a considerable portion of our time around the different greenhouses, and returned seriously infected with what father termed the "rustic fever." We had a large grassy lawn dotted with shrubs, roses, and roomy beds filled with thrifty plants. But our hearts longed for baskets and vases. A certain vacant spot was exactly fitted for that forty dollar rustic vase we saw at the florist's, and on each side of the verandah steps was a place for those elegant things in iron we so much admired, and in our roomy verandah could swing a dozen lovely terra-cotta pots. But all these expensive articles were beyond our means.

"If this were a laurel-growing country we might make rustic-baskets," I suggested. "Of laurel roots, cedar and pine branches, we are destitute," answered Mildred, "but we have grape-vine and green briar roots, knotted and tangled, and all the unexplored resources of the woods to draw from; let us see what we can do."

It was June before we got fairly started, but in two or three weeks we worked wonders. We read "Window Gardening," and everything else in our reach on the subject of rustic decoration. We observed, questioned and invented. We ransacked the garret and brought out the trash. We explored the woods and returned loaded. All the odds and ends of the earth were to us available. Wooden bowls split or worn through by vigorous chopping, aged keelers and warped peck measures were treasures. Those of suitable size were turned into hanging-baskets, furnished with grape-vine handles, and covered with grape-vine branches and roots, crooked sticks, knots and the roots of green briar and briar-rose. By cleaning the roots thoroughly and finishing with a coat of copal varnish, we managed without laurel roots to equal the rustic baskets of the florists. Other baskets were made of sweet gum balls. We pierced holes through the centre of every ball, strung them on wire, and beginning at the bottom, shaped the string of balls into a basket

fastening it in place by other wires extending from bottom to the top. Baskets of acorns were made in the same manner and varnished.

Of the larger bowls and measures we made vases, ornamenting them as we did the baskets. For stems or standards we got pruned saplings, cut the prongs off so that they rested firmly on the ground as feet, made the upright stems of suitable length, peeled off the bark and nailed the prepared vase to the top. Then grape-vines were twisted about the stem and prongs, and the whole varnished. A handsome double or two-story vase for the verandah was made in this wise; Brother Rob, to whom we appealed all our difficulties, procured a number of maple sticks three inches in diameter, and split off the four sides. Each end of these split pieces was rounded, one end being made thinner and narrower than the other. Then they were nailed to an oval board, bottom sawed slanting, and the tops tacked to a wide strong hoop on the inside, and the result was a flaring basket, fourteen inches deep. It was finished with a grape-vine hoop tacked on the outside at the top and bottom. A peeled three-inch stick, three feet long, was nailed to the centre of the bottom for a stem for the upper vase. This upper vase was a hexagon box of planed oak, ornamented with pine cones and acorns tacked and glued on, and with a pine cone tassel at each corner. The bottom vase and stem were stained as near oak color as possible, and the whole affair varnished. This was filled entirely with ferns with moss at their roots, and partridge berry wandering over the edges.

Another lovely double vase was entirely original, with us at least. A three-inch square post was set firmly standing three feet above the ground, and surmounted by an octagon box. Then we covered both box and standard with pebbles, stuck in putty, and piled up a small rockery around the base. In the box were Ice and Dew Plants, their succulent leaves harmonizing with the gray pebbles. From a pot, concealed by moss, a small English Ivy vine twined around the standard, and in the crevices of the rocks, well filled with rich earth, flourished Moneywort, Sweet Alyssum, Lobelia, Verbena, Nolana, etc.

Other vases and baskets were formed of rough boxes covered with bark dotted with clusters of lichens and tufts of gray moss. Others were log-cabins made of inch sticks of maple or other wood, with the bark left on and cut into lengths of ten, twelve or more inches, according to the size desired. A gimlet hole was bored an inch from each end of the sticks, and they were laid together, log-cabin fashion, and fastened by passing a wire with a loop on the upper end through the holes and on through corresponding holes in a board-bottom, and clinched on the under side. Because of the interstices, we lined with moss before filling.

Still we had not made anything satisfactory to be placed near the Verandah steps. Something entirely different from the others, and solid-looking, was Mildred's idea. One day she exclaimed, "I have an inspiration! You remember the sanded depot building at L—? If I only could get a foundation to suit me." We needed the aid of a better workman than Rob, and counseled with a carpenter accommodating and inventive. Thrice blest is the woman who can find such a carpenter! In a few days he brought our vases of wood. A handsomely-moulded pedestal supporting an octagonal box, so contrived and finished with moulding as to closely resemble some styles of marble or stone work. We painted them a brownish gray, and sifted fine sand over them while wet. When put in place and filled, our visitors thought that they were of sandstone.

FLORENCE.

AWARD OF PRIZES.

The Awards of Prizes for Floral and Household Articles has been made as follows:

FLORAL ARTICLES.

1st Prize—To Mrs. James Stewart, Peabody, Kansas, for article entitled "My Afternoon at Mrs. Briggs'."

2nd Prize—To Mrs. M. J. Giddings, Weston, Mass., for article entitled "Floral Items."

3d Prize—To articles as follows: "Flowers for House and Garden," by Eben E. Rexford, "A Bit of Christmas Green," by Mrs. M. F. B. Atkinson, "My Fern Window," by Mrs. R. L. Carter, "My Conservatory," by Mrs. J. H. Biggs, "Flower Fancies," by Mrs. Geo. Katon, "Lily Flowers," by Mrs. Kate Madigan, "Plant Windows and Window Plants," by Jennie M. Chatterton, "Wintering Plants in Cellars," by F. A. Alling, "Floral Decorations in Our Bay Window," by Ella S. J. helps, "Rustic Work," by Liza Hodgson, "Indoor and Out-door Culture of Window Plants," by L. K. Share.

HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES.

1st Prize to articles—"Home Furnishing with Small Means," by Mrs. M. Plumstead, Jr.

2nd Prize—"My breakfast Shawl and What Became of It," by Mrs. Edward Higby.

3d Prizes to "Lambrequin," by Mrs. E. R. Barnes, "Our Sitting-Room," by Augusta Delmer, "Our Sewing Bees," by E. M. R. "THE LADIES' FLORAL CABINET," by Maria S. Fergus, "Some Hints to Country Girls About their Bed-Rooms," by A. P. Blankhead, "Useful Elegancies," by Mrs. J. K. Byrnes, "My Room," by Ellen C. Wright, "My Guest Chamber," by Kate Hilliard, "Pictures as Furniture," by Miss M. C. Emmettrout, "How I Improved Our Home," by Bertie Luepion.

COOKING RECEIPTS.

The Award of Prizes must be deferred till the February Number. Over 10,000 receipts were forwarded for competition, and it is physically impossible to conclude the work of examination before February. The receipts are all splendid—the best collection ever known to American housekeepers, and we thank our correspondents deeply for their cordial help and interest.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Back Volumes.—New subscribers, who are pleased with THE FLORAL CABINET, will find in back volumes an immense fund of delightful reading, pictures, and the choicest of family music; there are single pieces of music so sweet and charming as to be alone worth the price for a volume. We will club these together with subscription for 1877, as follows:

\$2.00 will pay for subscription 1877, the steel plate engraving, and all the back numbers of 1876, January to September.

3.00 will include all of 1877, 1876, and 1875.

4.00 " " " " " and 1874.

5.00 " " " " " " and 1873.

Bound volumes for each year will cost 65 cts. for each volume in addition to above prices.

Books on sale Agents Wanted.—Our Household Books are so popular, and so sure to delight the ladies, that to any subscriber, club agent, or agent, who can sell copies among their friends, we will give special commissions. They may purchase of us, and we will take back all they cannot sell, and refund the money.

Prizes for Clubs.—A Prince Parlor Organ, worth \$100, is given to the club agent who gets up largest club for 1877. See Oct. Number and Premium List for other Prizes.

Back Numbers.—Many whose subscriptions began with the January Number, and wish back copies from the commencement of the story, "Winnifred's Will," can obtain them for 33 cents.

No Trial Trip.—The Trial Trip offer expired Jan. 1st, and is not now open to acceptance. Any one wishing Numbers of this year must remit full price.

MAGNIFICENT NEW FLORAL PREMIUMS.

"The Floral Cabinet" Collection of New Seedling Gladiolus.—This is a new collection, never before offered, grown exclusively for us, which consists of twelve flowering bulbs of Gladiolus, of the finest quality and most exquisite variety of colors. The quality of this collection unequalled, and in every respect, we can safely guarantee them extra choice. The same quality of named varieties of Gladiolus, obtained of reliable seedsmen, would cost \$12. The colors range from the most fiery scarlet to the purest white.

OFFER No. 1.—This collection, worth \$12, will be given free to any person who will raise a club of 15 subscribers to the FLORAL CABINET at \$1.30, and also an extra copy of paper 1 year, free to agent.

OFFER No. 2.—To any one who will get up a club of 20 subscribers at \$1.30 we will give sufficient bulbs that the members of the club may have each 1 bulb worth \$1, and the club agent the entire set of 12, also with extra copy of paper free 1 year.

OFFER No. 3.—One subscription at \$3, will give subscriber the CABINET 1 year and collection free, all worth \$15.

This collection is not for sale by any seed house, and cannot be obtained at any other place, and all are new seedling varieties just originated.

The Floral Cabinet Collection of Balsams.—This comprises the best strains of Camellia-flowered Balsams ever offered. The Balsam is a great favorite with the ladies. This collection is the very cream of the extra choicest sorts ever raised. Its value may be judged when the seedsmen have offered 10 cents a seed for all that can be spared. We know there is nothing in Europe or America to equal them. The collection consists of 6 packets, pure white, deep rich purple, brilliant scarlet, crimson spotted, velvet violet spotted, and carnation striped. The flowers are so large and perfect as to be almost equal to roses. The set is worth \$1.50 at least, and can be obtained only on the following terms:

No. 1.—A club of 10 subscribers to FLORAL CABINET, at \$1.30, will entitle club agent to 1 set of above packets, \$1.50, and 1 extra copy of CABINET and engraving free.

No. 2.—A subscription of \$2 to CABINET will entitle subscriber to the paper and collection in addition.

No. 3.—A club of 4 subscribers at \$1.30 will entitle agent to the collection free, as a premium.

No. 4.—A club of 20 subscribers, at \$1.30 each, will entitle club agent to enough packets to present each member of the club with the collection, worth \$1.50, also the CABINET and engraving 1 year, (all together worth \$3.50) and the club agent to extra set of paper, engraving, and collection, free.

The supply is limited, and those who desire them will do well to get clubs in as soon as possible.

These collections of Balsams and Gladiolus are named specially after the FLORAL CABINET, and we are very cautious never to send out anything but just as represented. The good name and fame, and honor of the CABINET is the best endorsement of these new floral collections, which are of extraordinary value.

Household Topics.

[First Prize for Best Article Household Topics.]

HOUSE-FURNISHING WITH SMALL MEANS.

Many young people nowadays, when they marry, board instead of going to housekeeping, under the impression that it costs less to board. I think this is a mistaken idea. If they are economically inclined they can get along better, and certainly be happier in a home of their own, even if they have to rent a small house, instead of boarding in a large one. There is my friend Kate Grant, who was married a year ago and went to housekeeping. Her father is a well-to-do merchant, and gave her a pretty French-roofed cottage for a wedding-gift, and it was planned to suit her ideas of convenience. It is not every girl who is so fortunate, I know; still, any girl can make a great many things to beautify a home, even if she does not own a house. Kate had some money laid by, as she had taught school several years. Her husband had just started in business, and needed all his money to invest in it; so they wished to be economical in their furnishing.

Kate set her wits at work to see how many pretty things she could make to beautify her house without laying out much money. How well she succeeded you must judge, when I describe them. But first let me describe the house. It stands back from the street about twenty-five feet, giving room for some nice flower-beds cut in the grass. The front door is in the centre of the house, with a cosy little porch covered with Woodbine and Madeira vine; and I must just stop to speak of the beautiful contrast of the Woodbine, just turning red, and the Madeira vine, still a bright green, with its feathery blossoms. The parlor is on the right-hand side, sitting-room on the left, a bay-window in each; the dining-room opens from the sitting-room. Now, I will begin with the front hall and tell you something about the furnishing. Here is a door at the right, opening into the parlor; at the left, into the sitting-room; at the farther end,

into the dining-room. The stairs go up at the right side and curve around near the top. The walls are covered with plain drab paper; a gilt molding is put up next to the ceiling to hang pictures from; then a plain green velvet border; the same just above the base-board. The doors are painted a very light shade of drab, panels a little darker. The carpet is a green mossy pattern on a drab ground; stairs covered with the same with a narrow border. The narrow windows each side of the front door, have plain white Swiss muslin curtains. In every pane of glass is a

a pot of Tradescantia, on the other Coliseum Ivy. Over the dining-room door is the motto, "Welcome," made of ferns in spatter-work. In the corner near the parlor door is a little table with a card-receiver on it, made in imitation coral work, of red sealing-wax. This hall looks very pleasant, and the carpet is the only thing in it that cost much.

Let us enter the parlor. How pleasant it looks! Carpet, curtains, and furniture, all seem to harmonize. Sit down in the easy chair and let us look at the surroundings. The room is about fifteen feet square,

with a bay window on the north side, opposite the door. At the right a window facing east, and the mantle opposite the front window. The walls have the same drab paper as the hall, and the same gilt molding. Just below this is a velvet border of a lovely shade of blue; under this is a narrow gilt beading for a finish, this is repeated just above the base-board. The paint is the same as that in the hall. The carpet is an English Brussels; a light drab ground with figures of blue, black, white, and a little golden yellow, with a border to match. This was a wedding gift from Kate's mother. At the window are plain white shades with drab tassels; over these, lace curtains looped back with blue cord and tassels, finished at the top with a plain gilt cornice. The lace curtains on the bay-window are put up next to the room. Half way up on either side of the casing is a walnut bracket; on it a drab flower-pot, (Made so by a little paint, then a band of silver paper put around the top for ornament.) In it an English Ivy with two branches, trained up



THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

transparency, made by taking a piece of white tarleton just the size of the glass, and fastening autumn leaves and ferns, and then tacking them to the window at each corner with very small tacks. The tarleton does not show, and the leaves look beautiful through the misty curtains. There is a neat hat-rack, and a couple of rattan chairs cushioned with scarlet rep. On each side of the hat-rack hangs a pretty chromo; underneath each picture is a bracket made of pine wood stained and covered with cones; on one

at the side of the casing until they reach the cornice; then across to the center where they cross and hang down, forming a prettier finish than a lambrequin, I think. The other window has a lambrequin made of white tarleton, cut in three scallops, one large and two small: then pressed green and bleached ferns pinned on, the edge outlined with pressed Hartford ferns. In the bay-window is a fernery, or greenery I should call it, as it is not under glass. It is made of an old-fashioned light

stand with a zinc pan that fits the top, stained and varnished to match the table. It is filled with native ferns, partridge berry vines and mosses; near the edge is planted *Tradescantia*, which conceals the dish. Suspended above this is a hanging basket made of an old-fashioned porcelain gas shade; it has a crocheted cover of stout blue embroidery silk with crystal beads, finished with a handsome tassel of silk and beads; the same for cords to hang it. A small saucer is put in the bottom to cover the hole. It is filled with pressed ferns and long sprays of Ivy put in bottles of water. Near the front window is a bouquet table bought without the marble top; that leaves a hollow place about an inch in depth. Into this is fitted a little wooden tub covered with bark, tacked on; the tacks concealed by bits of moss, glued on; then filled with earth and three English Ivies planted near the outside and twined around the tub, and around the table, until they reach the feet, where they are fastened with green worsted. The surface is covered with moss. In the centre is a tall white vase with the stand broken so it can be pushed into the earth until it stands firm. It is filled with Sweet Peas and Mignonette, and *Maurandia* vines trailing around the vase. Near the bay-window is a similar table; this has a mat fitted into the top made of stout pasteboard, covered with green cambric; then there is moss sewed around the edge about three inches deep; made by knitting shaded green worsted as wide as the moss should be, dampening, pressing, and raveling it out, then sewing it on to the pasteboard. This imitates moss very well. The dish on it was originally a tall cut-glass preserve dish, but an accident had deprived it of its standard, so it was appropriated to this use. It happened that it broke just where the standard joins the bowl, so it fitted nicely into the mat. There was pounded charcoal put into the bottom, then leaf-mold and sand, and a *Smilax* vine trained around a small green wire cross. Of course this was done last spring, so now the cross stands draped in living green. It is trimmed with red and white Carnations and sweet *Allyssum*; the stem of each is wrapped in a bit of green moss and tied on with green worsted. Kate tells me they will keep fresh in this way several days.

On the mantle (a marble slab supported by bronzed brackets) is a pair of alabaster vases of the antique pitcher-shape, a wedding gift from an uncle; a few feathery pressed ferns, and scarlet bitter-sweet berries, set off the lovely whiteness of the pitchers, and trailing down from the mouth are pressed partridge berry vines. Do you know how lovely these are when pressed? In the centre of the mantle is a photograph framed in blue velvet and gilt, on an easel frame; behind this is a wide-mouthed bottle filled with water, and bits of charcoal to keep it sweet; then long sprays of *Madeira* vine are put in and trained around the picture. Over the mantle is a life-sized chromo of "Beatrice Cenci" framed in gilt. On each side of the bay-window are bouquets of bright flowers painted in water colors on black grounds and framed in gilt. On the side next the hall is a group of chromos, the center one a winter scene; either side a spring and autumn scene. On a bracket below the winter scene is a white vase filled with *Tradescantia*. In the corners on the bay-window side are brackets; on one is a white wax cross wreathed with colored wax flowers, on the other a bust of "Clytie." I declare! I haven't said one word about the furniture. It is black walnut covered with drab rep with blue gimp and buttons. There is a cosy little *tete-a-tete* sofa across the corner between the bay and front window; a large easy chair on castors, opposite side of the front window; a larger

sofa on the side next the hall. Three smaller chairs on castors, and two after the camp-chair style; no parlor chairs. I asked Kate how she dared have a parlor and not have one of the aforesaid chairs? She replied that "she agreed with Rev. Mr. Murray about parlor chairs, that they were ridiculous," and so on. You remember his comical description of his call on some ladies, and sitting on that kind of a chair, and his feelings on the occasion. I shall never get through if I stop to tell it.

I have not told you of the pretty centre table, bought second hand, but not defaced, excepting some scratches on the top. It has a drab broadcloth cover, with an embroidered border, made of scraps of blue velvet and satin, appliqued with gold colored embroidery silk. It is very handsome. In one corner is a round marble-top table, with a group of "Roger's Statuary" on it, "The Favored Scholar." This was presented by Kate's scholars when she left her school. I must not linger here, but pass across the hall into the pleasant sitting-room. Here is another bay window opposite the door facing south; another window in front; a door at the right opening into the dining-room; then the chimney; the other side of that a book-case fitted into the recess made by the chimney. The paper is plain drab again, same molding, scarlet and black border, same above the baseboard. The carpet is common ingrain white, ground, scarlet and black figures. The furniture Kate said was a second-hand set of black walnut covered with hair-cloth, slippery and dismal, but she bought it very cheap, and thought she could cover it. She bought some plain twilled French cretonne, such as is used for covering furniture, made covers, bound them with scarlet braid, and then ornamented them with "spatter work." The large sofa had a lovely bouquet of ferns and trailing vines on the centre of the back. One easy-chair had a bouquet of maple leaves; another, small-sized oak leaves, and so on. The effect was charming, and as Kate said, "Who knows they are shabby underneath?" White shades, with scarlet and golden border, were at the windows. But the crowning glory of this room is the bay window filled with plants. It is arch-shaped at the top and shut off from the room by a glass door, open in the centre. It is boarded across about eight inches across the window sills, and a zinc pan fitted even with the sills; this makes a sort of sink. The bottom is covered with sand, the pots set in and filled in between with sand, and then moss from the woods on top. This is made even by putting the large pots almost to the bottom of the sand and heaping the sand higher under the smaller ones, so they present an even surface at the top. This is better than planting directly in the soil; as is often done; they can easily be changed so they will not grow one-sided, and most plants blossom better in small pots. There is a little door underneath and a faucet to draw off any extra water. Suspended from the centre overhead is a rustic basket, a *Dracena terminalis* in the centre; near the edge, is an Ice Plant covered with its tiny white blossoms. At the side windows are brackets with pots of pink and white *Maurandia* trained up the sides of the window; each side of the centre window are pots of *Cobæa Scandens* and *Tropæolum Minus*. Then there are Tricolor Geraniums, Begonias, *Abutilon*, Chinese Primrose, Carnations, *Ageratum*, *Salvia*, *Cyclamen*, *Heliotrope*, and directly in the centre is a splendid specimen of *Cyperus Alternifolius Variegatus*. Some of the grass tufts measure over three feet in height. They all looked finely and not a bug to be seen. I asked Kate how she managed to keep them so free from insects. She said, "When

the weather gets cold I take a kettle of boiling water and pour carefully between the pots, then shut the door tight. This causes the steam to rise and the air keeps moist a long time, and the red spiders and all the rest of the tribe are nowhere; when the water gets cold I draw it off." Each side of the glass door, about halfway up, is a bracket with a pot of English Ivy on it, trained up until they meet in the centre, where they cross and then are trained straight along on the scarlet border. Where they cross is a bracket with a statuette of Flora on it. The book-case I spoke of is built into the wall in the recess formed by the chimney projecting into the room. It is made of black walnut, glass doors, drawers underneath, is about five feet high, and the top projects a little into the room. On it is a bust of Dickens; behind it is a wide-mouthed bottle filled with *Tradescantia*, which droops around the bust. Near by is an open grate, with its cheerful fire; or, rather, an open stove. It looks so like a low-down grate that one can hardly see the difference, and as Kate said, "One can see the difference in the cost." This is eighteen dollars, and the grate, with its accompanying marble mantle, from fifty to seventy-five dollars. There are white vases with scarlet and gold medallions on the mantle, filled with pressed ferns and sumac. There are pictures and brackets. I came near forgetting the front window. There is a black walnut box fitted to it; in each end are two *Smilax* vines trained on strings across to the centre of the window, where they are fastened; then crossed diagonally, then back, forming diamonds and half diamonds. In the centre of the box is a *Dracena*; each side of that is *Abutilon Thomsonii*; around the edge is *Coliseum* Ivy covering the box; overhead, suspended in his cage, is bright little Dick, the canary. Kate has a nice piano she has had several years. Over it on a bracket is a vase of something, I could not make out what. She said, "I partly manufactured it and it is partly natural." I took some sprays of oats that had been bleached in the sun, gathered some milk-weed pods before they began to fly open; began at the top of the spray of oats, taking a milk-weed seed with its winged attachment; put a drop of mucilage on it; then held the husk of the oats apart and inserted the seed out of sight, and so on until all was done. I then filled the vase with sand, so that I could arrange them gracefully and keep them steady. They look as if they would fly with every breath of wind, but they can't. I think my room will look warm next summer, there is so much scarlet about it. I'll tell you what I mean to do: After my carpet is shaken and put down again, I will lay down some heavy carpet paper and then some white straw matting; that will make the room look cool and be easy to sweep. Quite a consideration in hot weather, especially when one has to do their own sweeping; in the fall all I will have to do will be to take up the straw matting and paper and my room will be clean.

The dining-room has two windows facing south and one west. There is plain buff paper on the wall; wood-work, chestnut, oiled; floor, chestnut and black walnut, in stripes; the chairs are black walnut with dark green leather covers, studded with brass nails. Kate said they could not afford a woolen carpet and nice chairs, so she chose the latter, they are so durable, and the floor was so easy to keep clean. There is a woolen drugget of oak and green under the table. The window shades are light buff. At one window is a hanging basket made of an old tin pail covered with birch bark and moss filled with German Ivy. At the other window is a white-lead bucket, holding about a quart, painted scarlet, hoops black, filled with Saxi-

frage or Wandering Jew. On the side next the kitchen is a door into the back entry. Here is a washbowl and water faucet; over this is a looking glass: underneath a little closet for boots and rubbers: behind the outside door is an umbrella rack made of a three cornered piece of pine board with holes large enough to admit the umbrellas. A little further along on the same side is a small sliding door that opens into the dish closet, which is in the kitchen; under this slide is a broad marble slab supported by brackets, so the dishes and food can be passed in and out. The pantry opens out of the kitchen on the north side. The kitchen is an L and opens on the other side of the end entry. Kate said, "I want to have my kitchen as convenient as possible, for I want every step to count. You see it is quite small, but that saves steps. On this side I have a number of cupboards, or rather a large one divided. This one is for tins and baking dishes, small but handy; hooks for all things hangable, and shelves for those that don't hang. This cupboard is for wash-day and ironing things; this drawer is for ironing sheet, bosom board, holders, and my white mittens for hauging clothes in cold weather, knit with a finger like the soldiers used to wear. On this shelf above I keep starch, blueing, &c., just room enough this side to hang my clothes-pin bag, the other for my skirtboard. This box beside the stove is for my kettles; you see it is lined with zinc, so there is no danger of fire from hot kettles. When I shut the cover down it makes a good seat. I never could bear a kettle closet under the sink. I think they smell musty. You see mine is open underneath. I had it made of soapstone. I think it keeps clean easier than iron. I have my water handy. This pump is the hard water, and this faucet soft water from the pond. My cooking table is built against the wall between these two windows, so I can have all the light. It is enclosed at the back and ends, has drawers and doors in front. This right hand closet is where I keep my flour barrel, this door open to let the barrel in, this lid opens over the barrel to take the flour out. Here I keep my sieve, scoop, &c. The middle closet is for things I use to cook with. Above the door of this closet is a place made to slip in my bread board when not in use; it has a piece on the end of it with a knob to pull it out by, and slips into place like a drawer. Here are drawers for dish-cloths, holders, and a drawer for cooking knives and spoons."

The floor is hard pine, oiled; woodwork grained; walls painted light buff and varnished. Paper soon spoils with steam, and this is soon cleaned with a damp cloth. There is a small shed opening out of the kitchen where the washing is done. On wash days Kate has a piece of rubber hose she screws on to the kitchen faucet, which carries the water to the tub or boiler without lifting or stopping. If I could stop I could tell you of the pretty chambers and their furnishing, but must defer it until another time.

Lynn, Mass.

M. J. W.

Papering and painting are best done in cold weather, especially the latter, for the wood absorbs the oil of paint in warm weather, while in cold weather the oil hardens on the outside, making a coat which will protect the wood instead of soaking into it.

An oaken color can be given to new pine floors and tables by washing them in a solution of copperas dissolved in strong lye, a pound of the former to a gallon of the latter. When dry, this should be oiled, and it will look well for a year or two; then renew the oiling.

[This article received second prize for Household Topics.]

MY BREAKFAST SHAWL, AND WHAT BECAME OF IT.

I thought it was handsome when it was new, but that was a good dozen of years ago. It was none of your machine-woven concerns, but crocheted, of the brightest of scarlet zephyr, with a black and white border, scarlet fringe, and pretty mixed tassels. I came across it one rainy day away down in the bottom of an old trunk, and, as usual, began to consider as to what good use it could be made to serve. I have it, said I, it shall be ravelled and made into a jacket to wear under my cloak in severe cold weather. Full of my new idea I commenced at once, but before I had proceeded far in my work of destruction I began dubiously to shake my head, and by the time I had finished winding my last ball a very emphatic no escaped my lips. It was not strong enough to bear the wear and tear of a tight-fitting jacket, so it was consigned to the old trunk once more.

Not many weeks after this occurrence, by some unfortunate accident, one of my kitchen curtains was completely ruined. My bedroom boasts of but one window, and its curtain matched those in the kitchen. It was the work of only a few moments to take it down and put it into the place of the ruined one; but now the query arose, what shall I get for my bedroom? This room, so far as furnished at all, was furnished well. A chamber set of chestnut, with black walnut trimmings, and a pretty ingrain carpet of scarlet, white and green. The walls were just as the masons left them, simply lathed and plastered. The paint was white. If I bought a new curtain I must have a pretty one—the old one was not half good enough—but it was hard times, money very scarce, and I wanted a great many things. Thus I pondered, Well, that night I closed the blinds and slept in a curtainless bedroom, but ere the clock had tolled the midnight hour my plans were all arranged.

The morning found me up bright and early, and searching my FLORAL CABINETS for directions for kalsomining. It is fortunate those papers are made of the best of material, for if otherwise I am sure there would not be a piece left of mine. I wonder if every reader peruses them as faithfully as I do! But I am digressing. I found my directions, purchased the material, borrowed a brush, and with my husband's help had that room all kalsomined clear and white before night. I was stiff and sore for a week afterward, but that did not matter.

Now for the curtain. I had a set of three sheets that I never used except in the hottest weather. They were made of very fine and light cotton, and had been washed times enough to be very soft. I took one of them, ripped it through the middle, picked out the stitches, tore a strip lengthwise off each breadth to make a nice hem or facing, tore off ruffles from dimity I had in the house, hemmed and gathered them full enough to flute, set them within the facings, and stitched them on the machine, washed, boiled, starched, ironed and fluted them, and my curtains were finished.

I brought my balls of scarlet wool from out the depths of the old trunk, and crocheted them into a hermitage lambrequin. They were plenty strong enough for that. I cut a stiff paper pattern of lambrequin, and crocheted the wool in the exact shape of pattern, hid the fringe into the edge, and fastened the tassels in their proper places. I lined it with two or three thicknesses of white, starched very stiff, tacking the outside to lining wherever it was necessary. The effect of the white showing through the scarlet was

very pretty. I fastened the curtain to the top of window, the lambrequin I tacked to the cornice, which was made in this wise: I obtained a half-inch pine board long enough to reach to the outside of the framework of window, a small piece was tacked on each end to make the cornice set out the required distance, the top was sawed in fanciful shape, measuring six inches in the widest part, the lower edge was round but straight—that is, the edge of the board was rounded off and a groove cut a little above, to give the appearance of a moulding. I covered the cornice as far down as the groove with smooth brown wrapping paper stained black walnut; the moulding I covered with gold paper. I stained more paper, cut and folded leaves, and tacked them the whole length of upper edge of cornice and down each end, and finished with a good coat of varnish. It was as handsome as carved black walnut. All that remained now to make my window complete was something with which to loop my curtains back. These I made of strips of pasteboard covered with pieces of scarlet cloth, and again with Nottingham lace. My bed was already covered with a white counterpane, and my pillows with shams, tuiked and ruffled, with embroidered initial in centre. The little table for lamp I covered with a handsome spread of lace lined with scarlet. My bureau I did the same. A little scarlet wool yet remained, which I speedily converted into a scarlet and white pin-cushion, hair-receiver and hair-pin box. I covered my washstand with white, and put back of it a white splash-cloth bordered with scarlet; hung brackets and pictures on the wall, spread mats on the floor, and my room was finished.

I suppose you think I was proud of it. I am not ashamed to own that I was both proud and satisfied. I had a very attractive room—a room in which everything so blended as to form one harmonious whole, while my purse remained about as full as when I began, which certainly was an important item.

Before closing I would like to describe one of my floor mats. It is wholly of my own invention, one of the wonders of the neighborhood, and has received the name of "Centennial Mat." It is three feet long by two wide, corners rounded. It is made on dark glossy green cloth, and lined with bed ticking. I made flowers, buds, leaves and vines of pieces of straw braid in all colors, both variegated and plain—of course they were perfectly flat. I arranged them as a collection or bed of flowers in centre of mat. Wherever it needed any delicate filling in, finer than I could give in straw, I chain-stitched vines and tendrils on the cloth, tracing the design with a pencil. The material used for the chain-stitch was very fine white and brown mending cotton; a needleful of each threaded into one needle, thus making a variegated stitch. The centre figure measured two feet in length by a little less than one and one-half feet in width. The border of mat consisted of a long coarse piece, half an inch wide, of variegated red and white, variegated green and white, and plain white straw braid, braided very loosely together, and sewed on flat, nearly an inch from the edge of mat. These were stitched firmly on each edge of each braid, making six rows of stitches in the border. Every flower, leaf, bud and vine, was stitched around the edges and back and forth every way through its centre, leaving no possible place for careless feet to damage. The edge of mat was bound with green skirt-braid to match the cloth. It is handsome placed in almost any situation, but its own peculiar sphere is in a summer parlor, furnished in green and white, like the one described in THE FLORAL CABINET of May, 1875. SEAWEED.

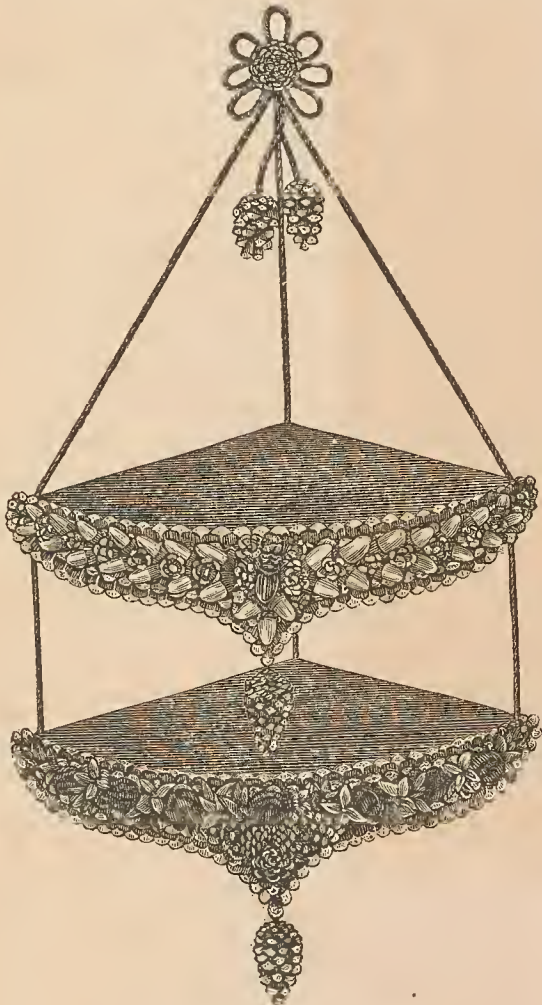
Household Elegancies.

LAMBREQUINS, BASKETS, ETC.

The illustrations on this page represent several beautiful household ornaments. The Lambrequin is constructed by simply using a board of proper shape, and fastening thereon with glue acorns, leaves, nuts, shells, etc., which can be found in our forests; or it can be constructed of leather, in imitation of the natural. The little hanging corner Book-shelf is exceedingly simple to construct, its size being about fifteen inches in diameter. The Flower-Basket is made of bamboo reeds, and prettily trimmed with cords and tassels. It is about twelve by eighteen inches in diameter, and sufficiently large to hold one large-sized flower-pot and plant. It makes a very simple, pretty and acceptable flower-pot stand for a parlor centre table, or in the window.

HINTS AND HELPS.

THE CABINET, as it comes to us from month to month, is always a welcome visitor, and so great is the variety and excellence of its contents, that it sometimes seems as if every possible thing of beauty or object of household art, within its province, had been already described in its pages. But each new number, rich in suggestion and helpful hints, reassures its



CORNER BOOK-SHELF.

readers and speaks of a wealth of good things yet to come; and so, doubtless, it will be while busy brains are left to plan and deft fingers to execute the designs of their beauty-loving owners.

Even as I write, I see about me some pretty things which I have never yet seen mentioned, and will try to describe some of them in return for the direction and help received from others.

WALL POCKET.

A dainty little wall pocket may be made from cigar-



LAMBREQUIN.

lighters. Take twenty-four slips, using the uncolored kind, and interweave them basket-fashion to form a square; make another square like the first and fasten each of three corners of the second square to the middle of a side of the first, respectively. This will cause the second square to round outward somewhat, forming a pocket, of which the first or flat square is the back. One or two trials will show you exactly how to arrange them. Now pass two additional slips through openings in each of the upper corners of the back piece, and interweave the other ends of these four slips to form a pointed top like the tops of the photograph frames made of the cigar-lighters. Make a tiny bouquet of feather-grass and sew it upon the upper corner of the pocket, concealing the ends of the dried grass-stems, which should come down to the middle under a little oval picture or a scarlet rosette tacked on with a few stitches. Put little bows of scarlet satin ribbon on each corner of the back piece and one at the top where the strips cross, by which the wall pocket is suspended.

A COURT-PLASTER CASE

Is an acceptable Christmas gift to almost any one, and even little fingers can readily make them. Two pieces of perforated card, each two and one-half by three and one-half inches in size, are to be bound with narrow scarlet, blue or green ribbon. In the centre of one, work an initial, on the other the words, "I heal all wounds, save those of love." Cut four pieces of court-plaster of different color three-quarters of an inch smaller each way than the outer pieces and place them between two pieces of Bristol board of the same size. Sew the covers together, leaving them open at one end. Make two holes through the remaining piece, near one end, and pass through these a piece of ribbon, tying the ends in a bow. Insert between the covers the bow at the top, and hang up by a strap of ribbon.

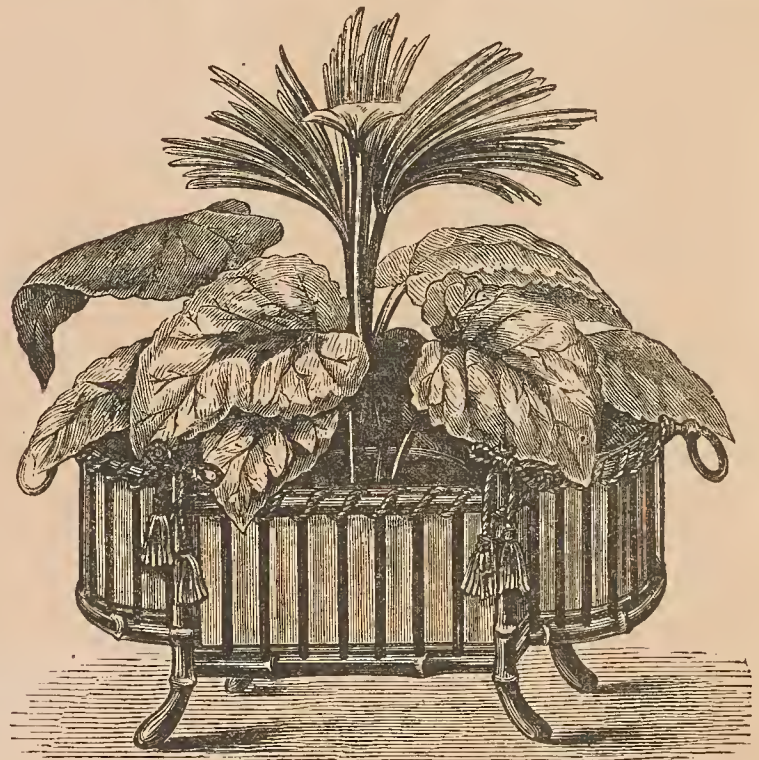
A PAPER-HOLDER

Well adapted for holding pamphlets and magazines, may be readily constructed out of stiff pasteboard, bleached muslin and a roll of scarlet dress-braid. Cut out from the card-board, two pieces, one for the back twelve inches wide, twenty inches high in the middle, and sloping in deep curves to the sides, where it is but thirteen and one-half inches in height; the bottom is also cut in four scallops, and an inch and a half above; then draw a line across where the bottom of the pocket is to come; the pocket is twelve inches square. Lay these pieces on the muslin, and mark around them with a pencil, but do not cut away the margin until the ornamentation is applied.

Arrange on the front piece a bouquet of ferns, mountain fringe—Adlumina—and yarrow leaves; surround this with a light wreath of partridge-vine and wild elvers, and place in each corner a small, pretty leaf. For the back, place a bouquet of tiny leaves in the upper point; a geranium leaf in each of the lower points, and a small rose leaf in each of the two still below; in the middle, arrange an initial of the smallest fern fronds. When all is arranged and securely fastened, spatter with a brush dipped in India ink and rubbed over a sieve. Afterward, with a brush, delicately vein each leaf. A delicate line of fern fronds is arranged across the bottom of the back piece before spattering. Apply the muslin to the cardboard and bind each piece with scarlet braid. Stitch the front to the back firmly, on the line previously drawn, and lace the pocket to the back piece with braid or scarlet cord.

PRETTY BASKETS

Can be made of cigar-lighters, interweaving them



FLOWER BASKET.

basket-fashion, fastening them at each point of intersection by a cross stitch of bright worsted, and cutting out bottom ends and sides to make any shaped basket desired.

Fireside Reading.

Several years ago, while lecturing before a class of ladies, upon chemistry, we had occasion to purify some quicksilver by forcing it through chamois leather. The scrap remained upon the table after the lecture. and an old lady, thinking it would be very nice to wrap her gold spectacles in, accordingly appropriated it to this purpose. The next morning she came to us in great alarm, stating that the gold had mysteriously disappeared, and nothing was left in the parcel but the glasses. Sure enough, the metal remaining in the pores of the leather had amalgamated with the gold, and entirely destroyed the spectacles. It was a mystery which we could never explain to her satisfaction.
—*Fireside Science.*

Pat had just seated himself in a Quaker meeting when a young Quaker lately married arose to announce his new relationship. "Brethren," said he, "I have married." Pat's spontaneous mother wit suddenly burst forth involuntarily: "The devil you hev!" The young and blushing bridegroom, imagining that the spirit had suddenly moved some more influential brother, sat down in confusion. In a few moments he rose and essayed again: "Brethren! I have married a daughter of the Lord!" "The devil ye hev!" ejaculated the intensely interested Irishman, "it'll be a long time before you see yer father-in-law!" The shuffling feet and confusion of faces which followed admonished "Patsy" that he had better be "thravelin'," and he was "after gettin' himself out o' that!"

On the North London railway a short time since, a passenger remarked in the hearing of one of the company's servants, how easy it was to "do" the company, and said he often traveled from Broad street to Dalston Junction without a ticket. "Any man can do it. I did it yesterday." When he alighted he was followed by an official, who asked him how it was done. For a consideration he agreed to tell him. This being given, "Now," said the inquirer, "how did you go from Broad street to Dalston Junction yesterday, without a ticket?" "Oh," was the reply, "I walked."

Thackeray, when speaking about fame, would frequently tell the following anecdote: When at dinner in St. Louis, one day, he heard one waiter say to another, "Do you know who that is?" "No," was the reply. "That is the celebrated Mr. Thackeray." "What's he done?" "Blessed if I know."

She was languishing upon a sofa, watching him affectionately as he skipped briskly about the room

and God disposes." "Yes," said a maiden present, "a man proposed to me once; I said no, and have never seen him since, so I thought somebody had disposed of him."

Elizabeth Cady Stanton mentions the fact that certain woman suffragists once picked up an orphan boy, bought him nice clothes, educated him for the ministry, and, when they went to hear his first sermon, were struck with consternation to hear the text: "Let the women keep silent in the church."

A man in Lexington, Ky., bought a turkey said to weigh ten pounds, but on arriving at home he found that it weighed but eight. Going back, he inquired how it happened. The dealer examined the turkey carefully, and then, with a sudden light, exclaimed, "Ah! I see you've lost the gizzard."

Madame X has charming features, charming arms, charming hands—but she has monstrous feet. Just recovering from a long illness, she said recently to one of her friends, "I am still very feeble, but I begin to be able to put one foot before the other." "And that is not saying a little," murmured the excellent friend.

District superintendent in Nova Scotia asked a backwoods teacher at the close of a visit: "What is your postoffice address?" The teacher looked blankly and said, "Sir?" The question was repeated, and after a moment's hesitation the reply was, "Oh, I'm a Roman Catholic." "I did not ask you anything about your religion; I want to know what—is—your—post office—address?" "Oh," said the teacher, a light breaking over his countenance, "oh, sure, I'm an Irishman, sir."

A Pathetic Appeal.—"Mamma, shall you let me go to the Wilkinsons's ball, if they give one, this winter?" "No, darling!" (A

pause.) "You've been to a great many balls, haven't you, mamma?" "Yes, darling—and I've seen the folly of them all." (Another pause.) "Mightn't I just see the folly of one, mamma?" (A very long pause.)

Young lady—"Well, now, and what did the Israelites do after they crossed the Red Sea?" Sharp girl (eagerly)—Please, they put on their dry things."



"SLY BOOTS."

putting things in order. Finally she said in a low, sweet tone of voice: "Georgie, darling, I don't believe you will ever be a great man." "Why so, love?" he asked, wheeling a chair round on one of its legs, and gracefully stroking it with the duster. "Because great men always have such lazy, good-for-nothing wives."

One evening in company, during conversation, a gentleman quoted the expression, that "Man proposes

Housekeeping.

HOW TO ORNAMENT DINNER TABLES.

Housekeeping is simply home making, and the housekeeper who makes the pleasantest home is the best one. The first thing is to provide for the necessities of life, then for the comforts, then ornaments and elegancies. What hungry man or woman would fully appreciate a tastefully arranged bouquet, on a dining table, if the meat itself is ill-cooked and insufficient. First, however humble the meal and unpretentious, the table-cloth should be clean, and put on straight, and the napkins arranged orderly, all the dishes in their proper places, not looking as if they were thrown on, bright spotless silver, and well cooked food, and plenty of it. It is not necessary to have the viands of many varieties, if not desired, or very rich, or of complicated preparation, but good and wholesome, then decorate the table as well as your time, means, and taste will allow. Perhaps a bouquet or two, or some easily produced ornament is as much as one would be justifiable in using for common, but on state occasions for large parties, the floral decorations have become a large item in the programme. Large, almost fabulous prices are paid for the decorations for a single party, yet very fine effects can be produced with very little expense, if taste and ingenuity are used in the arrangement. We will suppose that a large party is to be given, and that the host has a large house, and spacious dining room. The cloth is laid and we will propose a way to produce the required floral decorations. If we have a tall, slender, gold or silver epergne, for the center of the table, we will fill it with drooping sprays of Smilax vine, a few Rose buds, and whatever fine white flowers we find available. If we can obtain it, a large white Lily for the centre. A little way on each side of this we will erect an aquatic bouquet. For this we need two bell glasses of equal size, and as large as we can procure. We will take a nice variety of flowers, and using considerable green, make some not very compact bouquets, which will almost fill the bell glass, when they are inverted over them. Tie a stone of considerable size inside of the stems. Have a dish, a soup plate, or a larger dish, into which the bell glass can be turned, and the edge of the plate come a little beyond and above the edge of the glass. Place the bouquet in this plate, and around the stems of the bouquet arrange moss and shells, to completely hide the plate. Have a tub of water large enough to completely immerse the bell glass. Set the plate, with the bouquet, in the tub and take the glass and put in the water with one side first, so the water will fill it clear to the top; keep turning it down in the water, and over the bouquet, setting it firmly on the plate. Lift the whole carefully from the tub, by the plate, leaving the water around the edge of the plate. Arrange fern fronds and shells to completely hide the edge of the plate. Smaller bouquets in small glasses may be placed around these large ones if desired, of course the process of preparing is materially the same. They should be prepared the day before they are to be shown, as they assume a frosty appearance about that time, that is very charming. Smaller epergnes, or vases with bouquets may be placed at each end of the table. Floral ornaments should be high at the center of the table, and diminish toward each end.

Very pretty ornaments, besides furnishing edibles, are formed by piling oranges in glass dishes, with tall

standards, the oranges first being prepared in the following manner. With a sharp knife first divide the peeling, half way down from one end, into twelve equal parts, then begin at the end and raise the peeling from the oranges as far as it has been cut. Leave every other section only raising it a little from the end. Turn this peeling back, and it gives it somewhat the appearance of a yellow lily, or some singular flower. Fill two other glass dishes with iced fruit, piled on green leaves. This is very beautiful, indeed, and is exceedingly charming when seen by gaslight.

A large napkin is now spread at the head and foot of the table. This is expected to be of the very finest linen, and the monogram beautifully embroidered. When people have arrived at the dignity (?) of adopting a coat of arms, these also are emblazoned upon them.

Sometimes the monogram and crest is woven into the linen, which, of course, must be of the finest and whitest.

The napkins, on grand occasions, should be folded in some elaborate design. Perhaps, the camelia shaped is as pretty as any. Fold into the centre the four corners of the napkin, repeat this for the second time, and again for the third time. You now turn it over. The corners must this time be folded underneath the napkin to the centre, and the upper centre points drawn back, and the corners of the napkin slightly raised, when it will have the appearance of a camelia.

The letters and designs upon table linen should be large and handsome. The linen must be spotless and well arranged, or the ornamentation of flowers and shining silver will be useless, as far as producing a good effect is concerned. The napkins must be arranged in uniform places, and the knife and fork placed on the right side, with edge of the knife turned outward, and the tines of the forks downward. Each article designed for individual use should correspond with the like ones in position to give an air of order to the table, which is one of its greatest charms.

The fashions in china ware are as changeable and arbitrary as in all things else. Just now the rage is for real china, well decorated. "The Centennial" has been the favorite for the past year. It has a century blossom on each piece, and is really very handsome.

All sorts of dishes break out now-a-days in fantastic and singular shapes, so that we almost have to stop and ask what they are for. The shape of some articles have changed very much in the last few years.

For very elaborate occasions a net-work canopy of green moss, and evergreens, and bright colored berries may be erected over the centre of the table. Of course it must be arranged before setting the table. Then the viands themselves must be ornamental to make it all harmonious, cooked in an artistic manner, and brought in on suitable dishes.

One word about dinners should always be remembered. Do not attempt more than you can carry out well; have everything to correspond. Nothing makes articles, which are only passably nice, look so mean as to be surrounded with elegant and costly things. And surely you must not spoil the effect of an elegantly and expensively arranged table by one or two articles of shabby appearance. It takes talent, and thought, and good execution to make a grand dinner a success; and if one lacks the means or ability they should avoid attempting it. A small cozy dinner party is really much more pleasant, and lifts such a burden from the hostess. Everything should be just as perfect in its way, even if no guests are ex-

pected; but such elaborate decorations as a large party demand can be dispensed with. It is very unpleasant for a dining-room to have a cramped appearance after the table is laid. It should be large, and pleasant, and airy, suitably ornamented according to your means and the manner in which the rest of the house is furnished.

In placing the dishes of cooked food upon the table, never set them at the edge of the table, but reserve the spaces between the plates clear for the convenience of cups of tea, dishes of sauce, etc. To see dishes so placed always suggests the possibility of their being brushed with the sleeve of any one who should reach over them. If the table is crowded, leave some of the dishes off sooner than put them on in this way. Always arrange the food in as handsome a manner as possible upon the dishes. Give it a nice pleasing appearance instead of a mussy hurried-up appearance. Then arrange the dishes upon the table in the order in which they belong. Our first endeavor must be to satisfy the appetite, our next to suit the taste, and the next to please the eye. A general satisfaction with our surroundings gives a better relish to our dinner, promotes digestion and increases our health.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Croup can generally be greatly alleviated, if not cured very speedily, if the following remedy is applied promptly: Take a knife, and grate and shave off in small particles about a teaspoonful of alum; then mix it with twice its quantity of sugar to make it palatable, and administer it as quickly as possible. Almost instantaneous relief will follow.

A small piece of paper or linen, moistened with the spirits of turpentine, and put into a bureau or wardrobe for a single day, two or three times, is said to be a sufficient preservation against moths.

Lemon-juice and glycerine will remove tan and freckles.

Lemon-juice and glycerine will cleanse and soften the hands.

Lunar caustic, carefully applied, so as not to touch the skin, will destroy warts.

To obviate offensive perspiration, wash with soap and diluted spirits of ammonia.

The juice of ripe tomatoes will remove the stain of walnuts from the hands without injury to the skin.

If you are buying carpets for durability, choose small figures.

Benzine and common clay will clean marble.

If your flat-irons are rough, rub them with fine salt, and it will make them smooth.

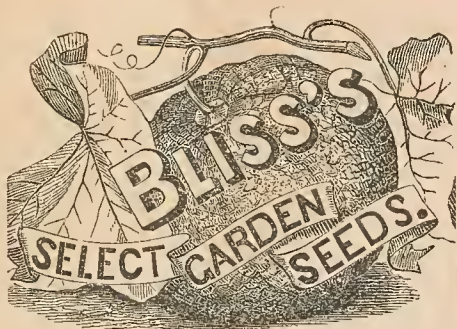
Castor-oil is an excellent thing to soften leather.

To clean a browned porcelain kettle, boil peeled potatoes in it. The porcelain will be rendered nearly as white as when new.

To ascertain whether a bed be damp or not, after the bed is warmed, put a glass globe in between the sheets, and if the bed be damp, a few drops of wet will appear on the inside of the glass.

A strong solution of carbolic acid and water, poured into holes, kill all the ants it touches, and the survivors immediately take themselves off.

Linen garments, which have become yellow from time, may be whitened by being boiled in a lather made of milk and pure white soap, a pound of the latter to a gallon of the former. After the boiling process the linen should be twice rinsed, a little blue being added to the last water used.



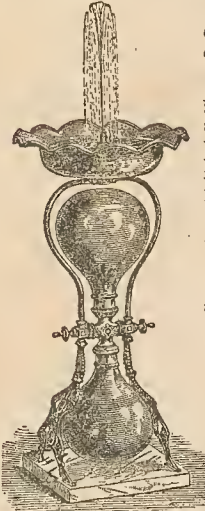
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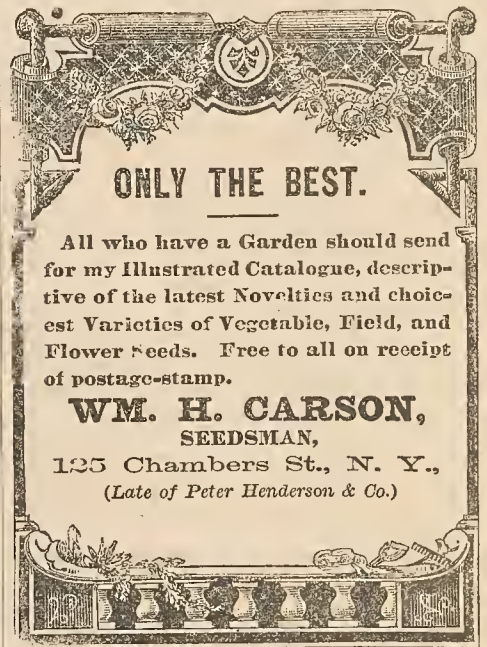
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Gilleen Allanna.

Words by E. S. MARBLE.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

1. Eil - leen Al-lan - na, Eil - leen As-thore,....
2. Eil - leen Al-lan - na, Eil - leen As-thore, The

poco rit. *a tempo.*

Light of my soul, and its Queen ev - er - more, It seems years have lin - gered since last we did part, Eil - leen Al - lan - na, The
o - cean's blue wa - ters wash by the shore Of that dear land of sham - rock where thou dost a - bide, Wait - ing the day when I'll

pride of my heart! Oh! dar-ling loved one, your dear smile I miss, My lips seem to cling to that sweet part-ing kiss! Ma-vour - neen, thy
call thee my bride! God bless you, dar - ling, I know you are true, True to the boy who would die now for you; My heart is now

cres. *dim.* **Chorus.**

sweet face I see at the door, Eil - leen Al - lan - na, Au - gus Asthore. Faith-ful I'll be to the Col-leen I a - dore,
bleeding to its in - ner - most core, Eil - leen Al - lan - na, Au - gus Asthore. Soon I'll be back to the Col-leen I a - dore,

Eil - leen Al - lan - na, Au - gus Asthore, Faith-ful I'll be to the Col-leen I a - dore, Eil - leen Al - lan - na, Au - gus As - thore.
Eil - leen Al - lan - na, Au - gus Asthore, Soon I'll be back to the Col-leen I a - dore, Eil - leen Al - lan - na, Au - gus As - thore.

THE LADIES' *Illustrated* National Calendar

By HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

VOL. VI.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY, 1877.

No. 62.

PRICE 12 CENTS.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS IN SICK ROOMS.

Chrysanthemums may be introduced into sick rooms, and by their beautiful colors, please many an invalid. If they are not handled much they give out little or no

good in a room for three weeks or a month. One of the best and most successful growers of Chrysanthemums was in the habit of cutting the flowers days or even weeks before the show or exhibition, and feeding

answer to occasional inquiries, we name the following sweet scented flowers, to which some of our readers may add others: Sweet Violet, Hyacinth, Heliotrope, Pinks, sweet scented Candytuft, Woodbine, Sweet



A SWISS LAKE SCENE.

odor, especially if put into vases in the usual way.

This beautiful winter flower can be enjoyed most if arranged in show stand.

Few or no leaves need then be used. The flowers thus prettily arranged and nicely contrasted as regard colors, look well in this way, and will keep fresh and

them with guano water and other stimulants in their show tubes to increase their size.

Flowers for Odor.—The *Country Gentleman* says: "Many cultivators of ornamental plants desire especially to raise those which produce fragrant odors, particularly for bouquets, stands and flower vases. In

Briar, Cabbage Rose, Tea Roses, White Lily, Sweet Alyssum, Mignonette, Sweet Pea, Carnations, Sweet William, and several sweet-scented perpetual roses. Here are enough to fill a room or garden with perfumes rivalling the 'odors from the spicy shores of Araby the blest,' if well managed and cultivated."

Floral Contributions.

MY FERN WINDOW.

It is a large bay-window, and in addition to being on the western side of the house, is shaded by a clump of firs which stand about fifteen feet from the central part of it. In days gone by the shutters were kept closed nearly all the time, as the firs shut out everything, except a little light, and we had plenty of that from a sunny south window and an unshaded west one. One day, while having a search in the garret for some odds and ends which were, or were supposed to be, within that garret's sacred precincts, I came across a large old-fashioned mirror, and while gravely contemplating my fair-haired self, an idea, or rather several ideas, came into my head. Forgetting what I had been in search of, I started down-stairs, and after a little delay, found my brother Ernest. We sat down and took counsel together. The result was, that we brought that ancient mirror down from the garret, and, with prudent care, escorted it to Ernest's workshop; there the old tarnished frame was removed and a new one of plain pine prepared for it. This frame was about six inches wide, and after being oiled and thoroughly dried, was decorated with branches from the neighboring woods, as twisted, knotty, and mossy as we could find. These were fastened on with small brads, and projected in every direction, though not in any case more than four inches from the foundation of pine. Then the mirror, securely fastened in its new frame, was placed in the centre of the bay-window, close to the glass, the shutters outside (to the west) remaining closed, as there was sufficient light from the northern and southern angles for our purpose. When placed in position, the mirror and frame exactly filled the central part of the window, except seven inches at the bottom. The next thing was to fill this space. A box, also of pine, three feet five inches long, eight inches wide, and eight deep, was made, and ornamented with small cedar branches with the bark on, split in two and tacked on perpendicularly all around it. This box was filled with leaf mould, mixed with a little sand, and placed on a shelf under the mirror. In each end was planted a German Ivy, in the centre a beautiful *Osmunda Regalis*, a *Polypodium* on each side, and the rest of the box filled in with tiny Ferns, Partridge Vines, and the most beautiful mosses we could find. Two similar boxes were placed under the side-lights of the window, and in the ends next the mirror another German Ivy was planted (we meant to have that mirror framed, you see), and the remainder filled with as many dainty and delicate Ferns and mosses as they would hold. This we considered a good beginning, and the next part was this: My brother made what I shall call a platform, about six inches high, something like a low table, which was set on castors, and would just fit into the window. Then he made a box, about six inches deep, the same size and shape as the platform; this box was lined with zinc, and had two large holes bored in the bottom for drainage. This was placed on the platform, put into position, and a rustic fern stand, thirty inches in length and about eighteen in width, placed in the centre of it. In this fernery, the top of which, I ought to mention, was even with the top of the rustic boxes, was a miniature arch made of beautiful mossy stones, and a tiny pond; albeit, the pond was only an old earthen dish with small pebbles in the bottom and moss shading the edges. The effect was beautiful

among the rich Ferns with which we filled the stand. In the centre of the window, just over the fernery, was suspended a large rustic hanging basket filled with German Ivy. On either side this central basket was a simple and easily constructed hanging basket, which may not be new to some, but it was to me. With a trowel, Ernest carefully removed a flourishing *Polypodium* from its native woods, together with a good-sized ball of the surrounding mould. This was wrapped in a sheet of beautiful green moss, the kind that looks as if composed of hundreds of exquisite little Ferns; then fine wire was twisted around, just enough to hold it in shape, and the whole hung up by a piece of the same wire. When these were finished, there only remained the lower part of our fern window. This was finished by covering the bottom of the zinc pan, or box, with a thin layer of bits of broken crockery, stone, and charcoal, then filling it with leaf mould and sand. Under the boxes, all around the window, we planted a little forest of the Maiden Hair Fern. I must say we were rather doubtful of the success of this last experiment, for it seemed almost too shady for any thing to grow. The bottom of the boxes was only seventeen inches from the earth in the zinc pan, but it was the very place for those Ferns. Then the remaining surface of the mould was covered with green moss, and a large pot of English Ivy placed on each side of the window, next the room, and it was finished. No, not quite finished, for something was needed for the Ivy to cling to. Rustic supports were nailed a little way apart, up each side of the window, and continued across the top of the side lights to enable the Ivy to join its companions around the mirror frame.

I wish you could see that window now. The Ivies have rambed all about, the most beautiful being the German ones in the central hanging basket; they have twined up the cords they were intended to, thrown out long branches which have encircled the little moss baskets on each side, covered the vines which suspend them, reached out and embraced those around the mirror frame, and followed their own sweet will wherever it has led them. The effect is splendid, for the old mirror reproduces all the lovely forms. I must say a word about one peculiarity of the aforesaid mirror. It does not favor the "human face divine." When you look at yourself in one way, you see yourself as nature intended you to be seen; but looking at it in another way, it is to be hoped others do not see you as you see yourself then; to be plain, there is a decided flaw in it, but in the case of Ferns and Ivy leaves, any such little failing is overlooked. It is very easy to take care of my window. I water the little moss baskets by immersing each one in a deep bowl of warm water, and by standing on a chair, can give all the Ferns, Mosses, and most of the Ivy leaves, a good sprinkling. All the surplus water runs off through the holes in the zinc pan, which, I forgot to say, were also bored through the platform on which it stands, into a pan set underneath. Another advantage is, that I can step on the moss "and leave no sign," or very little, when there are any decayed fronds to be removed. Sometime I shall like to tell you about my south window, which is in the same room, and presents quite a contrast to the cool green of "My Fern Window."

MAMIE.

CITY GARDENS.

Having enjoyed reading the experience of so many correspondents in regard to the cultivation of flowers, I feel that it is only fair that I should add

mine in regard to the successful cultivation of a city garden.

You are aware that most of the city yards are small, and so shaded by high fences and brick walls that many persons become discouraged in their efforts to cultivate flowers, and are satisfied if their yards only look clean. Again, the soil of those yards is generally poor, and the opportunities of procuring manures so few that they do not try to get them.

Now, those persons who live in the country, and can drive to the woods to get soil and leaves, or to the barn yard to find all the fertilizers they wish, cannot fully sympathize with their city cousins who enjoy none of these privileges or advantages—yet, considering all these obstacles in the way, they can be overcome by energy and perseverance. And, as I live in a city and have to contend with those difficulties, I propose to tell others like situated how they may overcome them.

In the first place my beds all needed filling up, so I waited until the city authorities began to clean the streets, then I appropriated a sufficient quantity of this dirt to do it, having first cleaned it from all rubbish—this dirt I mixed with the original soil, but finding it too sticky, and inclined to bake, I procured a barrel or two of clean white sand that can be procured of builders, or those who cart it around the street for sale, this I mixed with the soil, leaving a fair proportion on the top so as to aid the smallest seed in germinating. After the plants began to grow, I procured a tight barrel, stood it in a corner out of the way, and each wash day had it filled with the strongest suds. With this water I gave the beds a good drenching every evening as long as it lasted, provided it had not rained previously. This water is one of the strongest and cheapest fertilizers one can procure. At the foot of the yard I had space for a bed four feet by twelve feet, which was quite low and not fit for bulbs, unless raised some six or eight inches, which required more dirt than I could procure from the street in time for fall planting, so I saved all my coal ashes until I had a sufficient quantity for my purpose, then dug out this space about twelve inches deep, threw in the ashes and replaced the soil in which I planted the bulbs. I found this plan was a good one, the ashes acting as a drainage. Previous to my planting in the fall I procured some ground bone (ten pounds) from a dealer, and mixed that with the soil. Having procured a quantity of leaves from the street, and a barrel or two of fine stable manure from a cartman, I first spread the leaves over the bed, then threw on the manure, which formed a warm covering for the bulbs. If the leaves are placed on the beds first, they will not only protect the bed from freezing—but, I think, turn the rain, while the manure will prevent the leaves from being blown away, and assist in rotting them. In the spring when I uncover the beds, I work as much of these two articles in the soil as I can, the remainder I either burn on one of the beds, or dig up one of the beds quite deep, throwing it in to lay and rot. Now, one can readily see at a glance that this was all done with less cost of money than personal exertion, and almost any one with ordinary health can do as I did.

My plan for arranging beds is different from any I have seen. The space between each post is used as a bed, and the short walks are convenient for getting at the post, at the same time enable you to reach all parts of the beds without stepping on them.

Hoboken, N. J.

C. W. I.

Gossip with Correspondents.

Night-blooming Cereus.—In the November No. of your paper, I saw an account of the blossoming of a Night-blooming Cereus in Utica, N. Y. as being something rare. Allow me to say that here in Northern Maine they are quite common. I have two that bloomed every year since they were four years old. Last summer they had thirteen flowers—eleven in one week. No other flower that I have ever seen bears any comparison with this in beauty or fragrance.

A LOVER OF FLOWERS.

Blooming Callas.—I have been very successful in the cultivation of plants, because my whole heart was in the work. For blooming Callas, I use the soil from the henery; and on cold mornings I pour hot water in the saucers; I have had a bloom from every bulb. As my Fuchsias never grew very large, I put in fresh soil and then used some fine manure from the henery, and before spring it covered the window, with every shoot in full bloom. My Begonia has never failed to bloom.

Mrs. E. B.

Easter Lilies.—Besides Callas which are grown in immense quantities for Easter decorations in the vicinity of Boston, Liliun Candidum is also forced to bloom for Easter, and, being a true lily, is perhaps better entitled to the name, "Easter Lily."

M. P. G.

Ferns.—I should like to say to the person who wishes to know what Ferns can be grown in the house, that I have had for three winters, in a furnace-heated parlor, very handsome plants of Aspidium molle and Adiantum cuneatum; and I have a friend who has Pteris tremula, looking as well as it could in a greenhouse. I also know that Pteris hastata does well in the house; so does the Japanese Climbing Fern and Lygodium scandens. All require to be kept comfortably warm, not too wet, and seldom sprinkled—just often enough to keep them clean. I have found that wetting the foliage often causes it to turn black.

M. P. G.

Winter Decorations.—Many people who do not burn coal cannot keep the parlor warm all the time, and, of course, can have no flowers therein. I will give a few hints in the way of brightening up the winter parlor. Take a round, rough board, and make a table of it, by nailing on firmly three legs of as twisted and gnarled roots or limbs as you can find; do not varnish, but have them as rough and mossy as possible; take dry moss—which you can find in the woods and on the trunks of trees, and with glue, stick it all over the bottom of the board; put a large, round, shallow tin on top of the board (which is now a table), and fasten with a round-headed tack; fill with green mosses of all kinds; then stick dry moss all over the space between the tin and the edge of the table. Wet the moss as it needs it; no amount of freezing and thawing will injure this. A vase containing wax autumn leaves adds a bit of color to it, placed in the centre of the moss. Wax branches of autumn leaves, and hang them gracefully, and naturally, over the pictures and curtains; also pressed ferns, and mountain cranberry. The herb commonly called Life-everlasting, is beautiful for winter decorations. The flowers can be dyed any color, and with evergreen, make lovely wreaths, bouquets, etc. A hanging basket containing a deep plate may be filled with moss, and a bouquet of these flowers placed in the centre. A pasteboard, or wooden bracket may be covered with dry moss, in the same manner as the table, and hold a basket of worsted flowers, made with double zephyr like hair flowers. Weave over a lead pencil, cut the worsted, and comb with a fine comb. Copy from nature in making the flowers up, and wind the stems with green split zephyr, or floss. Add little fancy articles, tidies, etc., from the pages of the CABINET, and the room will be cheerful, even in the gloomiest weather.

ANABEL C. ANDREWS.

Geraniums, Veronica.—1. What are Zonale Geraniums? 2. Will Veronicas live out through the winter, or would it be best to bring them in the house? 3. How old do Geraniums have to be from the seed before they blossom? I have some planted last spring; do you think they ought to bloom this winter?

State Centre, Iowa.

Mrs. O. J. W.

Answer.—1. The typical Zonale Geraniums have a zone of darker color on each leaf; the flowers run through various shades from white to pink, and deep scarlet. 2. The hardy herbaceous varieties will, but not the shrubby sorts. 3. Generally the second year.

Geraniums.—In the February number, Lady Cullum speaks of the ever-blooming variety of Geraniums. Will she please give the name; also, will correspondents always give the State they live in, so I may know what kind of a climate the plants are raised in? We lovers of flowers in this far western country, meet with many discouragements in finding flowers that will stand our cold winters. I should like to hear from some of our friends in the north-western part of this state, on the best kind of roses for out door culture.

Magnolia, Iowa.

S. L. B.

Answer.—We cordially agree with our correspondent's very sensible remarks.

Madeira Vine.—I have a Madeira Vine. One sprout from the bulb has grown quite thrifty, but an offset of the same bulb in the same pot, has sent out one or two small leaves, and there it has remained, just about so for six months; looks fresh and vigorous, as though it must send out some branches. It has the south sun part of the day, and occupies a warm place in my window garden; which, by the way, is a source of great pleasure to me. 1. Would it injure the Madeira Vine to transplant or repot? 2. My Geraniums, of which I have a large number, look a healthy green; but the stem to the leaves grow so long. Could it be caused by too much furnace heat at night? 3. And would pricking back the new shoots be of any use?

Joliet, Ill.

Mrs. N. E. FULLER.

Answer.—1. No. 2. Keep the plants in a more cool and light place. 3. Yes.

Oxalis.—1. What shall I do with a white Oxalis that has bloomed all winter, and now shows signs of dying. Should it be taken from the pot and dried. What kind of soil does it require? 2. Are old roses that have bloomed several winters as good as those newly started? 3. When is the best time to renew the soil for Cacti?

MADELIENE.

Answer.—1. Stand it out of doors in the pot until fall. Repot in any good soil. The Oxalis is not particular. 2. Yes, if healthy and growing freely. 3. In the spring.

Geraniums and Fuchsias.—1. My Geraniums grow very fine and large, but they do not bloom freely. I usually place them in fresh, rich soil, early in the spring; does this interfere with the blooming? 2. What is the name of "a species of the Royal Family," which has large pink flowers? 3. What kind of Geranium has yellow leaves bordered with green? 4. Do Fuchsias require much sun? 5. How can I get my plants to bloom in winter?

FLOWER LOVER.

Answer.—1. Try repotting your Geraniums in September, and use less rich soil. 2. Will any of our readers inform our correspondent. 3. Cloth of Gold, and several others. 4. Not in summer. 5. Few plants flower in both winter and summer. It is necessary to grow some specially for winter.

Cyclamen.—1. I wish to ask how the Cyclamens are propagated. I saw in the January number of the CABINET that the bulbs must not be divided? 2. How can a Caladium Esculentum, that has the center decayed and has side stems, be managed?

Mrs. D. LEONARD.

Answer.—1. From seed. 2. Remove offsets and plant separate, or plant the clump entire.

Ivy and Clianthus.—I enclose a leaf of Ivy, also a leaf and flower of a plant which we have always called Wax plant. The Ivy is a twining plant, with runners from fifteen to twenty feet in length. The leaves drop off every fall, leaving a long space leafless. Please give the reason why, and whether our kind blossoms or not. The Wax plant grows about two feet high, the same form as the leaves that I send. The bulbs live over winter in the earth. Please give correct names of each? 2. This spring we sent for some Clianthus and Lantana seed. They have been in the ground for five weeks. Neither kind are out yet. I fear it is soil, treatment or watching too closely. Please tell us which, and how to treat them, so that they will germinate?

Craries Mills.

ELLA M. WOOD.

Answer.—1. A single leaf is probably the Senecio scandens. The leaves probably drop from the soil being too poor and dry. The flowers are not ornamental. 2. Polygonatum Angustifolium. The seeds probably failed from the dry weather at the time of sowing.

Prairie Sod for Flowers.—Will some of your intelligent contributors who have ever had the tough prairie sod of the West to contend with, please tell me what I can do to enhance its richness so that my plants will flourish vigorously. I had much trouble last spring with both my vegetable and flower gardens?

Mt. Ayr, Iowa.

HELEN A. RAINS.

Answer.—You will probably have less trouble after the

first year; the soil might be burned. We wish the same tough sod was in our locality, which is sandy.

Crape Myrtle.—1. How should a Crape Myrtle be treated during winter (should it be kept growing or put in cellar) in order to have it blossom abundantly in the summer; also the kind of soil the Myrtle requires? 2. Would Tritoma be best kept during winter packed in dry sand or kept dry by laying them in a dry place free from frosts and cold? 3. Also, will it do to start them early in the spring by sprouting same as Dahlias?

OTIS T. CASEY.

Answer.—1. In cellar; any good soil. 2. In sand, a moderate frost will not injure the plant. 3. Yes.

A Dream.—I have been reading my FLORAL CABINET for November, and had fallen back in my arm chair, rested my feet upon the stool in front of the fire, and lost myself to all around. I saw with my mind's eye, a room facing the north and west; it was carpeted in brown, with a vine stem of darker brown running over it, here and there enlivened with bits of light green leaves, and a few purple berries. It was furnished with a set of plain brown wood, and fine white shades with brown lambrequins. On the dressing case, for 'tis a bedroom, are mats of some white canvas, worked with Pansies and light green leaves. Upon the wall, hang pictures of friends, framed with black walnut; also, a motto done in water color, and in the window, a hanging basket made of beads, and filled with Tradescantia. Under it on a light window stand, is a case of New England Ferns, and the gray moss that grows on rocks; and under the gas fixture was a match scraper, made of white card-board, and on the front a gray tabby cat, with "scratch my back" under it. It is useless to say, of course, that it was lined with sand paper. Something disturbed me; I stirred, and the clock was striking ten; the fire was dead, and I awoke.

ADLINE.

California Flowers.—I have often thought I would write the ladies of our interesting paper a short letter, and tell them of some of the pretty places and pretty things that the sun shines on in far off California, and here I wish to tell you some thing that every State cannot boast of, and that is the different climates one can be in. In traveling a few miles, (by a few miles I do not mean fifty); you can be in the valley where the pomegranate tree, lemons and orange, and tobacco, cotton and sweet potatoe flourish in a fine luxuriant growth, and up a short distance in the mountains, the nights are so cool that a pair of blankets and a good quilt are acceptable; and on the summit of these same mountains, snow keeps its whiteness and glitters in the sunshine the year round. The locality is to be found in the county of Tulare, near the town of Visalia. In San Francisco I have seen Fuchsias twelve feet in height, and with a stem between two and three inches in diameter, and with hundreds of blossoms thereon, Hydrangeas as large over as a bushel basket, and what we call Australian Pea covering the fence. Geraniums four and five feet tall, and Callas a mass of leaf and bloom growing out in the open air the year round, without any protection whatever. Here, where I live during the months of May and June, the wild flowers are so pretty and tempting I want to gather them all and preserve them in their beauty forever; I cannot name them as I do not know their botanical name, and we are in the habit of speaking of them by names of our own. I name one as it is so pretty, and that what is called the Vegetable Fire Cracker, or Brodiaea Coccinea, natural order Liliaceae, it is found in gravelly and rocky soils, on mountain tops and in shady cool places, and if kept in cool fresh water it will not wither for several weeks after being detached from the plant. Even to-day, December 11th, there is in bloom in my garden, Seabious, two varieties Marigold, Mignonette, Dianthus, Fish and Zonale Geraniums, Alyssum and Sweet Peas, and also velvety Pansy. I think sometimes the people of the Eastern States enjoy themselves better, and perhaps the society is more settled and possess a greater degree of refinement, but our people are warm hearted, impulsive and generous, and that is quite a recommend, but they are so uneasy, never staying but a few years in one place. There is a great deal of our State unsettled, and mountainous, and the favorite hiding place for deer, and occasionally a bear. Our hills are again getting a faint tinge of green, which is quite welcome to us, as we are not blessed with enough rain in the summer to keep the grass growing, and we get pretty brown and dry, but the soil is rich enough to grow almost anything for those who have the means of irrigation. I hope other writers will not forget to communicate anything of interest in their letters from time to time, as they have done me a great deal of good, and taught me how to make several articles for use and ornament. The questions and answers, and in fact all of the CABINET, is of great benefit to those who wish to know how to grow and cultivate plants.

Mendocino County, California.

AN AMATEUR.

Flower Culture.

FLOWERS IN THE HOUSE.

PLANTS FOR HOUSE CULTURE.

If you have only an ordinary window in which to keep plants, you can grow about half-a-dozen very satisfactorily, provided they are not large-growing kinds, like Oleanders or Abutilons. Such plants require a bay-window, or conservatory. If you have a bay-window, three times this number can be grown without crowding, and an Oleander, or some other large plant, can be added. Plants should never be crowded. It not only spoils the looks of them to huddle them together, but they do not do well. One reason why so many lose plants which they are trying to grow in windows is, they try to keep too many. Some of them must be crowded away from the sun, and these get sickly, turn yellow, and finally die. One healthy, vigorous plant is worth a thousand poor ones. Better try a few, and aim to have them fine specimens, than to have a dozen spindling, unsatisfactory ones.

Of those best suited to house culture, I have selected as the six best the Calla, Rose Geranium, Zonale Geranium (of this class there is so large a variety that all tastes can be suited as to color, habit of growth, and profusion of bloom), Heliotrope, Fuchsia, and Ivy. If you have a bay-window, or another ordinary window, any of the following will prove very satisfactory: Begonia, Lantana, Eupatorium, Plumbago, Capensis, any of the scented Geraniums, Coleus, Cactus, and, if you are willing to give them all the care they require, Roses, Salvia and Verbeuas. For hanging plants, I would recommend Vinca Harrisonii, a beautifully variegated plant, Moneywort, Lysimachia, and Saxifrage. If you want some small-growing plants for brackets, use Oxalis, Chinese Primrose, and the pink-flowered Mesembryanthemum.

SOIL FOR POT PLANTS.

I have found the following to be the best soil for plants in pots: One-half fine, fibrous soil from under sods in an old pasture, one-fourth well-rotted barn-yard manure, or leaf-mold, and for the remaining fourth I add clean, sharp sand, and common garden mold, varying the proportion of sand to suit the liking of the plant I intend it for. For Geraniums, I have nearly one-quarter of the soil sand. For Fuchsias, I have also a liberal allowance, and use fibrous earth in place of the garden mold. For Roses, I use more garden mold, and less of the pasture soil. For all the others, the mixture I have spoken of does very well.

POTTING.

Don't use too large pots for flowering plants. For scented Geraniums, which are grown for their foliage, use larger pots to encourage a ranker growth. Fuch-

sias need larger pots, in proportion to their amount of stalks and foliage, than most other kinds. Geraniums, the flowering kinds, Heliotropes, Lantanas, and Begonias, will do well in six-inch pots, and they can be changed to eight-inch ones if they seem pot-bound, as they get age. A thrifty Calla should have an eight or ten-inch pot; Fuchsias an inch smaller, while Eupatoriums, Plumbago, Roses, and Coleus will not need larger than seven-inch ones. In potting plants, always put in bits of broken crockery or brick in the bottom of the pot, then fill with soil, rapping the pot well to settle the earth together firmly. After putting in your

again, before giving more. With good drainage, you will never have sour, moldy soil. The Fuchsia needs to be kept quite moist, and will take a liberal allowance of water every day through the growing and blooming season. The Begonia requires more than most other plants, while the Calla likes to be kept very wet. Always have your water for this plant as warm as you can bear your hand in it. Always take the chill from the water you give any of your plants. Cold water checks their growth.

REST OF PLANTS.

All plants require rest. They cannot be expected to grow and bloom all the time. When they throw out no more buds, and seem to be inclined to rest, let them. Reduce their usual supply of water, giving them only enough to keep them from wilting. When they are ready to go to work again, and you can tell when that time comes by watching them carefully, increase their supply of water gradually. It is well, at such times, after the plant has been in the same soil for six months or more, to give a little manure-water. These fertilizing liquids are easily made, and stimulate the plants to healthy growth, if too much is not given. For a large pail full of water, use half a pound of guano. After it has dissolved, give from one to two tablespoonsful, twice a week, to each plant, for a month. I know of no better stimulant.

PLANT ENEMIES.

If your plants get covered with green lice, fumigate them with tobacco-smoke. Put coarse stems, smoking-tobacco or cigar-ends, on coals in a small dish, and hold it under the plants, over which a newspaper should be thrown to confine the smoke among them until the lice are stupefied; then shake the plants thoroughly, and sweep away all the insects which fall from them. After that, sprinkle them thoroughly, taking care to wet the leaves below as well as above. If the red-spider comes, you must sprinkle your plants daily, being very particular to see that the underside of the leaves are wet, for there is where the spider hides most. If you keep your plants well-sprinkled, they will not be apt to become infested with spiders, and they require sprinkling daily, when grown in a living room, in order to keep healthy. The greatest drawback to growing flowers successfully in houses, is the dry air they usually get there. If worms get

into the soil, dissolve a piece of lime as large as a tea-cup in a pailful of water. Use one-third as much of this solution as you do of clear water, when watering your plants, and I think you will rid them of these pests.

I have tried to give good, practical hints, and I have drawn them from my own experience. I hope they will help others to be as successful in flower-culture as I have been.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

Shioeton, Wis.



THE IPOMOEA LEPTOPHYLLA.

plant and seeing that the earth is well-shaken down about the roots, give it a thorough watering, and keep it from the sun for a few days.

WATERING PLANTS.

My rule is, never to water plants, as a general thing, until the surface of the ground seems dry; then give them a thorough watering, enough to run through the soil and out at the bottom of the pot. If it drains off readily, you need not be afraid of bad results from too much watering, if you wait until the surface is dry

[Written specially for the LADIES' FLORAL CABINET.]

Winnifred's Will.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

CHAPTER V.

*"Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And faints for succor."*

In a moment when the south wind blows, or the rays of June fall more directly upon it, the green calyx of the rose expands, and it becomes a glowing and splendid flower. The transition from green and crude girlhood to ripe womanhood was equally sudden in Winnifred. For a long time she had been loitering on the threshold, full of contradictions, cruel and tender, hard and affectionate, capricious, self-willed, reluctant, and yielding—by turns impetuous and calculating. But the shock of her father's death had altered everything within her, and unconsciously she became self-poised with the power to guide her affairs with a firm hand.

The will-power that had made the old judge a terror to those about him, even when crippled and chained to his chair, came uppermost in her nature, and reduced all the discordant elements to obedience. Physically she gained new expressions. Her picturesque, vivid face took on an added beauty of outline and coloring. Her eyes, of that peculiar changeable gray that ranges in hue from warm hazel to blue, assumed new brilliancy and lustre. Her form, wondrously lithe and willowy, had rounded out into fuller proportions, and lost the meagerness of girlhood. Fate had decreed that Winnifred's first great sorrow should be her introduction into real life. She had grieved passionately for a few hours over the old man's death, but being free from all conventional standards of mourning, she sprang up like a healthy branch that has been beat out of its natural direction.

After that last fatal interview with his girl, the old man never spoke again. He lay upon his bed with the purple flush overspreading his face, and the dreadful stertorous breathing resounding through the house. His hands moved, and vainly clutched the air for relief. It was a dreadful sight, that death-bed, but Winnifred hung over him in an agony of grief and remorse, praying for one last look of forgiveness, which she believed was granted, in a moment of returning consciousness, just before death set its awful seal upon the grey and shrivelled mask of his features.

Edgar Swayne came to Winnie's assistance in those first, distracting, confused hours when Mrs. Braithwaite was only a large, limp bundle of helplessness, and old Nanna went about the house wringing her hands. But Winnie soon rallied from the stupor of her grief. Virginie's sympathy was like a cordial to her sore heart. She roused herself to see that the interment took place in accordance with the old man's wishes. Godless he had lived and died, and without exhortation, or prayer, or psalm, he was laid away in earth.

A moralist might have drawn some pregnant lessons from the barrenness of that intellectual power, unvivified by love, from a life withered and dried up by avarice and suspicion, and selfish lusts, but Winnie, as she stood sole mourner by that grave, felt only passionate sorrow for a father who had been fond of her alone of all the creatures on earth, who had trusted her and believed in her while distrusting all others, and whom she had mortally wounded in his last hours. There arose within her the determination to act on every one of his wishes, though she did not confess it to herself, even the implied wish that she should be hard to her mother.

Superabundant health and vitality asserted themselves, and in a few days a restless activity took possession of Winnifred. She was a little queen, and must set at once about regulating her kingdom.

Virginie had timidly suggested that Bradley be telegraphed for before the day of the funeral. Winnie was then in the first languor of her sadness.

"O, yes," said she, with half querulous indifference, "perhaps it will be best; he must come soon at any rate."

"But will it not be proper to inform him immediately?" Virginie had ventured; "you surely will wish to consult your cousin about many things."

"I never think of what is proper," said Winnie, with a sigh, putting her head back on Virginie's shoulder. "I don't mind about propriety, and I don't suppose Bradley has much of a head for affairs, and there is nothing to consult him about, for Mr. Swayne has made all the arrangements; but if you think he ought to come at once, you can ask Mr. Swayne to telegraph him from Deanport, on the river, where he is going to-night."

It was with a terrible inward protest, almost an execration, that Edgar dispatched the telegram to Bradley Halcourt, whom he disliked with the irrational instinct of a rival. Love is a blind and unreasonable passion, and there were conflicts going on in the soul of the young clergyman-at-large it is impossible to describe. The attractions of his sacred calling which he had once relished with ardor, were opening to him anew, but they grew pallid and bloodless beside this first, great, overmastering, irrational love. He saw in Bradley the man who was to come gaily sailing in on the tide of fortune, and make shipwreck of his life. He could have wished him hump-backed, bent awry, to revolt the eyes of Winnifred, for the hot blood coursing to Edgar's heart had effaced some of those lessons of charity that he once believed were a part of his being.

But days passed, and Bradley did not appear. Edgar dared breathe again. As hope and life revived in her, and the apathy of grief was shaken off, a new and delightful intimacy sprang up between him and Winnifred. She took him into her confidence, and unfolded her pet scheme for a school for the poor miner's children, and a Sunday service in the village, which would restore him to his true vocation. She made him, by subtle means, feel that he was necessary to her, and an organic part of her life-scheme. Her old teasing, mocking air had passed away, and in her presence Edgar breathed the perfume of Paradise.

Winnifred had plunged into affairs. She was now a woman of business, with a clearness of head and soundness of judgment that astonished the Deanport lawyer, her nominal guardian and adviser. When the will was opened it was found that the old judge had left her practically untrammelled, and had shown the utmost confidence in his girl's ability and prudence.

Half the day she was spurring about on Thunderbolt with tireless energy, keenly enjoying the excitement of rapid motion, and the novelty of her new life. Sometimes Edgar rode with her as she dashed off on a visit to the farms, or over the hills to inspect the mines, or went riding into the town, to order a grand, new barouche, or to look at carriage horses. A spirit of change was everywhere at work about the old hall. Men were busy trimming the shrubberies, opening new vistas down to the lake, and rolling and raking the gravel paths. The rubbish was being cleaned out of the greenhouse to make it ready for rare exotics. Carpenters, and decorators, and upholsterers had been engaged, and already piles of brick and mortar blocked the main entrance. Winnie was determined that the great days of the old minister's time should return. She would make her ancestral hall the grand mansion of the countryside.

On the morning of the day of Bradley's arrival, she led Virginie about through the old rooms, some of which had scarcely been opened and aired for years, and were close and musty, with dingy and tattered furnishings that still bore the signs of former luxury.

"This was my Lady Betty's room," said she, pushing open a door and raising a cloud of dust in a large, dark chamber, where the spiders had wrought undisturbed for years, and had festooned everything with cobwebs. "I have told you of Lady Betty, a distant relation of grand-papa's, and a great lady in England in her time. I will open the shutters, so that you can see her picture over the mantelpiece, in the high stays and stomacher, with patches and powder. It was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and

some say I am like her, but I shall never die of love as she did. There was a perfidious man in England who broke her heart, and she came here and slowly wasted away; and after she died, the servants had a superstition that they heard her sighing in this room all night long; but of course that was mere nonsense. You shall have this chamber, Virginie, if you like. It has a pretty view of Gleumere and the hills. I will furnish it with delicious blue chintz and white muslin, and I will take down Lady Betty and hang the room all round with meek maidens playing on heavenly dulcimers."

"No, no," said Virginie, with a little shudder, as she looked about at the mouldering things and great state bed; "I could not sleep where I knew that poor lady had suffered; I should always hear her sigh. Leave me to my own little nest with the narrow bed and the one window, for I am not used to grandeur, and it would not agree with me."

"Well, you shall have your own way, Mousie; but come to my room. I have taken papa's old study for my business office. It has the desks and all other conveniences. I shall have it refitted with fresh paper hangings, walnut and gold, and some fine oak chairs, and a Turkey rug in the middle of the polished floor."

Virginie had never passed that door without a certain dread. Next to it was Mrs. Braithwaite's closed chamber, which she had not left but once or twice since her husband's death; and though not positively ill, she kept her bed from melancholy inertness; there she would lie and count her beads by the hour. Winnie, in the full tide of her glowing and exultant life, had almost forgotten this flaccid and feeble existence; but there was one heart that pitied her, that wondered and saddened over the enigma of her strange, colorless, joyless being.

Virginie glanced timidly at the shabby old arm-chair where the judge had been chained so many years. "That is where papa used to sit," said Winnie, following her glance with a sigh, "O, that I could call him back, and see him frowning, and smiling, and scolding his wayward girl all in the same breath."

Virginie could not echo the wish. It made her shiver to think of calling back that dreadful old man, the very tones of whose shrill voice had made her heart stand still. In a moment Winnie began speaking again. "See here," said she, taking up a ledger from the table, "this is my bank-book, and I can draw checks for a large amount. How would you like, Mousie, to have me give you a little bit of paper worth a hundred and fifty dollars to buy a fine gown?"

"No," said Virginie, with emphasis; "I have not earned it; I do not want fine gowns, I only want your love and confidence."

"How silly it is of you to make set speeches, and ask for what you already have in such abundance! But I will give you a mark of my confidence such as I have never given to any one else. Do you see that great safe in the corner yonder? It is where poor papa kept his papers, his bonds, mortgages, and money. It opens by a bit of magic, for if you do not know to what numbers to direct the hand here on the dial-plate, you could no more open it than you could, as mamma believes, get into heaven when St. Peter refuses to unlock the gate. I have learned this witchcraft with great difficulty, and find myself repeating the numbers even in my sleep. I am going to confide them to you, for my memory is provokingly treacherous, and at some critical moment I might forget. You shall help me to keep the secret. I should like to share everything with you."

"Not this," said Virginie, with gentle resistance. "You must not intrust this secret to any one, not even to your lover. A great deal of mischief is done by carelessness. It would be like giving edged tools to a child."

"You are not a child; you are a little female Solomon, and you must help me to keep the secret," she repeated, with affectionate willfulness. "Now say the numbers over slowly after me—24, 36, 48, and see," she continued, bending down, and twirling the index point, "this is the way it opens."

Virginie glanced behind her. "Hush!" she whispered, "the passage-door is open, and I heard that new maid brushing the hall only a moment ago."

"No matter," returned Winnie, carelessly, "I can change the combination at any time, and then I shall only have the trouble of teaching you a new set of numbers."

The door did open at that instant, revealing the monkey face and bushy head of Steenie, who was beaming all over with delight, in the possession of a black velvet jacket and a pair of red stockings which his young mistress had bestowed upon him, for Steenie had been promoted from the position of bootblack and knife-cleaner to that of page.

"Mass'r Edgar's waitin' wid de hosses—has been a waitin' dis half hour," and Steenie rolled up the white of his eyes, and practiced his new bow, bending his supple body with the quick, graceful motion of a cat.

"O, yes," said Winnie, "I had forgotten all about my engagement to ride to the mine with Mr. Swayne. Now I must run and put on my new habit. Will you come and help me with the buttons, Virginie? To-day we will play that you are my maid; I will have a real one from town before long."

"O, let me always be your maid," said Virginie; "it is all I am fit for, and I should delight to dress you."

"No, that is not your mission, Mousie; I have other views for you," tapping Virginie's golden head, as she bent down to fasten a pretty kid boot. "You must make me as fascinating as possible, for I am going to meet that young engineer, and talk over the plan of sinking a new shaft and developing the mine. O, isn't it grand," she cried with a little outburst of triumph, "to be able to influence large things, and get out of the petty contemptible existence of a commonplace woman. Then, you know, there is the school to look after. I expect you to be very much interested in the school, Mousie. You and Mr. Swayne will work together beautifully. There, hand me my hat. This mourning is too dolorous. It would crush me if I did not light it up; so you see I have stuck in a red feather. How comically horrified you look at the idea of my wearing red with my crape," she said, laughing at Virginie's puzzled face; "but doesn't that splendid Prince Hal, in Shakspeare, tell his lady love that they will see new fashions? There, hand me my whip and gloves. Good-bye, Mousie," kissing her, and the bright, audacious creature flashed down the stairs.

Old Nanna stood on the gravel path, in front of the hall, with her broad, black face puckered into a comical look of distress. Nanna's mourning was as nondescript as that of her young mistress, for the suit of sables, laid in many folds about her portly person, was crowned by a turban of flaming colors.

"O, little miss," she began in a half-sobbing tone, as soon as Winnie appeared in the sunshine, "'pears like ole Nanna might jess as well be dead and buried. Honey, dat new cook from de Port, she's mighty gran' and stiff, and ole Nanna's in de way, and ole Nanna's jess no 'count. An' dat new maid is shinin' de silber-plate dat ole mass'r kep in bank; an' nobody but Nanna eber had de handlin' ob dat, honey; and dey'll waste, an' dey'll spill, an' she cau't even pcep now to save de victuals. Poor miss'ible, wore out old creeter; she might better be under gravel."

Impulsively, Winnie threw her arms around the old woman's neck, while Edgar stood looking on in silence. "They shau't shove you one side," she said. "Do you suppose I am going to let anybody abuse my dear, old mammy? I will have the lodge repaired, down at the gate, that is all covered with white and red roses in June, and you shall live there, looking like a picture, in your bright, little room. Steenie can sleep there nights, and you shall have one of Finster's children to open the gate, and Virginie and I will come and visit you, Nanna, and take tea."

The sunshine in old Nanna's face was again eclipsed. "O, honey," she sobbed, clinging to Winnie's knees, "don't send old Nanna from you; she dotes on you, honey, as de birds dote on de mornin'. 'Pears like she toted Miss Susan, and you too, when you was little. She'll go pinin' away, an' breakin' her ole heart a frettin' after you, ef she's cooped up in a cage by herself. Let me stay, honey, an' wipe de floors wid de bars of my old head, for my beautiful, proud birdie to walk on."

Winnie lifted up the old woman very tenderly. "I thought you would be delighted with the lodge plan, because it would make you independent, and you could have every thing your own way; but if you are unhappy at the idea of leaving me, you shall stay here at the hall, as long as you live, and have nothing to do but wait upon mamma; I will let you keep the keys, and then the other servants will have to look up to you."

"Bress your heart alive, honey," cried the old creature in a transport of delight, kissing Winnie's feet, as she mounted into the saddle, and in a moment she was cantering down the avenue by Edgar's side, like a fairy princess riding through an enchanted landscape.

Virginie stood in the place where her friend had left her, with a heart ill at ease; for she had carried a secret burden many days. Would not all be changed? she had

asked herself with much perturbation of spirit, when Bradley Halcourt appeared as the affianced husband of Winnifred? Could she remain in that house as the pet and favorite of his proud, young wife? She was haunted by the thought of Winnifred's cold, altered looks, when her love for the stranger had turned to distrust and hate. Though impulsive and affectionate, she knew that Winnifred could be hard, for was she not habitually hard to her mother? Something she had not dared to own to herself rose up to face her, and, with a stifled moan, she put her hands to her eyes, to shut out the golden sunshine, and then suddenly resolved that she would write to the good pastor, Viardot, in Geneva, and ask him to find some asylum for her in her native land; there, engaged in humble toil—it mattered not what—she would try and forget this strange, sad episode in her lonely life.

As she shut herself into her little chamber, she saw lying on the dressing-table a folded letter, and, as her eye fell upon it, an evil foreboding intruded upon her already disturbed mind. The note was not very clean, and it was addressed to her in a hand with which she was unfamiliar. After a moment's hesitation, she took it up, and opened it, and her eyes traced these words:

"MISS VIRGINIE DUVAL: If you wish to hear tidings of your uncle, Walter Freeborn, you will visit the pine grove, at the north end of the lake, this afternoon between the hours of three and four. You are requested to keep this communication secret, and to come alone, or else it will be impossible for the writer to confer with you."

There was no signature, and Virginie, as she read it, experienced a strange tremor, and sinking of the heart, instead of the joy that might have seemed natural at this first token in evidence that her uncle still lived. Since the great blow which his failure to meet her in New York had occasioned, she had thought of the possibility of finding him with inexplicable dread. The mystery thrown around this strange note only added to her disquietude, and she sat for a long time upon her little bed, holding it in her hand, and trying to steady herself with the hope that uncle Walter might be about to appear just at the proper moment to help her solve her life problem.

At three o'clock Winnifred had not returned, and Virginie tied on her hat, resolved to walk to the pine grove. Her face was pale, and the large blue eyes, with a pathetic wistfulness in them, looked as if they had wept. Now, as she left the door, she called to the great hound, Hector, to follow, for, it had occurred to her that in a conference with a stranger, it would be well to have this faithful creature's protection. The autumnal quiet was absolute, for a golden haze brooded over the distant hills, and the waters of the little lake lay smooth as a polished steel mirror, reflecting the sky tints and brilliant foliage in its clear depths.

The path Virginie took in her rapid walk skirted the lake, and passed not far from the fisherman's (Finster) cottage, where a boat was drawn up on the little beach filled with a brood of bareheaded children. Virginie, as she climbed the bank to get into the grove, was hidden by trees, but she had a clear view of the cottage door, and, to her astonishment, she saw the large, slow, heavy form of Mrs. Braithwaite, clad in black, with the slight lameness in the left foot, entering that humble portal. She could hardly credit the evidence of her senses, for it was the first time, to her knowledge, that Mrs. Braithwaite had strayed so far from the Hall for many months.

The pine grove was dense and dark, like a temple devoted to the infernal gods. The tall tree-stems admitted furtive gleams of light that stole along, and were quenched in the deep, green gloom. The mat of pine needles rustled stealthily under Virginie's feet, and the twilight made by the boughs had hardly closed around, when Hector bounded from her side, and, in a moment, a tall, slender man advanced out of the trees, patting the dog's head. He was decently clad, and had a noiseless, cat-like tread. From his supple form, and the character of his dark, watchful face, it was impossible to tell his age. The shining black hair clung close to his temples, and his eyes had a trick of roving about, taking in everything without looking at anything.

"You seem to know my dog," said Virginie, in a low voice, as he came towards her, and raised his hat?

"O, yes, miss: I always make it a point to get acquainted with the large dogs in the neighborhood where I am stopping."

"Did you send me this note?" Virginie asked directly, drawing the scrap of paper out of her pocket.

The man glanced behind him, and drew a step nearer. "Perhaps I did, and perhaps I didn't; at any rate I came here to meet Miss Virginie Duval; and I can assure you," he added, the peculiar smile curling about his thin lips, "that your uncle, Walter Freeborn, is an affectionate uncle, and that he feels the deepest interest in his lovely niece."

Virginie shrank back from any nearer approach, for this man's gallantry was insupportable. "He has a singular mode of showing his interest," said she, in cold, faint tones. "He left me at the moment of my greatest need to the charity of strangers, a prey to the most cruel anxiety as to his fate."

"Now don't be hard on your uncle," the man returned, as if he were coaxing a child. "He would have met you if he could. The fact is, he was detained against his will. Your poor uncle has been very unfortunate."

Virginie could scarcely keep from trembling, visibly. There was a terrible, cold, heavy load upon her heart, but she managed to say, with a touch of resentment, "If my uncle was ill why did he not send me a message? Why did he not write?"

"He was not ill," returned the man slowly, and almost in a whisper, and fixing his strange eyes upon her, with a power she could not resist. "He was detained, I tell you, against his will."

"Where was he detained?"

"Do you wish to know?"

"Yes, tell me all," she faltered.

"He was confined in prison; he could not write to you because he had changed his name, and was not then known as Walter Freeborn; but he has since made his escape. The mistaken zeal of Bradley Halcourt, in trying to find him, in advertising him all over the country, has raised the very devil, and obliged your uncle to keep in hiding much longer than otherwise would have been necessary."

Virginie felt as if she had received a staggering blow. She tottered back and put her hands to her head with a loud moan: "My uncle a convict—a felon?"

"Why do you use such unpleasant words? Your poor uncle was the victim of circumstances; any decent jury would have acquitted him on the ground of emotional insanity. You, at least are bound to be charitable."

"I will not judge him," murmured the poor girl, with blanched cheeks, "until I know of what crime he is accused."

"No, I wouldn't judge him," he returned with a leer. "And it is about time, my pretty little niece, that we dropped this disguise. You must already have suspected who I am. Your affectionate heart must have recognized your fond uncle."

Virginie sprang back with a cry, and her gaze was arrested by the large, shambling form of Father Dooley, who was moving through the trees, at a little distance, and had stopped at the sound of her voice. The three gazed at each other a moment in silence, and then her companion raised his hat, nonchalantly, and the priest passed on.

"The old priest has gone to confess Madame Braithwaite," said the man in a careless tone; "he will have to hold his tongue. You see I am deep in the secrets of the old Hall."

Virginie had already begun to move swiftly out of the shadow of the trees. "I shall make no secret of your arrival," said she, with pale defiance, and the scared look of a hunted animal in her blue eyes; "I shall speak to my friend, Miss Braithwaite, immediately, and I shall send word to Bradley Halcourt."

"O, no you won't." The velvety, treacherous voice was not raised. "It won't be an easy thing to let your five friends know that your uncle is an escaped convict, is hiding up in a miner's hut, on the mountain. You see I can make it appear that you have had knowledge of me from the first. I can prove to this Bradley, as clear as daylight, that you have wormed yourself into his confidence, and have had secret meetings with me. But I am a loving, kind uncle, and I shan't do it, but you will take good care not to go back on me."

This man filled her with loathing and horror, and the poor girl turned now with a kind of desperate courage, and her voice sounded harsh and strange in her own ears. "What do you want of me?"

"What should I want but a little help and regard from my own niece? You are a deuced attractive girl, and you can make your attractions pay. Already you are in clover, living with a great heiress, who fairly adores you. You can get what you please, and you can wind her about your finger; and you owe it all to me who sent for you to come over, and put you in the way of making your fortune."

"I have never taken money from Miss Braithwaite. I earn nothing. I am simply a dependent in her house. She has given me only a few presents of clothing."

"But you must take money," said he, in his soft, exasperating tones, "and you must come instantly when I send for you. The time may arrive when it will be necessary for you to introduce me to your friends."

Virginie had but one thought, to free herself from that hated presence. She shook off the hand he had laid on her arm, and fled, panting and breathless, down the wood-path, almost into the arms of Bradley Halcourt.

(To be continued.)

TRUST.

I cannot see with my small human sight,
Why God should lead this way or that for me;
I only know He saith, "Child follow me."
But I can trust.

I know not why my path should be at times
So straightly hedged, so strangely barred before;
I only know God could keep wide the door.
But I can trust.

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NEW YORK, FEBRUARY, 1877.

"A BIT O' CHRISTMAS GREEN."

When preparing Christmas decorations, if evergreens are abundant, make plenty of garland trimming. If not, confine your efforts to mottoes, crosses and wreaths, and light trimming for pictures. In making garlands, use strong twine or cord in preference to wire, as the latter is liable to twist. Fasten one end of the cord to some stationary object, and having a supply of evergreens cut into small branches, bind them on the cord one bunch after another with fine twine, one firm twist being sufficient to hold them in place. Cedar, Juniper and Hemlock are generally used for this work, but Spruce, Fir and Laurel will not come amiss, and even Pine can be made effective in skillful hands. To give color, work in occasional clusters of bright berries, American Holly, Winter berries, Burning Bush, Bitter Sweet, or whatever you can find. Generally, the neighboring woods and swamps will furnish something of the kind; if they do not, make imitation berries by stringing three or four soaked peas on fine wire and dipping them in a varnish of red sealing-wax dissolved in spirits of wine. Or tufts of cotton can be fastened to wire and dipped into melted sealing-wax, and molded into berries with the fingers. Everlastings may be used, but are not as appropriate as berries. Above all, those unsightly colored tissue paper flowers sometimes used, should be avoided, though if nothing better can be had to relieve the somber evergreens, little tufts of pure white tissue paper cut fine as for baskets and crimped are admissible. Be careful to make these garlands light and airy, and twine them around columns and railings, attach them along the cornices, and if the ceilings are not too low festoon them from the cornices, looping them up in the centre of the ceiling. Lighter garlands of the same kind should be made for trimming the tops of the doors and windows and the gas fixtures.

Mottoes made of evergreen letters are one of the essentials. Cut the letters of the requisite size and shape from strong straw board and sew or tie on small

branches of evergreens with stout dark thread. The handsomest letters are of rustie text and are covered with Ivy, Laurel or Holly leaves, and a few bright berries mingled in. The beauty of all the decorations mentioned so far can be greatly enhanced by frosting. Brush lightly with liquid gum and sprinkle with glass dust on powdered mica, which may be obtained at a trifling expense. Fragments of glass might be pulverized at home for the purpose, if especial care was taken to protect the eyes. For variety, crest some of the frosting with starch to imitate hoar frost.

Crosses, wreaths, anchors and letters made of moss and everlastings divide the honors with those of frosted evergreens. Procure that moss which grows in large thin sheets on old logs, wash it through two or three waters and dry. With a pair of sharp scissors cut it according to the required designs and fasten it to a pasteboard foundation by winding with dark thread. Cut the stems of the everlasting quite short, about half an inch, dip them in paste or glue and insert in the moss; when dry they will remain secure.

Another charming variety of letters, crosses, etc., is made of gray moss crystalized. Select stiff gray moss of coarse open texture, dampen and sew on a pasteboard foundation. Next prepare a solution of alum, one pound to a quart of hard water, heat gradually in a brass kettle until boiling hot, then allow to cool, when it is ready for use. A little extra care must be taken with the crystalizing. The moss must be perfectly dry; hold the article over the kettle, and with a cap or large spoon repeatedly pour the water over the moss, moistening the pasteboard as little as possible. This process produces more frost-like crystals than the ordinary one of immersion.

But the loveliest, daintiest mottoes of all are of pressed ferns, and are quite easily made. Sketch the motto on Bristol-board with a lead pencil, in any text you like. Choose your smallest, greenest ferns for the capitals, and take the divisions of the fronds for the smaller words. Brush the back of the ferns with gum-arabic, lay carefully in place, and you have a "thing of beauty," which will be a joy as long as it endures.

A NEW AND BEAUTIFUL FLOWER.

Several summers when travelling in the Rocky Mountains, we have seen a species of Ipomœa, so large and rich in color, growing low and branching over the ground, that it attracted our attention. It was so beautiful and luxuriant that we have often wished it was cultivated in our Eastern flower gardens, like the Aquilegia Cœrulea, also a native of the Rocky Mountains, it would be sure of popular favor.

We are glad to learn that, through Mr. Bliss, the seedsman, and his friends, seed collectors, seeds of it have been gathered, and it is thus introduced to flower lovers for the first time. Its botanical name is Ipomœa leptophylla, and is thus more particularly described: One of its most striking characteristics is its enormous perennial root. A few years ago a root was sent to the East which was shaped like an enormous rutabaga, and would nearly fill a flour barrel. While the root is decidedly perennial, the stems are annual, two or three feet or more high, and branching from the very base, throwing out great numbers of branches, and forming a bushy mass about as broad as it is high. The leaves are two to four inches long, very narrow, and like the rest of the plant, perfectly smooth. The flowers, either solitary or two or three together on a stalk, are two to two and a half inches long, funnel-form, but less open at

the throat than the common Ipomœas, and of a pleasing rose-purple color. The flowers are produced in the greatest profusion, a large plant having the appearance of an immense bouquet. The plant is found on the Platte and Canadian rivers, and also on the table lands of Colorado; as in the last named locality the mercury falls in winter to 20° and 30° below zero, there is no doubt about the hardiness of the plant in any part of the United States, and we deem it worthy to be tried in every flower garden.

See Illustration, page 20.

AWARD OF PRIZES FOR COOKING RECEIPTS.

The cooking receipts forwarded to us for competition were submitted for careful examination to other parties than the Editor, so that there might be no awards to his friends or interested acquaintances, and the verdict seems to be unanimous, as follows:

First prize, \$25, to Mrs. W. A. Ramsauer, Lincoln, N. C.

Second prize, \$10, to Olive E. Chapman, Penn., Mich.

Third prize, \$5, to each of following: C. S. J. and Hortense Share.

The following are mentioned as exceedingly valuable, and they will all be published this year:

Mrs. W. C. Holmes, Leicester Junction, Vt.

Ella S. Phelps, Racine, Wis.

Mrs. H. C. Early, Lynchburg, Va.

Mrs. A. C. Ackerman, 123 Reid avenue, Brooklyn, L. I.

Mrs. Caroline E. Cocks, Fordham P. O., N. Y. City.

Mrs. J. H. Smyth, San Francisco, Cal.

Mrs. J. J. Randall, Winona, Minn.

J. Robertson Archer, Ft. Gibson, Miss.

The following comments are added by the Committee:

COMMENTS UPON MANUSCRIPTS SENT TO COMPETE FOR PRIZES.

In reply to the offer of prizes for the twenty-five best receipts for cooking of all kinds, manuscripts have been received at this office from the Atlantic to the Pacific Slope. Not a State in the Union but has sent contributions to our list, making in all nine thousand six hundred and sixty-six receipts!

Of course, in so large a number, there have been many manuscripts that are almost identical; and the receipts for Chicken Salad, Pressed Chicken, Chicken Cheese, Escalloped Oysters, Parker House Rolls, &c., Tomato Soup, Oyster Soup, Chow-chow, Pickles of Cucumbers and Tomatoes, Chocolate Cakes and Puddings, Cream Cakes, Snow Pudding and Queen of the Puddings, Jelly Cakes, and Cold and Hot Slaw, have been repeated in hundreds of manuscripts with but little variations in the receipts. Of course, in such cases, those first received and best arranged were selected.

But where all were so good it has not been an easy task to choose those which were most suitable for the prizes, and we can only say with the Irish Bridget—"I have done me endeavor, ma'am, an' troth I'm sorry if it din'na suit ye."

In some manuscripts the directions were not attended to, and several kinds of cakes or pies were given, instead of only two. In a few, the pages were written on both sides of the paper, thus making them of no use, as printers cannot use manuscripts thus written.

In other cases the location was not given correctly, either the town or State being omitted.

Taken as a whole, however, the receipts were most excellent; and while they show that the delicacies of the table are not confined to any State, they also declare that our Southern and Western sisters excel the Eastern, in some branches of cookery.

An ancient poet of the Elizabethan age wrote:

"The surest road to peoples' hearts, I find,
Lies through the mouth, or I mistake mankind."

And the maxim holds as true in this 19th century.

Good cooks also make good tempers, for we must allow that the temper of mankind depends greatly upon the state of the digestive organs; and if greasy, leathery, unattractive food is substituted for that which is wholesome and toothsome, we cannot grow either in Christian graces or beauty, without a terrible struggle of both mind and body.

The prizes were awarded because they were each excellent as collections, were well arranged, and principally because they contained the most and best of new recipes.

A WORD ABOUT ADVERTISEMENTS.

We never mean to take any advertisements from any parties but, from the best knowledge and inquiries we can make, seem reliable and will do just as is promised. So far as we know, no swindle or patent medicine has found its way into our columns, and never, knowingly, do we permit anything but is of respectable character.

An advertisement of the Ohio & Kentucky & Texas Land Company was sent us by a reliable agent, who assured us that the matter was all right, and that every word said by the advertiser could be depended upon. We had dealt with this agent for years, and found him and his opinions reliable in the highest degree. We therefore inserted it. Some who patronize it, call us to task, for our responsibility in the matter. We can only say that we took usual care, and asked every one who knew the parties, and they told us that it was a good enterprise. It may or may not be a swindle. No one seems to have positive information, and we have no means of judging. We can only say from complaints received, do not trust that company any more.

A Costly Number.—This number is a costly one. Upon the opposite page is a perfect copy by electrotype of a splendid steel plate engraving which cost over \$500; upon the fourteenth page is the \$25 collection of new recipes. Add to this the new music, and the other prize floral and household articles which we publish, and the reader has for the small sum of 11 or 12 cents a value of over \$541.

New Floral Premium.—The beautiful flower, Ipomœa leptophylla, which we illustrate this month, we have made arrangements to give as premium free to any one who being now a subscriber will send us before May 1st one more yearly subscriber, or two six months' subscribers. It is new, never yet introduced. Its flowers are very large and brilliant. It is worth having. Remember, only one new subscription is necessary to secure it free.

Astonishing Premiums of Flower and Garden Seeds.—The splendid offer of flower seeds, which we make upon our first page of cover, are open only to the 1st of June, and must in all cases be accompanied with the certificates which are printed on the paper. No order can be filled without the certificate. These offers are made both to encourage our readers to get flower seeds and work for the interest of the FLORAL CABINET in extending its good name and fame, and circulation.



MEMORIES OF HAPPY CHILDHOOD.
[FROM STEEL-PLATE ENGRAVING.]

R. GRAVES, A.R.A. SCULPT.

Ladies' Boudoir.

OUR MINISTER'S SERMON.

The minister said last night, says he,
 "Don't be afraid of givin';
 If your life ain't worth nothin' to other folks,
 Why, what's the use of livin'?"
 And that's what I say to my wife, says I,
 There's Brown the mis'able sinner,
 He'd sooner a beggar would starve than give
 A cent towards buyin' a dinner.

I tell you our minister's prime, he is,
 But I couldn't quite determine,
 When I heard him a givin' it right and left,
 Just who was hit by his sermon.
 Of course there couldn't be no mistake
 When he talked of long winded prayin'.
 For Peters and Johnson they sot and scowled
 At every word he was sayin'.

And the minister he went on to say.
 "There's various kinds of cheatin',
 And religion's as good for every day
 As it is to bring to meetin'.
 I don't think much of the man that gives
 The loud Amens at my preachin',
 And spends his time the followin' week
 In cheatin' and overreachin'."

I guess that dose was bitter enough
 For a man like Jones to swaller;
 But I noticed he didn't open his mouth,
 Not once, after that, to holler;
 Hurrah, says I, for the minister—
 Of course I said it quiet—
 Give us some more of this open talk;
 It's very refreshin' diet.

The minister hit 'em every time;
 And when he spoke of fashion,
 And riggin's out in bows and things,
 As woman's rulin' passion,
 And coming to church to see the styles,
 I couldn't help a winkin'.
 And a nudgin' my wife, and says I, "That's you;"
 And I guess it sot her thinkin'.

Says I to myself, that sermon is pat,
 But man is a queer creation,
 And I'm much afraid that most of the folks
 Won't make the application.
 Now, if he had said a word about
 My personal mode of sinnin',
 I'd have gone to work to right myself
 And not set there a-grinnin'.

Just then the minister, says he,
 "And now I've come to the fellers
 Who've lost this shower by usin' their friends
 As a sort o' moral umbrellas.
 Go home," says he, "and find your faults,
 Instead of huntin' your brothers';
 Go home," says he, "and wear the coats
 You tried to fit for others."

My wife she nudged and Brown he winked,
 And there were lots o' smilin',
 And lots o' lookin' at our pew—
 It sot my blood a bilin'.
 Says I to myself, our minister
 Is gettin' a little bitter;
 I'll tell him, when the meetin's out, that I
 Ain't at all that kind of a critter!

HINTS TO COUNTRY GIRLS ABOUT
THEIR BED-ROOMS.

In offering the following homely suggestions, the writer makes no pretension to advancing any very novel ideas, but hopes they may prove useful to some of the *petites soeurs des pauvres*, who may, like herself, be thrown into the country, twenty miles from town, with little to aid in their love for the beautiful, except their native ingenuity, and the necessity that we are told is the mother of invention.

In the first place, the bedstead should be low—I sawed mine off to within a foot of the floor—and the bed evenly and squarely made, and flat on top. Those who live in the country know what high, inaccessible mountains of feathers, heaped up in the centre, generally greet you on entering a country bed-room, hence the suggestion. Large, square pillows look much better than the small ones generally seen; and with these one can dispense with a bolster. As pillow-cases, even when only once used, will look rumpled, pillow-shams add much to the appearance of the bed. They should be large and square—thirty-two by thirty-

four inches is a good size—with ruffle three inches wide after being hemmed. A braided pattern all around is pretty, or, instead, there may be a row of tucks. The centres may have braided or embroidered initials or monograms, six or seven inches long. The braiding patten can be worked with coarse, black silk, the lines being followed either on the sewing machine or in chain stitch embroidery. The material may be linen, cambric, or plain white cotton; white Swiss muslin is very pretty, lined with bright colored cambric.

Wooden washstands will be much improved by tacking a piece of oil-cloth, which so closely imitates white marble, neatly over the top, taking care to have the edges covered, and the tacks hidden underneath. Mats should be beneath each article on the stand, and these can be easily and prettily made of round pieces of white pique, with crocheted edge of white cotton or red wool. Every washstand should have behind it a small wall-tidy; those of white net are pretty—round-meshed, mosquito net will do—darned with white embroidery cotton in any pretty patten, and lined with bright cambric, and edged either with a quilling of pinked cambric, or with cheap white lace. White ones are pretty, made of white pique, scalloped around with coarse embroidery cotton, and a braiding pattern stitched with black silk, like the shams; but white tidies do not suit white walls. A very cheap one is made by taking solid, colored calico—one before me is gray—turn over on the right side a hem an inch and a half wide, and stitch with black; then spatter in each corner a cluster of ferns, and in the centre either a monogram or initial, or else a large group of quaintly-shaped leaves, ferns and graceful views. A bow of bright ribbon at the corners is an improvement. Tidies may be made in the same way for the tops of wooden bureaus that have been defaced, and for the backs of chairs.

For cords to hang pictures, homespun yarn can be twisted into looking very respectable, but it must have a strand of twine mixed in.

Amongst the various suggestions about cone work, I have seen no description of the six-pointed, star-shaped frames for small photographs; these are nine inches from point to point, and have a hexagonal opening in the centre for the picture. A small piece of glass must cover the opening, and this and the picture are fastened in by having a piece of stiff paste-board, star-shaped, sewed around the edges. Pretty match receivers to hang on the wall can be made of the same materials; mine is about ten inches long and six wide where the little inch and a half box for matches is sewed on; it narrows to the top, and, above the box, is cut out to imitate carved wood.

If at a loss for vases for your mantel, and you have any of the bluish gray jars in which West India preserves are put up, cut off the straw handles, and, if you can, have a round, funnel-shaped mouth made of tin; paint the whole with asphaltum varnish. These look well without the tin. On my mantel are two of the little white wood cages, not a foot square, in which canaries are sent on their travels; these are lined with dried *fermy*, green moss and grasses, and berries fill the top. They make unique bouquet-holders; they also make beautiful hanging baskets; in one of my windows hangs one filled with green tradescantia; in the other is one filled with tradescantia, zebrina and Kenilworth ivy, and it must be seen to be appreciated. Another novel hanging basket can be made of a large gnarled and knotty squash, with top sawed off and cleaned out; one which I used as a pot for a fine scarlet geranium was the admiration of all beholders,

and the plant bloomed profusely. The long, gourd-shaped squashes, with part of the large end sawed off, and suspended by cords, make pretty corner cornucopias for grasses and autumn leaves; sometimes their color needs no change, but if it does, they can be stained and varnished. Here let me say that I stain every thing with asphaltum varnish; as Mrs. Toodles would say, "it is a handy thing to have in the house." With it I've varnished old gilt cornices—leaving portions gilt—until they looked almost new; it will hide ugly scratches on furniture, and will stain any thing you wish a dark color. Ten cents will get enough to last a long time, as it must be diluted with turpentine.

Having seen in an old CABINET that a turtle shell makes a pretty card receiver, I tried to see if one could not be fashioned into a jewel stand, but it was too flat; then one of the farm servants brought a terrapin, which answers nicely since the shell is several inches deep, and is a pretty brown, spotted with yellow. The terrapin must be boiled nearly an hour, until the meat can be pulled out perfectly clean, then a narrow ribbon can be run under the vertebrae, tied in a little bow at each end, and pasted fast. For mine, a friend contributed a little stand of carved walnut, about three inches high, with four little feet to rest on the bureau, and four to support the shell.

Sheepskins cut in rectangular shape make pretty and comfortable rugs, either left white or dyed with aniline, and they can be combed out when washed. One of my rugs is the skin of a red fox, tanned head and all; where fox-hunting is as prevalent as in this part of the world, these are easily procured, and the tanning will cost only a few cents. They must be lined with cloth, cut the shape of the skin, but larger; some that I saw lately at the Centennial, from Norway, were lined with black, and had narrow, pinked strips of red, white and blue flannel or cloth stitched around the edge.

To make a rustic picture, buy a little five cent wicker basket about three inches long, cut in half, handle and all, and sew to a piece of Bristol board; fill the basket with mosses, lichens and tiny pressed ferns, then frame in a deep frame. On the wall I preserve a souvenir from the valley of Chamouni in this shape. I have seen the basket filled with different colored birds' feathers, and the effect is pretty. Above each of my pictures I place small bouquets of grasses, pressed autumn leaves, ferns, berries and everlastings; the sprays of the wild bamboo vine, with its brilliantly blotched leaves and black berries, are specially beautiful. Press the leaves with an iron, leaving the stem to twist its own way. My pressed autumn leaves are dipped in common, yellow, melted wax, then powdered carmine is rubbed on with the finger, and they are as brilliant as before being pressed.

Perhaps it may not be generally known that common glue, dissolved in vinegar, will answer the same purpose as the troublesome contrivance that has to have two vessels; one to contain water; all one has to do is to set it near the fire—not too near—when you wish to use.

If you have ink stains on your furniture, oxalic acid, dissolved in tepid water and left to stand on the one place a short time, will take it entirely out of oiled wood; I have not tried varnished wood. Kerosene, applied with what my mother used to call "elbow grease," will take out white spots from furniture, but only with long and patient rubbing; otherwise it gives a greasy, smeared appearance to the wood.

A VIRGINIA GIRL.

Household Art.

AN AFTERNOON CHAT.

"What lovely lambrequins!" exclaimed Mrs. Grey to Mrs. Nelson, one afternoon, when she had dropped in there for a friendly call. "Really I think you are extravagant, to buy new lambrequins when your windows were already so nicely furnished with curtains."

Mrs. Nelson smiled. There was a secret about those lambrequins that she had not intended to disclose to any one; but to be called extravagant, she could not stand that, so she said:

"Oh, those lambrequins were very cheap, in fact, I made them out of some old lace curtains that I never expected to use again. You see I had got tired of my long lace curtains that I had used winter and summer for three years, and longed for a change of some kind; then, you know, we use this room for both parlor and sitting-room; and, in the winter, when my two wide-awake boys were in the house all the time, my poor curtains had a hard time of it, trying to look respectable all winter; the children must see out, and as the curtains were rather voluminous, it was impossible to keep them out of their way. I was going to get some cambric and line some old lace curtains that I have, and make lambrequins that I could use without any curtains underneath them; but husband thought that the times were too hard to admit of our spending even that much for curtains, when we had curtains for our windows, so I had to set my wits to work to accomplish what I wished without calling on this economical husband of mine. I had almost given it up when I was up in the garret and came across these old forgotten curtains—they were much nicer when new than the ones I had intended to use—and as they were close work I thought I could make them do without lining, so I took them down and began with them. I took a needle and some coarse cotton and drew together all the slits that I thought would show; next I washed them, and bleached them by boiling in borax water and drying in the sun; when they were dry, I starched them in hot, thick starch, and after spreading a sheet on the floor in the spare bedroom I pinned them on it, one on top of the other, putting the pins about five inches apart and stretching the curtains pretty well. When they were dry I plaited one side of each in three large box plaits and run a strong string in from the middle of each plait to the other edge, and gathered it up as much as I wanted it, making the string in the middle the shortest. You see I have curved boards at the top of my windows that make curtains stand out from the window in the middle. I tacked the curtains to these boards, and then got out my stock of pressed autumn leaves and ferns, and arranged a bouquet for each plait and a spray for down the middle of each. They looked so pretty, when I had got them done, that I felt paid for all the time and trouble I had expended on them; and when my husband came home, and I saw he was pleased, I was proud. Now, you see, I have no long-looped curtains to bother with; nothing but these plain, white blinds—which, by the way, are made of ten-cent muslin, with a thin stick lashed in each end to fasten them up with and roll them on—and the lambrequins that will stay clean and fresh all winter, because they are out of the children's reach, and I will have my curtains fresh and nice for the summer, when my boys can be out of doors part of the time."

Mrs. Grey looked pleased and thoughtful. After a time she said, "I don't see how you can find time to

fix so many things of that kind, with your little children to attend to. My children are old enough to go to school, and I can scarcely find time to do anything but sew for them, if I want to have them look like other children. And then it seems that I get no thanks for it; they are never willing to spend an evening at home, but always have some place to go to, and I have not the heart to refuse them after they have been housed up all day. Then my husband always seems to have more business to attend to in the evening than at any other time; I never see him before ten o'clock."

Mrs. Nelson knew all this, for she had seen Mrs. Grey's little girls dressed up to every ruffle and tuck of the fashion, even to go to school, and had also seen the bare, cheerless rooms which they called home, and was glad of a chance to give her neighbor an insight into the way she run the machinery of her household.

"Don't you think, Mrs. Grey," she said, "that you could afford to hire some of your sewing, if you have so much to do, and devote the time thus gained to beautifying your home, adding games and amusements for the children, and every thing you can think of that might attract your husband to his home."

"Oh, yes; I suppose I could afford it, but it costs so much to put out sewing, and I want to save all I can."

"Well, take a sewing girl in the house, then, for a few weeks each season, that will be cheaper, perhaps, and if you use your time to advantage, I am sure you will not feel that you are any poorer at the end of the year, and as to having your husband spend all his evenings away from home, why I would not stand it. Now Charlie used to think he could do the same thing, but I soon put a stop to it by showing him that home was the most pleasant and enjoyable place he could find. I always keep a pair of nice slippers for him, and a warm dressing-gown, and have them where they are warm and handy; then I manage to have plenty of late papers and magazines on the table, and keep my guitar strung up, if I have to sacrifice something once in a while to do it. After supper, if he gets his gown and slippers on, and gets to reading once, I am sure of him for that evening at least. Then I get him interested, and ask his help in everything I do, till now he takes as much interest in adorning our home as I do, and he is such a help—a man can do many things very easily that a woman is very awkward about. We make all our own brackets, sawing things out of soft wood, and staining them to imitate any wood we wish. I will be happy to render you any assistance in that line you would want. He made the molds for all the leaves and for the petals of all the flowers I have on my wax cross. You know that kind of work is expensive if you have to buy all the molds. Mr. Grey admired the cross very much when he was in here the other evening, and I will tell you how to make the molds, and help you arrange it all, if you want to make something of that kind to begin with, it would please him I know. To make the molds you must gather the natural leaves of the kind you want to make in wax, and with a brush, cover the under side of them with lard; then mix in a bowl one-half pound of plaster of Paris with enough water to make a stiff batter; dip out quickly, as it soon hardens, and cover each leaf on the under side with a thick coat of the plaster; smooth over with a case knife, then in half an hour turn over the molds, and carefully remove the leaves with a pen-knife; let them stand till they are quite hard and they are ready for use."

"Thank you; I think I will try that, and if George likes it, I may come to you again for help. I would like to do such things if I thought I could, and he would help me. I thought he did not care for such things."

"Well, he does, very much; why, when he came in here about that book the other night, he staid nearly all the evening just because, he said, it was so cozy and comfortable here; and he admired everything of the kind I have in the room, even to those small steel engravings framed in autumn leaves. And he wished me to tell you how I fixed a bottom in that cane rocking-chair and made it so easy. You see the cane that was in when we got it was not very good, and it gave out in a few years. I thought I could not spare the chair, for it is the one Charlie always sits in. There was no one in town could fix it for me, so I had to do it myself. It took some time to study it out, but after a time I had it all planned how I thought we could fix it, and after I had the materials ready, I asked him to help me. We first removed all the cane from the seat of the chair and then took a long piece of whip cord, tied a knot in one end, and drew the string through one of the holes in which the cane had been fastened; then we drew it across to the opposite side of the chair through two holes, then back again, and so on clear across the chair. Then we knew we had a foundation of rope that would never give way. Over this we tacked two pieces of coffee sacking, having the upper one a little larger than the other, and leaving it loose in front. Between these we stuffed ten cents worth of curled hair and then fastened the top down in front. This cushion I covered with scarlet flannel, over which I put a cover of rosettes of old black alpaca, lined with the scarlet flannel; these sewed together show the red flannel in between very nicely, and it matches the tidy that I made of scraps of fine, white muslin, and lined with red flannel, sewed together in the shape of a diamond, and trimmed around the edge with a crochet and fringe of No. 8 cotton. Now the chair looks better, and is much more comfortable than when we first got it."

Mrs. Gray went home, resolved to do what she could to make their home attractive to her loved ones; and we know she will succeed well, for she took Mrs. Nelson's advice, and subscribed for THE LADIES' FLORAL CABINET, to begin with.

MRS. BARNETTE.

LITTLE THINGS.

For a very pretty bracket, procure a triangular piece of board, slightly rounded in front, for the shelf, and some pieces of old table-cloth, with a pretty pattern; work the pattern in suitable worsteds, fit and tack on the shelf. Cut another piece of the cloth long enough to go around, and three or four inches in depth, and work as before; scallop or point the lower edge; bind with ribbon, and finish each point with bow of ribbon or tassel of worsted. Toilet mats are made of old napkins, worked, and bound or fringed at the edges. Perforated tin is pretty, used instead of perforated paper, and is useful in making presents for tin weddings. A match-safe is made like a cornucopia, worked with a pretty pattern; bind with ribbon; attach ribbons to suspend it, and finish with a bow at the end. One of perforated paper is made in the same manner, but with a small tin spice-box inclosed. They are very pretty to suspend from chandeliers. A wall match-safe is made of the tin; the back piece to be worked with a pretty vine, the safes with flowers; bind with ribbon, and make a loop by which to hang it.

Household Elegancies.

AUTUMN LEAF WORK.

In the Autumn kind Nature gently weaves,
For the dear old year, a crown,
Of the beautiful ripened leaves,
Bright red, and yellow, and brown.

Of late years it has become a favorite amusement to gather quantities of the most beautiful autumn leaves, and after carefully pressing them (and varnishing, if you like a glossy surface) to arrange them into wreaths, crosses, bouquets, mottoes, and various devices, which often produce effects as beautiful as a picture from the brush of a skillful painter.

When tastefully arranged in a bouquet, on buff or white card-board, they make beautiful pictures; and when with the leaves a few delicate green and frost-touched ferns are mixed, they are fair and graceful enough to deck the most gorgeous parlor.

When leaves are thoroughly dried they can be attached to a piece of coarse flexible wire, by the help of fine brown cotton-covered wire; and, by intermingling the varied and contrasting colors of the different maples, the oak, beech, &c., with a few green fern fronds, handsome garlands can thus be formed with which to encircle picture frames and mirrors, or to hang in windows. Then, too, some of the prettiest lambrequins one could wish may be made of autumn leaves fastened in graceful figures on to lace, each curtain adorned with but one kind of leaves, with fronds of fern—breathing sweet remembrances of the cool, green, old woods—interspersed among them.

Mottoes, for framing, make beautiful gifts from friend to friend, and are very easily made. As you take your autumn walks, eagerly search for the gayest leaves and ferns with which to fill your vases, and decorate your windows or pictures. Please not forget to take your eyes from the trees now and then, and look carefully on the ground at your feet, or on the small bushes and tiny running vines, for there you will find material for your mottoes. Gather the smallest leaves you can see; the dark, maroon wild rose, bright red huckleberry, the delicate notched miller grape-vine, white and fuzzy as a miller's coat; the clover, toad-sorrel, cinquefoil, and, in fact, any very small ones which your eyes may be so fortunate as to rest upon. Press these carefully. Draw, with a pencil, the outline of your letters on card-board, then carefully stick on the leaves (with common flour paste), and you will have mottoes which, when framed under glass, are far prettier than many of the chromos now so common and so much admired. The word "Welcome!" made in this manner is very pretty to hang in a hall, or in a room facing it.

Bookmarks with motto on one side, and initials on the other, make pretty birthday gifts.

A very tasteful ornament for a bracket consists of a cross made of wood, covered with a coating of mucilage, and marble dust sprinkled carefully over it. Fasten the base of it on to a very thin block of wood or thick card-board, which block cover with green moss. Form a wreath of small leaves, by means of fine wire, and twine up the cross. If marble dust cannot be obtained, coarse sand may be used, or the cross may be covered with gray mosses.

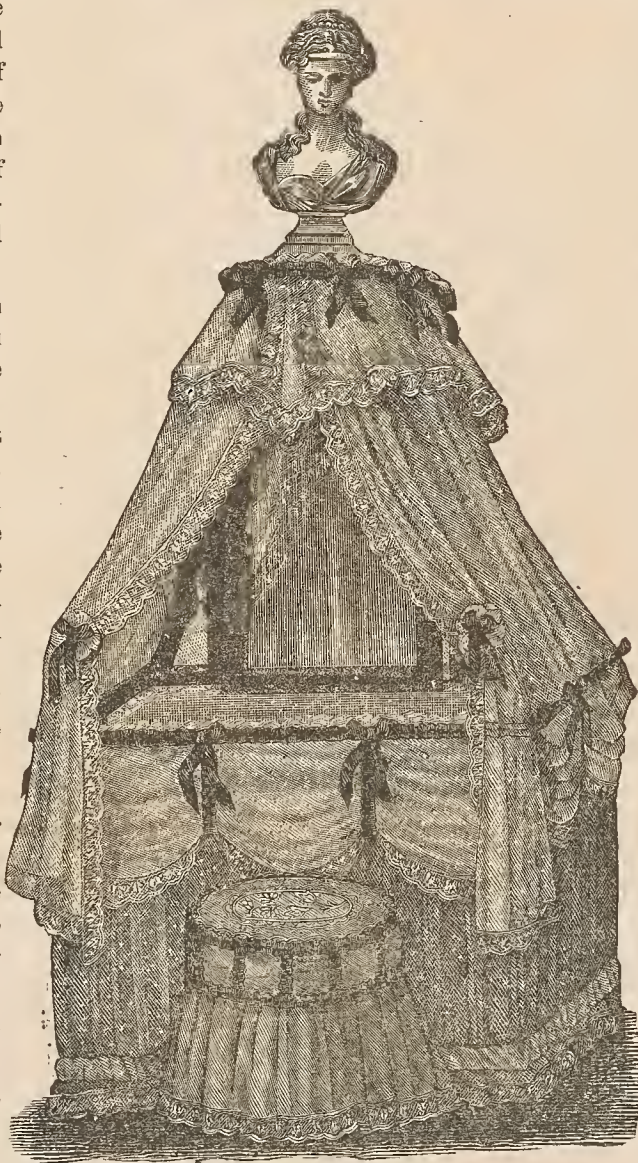
Lovers of the beautiful will find much pleasure in using some of their bright leaves for decorating articles in "Japanese Work," (or "Anglo-Japanese

Work," as it is too often called.) The materials required are some fine black paint, a piece of nice sand-paper, bottle of shellac varnish, a little isinglass, and ferns and leaves. Any article may be ornamented by this "elegant and easy domestic art;" an old work-box, writing-desk, tea-caddy, fire-screen, flower-pots, small tables, wall-pockets, bracelets, &c. Select perfect leaves, carefully pressed and dry; rub the surface of whatever you wish to ornament smooth with sand-paper, cover the surface with black paint; leave this to dry thoroughly; smooth with the sand-paper,



MOTTO IN AUTUMN LEAVES.

if rough at all; add two other coats of paint, then gum your leaves on, after the paint has thoroughly dried. Dissolve a little of the isinglass in hot water, and, with a brush, apply a coat of it while warm. When this is dry, give the work three coats of copal



TOILET TABLE.

varnish, allowing ample time for each coat to dry. To make the work look "very Chinese," or Japanese, the leaves are put on in every possible way (with no regular design), but it is much more tasteful and pleasing if the leaves and ferns are arranged in bouquets, clusters, wreaths, or garlands. Exquisite brackets and wall-pockets may be fashioned from

cigar-boxes, and ornamented with bouquets or garlands of leaves. Letter-cases and card-racks are also very elegant done in the same way. Beautiful boxes may be made by taking nice smooth strawberry or oval fig boxes, painting them, arranging a bouquet or wreath on the cover, and a garland around the box. An old table which has been thrown aside for its disfigurement, can be made into "a thing of beauty," of which the most fastidious may be proud. If it is a round or oval table, fashion a wreath of leaves and ferns; but if square, make a wreath or bouquet in the centre, and pretty figures in the corners. Flower pots look very nicely with a small garland around them, or a single leaf or small cluster on the sides. In fact, many are the beautiful articles of use and adornment which can be made by the aid of this pleasing art. The paint can be obtained already mixed at a paint shop, and either copal or shellac varnish may be used.

Another very elegant use to make of autumn leaves is, to form them into transparencies for hanging in the window. Place your brightest leaves with some delicate grasses and ferns, between two panes of glass; bind the edges first with some old, but strong, cambric; then bind over this with ribbon, leaving a loop at the top with which to hang it up by, or sew a ring on securely through the cambric and ribbon before the paste gets quite dried.

Very handsome crosses, wreaths and anchors are often made for hanging in windows, by sewing leaves on paper or stiff net lace.

An arch made of twigs or stiff wires, on to which leaves, ferns and a few pine cones are secured, and fastened over the mantel, with a small wreath, or basket covered with moss and filled with grasses, suspended from the centre, well repays for the labor of making it.

One more method of using leaves I will give you, and must then say good-bye to this subject, though the half of the beautiful ornaments they suggest are yet unmentioned. Procure a piece of tin, seven by nine, or eight by ten inches square, get an oval aperture cut out of the centre. Next cover the tin with two coats of "black Japan," then arrange little corner pieces of bright leaves, allowing a delicate branch of them to go down the sides and across the ends. Now varnish with two coats, and you have an odd but tasteful frame for some light picture, which I am sure you will like.

MARY I. HERRON.

A BEAUTIFUL TOILET TABLE.

This beautiful toilet table may be adapted to the size of the room and can be draped to suit the furniture.

An ordinary dry goods packing box will answer for the lower part; to this is screwed two upright strips of wood, four inches wide, six feet long, and one inch thick, placed one-fourth distant from each side of the back; small strips of lath are nailed from each end of the back, diagonally, across to these strips, and two end pieces and a back of the inch plank nailed on the box; then a hoop is securely screwed to the top of the two uprights, projecting over towards the front; pieces of wood are nailed on the under four corners and castors inserted in them. This forms the frame-work, which is covered with scarlet or other colored velvet, as also the plain mirror hung between the upright standards. Two short posts, one foot in length, are nailed to the front corners and also velvet covered.

The entire box is next covered with suitable crimson glazed muslin, over which is stretched, in gathered folds, dotted lace or Swiss muslin, edged with lace and a full puff of the thin material. Drapery of the same, with a lined and full-gathered lambrequin, cut with long points, finish the latter at the top. Around the table is gracefully looped a long strip of Swiss muslin, held by ribbon bands, the same ornamenting the top. The inside of the box forms a handy receptacle.

The ottoman to match may be made of a section of a barrel lathed over and surmounted by an embroidered cushion, draped with Swiss and lining like the table and similarly puffed around the edge.

The table and stool are exceedingly elegant, and in a small room will be found to be not only attractive but very convenient.

Hireside Reading.

No Chance to Ponder.—The other afternoon the crew of the Cleveland boat, which was to sail that evening, discovered an old chap stowed away among the freight to secure a free trip across the lake. The hose was on and the "pony" working, and the mate sent about fifty gallons of water into the nest of the stowaway. He came out on the gallop, wet to the hide, and charging up to the mate, he shouted: "Who threw that water on me?" "I did," was the reply. "What for?" "To help you ashore." "That's the way," said the old man as he took off his wet coat and held the tails between his knees while he sought to wring the water out of the sleeves and body. "I can't get off by myself anywhere, and begin to ponder on the faded and gone, but a barrel of salt falls on my ear, or some pirate hits me in the back with half of Lake St. Clair."

Too Polite by Half.—Pereire, a banker, got a little tired of returning bows of an uncomfortably polite man in his establishment, and finally gave the polite man this conundrum at point-blank range:

"Sir, what would become of the hours if the minute hand stopped to bow to the second hand every time they met?"

Better than Nothing.—A good old Methodist lady, very particular and pious, once kept a boarding-house in Boston. Staunch to her principles, she would take no one to board who did not hold to the eternal punishment of a large portion of the race. But the people were more intent on carnal comforts than spiritual health, so that in time her house became empty, much to her grief and alarm. After some time a bluff old sea captain knocked at the door, and the old lady answered the call. "Servant, ma'am. Can you give me board for two or three days? Got my ship here, and shall be off soon as I load." "Wa-al, I don't know," said the old lady. "Oh, house full, eh?" "No, but ——" "But what, ma'am?" "I don't take any unclean or carnal people in my house. What do you believe?" "About what?"

"Why, do you believe that any one will be condemned?" "Oh, thunder! yes." "Do you?" said the good woman, brightening up. "Well, how many souls do you think will be in fire eternally?" "Don't know, ma'am, really—never calculated that." "Can't you guess?" "Can't say—perhaps fifty thousand."

"Wa'al, hom!" mused the good woman: "I guess I'll take you; fifty thousand is better than nothing."

It was a pungent answer given by a Free Kirk member who had deserted his colors and returned to the old faith. The minister bluntly accosted him, "Ay man, John, an' ye've left us; what might be your reason for that? Did ye think it was na a guid road we was gawn?" "Ou, I dawrsay it was a guid eneuch road and a braw road; but, O minister, the tolls were unco high."

A good story is told of a parrot who had always lived on board of a ship, but who escaped at some seaport, and took refuge in a church. Soon afterwards the congregation assembled, and the clergyman began preaching, saying that there was no virtue in them; that every one of them would be lost unless they speedily repented. Just as he uttered the sentence, up spoke the parrot from his hiding-place—"All hands below!" To say that "all hands" were startled would be but a mild way of putting it. The peculiar voice, from its unknown source, had much more effect upon them than the parson's voice ever had. He waited a moment, and then, a shade or two paler, he repeated the warning. "All hands below!" again rang out from somewhere. The preacher started from his pulpit, and looked anxiously around, inquiring if anybody had spoken. "All hands below!" was



A BASKET OF ROSES.

the only reply, at which the panic-stricken congregation got up, and a moment after they all bolted for the doors, the preacher trying to be first, and during the time the mischievous bird kept up his yelling "All hands below!" There was one old woman who was lame, and could not get out so fast as the rest, and in a very short time she was left entirely alone. Just as she was about to hobble out, the parrot flew down, and, alighting on her shoulder, yelled in her ear, "All hands below!" No, no, Mister Devil," shrieked the old woman, "you can't mean me. I don't belong here. I go to the other church across the way."

A milk-pitcher thrown by his wife at a Nelson-street man, missed the aim and ruined a handsome frame which inclosed the words, "God bless our home."

A New Englander, riding in a railroad car, seemed particularly anxious to astonish the other passengers with tough stories of Yankeedom. At last he mentioned that one of his neighbors owned an immense dairy, and made a million pounds of butter and a million pounds of cheese yearly. This story produced some sensation; and the Yankee, perceiving that his veracity was in danger of being questioned, appealed to a friend as follows: "True, isn't it, Mr. P.? I speak of Deacon Brown—you know Dea. Brown?" "Y-e-e-s," replied the friend, "that is, yes, I know Deacon Brown; I don't know as I ever heard precisely how many pounds of butter and cheese he makes a year, but I know that he has twelve saw-mills that go by buttermilk."

"Well, uncle, how is the cause of religion getting on in your neighborhood?" "Mighty poor—mighty poor." "No new converts, eh?" "Not a single one—not de sign of one." "What seems to be the matter?" asked the citizen, after a lengthy pause. "De matter is dat some one bez stolen four big watermelons out o' my cart dis afternoon, an' I feel in my bones dat religion is gwine down hill all froo dis locality!"

The motto for the week on a little girl's Sunday-school card was, "Get thee behind me, Satan." There were gooseberries in the garden, but she was forbidden to pluck them. Pluck them she did. "Why didn't you," asked her mother, "when you were tempted to touch them, say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan?'" "I did," she said earnestly, "and he got behind me, and pushed me into the bush."

"Who was the wisest man?" asked a Sunday-school teacher. "Solomon." "Yes; who was the wisest woman?" "Mrs. Isaac." "How so?" "'Cause she euchred her blind husband and got a deed for the old place to her younger son without paying for it." "Correct; who was the meekest man?" "Moses." "Very well; who was the meekest woman?" "Mrs. Lot." "How can you tell?" "'Cause she stood out all night in a thunder shower of fire and brimstone without any umbrel', and never said a word about the ruination of her best hat." "Well, yes; that's so," said the teacher.

A country gentleman was in the habit of entertaining his friends almost weekly, and discovered that regularly some small article of plate was missing, a easter-pot, a salt-spoon, a napkin-ring, or something of the kind. He suspected his servants, and to make sure, one night when the guests had assembled, he said: "I tell you what! Let's do without servants to-night and wait on ourselves!" The odd suggestion was greeted with applause and peals of laughter. The servants were turned out; the meal was seasoned with sparkling sallies at the expense of the clumsiness of this or that guest, and when they had all gone the host took stock, and discovered that two-thirds of the spoons had gone too.

A farmer's daughter lately put off her wedding-day because eggs were up to 40 cents a dozen, and it would take two dozen for the wedding-cakes.

PRIZE COLLECTION OF HOUSEHOLD
AND COOKING RECEIPTS.

BY MRS. M. A. RAMSAUER.

To this collection was awarded first prize, \$25, for best collection of
Cooking Receipts submitted.

BREAKFAST DISHES.

Italian Cakes.—Take one quart of flour, a measure of Horsford's powder, or two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and one of soda, mix them thoroughly through the flour, then work in two ounces of butter, and use water enough to make it into a moderately stiff dough, roll it out about a quarter of an inch thick, cut it out with a biscuit cutter, and fry it in butter until it is a light brown. If you want it purely Italian, fry it in nice salad oil.

Seasoned Crackers.—Take half pound of butter, beat it until soft, then beat in the yolks of two eggs, one pint of warm water and yeast, or rising enough to make it rise well; stir in flour enough to make a batter, and pepper to flavor it well; beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, and stir them in. Put in a warm place and let it stand until very light, then knead it into a dough like light bread and let it rise again; when light, make it into crackers, about an inch thick, let them rise again, then bake them of a light brown. Next put them all into a pan and set them again in the oven, and keep them there until they are dry and crisp all through. When wanted for breakfast, pour some boiling water or milk over them, as you prefer, and they will be soft in a few minutes. Use them as a dressing, to be eaten either with meat or gravy; they are also very nice to use instead of bread, to make stuffing for fowls.

French Hash.—After dinner, take what meat you have left and cut all the flesh from the bones that you can; pour what gravy you may have over it and set it away. Break the bones and put them on the fire to stew, with sufficient water to cover them, and a little onion; stew them all the afternoon, then strain off the liquor and pour it over your meat; in the morning put it on the fire in a clean saucepan, and let it stew a little; season it well with kitchen salt and thicken it slightly with a little flour. When you dish it up, put some slices of toasted bread in your dish, and pour it on hot. Garnish, if you please, with parsley and hard-boiled eggs cut in half.

Pancakes.—Take two teaspoonfuls of flour, and pour over it just enough boiling water to scald it; mix with it a pint of sweet milk, the yolks of two eggs, and then beat in a pint of flour and the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth; bake on a griddle as other pancakes. This same batter is good baked as waffles.

Grand Breakfast Hash.—Make pancake batter by the given receipt, and bake them as large as a good sized dinner plate; as soon as you bake one, spread it over with a layer of French hash, then lay on the next, and continue piling them up, with layers of hash between each, until you have a stack five or six inches high, or more; then set it in your oven long enough to heat it well through. When you serve this dish, cut it down through the whole pile. This is a delightful breakfast dish for cold weather.

Sausage Rolls.—In the evening, make up about a quart of flour into a dough, exactly as you would for light rolls; set them in a warm place to insure them being light. In the morning, make them into rolls, putting in the middle of each one a piece of sausage meat, about the size of a black walnut; bake as other rolls. Any other meat chopped may be used as a substitute for the sausage.

Crescent Rolls.—Take about two pounds of well raised light bread dough. Rub fine on your pastry board, a large teaspoonful of white sugar, and a piece of soda about the size of a large pea, and some flour. Lay your dough on this and stick on it a piece of butter about the size of an egg. Knead it very well and set it to rise again. When well risen, knead it again and roll it out about an inch thick; cut it out with a round biscuit cutter, spread a very little melted butter or lard over the surface, and then lap them over, so that they form a half circle or crescent; let them rise a little while before baking.

DINNER DISHES.

Kibobbed Mutton or Veal, a Turkish Dish.—Procure a fine loin of mutton or veal. If mutton, take all the leaf fat out carefully, then separate into chops at every joint, season it with kitchen salt and grate a little nutmeg over each piece; dip them into beaten yolks of eggs and sprinkle them with bread crumbs; then take a long skewer (a wooden one will do), and stick it through each piece so as to bring it to its original shape, as nearly as possible, and bind thread around it to keep it close and compact; then put it in your oven to bake or roast; baste it with butter until it gives out gravy; then keep it well basted with its own gravy, occasionally strewing bread

crumbs over it. When nearly done, pour the gravy into a saucepan, and put the meat back into the oven. Add to your gravy some catsup or Worcester sauce, and if you have any cold or made gravy, add that also; boil this up together. Take up your meat, pour the gravy over it; if it is veal, squeeze some lemon juice over the inside of the loin. Serve as hot as possible.

Genuine East India Chicken Curry.—Cut your fowl up in pieces, as for fricassee, fry it of a light brown; then take some gravy, if you have it; if not, substitute a teaspoonful of sweet cream, and as much water, a little onion, and curry powder enough to season it highly, then stew your chicken in this, and when sufficiently done, thicken it with some butter rolled in flour, and a little more cream; put to this enough lemon juice to give it the flavor, and boil it up once. Dish it and garnish it with slices of lemon.

To Stuff a Leg of Veal or a Fleshy Piece of Beef.—Grate or break into crumbs a pound loaf of light bread; take a piece of butter the size of a black walnut; two beaten eggs, and work it up with your bread crumbs; season with kitchen salt, and flavor slightly with nutmeg; if it is rather stiff, add a little wine or French brandy to make it sufficiently soft; take a long knife and make an incision around the bone; put your stuffing into it, and sew it up at the top to keep the stuffing in; rub a little butter and kitchen salt over it, and put it on to roast; as soon as any gravy is drawn, keep basting it well; when nearly done, spread over it some butter, and sprinkle bread crumbs over it; put it on again, and roast until well done; garnish with celery or parsley.

French Fricassee of Beans.—Take Lima beans (or navy beans will do); boil them until tender enough to eat; put them to drain; then brown some butter in a frying-pan; put in your beans, and fry them till they begin to brown; then put in some finely-chopped onion and parsley, and fry them a few minutes more; now put in a teaspoonful of flour, some boiling water, and season well with kitchen salt, or salt and pepper; let them stew a few minutes, and then add the yolk of an egg, beat up with a spoonful of water, the same of vinegar, and mushroom catsup, if you have it; if not thick enough, add a little flour and a little cream. This is a good way to dress snap beans.

Stacked Squashes.—Cut your squashes in slices about a quarter of an inch thick; fry them till brown in butter or lard; while these are frying, prepare a mixture, as follows: beat up two eggs, a teaspoonful of rich, sweet milk, and flour enough to make a thin batter; then stir in bread crumbs enough to make it thick, and season it with pepper and salt; now lay down one slice of squash on a baking-plate, and spread over it a layer of batter; but sprinkle some kitchen salt on the slices of squash as you put them on; continue this until you have a good stack with batter on the top; then bake it until the batter is done. If your oven is hot, it will not take more than fifteen minutes.

Scalloped Salsify.—Boil the quantity of salsify you want until very tender; then peel it and cut into pieces about an inch long; if you have a quart of the vegetable, take an equal quantity of bread crumbs or small slices; season with kitchen salt, and cut a piece of butter about the size of an egg into it; now put a layer of salsify in a deep baking-dish; season with pepper and salt; put a sprinkling of the prepared bread over it; continue this till your dish is full, with bread on the top; pour sweet milk, or milk and water, in your dish until it is full, and bake it till nicely brown.

Spanish Onion Sauce.—Roast six large onions until nearly done; peel them, and add to them some gravy from any meat you may be cooking; thicken with a little dust of flour; season with kitchen salt, very little cayenne pepper and a glass of wine—port is best; add to this the juice of half a lemon or a teaspoonful of vinegar; stew them till well done, and mash them up with a little butter. A very excellent sauce for game, or ducks and geese.

DESSERT DISHES.

Swedish Blanc Mange.—Take one ounce of gelatine, pour over it one pint of cold water; let it stand in a pretty warm place for several hours, stirring it occasionally; then pour into it one pint of boiling water, and one-half pound of white sugar; flavor it with bitter almonds, extract of almonds, or peach kernels, as is most convenient. As soon as the gelatine is entirely dissolved, set it away to cool; this had best be done in the afternoon, so as to give it all night to get firm; the next morning put your jelly into a large pan or bowl, and, with a fork, beat it until it is perfectly broken up and light; then take a good pint, or rather more than that, of very rich, thick cream—the richer the better; make it quite sweet, and, with a whisk or egg-beater, beat it until it is very light and frothy; then mix the two together and beat until thoroughly mixed.

A Grand Trifle.—As the appearance of a trifle is to be considered, it needs a large glass dish; in the bottom of your dish put a layer of Naples biscuits or sponge cakes, another of rataflas, and then another of macaroons, strewing between each layer some blanched and pounded almonds, a little citron, a little candied orange peel, and a pineapple cut up small; pour half a pint of wine (or

enough to soak the cake)—it should be a nice, light-colored wine—over them; in the mean time have a custard prepared as follows:—Boil a quart of milk and cream mixed in equal quantities; beat up the yolks of six eggs, three ounces of sugar, one tablespoonful of flour or corn starch; when the milk boils, pour it over the eggs, stirring it rapidly; if it does not thicken sufficiently, put it over the fire a few minutes, stirring it all the time, till it comes to a boil; then put it away to cool; flavor it with extract of lemon or orange, and, if you like, a little French brandy; now pour the custard over the cakes, and over that put some apricot or raspberry jam and some nice currant or apple jelly; next take a pint or more of cream, the white of one egg, a glass of white wine, a few drops of extract of lemon, and sugar to taste; churn it with a cream-churn (or you can beat it with a spoon or egg-beater), and as the foam rises, take off and pile it as high as you can on the top of your trifle; it is a good way to take the froth off and leave it in a sieve, so as to let it drip, and then turn it over on your dish, keeping some cream to churn up and lay on, in order to make it a nice shape; you can ornament, if you please, with very tiny sugar plums or comfits, or colored sugars, but it is very beautiful without it.

Orange Cream.—Take a pint of orange juice (four oranges are best), put to it the well-beaten yolks of six eggs and the whites of four; beat these well together, and add to it one pound of fine sugar; set it over a slow fire, and put the peel of half an orange in it; keep stirring it all the while one way, and when it is nearly boiling, take out the peel and pour the cream into glasses to cool. This is delightful when frozen.

Swedish Lent Pudding.—Make some light rolls, but place them so far apart in your pan that they will not stick together in baking. Let them get old and dry enough to cut well, then cut off the top crust and take out the crumb, leaving the crust whole. Mix a part of the crumb with some beaten almonds, sugar and butter, to suit your taste; then boil new milk to cover them, pour it over, and when well soaked they are ready for use.

TEA DISHES.

Delicate North Carolina Biscuits.—Take one quart of flour, four eggs (beat the whites and yolks separately), a small tablespoonful of butter, a large one of yeast; make all into a rather soft dough with sweet milk, set them in the morning so that they will have time to rise well. Make them out into biscuits, and let them rise a little while before baking.

Cocoanut Snaps.—Take the whites of four eggs, beaten to a stiff froth, with three heaping tablespoonfuls of fine sugar and three of flour. Stir in desiccated cocoanut until it is stiff; drop on buttered tins, in any shape you like, and bake. If you prefer using fresh cocoanut, you must put four spoonfuls of sugar with it.

Ratafia Cake.—Bake a sponge cake—it is best if several days old—cut off the top crust and take out the inside, as for charlotte russe. Now mix the crumb with some blanched and pounded almonds, and enough bitter almonds—extract of almonds or pounded peach kernels—to flavor it agreeably; add some coarse grained sugar and enough yolk of egg to make it into a soft paste; put this into the crust of your cake and bake a little while. In the mean time, make the whites of your eggs into a nice icing; as soon as your cake has cooled a little pile the icing on it and put it in the oven until it is the least bit browned. This is a delightful cake, and although a sponge cake is to be preferred, any other cake you may have on hand will do, or you can in this way make use of a cake which has been a failure in making.

Cream Tarts.—Take a quart of flour, half pound of butter and two well beaten eggs, add cold water enough to make into a paste, and set it away to cool, then cut it into round shapes with a cutter or a tumbler; cut the middle out of half of them with a wine glass, lay one of these rings on a whole one and moisten the paste between the two with a little cold water to make it adhere. Bake them about a quarter of an hour. Beat together one pint of cream, four eggs and four tablespoonfuls of fine sugar, fill the tarts with this, grate a little nutmeg over each, and bake again about ten minutes.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Kitchen Salt.—An article that will be found useful for all persons, and a perfect treasure when you have an inexperienced cook, or one who does not season well. Take two teacups of fine salt, the same of sugar, and half a cup of black pepper—if you like a good deal of pepper you may take a whole cup. Mix thoroughly. Use for seasoning soups, hashes, etc.

Curry Powder. (This is the genuine East India receipt.)—Take of fennel seed, cummin seed and coriander seed each four ounces, with two ounces of caraway seed, dry them before the fire, then grind and sift them, add to this two ounces of ground turmeric and the same of ground black pepper, one ounce of ground ginger, and half an ounce of Cayenne pepper. Mix well and keep dry and well stopped.

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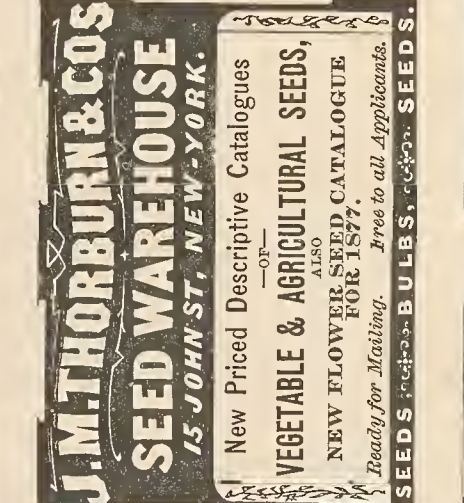
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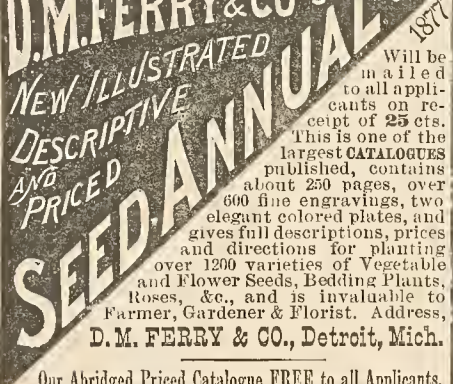


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Exhibited at International Exhibition, Phila.

Little bright eyes, come and meet me!

Words by PETER McNAMEE.

Music by C. F. SHATTUCK.

Moderato con vivezza.

mf *dolce.* *f*

1. Lit - tle bright eyes, come and meet me, Meet me by the crys - tal well; How I long to have you
2. When the stars are sweet - ly shin - ing, Come and meet me, dear - est, then; For so sad - ly I'm re -

poco rit.

Animato.

greet me, Hearts like mine can on - ly tell! Oh! I long to hear you com - ing In your mer - ry joy - ful
pin - ing, 'Till I meet thee once a - gain! Then we'll wan - der thro' the wild - wood, And so hap - py will we

colla voce. *poco piu mosso.*

Chorus.

glee, And that lit - tle song you're hum - ming Is the sweet - est song to me! Oh! Lit - tle bright eyes, come and
be, We will sing the songs of child - hood, They are ev - er dear to me! Oh! Lit - tle bright eyes,

meet me, Meet me by the crys - tal well: How I long to have you greet me, Hearts like mine can on - ly tell.
come and meet me, Meet, yes, meet me by the crys - tal well; How I long to have you greet me, greet me, Hearts like mine can on - ly tell.

f

THE LADIES' *Floral Cabinet*

By HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

VOL. VI.

NEW YORK, MARCH, 1877.

No. 63.

PRICE 12 CENTS.

CITY GARDENS.

There are several advantages in forming small flower beds. You can extend them out from the fence or building, so as to give the sun a better opportunity to reach them, and you can grow the different varieties separate in small quantities without mixing them with others. And you can regulate the early and late blooming ones without damage to each other. For instance, the Verbena and Pinks can, with care, be kept in bloom quite late in the season with the aid of a sack, or even a piece of muslin stretched over them to cover them during the early part. Then again, some plants will thrive best with profuse watering, while others will not under this treatment.

I find that the Verbena, Asters, Phlox Drummond, and Pinks are easily cultivated in masses, and look as well as others, and would advise beginners to try them. The Gladiolus is one of the most beautiful summer flowers; the bulbs can be bought cheap by the quantity, are easily cultivated, and I think give the richest returns for the money invested. Planted



A WINDOW FERNERY AND AQUARIUM.

four inches deep and one foot apart, then scatter a paper of mixed Phlox Drummond among them and you will have as beautiful a show of flowers as you can wish. Plant the small ones first, then every two weeks until all are planted. Be careful to plant your latest in the warmest spot you can, and where you will not want to plant your bulbs. In the fall, say October 1st, I begin to plant my bulbs, and in succession up to December 1st, as my plants cease to bloom. The early plantings give you the early and strongest bloom, as the roots get a good start before the frost touches them. Dig up your beds to the depth of at least one foot, then lay out your beds as you wish to plant them. I find it a good plan to keep a book expressly for the garden. I mark the places, then write the names and location with figures. This will enable you to refer to any spot you wish and ascertain the location of each, in case you wish to plant between them at any time.

In regard to the varieties to plant I will give a single example: In the corner of a bed I plant a Narcissus; between them a Jonquil, then I fill in the border with Crocus, planted two inches apart, or a group of a yellow, blue and white every three inches, setting the bulbs two inches deep. These multiply rapidly, so that in two or three years your borders will be full. Then for the centre I plant a tall growing Lily, such as a Tiger, Candidum or Auratum, then add a few low growing ones, such as the Longiflorum; then fill in every eight inches with Tulips or Hyacinths. The brown Imperial is a good old hardy bulb, so are many others which you will find advertised in the many catalogues. In the spring I scatter a few seed of hardy Annuals among my beds, or set out such plants as I wish to grow, so that by the time the bulbs are done blooming, the others begin to grow finely.

C. W. I.



FLOWER BOX AND TREE TRELLIS.



FLOWER STAND FOR PARLOR WINDOW.

Floral Contributions.

FLORAL DECORATIONS IN OUR BAY WINDOW.

The sitting-room coal stove is within eight feet of our bay window, and is the only heat, except that of sunshine, which the plants receive. The window has a southern exposure. Its floor is covered with oil cloth. This, I think, is preferable to either carpeting or matting, as water will not readily penetrate it, and can be easily removed if any happens to drip upon it. The carpet, under any ordinary window which contains plants, should be covered with oil cloth for the same reason. There is only one shelf, extending along the east and south sides of the window, about eight inches above the floor. I prefer to have most of the plants which are not in my window garden box, on brackets and in hanging baskets. These are so much more graceful and ornamental, tastefully disposed, than the stiff-looking rows of shelves, with their precise rows of flower pots.

Two hanging baskets are suspended from fancy hooks above the double window which forms the south part of the bay window. One is filled with German Ivy, which twines around the wires and the hook, and drops over the basket in a bushy mass. This is kept bushy by frequently pinching off the new shoots. The other is filled with a most luxuriant growth of the variegated *Tradescantia*. A basket of *Maurandya* is suspended from another hook on the east side of the bay window. On the west side, just above the window garden, are three hanging baskets. One is an imitation log of wood, filled with pink *Oxalis*. On each side of this is suspended a cocoanut shell, draped with the long grey Spanish moss, each filled with delicate blue *Lobelia*. Birdie's cage is suspended from the centre of the ceiling.

A little to the north-east and the north-west, and at equal distances from his cage, are suspended round black-walnut hanging baskets in fret work, each containing a fancy red flower pot. One of these flower pots contains a Cigar plant (*Cuphea Platycentra*), the other a winter-blooming *Fuchsia*. Some of my brackets are of hardware from the manufactory of florist's goods. Others are homemade ones of blackwalnut, made with the bracket saw. Two four-pot florist's brackets are on the south side. One contains the green *Tradescantia*, a *Cyclamen*, a white *Chrysanthemum*, and a pink *Begonia*. The other, green *Tradescantia*, a Chinese Primrose, a white *Begonia*, and a pink *Chrysanthemum*. Two single florist's brackets, between the double windows, hold pots of *Coleus* and *Rex Begonias*.

On the little space of wall in the south-east and south-west cut corners are side brackets of black-walnut (four in number). One holds a pot of Ivy Geranium; another, above, a pot of Dew Plant. On the other side, the lower bracket holds a pot of a kind of vine which is much used in rockeries. I do not know its botanical name, but we call it "Creeping Charlie." Above this is a pot of Box. On the east side a pair of two-pot florist's brackets hold four lovely little rose bushes. The arched opening between the window and sitting-room does not comprise the full length of the window, so there is still room left for two little shelves not larger than ordinary brackets. On one is a brown painted box, filled with the Bridal Wreath, which falls gracefully over the north end of the window garden. On the opposite side, the other shelf contains a broken sugar-bowl set in a red flower pot. It is almost con-

cealed with a wreath of Kenilworth Ivy. Two small brackets, supporting pots of Madeira Vine, are fastened to the sides of the opening into the sitting-room. The vine is trained about the arch above, back and forth. You can well imagine, if you are familiar with the vine, what a beautiful tracery of green it makes. On the long single shelf before mentioned, are all my taller plants. There are a scarlet *Salvia*, a General Grant Geranium, an *Abutilon*, a *Calla*, a *Heliotrope*, an English Ivy, a Rose Geranium, and other large pots of Sweet Alyssums, Garden Pinks, Ten Weeks' Stock, and a good-sized box of *Verbenas*.

My window garden is a box furnished with table legs and castors. It is stained with raw umber, and varnished with coach varnish. This is much more durable than copal, and does not turn white in blotches where water works into it. The box is two feet by three, and just fits nicely into the west part of the window. The tallest plants it contains (about two feet in height), are a Dusty Miller and a bronze red *Coleus*. Surrounding these are seven varieties of Geraniums, including nutmeg, rose, silver-leaf and zonales, a Tuberose, a Carnation, a Fever-few, a Lily of the Valley, an *Achyranthus*, two small *Coleus* plants, a Lemon Verbena, and four blotched and striped *Petunia* plants. *Tradescantia*, green and variegated, vines of *Tropæolum* and *Portulaca* droop over the edges. White Candy-tuft, Sweet Alyssum, *Gilia* (tricolor), and green Mosses, are planted at convenient places along the edges, and as an undergrowth among the larger plants. At the corners of the box are vines of pink and blue Morning Glories, Madeira Vines, and one *Smilax*. These twine around eords along the west division of the window. Everything in the box presents a most thrifty appearance. Much as I enjoy the culture of plants in pots, much more do I enjoy the results which come from the care of my window garden box. In the first place, a goodly number of plants occupy so much less space than the same number in pots. Then they are so easily showered. All that is necessary is to take from one to two quart dippers of lukewarm water, every evening, and sprinkle the plants as you would clothes. This can be done in a few minutes without moving the box from its cozy nook; whereas flower pots must be carried from and to their usual resting place to undergo a thorough sprinkling. One cannot often spare the time to shower them every day, so much time being required in the removal. I sometimes take small plants, one at a time, and hold it in one hand over the window garden, while sprinkling it with the other. My roses get their bath in this way every day. I find that frequent sprinkling is the best preventive for insects. Where any do dare to intrude, they get Scotch snuff to the right of them, Scotch snuff to the left of them, and Scotch snuff all around them, till the air to them is thick with Scotch snuff, and they probably end their existence by sneezing their little heads off. This I allow to remain a day or two before sprinkling again. The drainage for pots and box consists of pieces of charcoal. The soil is a mixture of leaf-mold and black muck, from the woods, finely pulverized. To this is added a small quantity of sand.

Slips that I wish to root, rarely fail to do their duty. Just insert an oat in the end of the cutting, and plant in rich soil. The oat soon roots, and its vitality is transmitted to the cutting.

Last winter, my General Grant Geranium refused to bloom, though it was "ole enuff, big enuff, and oughter known better than to went"—and refuse to bloom. It was about eighteen inches in height, and grew finely in a six-inch pot. But no wonder it re-

fused! It did well out of doors during the summer. When I took it up in September, I resolved that it should bloom for me this winter, and accordingly placed it in a four-inch pot. It was a fine bushy shrub, which I had previously intended for the central ornament for my window garden, but it threatened to occupy so much space as to exclude other plants which must have a place therein; hence that idea was abandoned. After crowding its roots in the small pot, and trimming several large branches, I found that it was still top-heavy, and couldn't stand alone. Not to be baffled in regard to confining its roots in a small space, I planted this four-inch pot containing the plant into a six-inch one, and since then it has stood erect, and several buds have appeared, which promise well for this winter's bloom. This appears to me in the light of a success, after last winter's failure.

Smilax once resisted my efforts to make it grow. I wanted it to grow in a four-inch pot, but it wouldn't, in spite of sun, water and fine threads. After giving it a two month's rest in the cellar, and planting it during summer in the open ground under the Morning Glories, it never began to show signs of growth until it was placed in the window garden; and now it begins to act like a *Smilax*, by twining nicely around threads, and sending out new shoots, as all well-regulated *Smilaxes* should do. It wanted more room for its feet, in addition to sun, water and thread. *Coleus* and *Achyranthus* always made a point of dropping their leaves after being taken from the open ground and placed in pots, until the advent of the window garden, when they were planted in it direct from the garden border, and continued to grow without dropping their leaves; but on the contrary sending forth new shoots and leaves.

Dusty Miller (*Centaurea Candidissima*), never occasioned me any trouble, as I always kept it in a large pot, but it has improved in appearance since its residence in the window garden.

Were you ever distracted by the dust occasioned by sweeping, which would settle upon your floral treasures, unless you took extra pains to remove or cover them during said operation? In order to obviate this difficulty with my plants, I purchased a "Welcome Carpet Sweeper," and have been more than satisfied with the result, both in the saving of physical strength, and with the great decrease of dust upon my plants. I think that much of insect life is engendered in the dust which often rests upon plants. When the nights are extremely cold, I pin newspapers over the windows around my plants, as a means of protection from the frost.

One word now in regard to the three ornamental flower pots in our bay window. In the September (1876) number of *Harpers' Magazine*, are silhouettes of Dr. Goodall and Dr. Keats, and in one of Gould's catalogues is another of a boy clinging to the mane of a horse flying at a mad rate through the air. These I selected to make grotesque a pair of red painted flower pots. After holding the leaves containing them up to the window glass long enough to trace their outline on white paper, I cut the designs from the white paper, for a pattern, to use for cutting the same out of black silk. The black silk figures and a border of black silk points, for the top of the pots, were fastened on with varnish, and the whole finished with a coat of coach varnish. Another red flower pot was ornamented with a horizontal oval of black silk, surrounded by an oval border of gilt paper scalloped with the pinking iron. On the silk oval were fastened a bouquet of flowers, and pictures of two musicians, and the whole pot varnished.

E. S. P.

Gossip with Correspondents.

Our Flower Beds.—It is quite possible to make the small court yard in front of a city house attractive and pleasing by a judicious grouping of our floral favorites and a little care in keeping them in good health. To have our flower borders look well we must exercise some little taste in the grouping or massing of our plants. A few well arranged and carefully tended specimens will prove much more satisfactory than a large collection of ill-assorted and carelessly arranged ones. How many are there who, about the middle of April or May, will visit the nearest nursery or greenhouse, spend a great amount of money, with no thought as to the beds they have to fill, no idea as to the effect that will be produced, or rather the lack of it, by the indiscriminate mixing up in beds of twenty or thirty different kinds of flowers; Cactus and Lobelia, Caladiums and Sedums, Dahlias and Mignonette side by side, each one lovely in its own place with others of its species, or in well harmonized groups, but lost in its motley surroundings. We cannot all have our lawns and our pleasure grounds, our conservatories and greenhouses, in which to luxuriate both winter and summer, but thousands of us can have one or two flower beds, thank Heaven, whether in city or country; and let us try to arrange them so that they may be "things of beauty" to gladden our eyes until winter again elaims our gardens for his own.

First upon the list of bedding plants I should name Coleus. Nothing, perhaps, looks richer than a bed planted in ribbon lines of well contrasted shades and edged with Dusty Miller. Next, a large bed of scarlet Geraniums edged with Sweet Alyssum becomes, by about the end of July, a bit of dazzling brightness. Deep rose pink double and single Geraniums, bordered with first a line of bronze and then of the silver-leaved variety, always look well. Calceolarias of different colors, with an edge of blue Lobelia, will do well if you have a bed on the south side of the house, so that they do not have too much sun; there, too, will flourish best your Fuchsias, Pansies and Forget-me-nots. Verbenas for bedding purposes are unsurpassed. Salvias look best in a large bed on a lawn. For foliage plants on a large scale, where there is plenty of room, Caena Indica, Caladiums, Amaranthus and Japanese Maize are all showy and beautiful if planted in masses. Now for our more humble but scarcely less beautiful annuals. First, Petunias; they will flower oftentimes till November, will load the air with their sweet, delicate fragrance, and will draw all the humming-birds and butterflies in the neighborhood to themselves. Buy a few plants for the centre of your bed and then sow seed all round, but not too near the edge, as they spread very much; thin out well when three inches high, and you will have a succession of bloom all summer. Sow your China Asters in a little cold frame, if you have it, or a wooden box with a pane of glass over it, in April, and transplant as soon as large enough, which will be about the end of May, into the open ground; do the same with your Dwarf Nasturtiums for early blooming. Sow the Dianthus seed in the bed you wish it to remain in, but thin out well. Be sure you have a bed of Drummond Phlox, and also Mignonette. Sow both, as the Dianthus, in their own places; these all dislike transplanting and will do best if their roots are not disturbed. Fill in odd corners of your garden with Sweet Peas; they will climb up a piece of common brush or run up strings. Don't sow them until the weather is quite mild and the ground warm. Zinnias are a showy plant and make a fine bed; sow either in cold frame or ground when you think cold nights are over. Heliotropes, for making up our summer bouquets—they will grow almost in any situation, but are scarcely bright enough for beds; they both grow much to wood, and consequently will bear cutting well. ALA.

Glimpses into a Country Parsonage.—I would state at once that I am a minister's wife, and not only a minister's wife, but a Methodist minister's wife, at that. Perhaps you don't think this has anything to do with house furnishing. I guess if you had to undo all you had done every one year, or two or three, as the "powers that be" might decree, you'd think it made a great deal of difference. It was just the brightest, most beautiful day of last May that I grew from Miss to Mrs. Miriam, and, with Thaddeus the Wise (Teddy, for short), journeyed toward the new parsonage home. After the proprieties had been disposed of, the kindly welcome over and the strangers gone, together we made the tour of the rooms. First the library, or, as Teddy said, "our library sitting room." It was a dear little cosy place, with two west and one sunny south window, and connected with a bedroom of the same size by sliding doors, and here was another south window. "What a splendid place for my winter plants!" I exclaimed at once. My first question in regard to the parsonage had been, "Is there a south window for plants?" and my very practical mother said it seemed to make no difference whether there was a kitchen or not, so long as

I had a place for flowers. The dining room was large, nicely papered with a light, cheerful paper, and opening out of that by folding doors was a dear little room with a north window and an eastern door. This soon became, however, the north study, as the warm summer afternoons drove us from the sunnier room. But the parlor! Words almost fail me. The homeliest of homely yellow wall paper with an ugly brown spot in it; the darkest of dark carpets on the floor; a great high black mantel; a black sheet-iron fire-board, cracked and broken, and an open stove-pipe hole to let the swallows out, and black bricks for the fire place; windows high and old-fashioned, with great, barn-like shutters; half a dozen very common chairs and a stray sofa. After taking an inventory I finally gasped, "Oh, Teddy, lets get out. This room must be sacredly set apart for funerals." It was a relief to breathe the air of our cozy kitchen, with its lots of little handy closets. Four bedrooms composed the upstairs; but wait till I come to the furnishing thereof before I tell you of them.

I have taken long for introduction, but I think the getting acquainted and getting to work will take but a short time. THE BIRD'S NEST.

To Bleach Wax.—First sheet it; keep it in the sunshine. To half a pound of good white wax add one-quarter ounce balsam of fir. You can guess at the quantity; less will do; if you get in too much it will be sticky. Pour boiling water into the cup and let the wax melt gradually, then put in the balsam; have a dish of hot soapuds; dip your mould in that, then into the wax quickly, then in cold water, and slip it off.

Wax Grapes.—To make wax grapes, take annealed wire that is stiff enough to support it—I don't remember the number—wind a little cotton on one end, double it over to prevent its pulling off; then for what is called Black Hamburg, color common rosin with lamp-black and melt gradually, then dip the cotton end in the rosin, then in cold water and press it tight with the fingers; when it is cold continue to dip it in the rosin, then in the water to cool, until it is as large as wanted, being careful to turn it when just out of the rosin to get the required shape and size; lastly, dip in hot wax previously colored with blue and red paint, and hold grape in cup so it will drain. Each kind has its color of paint. E. C. BIDLAK.

Home Made Rugs.—For those who make drawn-in rugs of rags, I will give two patterns that are very pretty, where the colors are not suitable for flowers, or very elaborate figures. Take an oblong piece of burlap, and fasten it to the frame and draw a line all round the outside as near the edge as you desire to work; then draw a straight line from the middle of each side to the middle of each end, forming a diamond in the centre, and quarter diamonds at each corner. Outline the outside of rug and centre piece with three times round; suitable colors would be one scarlet between two of black, or some shade of yellow between dark blue or maroon; after that draw in different colors in stripes round each piece according to taste, having the centre and corners correspond exactly, or the corners all alike. When the centre is filled up except a small diamond, have that some bright, pretty color, and if shaded, all the better; the corner pieces should correspond also. If attention is paid to contrasting colors, the result is very fine, even if some are rather dull. I have never seen one of this style, except my own, another which I have seen and used is called "hit or miss." The border is generally shaded or drawn in in stripes all round the rug, and the centre is filled in with odds and ends of every color drawn in straight across one after another without much regard to the arrangement, though it is best to have the brightest colors, like scarlet, pretty evenly distributed. Any pieces will do, that when drawn in will make a stripe two inches long, but do not have a stripe of one color more than six inches long in one place. This will work in many beautiful bright bits that are good for nothing else. If sheared it will look more like velvet, but is pretty enough without.

A Kansas Home.—My home does not consist of frescoed walls nor stately palaces, it is nothing more than a neat little cottage. I do all I can to make it pleasant and happy. My little daughter gathers wild flowers and ferns for me during the summer. I press them, and after they are dry, I dip them in white wax or varnish them, they will retain their color, and I lay them on black velvet in the shape of a cross, or a wreath, and will then have a beautiful picture. I also make medleys from pictures I preserve. I have a bouquet I made from grass, I got some Venetian red, mazarine blue and some Paris green, at the drug store, and painted them; I then joined them by placing them on a long stick, and it will make a beautiful corner piece; I made Zephyr flowers and placed through it. When Harry came in he was surprised, for I had not let him know I was making it, and he pronounced it perfectly beautiful. I have just completed a tidy made with the Affghan stitch in strips, and narrow it off in points at

the ends, then take red zephyr and work a little vine through it, and a border around it. Now my dear readers these will help ornament your home, and are got up at little expense. NORETA.

Ferns.—I frequently see directions for bleaching ferns, but in the fall of the year, here in New Hampshire, we have no difficulty in finding them pretty enough without that trouble. Besides the white, there are straw color, pea-green, and many beautiful shades of brown. Soon after gathering, iron them with a not too hot iron, which has been waxed with common yellow beeswax. If intended to frame or wanted to be perfectly flat, iron until dry. Frame with black velvet or cloth for a background, either with or without a mat. For bouquets for vases or similar decorations, I think they are nicer not to be ironed perfectly dry; they will then be curled and drooping a little, much more graceful and natural, autumn leaves can be treated in the same way and remain on the branches if desired.

Fancy Work.—Take a piece of perforated paper five inches square, and work "Scratch my Back," and a border around the edge, of leaves, then tack a piece of sand paper on the back, a quilling of ribbon around the edge, and loop to hang it up. To make vines, take green or red-glazed muslin, and cut the shape of "Ivy," and dip in wax, and lay the wire on the back, and dip a piece of the muslin in the wax, and then lay on the wire, and hold over a lamp-chimney and then press together, and your leaf is done, be careful not to get too much wax on the leaf.

CLEMENCE ST. ONAO.

Washing Dishes.—I would like to say a few words to my friendly housekeeper in FLORAL CABINET. I think the best plan is to wash up the dishes nicely after each meal, I always dislike to have dishes left from one meal to another. Her method of washing dishes suits me very well, but never leave your dishes standing from one meal to another. There is another thing I shall speak of; some housekeepers think on washday, they must have everything in an uproar, and themselves attired in a slovenly and unbecoming manner, now I contend this is unnecessary. I always do my morning work on washdays, just the same as other days, make some preparation for dinner so as not to be in a rush at dinner time, wash and comb myself and children, dress them clean just as I would if there was no washing to be done; one does not get at washing so early by doing this, but I find I like it better than to have things upside down while washing. In cooking, always try to have everything palatable. I have been housekeeping only three years, but by taking an interest in my cooking and the CABINET for my counsellor, I find I improve all the time, my husband often tells me so. I always try to have my floor swept clean before arranging my table, then with a nice white table-cloth on my table, I prepare my meal. I think a white table-cloth far nicer than the fashionable colored ones of this day. L. J. C.

Ancient Gardens.—"The first notice of a garden in the historical records of Rome, is that of Tarquinius Superbus, five hundred and thirty-four years before the birth of Christ. Livy and Dionysius allude to one which adjoined the royal palace, which was embellished with a profusion of flowers, in which the rose and poppy predominated. Among the paintings found at Herculaneum, are a few tracings of gardens; they are, we are told, small square inclosures formed by trellis work and espaliers, and regularly ornamented with vases, fountains and caryatides, elegantly symmetrical." * * * * *

"The gardens of Athens were remarkable for their classic elegance. Adorned with temples, altar, statues and monuments, where some of their departed heroes reposed, it would appear that these gardens had some resemblance to our modern cemeteries. The points to which particular attention was paid, were shade, coolness, fragrance, and repose." * * * * *

"Flowers were not merely a luxury to the Grecians, but they were considered absolutely necessary. Flowers, that lovely part of the creation, that serve the very pledges of a father's love, have indeed been associated with the most striking events of life; they are woven into garlands for the happy and prosperous, they are strewn upon the grave of the beloved, the offerings alike of joy and sorrow." * *

"Flowers have been made of the vehicles for sentiment all over the world. The Persians communicate with the fair sex, by means of bouquets. The poet has made the fond girl depend on the decision of a flower to ascertain whether her affection was returned." * * * * *

"The taste for introducing statues and urns in gardens, was revived by Cardinal d'Este. Anxious to design a garden and residence for himself, he took the ground where the Emperor Adrian's villa had stood; there he happened to find a number of antiquities, which he distributed through his gardens, and thus the plan he had accidentally adopted, became the fashion throughout Europe." * * * * * —Extracts from an "Essay on Horticulture" found in an old Magazine of 1854.

Window Gardening.

MY GERMAN IVY.

Last winter a friend gave me a cutting of German Ivy that was kept in the cellar with my other plants until spring. When removed to the air and sunshine of the outer world, it had two or three little frail branches with a few scattering leaves not larger than a twenty-five cent piece, and was a forlorn hope for the magnificent specimen of which I have read, being trained around a room or festooning a window. I removed the soil, and filled the pot with rich, black mold, taken from a lot that had been used as a wood-pile and a cow-pen for several years, and gave it, the Ivy, a little frame about three feet high, so that if it felt disposed to climb, it might have the opportunity of doing so. In a few days it accepted the invitation, and sent out four vigorous young branches that soon climbed to the top of the frame, and as it seemed too ambitious, I moved the pot up to the side-light on the front veranda, tacking up small cords to support it. Its growth was really astonishing; in a few weeks it had reached to the top of the door. We arched it over the transom and across the door, but when it reached the parallel cords, it would not twine around them of its own free will, but had a habit of growing downward, as if its ambitious spirit wearied of its lofty flight and yearned to touch mother earth again, and my little boy (nearly six feet high), had to mount a table, with a chair on it, to train it in the way it should go, and he often complained of its growing so fast; every two or three days he would have to mount the table and chair to train the delicate branches and prevent them from being cut off when the door was closed. By the opposite side-light I placed another pot containing several Cypress vines. When the Ivy reached the Cypress pot in its downward flight, it measured, each of the four branches, twenty-eight feet, but I dare say, before frost, it was forty or fifty feet long, for after it reached the top of the door in its second flight, we allowed it to follow its own truant will, and it leaped from cord to cord over the transom, mingling its luxuriant leaves, which were larger in circumference than a pint cup, with the delicate fringed foliage of the Cypress, all studded with the crimson stars, and made

of my front door a perfect arbor, which was the admiration of all who beheld it. So simple, so inexpensive, yet so beautiful. No Corinthian column, no Arabian arabesque ever equaled its graceful festoons. When frost came, sometime in October, with many sighs and regrets we cut the Ivy off at the top of the little frame and carried the pot in the house, leaving the vines hanging over the door, thinking they might remain green and fresh for a few days, but to my

When the cold days came, not having a greenhouse or pit, or even a cellar to put them in (they were kept in a neighbor's cellar last year, and I did not like to trouble her with them again), we could not see them all die without making an effort to save at least a few of them, and my same little boy, who is fond of flowers as I am, made a frame of laths, three sides of which we covered with paper, leaving the front and top open, intending, when freezing weather came, to cover them also with paper. Under this frame we put our favorite flowers, the Ivy being among them. It still continues growing, and has twined all over the frame, making a miniature bower of it, and is as handsome an ornament for our sitting-room in the winter as it was for the veranda in summer. L.



BOUQUET OF ORNAMENTAL GRASSES.

astonishment they scarcely seemed to miss their roots, and although the door is due north, and they had very little protection from the cold winds, in December they put forth abundant clusters of yellow flowers. The severe weather we have had recently has withered the leaves somewhat, but at this present writing (Jan. 10), the flowers are as fresh as ever. I counted one cluster just now that contained fifty-four delicate fringe flowers, looking more like a bunch of little yellow tassels than anything else. But that is not all of my Ivy.

cones. Soon after, the little spears of grass will begin to emerge from among the laminæ, forming a beautiful hanging ornament.

Take about twenty wheat ears, with two or three inches of the straw; tie them together, hang them up in a warm place, keep them sprinkled with water, and when they commence to sprout, put them in a celery glass with water; the top will soon become a perfect pyramid of verdure, and will retain its beauty for several weeks.

Vines For Window Gardening.—The following kinds of plants, says the *Country Gentleman*, can be

easily cultivated and grown in a room not heated more than just to keep out frost: For vines to grow in pots and twine along the inside casing of the window, take the Russian and Giant Ivies; for the borders of pots or boxes, take the different varieties of Sedums—the catalogues will tell you of the colors. Again, as a climber, or trained *en masse* in the center, take *Ampelopsis Vetchii*, which is a miniature foliaged variety of our well-known, hardy Virginia Creeper. *Akebia quinata* is another rapid-growing vine, of neat foliage and large clusters of chocolate, purple-colored flowers, deliciously fragrant. *Anemone japonica nigra* and *alba*, are plants beautiful for pots in winter, being nearly hardy and producing abundance of flowers. And that a pretty ornament for the sitting-room may be formed by taking large pine burs and sprinkling grass-seed of any kind in them, and then place them in a pot of water. When the bur has soaked a few days, it will close up to the form of solid

[Written specially for the LADIES' FLORAL CABINET.]

Winnifred's Will.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

CHAPTER VI.

"A mad world, my masters."

Bradley Halcourt removed the large meerschaum he was smoking with the air of deliberation that belonged to him, and bent his hazel eyes, gleaming with covert amusement, on old Nanna, who stood before him, arms akimbo, and with a puzzled, mysterious expression on her broad black face.

"A ghost, Nanna!" said he, smiling, and showing his beautiful teeth. "Now that is delightful; I always thought the old Hall ought to have a ghost to make it complete. And you say you have actually seen one?"

"Pears like it was a spook shore enuf, honey; and I seed it plain as day," returned old Nanna, in an awe-struck whisper.

"Perhaps Steenie has been playing a trick on you," Bradley suggested.

"Dat dar chile is up to de debble's shindies," said Nanna, shaking her head, "but he couldn't, nohow some-dever, make hisself six foot tall, wid a face as white as a pocket handkerchief.

"And it wasn't the old judge?" said he, trying another tack.

"What fore, honey, should de ole mass'r come snootin' back from t'oder world 'cept dar was priests gettin' into de house, or he smelt de dishes dat new fangle cook makes in de kitchen? Ef de ole mass'r was to come, shore's you live, he'd cough and knock on de flore wid his stick."

"Well, Nanna, I'll watch to-night for your ghost, and I'll take my uncle's old musket and see if I can't bring him down."

"Shoot, honey! (in a solemn whisper) dem spooks don't mine bullets; dey go right frew without makin' nary hole; an' if you git de spookses ill will, 'pears like dey might trick us all."

"Never fear," said Bradley, laughing gaily, "if I can lodge a bullet in the ghost, he will not trouble you again. But tell me, Nanna, has any one seen it except yourself?"

"Miss Jinny," said the old woman, in the same awsome whisper. "Lass night, jess afore I locked de house, dat furri gal, as little miss dotes on like de apple ob her eye, she bust in all white, and tremble and shaky like a ole hen afraid for its chicks; an' 'pears like she wouldn't 'fess what was de matter, and when I chafe and chafe her cold han's she jess bust out acryin'. I'se shore she seed de spook, honey."

"Very well," said Bradley, who had become grave and watchful while Nanna was speaking, "if Miss Duval has seen the ghost I can find out all about it, for here she comes with my cousin."

Old Nanna went off through the trees, and Winnie and her friend, with Hector bounding on before them, came down the oak avenue. The day was cool and windy, with scuds of dark and silvery clouds moving rapidly across the sky, and opening at moments to emit floods of brilliant light. Gusts from the clear, cold west swept along, fitfully laden with "the flying gold of the woodland."

Winnie was in the full radiance and glow of health. She had written her business letters, and attended to the upholsterers who were refurbishing the drawing-room. She had given orders to restock the greenhouse with rare plants, and had been to the stable to inspect her new carriage horses, and had directed the men who were cleaning the grounds. All the knowledge she needed for practical affairs seemed to lie at the tips of her fingers.

The day was cool, and she was dressed in a long cloak edged with fur, and a large black hat with a floating plume. Virginia, who was wrapped in a gray shawl, looked pale and fragile beside her brilliant friend. Bradley had remarked with pain, almost with resentment, that ever since his arrival at the Hall, Virginia had avoided him, appearing to dread a chance encounter, and to keep well

out of the way when there was the least likelihood of their being left alone together. The sense of trust in him, and dependence upon him, which she had once expressed in such a sweet, almost childlike, fashion, had now vanished, and he would have felt that he had a right to be more than hurt, if, as he furtively watched her, the conviction that she was suffering from some secret cause had not forced itself upon his mind. But if she was in trouble, to whom ought she so naturally to turn for help as to himself? He was vexed with her want of frankness when he had tried to prove her friend, and yet he would have been the last to claim anything on that ground. He did not want gratitude. What did he want? Pah! he was not in love. As he went about the woods and fields visiting the old familiar spots, he resolved to accept his fate, reserving the privilege of railing at the world afterwards. But his mind was mainly busy with wondering why Virginia avoided him, and what was the meaning of her agitation on the day of his arrival. He would not distrust her. She was as ingenuous and simple-hearted as a child; but some dark secret had come to cloud her young life, and kill her faith in him.

With Winnifred, things had gone more smoothly. There was always plenty of spi y conversation and sparring between the cousins while Virginia sat by tongue-tied; or, if appealed to, answered with a mere monosyllable, as if determined to reduce herself to the position of a formal companion to the young heiress.

Mr. Swayne was absent much of the time, attending to the affairs of the school at the mine, and of his new position as minister-at-large. He came to the Hall at night to sleep, and was occasionally present at meals. It was impossible for him to wholly conceal the almost worshipful deference with which he met Winnifred's slightest look or word. Toward Bradley, his manner was cold, stiff, and formally polite. Bradley, who unconsciously studied the different members of this group with close attention, had remarked Mr. Swayne's treatment of Virginia. He seemed to completely ignore her. Had not his own preoccupation prevented him from penetrating Edgar Swayne's secret, he would have discovered that where Winnifred was no other woman counted for anything in the young parson's eyes. Half falling into the opposite mistake, it had flashed upon him once or twice that the young man's apparent indifference to Virginia might be assumed to cover feelings of quite another nature.

Now, as the two girls came down the avenue together, Bradley determined to make Virginia look him fairly in the face. "Miss Duval?" said he, advancing to meet them. Virginia gave a little start as she heard her name called, and then the blue eyes were raised with a half shy, half timid look of inquiry, and a faint flush overspread her face. "Old Nanna has just been out to confide to me the startling fact that you have seen a ghost. Now, as I have the greatest desire to learn the secrets of the other world, I beg that you will tell me all about your adventure. The old nurse claims to have seen the apparition herself in the form of a tall man, with a very pale face."

Virginia's cheek blanched, and an involuntary shudder ran through her.

"Don't you see how nervous you have made her by the bare suggestion?" said Winnie. "Nanna has her head stuffed full of superstitious notions about spooks. She has all the credulousness of the negro race, and has been seeing spirits ever since I can remember."

"I am not at all sure Miss Duval has not seen something uncanny," returned Bradley, pitilessly determined to make Virginia speak and look at him again. "Her lips are quite pale, and they say that is always a sign."

"I have never seen such things," said Virginia in a low, pained voice, with a deeply serious air. "I have often prayed if such things are possible, that my loved ones would speak to me, or give some sign, but they are silent to my cries and my tears. Last night I was restless, I could not sleep, so I stole down into the grounds, and when Nanna let me in I was perhaps shaking from cold."

"If you could not sleep, why did you not come to my room?" said Winnie, reproachfully. "What was I made

strong for, if not to comfort you, Mousie. She has been ill of late, (turning to Bradley) and it all comes from nursing that Finster boy, Jake, who is down with the measles, and sitting in a stuffy little room where the air is perfectly choking, to tell the freckled-faced, red-headed lad stories and give him cooling drinks; and now, though she is far from well, she is obstinately bent on going again."

"Yes, dear mademoiselle, do let me go. The poor mother has so much to do for her little ones she cannot sit by the lad's bedside. He will be wishing for me." She drew her hand away from Winnie's with a little, gentle violence, and giving her a fond look of farewell, glided down toward the lake.

"What a dear, adorable creature she is," said Winnie, standing still in the road, and looking after her with the deep glow of a smile in her eyes. "I have never been so much attached to any one before, and I am very grateful to you, Bradley, for sending Virginia to me."

"She does not seem a very lively companion," said Bradley, dryly, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe. "I thought her quite a different sort of person when I knew her on the ship."

"I didn't want a lively companion," returned Winnie with some heat; "I wanted some one to—to love." And the next moment she was ashamed and vexed with herself for having gushed over, and made a confession to Bradley that sounded sentimental and ridiculous in her own ears. She expected a sarcastic reply, but he only glanced at her from under his eyelids and said, "Oh, indeed!"

This seemed to Winnie a very unpromising prelude to the confidential talk with her cousin, as she had planned to have that very day; but her will was predominant, and though she felt a husky, half-choking sensation in her throat, she put it down, and said in her coldest and most assured tones: "Bradley, would you mind walking a little way with me? I have not yet told you anything about poor father."

"If the crisis has come, curse my fate," thought Bradley to himself. He would have been glad to whistle, but he only turned toward her with cold politeness, and said, "I am entirely at your service, Winnifred."

"Well, let us move on," said she with alacrity, feeling that the task she had set herself was a very hard and disagreeable one. It would be easier to get through it creditably if she could walk herself into a glow of exercise; then, perhaps, she might take the leap before her in a handsome and spirited manner.

Bradley removed his meerschaum, and stole a furtive glance at her face. He had not studied his cousin as she deserved since he had come back to Halcourt, and found her a full grown, beautiful woman. He acknowledged secretly that she was handsomer than he had at first thought, and carried herself regally. An intense magnetic life seemed to tingle down to her finger tips. How had such a vivid creature sprung from the union of that bundle of legal lore and malignity—the old judge—with his half moribund aunt? It occurred to Bradley that there were men in the world who would worship the ground on which this superb girl trod, and though she might be a wayward creature, capricious, and undisciplined and crude, she was certainly magnificent. There must be a great power of loving in her. Such richness of coloring is never given to the unimpassioned. These thoughts passed through his mind in the flash of an eye, and then Winnie had begun speaking in rather a higher key than usual, which betokened some suppressed inward excitement. She was walking on the moss-grown border of the road where her dress made a slight rustling among the fallen leaves.

"I have not yet had an opportunity to speak to you, Bradley, about poor father's wishes and feelings concerning you, which he expressed to me very strongly just before he died."

"Indeed," said Bradley, in a cold tone of surprise, "I was not aware that the Judge had any wishes or feelings connected with me except a feeling of disapproval—disgust, perhaps, for the way I have, thus far, lounged through life."

Winnie was nettled by the tone of this reply, which gave her no help or reassurance, but she found relief in a little outburst of unreasonable resentment. "My father was a peculiar man. Of course I know there was never any love between him and some members of the family. You may have done him great injustice, and I will not hear one word against him, for he was always good to me, and I am bound

to take his part, and to strive in every way to fulfil his wishes."

"Don't think, Winnifred, I should have the bad taste to speak against your father in your presence," said Bradley, with a slightly cynical smile curling his lips. "I am sure it is very commendable in you to feel as you do."

This speech sounded patronizing and hypocritical in Winnifred's ears, but it only goaded her on to the aim she had in view. "I think you ought to know," said she, trying to make her voice very strong and assured, and looking straight before her, "that my father had some regrets, some feelings of remorse, for the wrong done my uncle Harold by Grandfather Halcourt's will."

"Well, that is all past and gone, Winnifred. There is no use in raking it up now," returned Bradley with alacrity; "I do not hold the money at a pin's fee. As you were the gainer I think you ought to know this."

"But my uncle Harold did not feel so."

"No, his last years were embittered by what he considered an outrage, almost an act of robbery. But we younger ones are not responsible for the irrevocable things that happened to our elders. We do not think or feel as they did. Their grudges are not ours, and we can well afford to let the old hatreds and heartburnings die out, and to live our own lives in our own way."

"Perhaps it is our duty to try and atone for some of the sins and errors of the past," said Winnie, in a loud voice, for her daring and courage had strangely deserted her. Her eyes were dropped on the ground, but in a moment she rallied. "Your mother, Bradley, must certainly be ambitious for you, if you are not for yourself. I have not seen her since I was a child, but then she seemed to me an intensely proud, high-spirited woman. Perhaps her wishes would coincide with my father's."

A cloud swept over Bradley's face, and there was a strong infusion of bitterness in his tone as he said slowly, "My mother has not changed in any of her aims or purposes. She is far more worldly than I once supposed, though we have always lived together in the closest intimacy. But what were your father's wishes, Winnifred?"

Winnie tried to recover from the almost overwhelming sense of humiliation that fell upon her now. She longed to call up a laugh, a saucy repartee, anything to break the evil spell, and give her back the old feeling of predominance and self-command, by which she could do an audacious, almost shocking thing, in a high-spirited manner. But the power refused to come, and she said in a low, half-pleading voice, "I should think you might guess, Bradley, without forcing me to speak out; he wished to have the family name and estates united. It was his dying wish, his very last request to me, and I gave him a promise"—here she stopped, for it seemed difficult for her to articulate.

A distinct shock ran through Bradley, as if Winnifred had violated the sanctity of her sex, by taking the initiative in a delicate matter, where man has always claimed the right to lead. He unconsciously stopped quite still, and pressed his heel hard into the sod, forgetting, for two or three moments, that he had not spoken; but her voice, more deprecating than before, recalled him to himself.

"My only aim is to keep the promise I gave my father, to—try and right the old wrong. Of course, I do not know how you feel. It may be very unwelcome to you. Perhaps you will not understand or respect my motives, or remember how I have been brought up." The words came with great effort, and a hot, intense blush spread over her face.

Winnifred's confusion brought a reaction in Bradley, and awoke his pity, which was intensified by conscious self-scorn for the part he had agreed to play. He was pale to the very lips as he turned toward her. "Winnifred," said he, "I cannot misunderstand you; but it is right that we should not deceive each other; that all should be open and honest between us. You have been forced into a painful position by your father's dying request, which now seems sacredly binding upon your conscience. But, though you are a very clever girl, you are young in mind; you do not know yourself; you have not seen the great world; and are yet incapable of appreciating the immense advantages your great wealth offers. I should be base to make capital out of my singular relation. I am older than you are; it is my duty to protect you, and to convince you that this promise is not binding upon you. If you put shackles upon yourself before you have attained to self-knowledge, nature, passion, life, will revenge the wrong. But what will you think of me, Winnifred, when I confess with shame that I came here to marry you, if I could; that I promised my mother, whose influence on my life has always been overmastering, to marry you, if I could. I have told you that I do not care for the money; but I do not expect you to believe me. My conduct must seem to you disgustingly mercenary. Our fortune has nearly all been lost in bad speculations. We are now poor; and my mother has assured me that she would die in shame and misery if her luxuries were curtailed, if her pride and ambition are mortified; in short,

if I do not marry you. I have told you this in the boldest way; I have not tried to screen my mother; for I wish you to know us as we are, that you may despise my weakness, and reject me with scorn."

"I do not wish to reject you," said Winnie, in a loud voice, "I am bound by my promise to my father."

"And I am bound by my promise to my mother," said Bradley, "if you will take me after the confession I have made. It seems, Winnifred, we are good, obedient little children, with no wish but to obey our parents. You know, in novels, people who are destined for each other, by the will of their elders, who have outlived the generous instincts of human nature, and forgotten the passions and emotions of their youth, generally rebel and make a denouement of a time. But we have found out a more excellent way, and are bound to please papa and mamma by perfect submission. Look here, Winnifred," with a strange softening in his voice, "nothing shall be done in haste or unadvisedly, and if you wish to break this bond, even when we are standing at the altar, with hands joined, you shall do it freely. I will protect you against myself and all other fortune hunters. You do not know yourself; you are a splendid creature, a magnificent young woman. I did not do you justice years ago. A boy seldom does justice to the possibilities of a romping girl of thirteen, who teases him. But you have turned into something quite wonderful, and you ought to be loved with passionate ardor, and complete consecration. You ought to love, you will love, with all the strength of your rich, fervid, proud nature; and then the bonds that policy or cold scheming have imposed, will snap like withes in the hand of a giant. But I see how it is," he continued, taking on a light, ironical tone. "A great heiress is like a queen; she sacrifices her inclination for reasons of state, and offers herself in marriage; and the prince-consort is commonly something of a tame cat."

A burning, blending blush had overspread Winnie's face and neck; she was tugging in every fibre with a sense of shame—this proud, mettlesome creature, who never had bent her head to any yoke. Bradley's compliments, his tone of talking down to her level, seemed to heap hot coals upon her, so that the force of the last terrible sarcasm was almost lost. She found relief in an angry outburst.

"Don't waste any of your sentiment on me, Bradley. I consider such speeches absolutely insulting."

They had approached now that part of the winding wood walk that skirted the head of Glenmere, near where the mountain road opened its long avenue. It was carpeted with bright leaves, and the wind was making music among the lofty boughs. Just at this point Bradley had met Virginie, on the day of his arrival. As the memory came over him with a warm rush, he half paused in the path.

"Of course, I did not mean to insult you, Winnifred, though the joke was questionable; but there are always conjugal tiffs after marriage, and I suppose this is a little prelude. I shall write to my mother and tell her the arrangement is made—conditionally. Have I your consent?"

It was horrible to Winnie to say yes after what had occurred. Bradley had been offensive all through this strange interview, and had made things as hard as possible, but she did speak the word in the coldest tone she could command. The silence that ensued as they walked along the road, rustling the leaves under their feet, was so oppressive she was fain to break it.

"I want to speak to you about Virginie and the search after her uncle, which I think had better be abandoned. If he should appear to claim her I would not give her up. She is necessary to me, and I have my own plans as to her future."

"And what may they be?" inquired Bradley, with clear, sharp emphasis.

Something in his voice restored Winnie to herself, and gave her the old delightful feeling of assured power.

"O, I shall always keep her near me and care for her like a sister, for her affection is one of the luxuries of my life. She is a little missionary and saint, and perhaps—who knows—sometime she may marry Mr. Swayne."

"Marry Swayne!" ejaculated Bradley, with surprise and scorn, as he stopped, rooted to the path. "You must be very crude, Winnifred, to imagine that you can dispose of the lives and fortunes of human beings by a caprice. You must have an exaggerated idea of what mere money can do in the world."

Bradley had been betrayed into emotion, a weakness of which Winnie took immediate advantage.

"O," said she, haughtily, "you can sneer at me and call me crude. I do not mind that, or your thinking that I am vulgarly proud of my money and what I can do. There is nothing at all unreasonable in the idea that Virginie and Mr. Swayne may some day marry. They have the same tastes and interests, they are both of them given to good works, and love to sacrifice themselves, and of course they cannot help being thrown much together."

"Oh!" said Bradley, turning round, and digging the point of his stick savagely into the soft earth, with a look of intense disgust on his face. In a moment he had turned

back, and was speaking almost humbly. "What reason have you to suppose that Miss Duval is—is—partial to this pseudo parson?"

"O, I know that she admires him, for she has told me so. Why, here is Mr. Swayne coming down from the mine."

Edgar was in fact mounted on horseback and proceeding at a good round pace over the forest road. He raised his hat with stiff civility as Bradley glared at him, and then wheeled his horse so that he might address himself exclusively to Winnie.

"I am glad to find you here, Miss Braithwaite. The engineer of the new works has met with some obstruction. He will be obliged to alter the direction of the galleries, which will involve additional expense. He wants to see you."

Winnie was glad to have a practical problem to grapple with after the unpleasantness of the morning. She answered with alacrity:

"I will go at once, and I shall like the long walk in this invigorating air."

"You will excuse me from accompanying you," said Bradley, "I have letters to write, and there is just time to catch the afternoon mail."

Winnie looked at him with a sarcastic smile.

"You are not interested in the dull details of mining?"

"No," said he coldly; "I am well satisfied you should manage all that. You have a splendid head for business, my cousin."

He turned abruptly into the wooded path, and walked rapidly forward, for his brain seemed on fire. During the forepart of this trying interview a burning, smarting sense of injury, inflicted upon him by his mother, had filled his consciousness, but this was completely lost in the suggestion Winnie had thrown out concerning her friend. Why was the thought that Virginie had formed an attachment to this young man so odious, so unendurable to him, at a moment, too, when he had irrevocably fixed his own fate? His heart was torn at the bare possibility, and yet she had been in familiar, daily intercourse with Edgar Swayne for months. It was natural and reasonable to suppose they might marry, as Winnie had said, but he was angry with his cousin, for the unwelcome suggestion. The young men had instinctively disliked each other from the first moment of meeting. Bradley eagerly lived over every look and tone, every expression of Virginie's face since his appearance at the Hall. The memory of her coldness, her shyness, her marked avoidance, almost dislike, of him, only added to the torment of his soul.

He made a long detour through the woods and fields, and it was hours before he reached the Hall, where workmen were busy laying soft gray Axminster carpets on the drawing-room and library, and hanging rich crimson portieres over the old oak doors.

"Looks mighty like a weddin', don't it honey?" said old Nanna, beaming on him in a rich, expansive glow of satisfaction. He pushed past her and got to his own room, where he wrote the following note:

"DEAR MOTHER: My Cousin Winnifred has proposed to me, and the matter you have so much at heart is partially arranged. It has been conducted strictly in a commercial spirit. My cousin is a fine woman, with splendid business capacity. She hates hypocrisy as much as I do, and is free from all sentimental nonsense. I hope you are satisfied with your obedient son, BRADLEY HALCOURT."

At midnight Bradley was pacing up and down the oak avenue. The red spark had died at the end of his cigar, but he was keeping his promise to old Nanna to watch for her ghostly visitant. By the gleam of the setting moon, that silvered the tips of the fir trees, and made the whole scene sweet and solemn, he could see Virginie's window, in an angle of the old Hall. Suddenly there woke a low, cautious rustling among some bushes at the right. Bradley hid himself behind the trunk of a large tree, and watched and waited. The rustling continued, and something larger than a dog was softly creeping forth. Instantly he sprang upon it, clutched it, and found his hand buried in a head of curly wool.

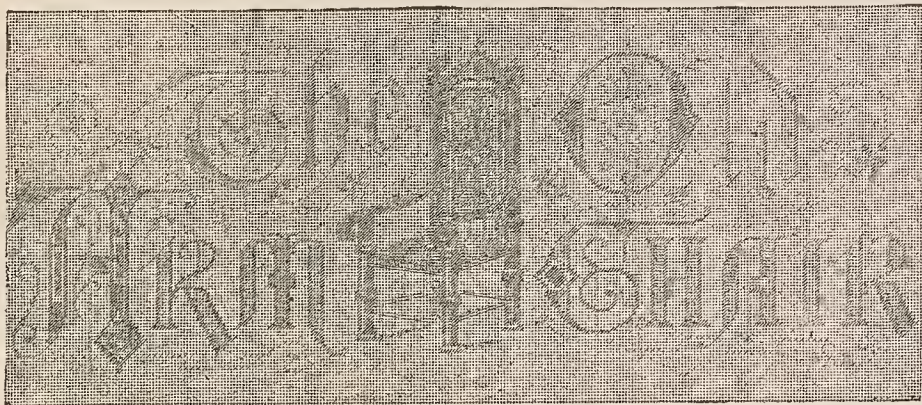
"Who are you, prowling about this place at night?"

"O, Lo'd! O, Lo'd! I'se kotched. I'se no thief. O, Mass'r Bradley, am dat you? Don't whale me. It's Steenie. Pears like I'se dat scart I shall jess keel up."

"What are you doing at this hour?" shaking the boy soundly, "are you trying to frighten the young ladies, or to fool your old grandmother, and fill her head with ghosts and hobgoblins? I'll take that nonsense out of you, for I have a strong arm."

"O, mass'r, Bradley dont, dont, I knows noffin at all of de spook, I'se innocent as a lam' unb'orn. I did cheat Gandy, for I runned away to tend a shout at Goose Creek, for Ise powerful pious, and it took so long for de sistern and de brederin to tell dar sperience it didn't let out till late, and I was gwine to steal in and sleep in de barn. Don't let on to little Miss. I'll nebber, nebber do so no mo'."

(To be continued.)



DECORATE YOUR HOMES.

The above is a fac-simile of a sheet of Perforated Card Board, 8 1-2 x 21 1-2 inches, on which is an elegant design for embroidery. This is only one of a series of the most artistic and tasteful designs for mottoes which we have ever seen. The whole list numbers about sixty, among which are such as "Consider the Lilies," "After Clouds, Sunshine," and "Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot." The prices of these vary from 30 cts. to 60 cts., and they can be had by mail only by sending to COLMAN SMITH, NEW HAVEN, CONN., who will send a list on receipt of a stamp. The designs are all patented, as well as the method of indicating each stitch, and by light and heavy lines show the shading necessary for a good effect. Purchasers should not be deceived by cheap imitations.

Aster, Zinnia, Pink, Phlox, Pansy.
Packets of each of these very choicest seeds mailed to new customers for trial for only 10c. and stamp. Catalogue free. Send for it. Prices moderate, packets large, quality unexcelled. A trial will prove. Address E. WYMAN, JR. Florist, ROCKFORD, ILL.



FOUNTAIN PUMP.
GARDEN ENGINE and FIRE EXTINGUISHER. For Washing Windows, Carriages, etc. Protects Buildings from Fire, and Trees, Vines, etc., from Insects. Throws water 50 feet. Easily carried. No Dwelling, Country Home, or Factory should be without the Fountain Pump. Send for Large Illustrated Circular. J. A. WHITMAN, Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer, Providence, R. I.

White Water Lilies.
(*NYMPHIA ODORATA*.)

I will send roots bearing these beautiful and fragrant flowers to any address postpaid, with instructions to grow them, for 25c. each, or \$2.50 per dozen. They can be grown in ponds or tubs.
Address B. K. LANGWORTHY, Rockville, Wash. Co., R. I.

PLEASANT EMPLOYMENT

For young or middle aged ladies or gentlemen in every City and Town. No fortune to be made selling humbugs, but sure pay and pleasant honorable work. If you or some friend really want work, send postal card for particulars. Great inducements to experienced canvassers.
Address at once, WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vermont.

A Greenhouse at Your Door.

For \$1.00 I will send free by mail,

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|-----------------------|---|
| 8 distinct kinds of | Monthly Roses, |
| Or 8 " | Flowering Begonias, |
| " 12 " | Basket Plants, |
| " 8 " | White Leaved Plants, |
| " 12 " | Carnation Plants, |
| " 12 " | Pink Plants, |
| " 6 " | Fancy Caladium Bulbs, |
| " 12 " | Chinese Chrysanthemum Plants, |
| " 8 " | Dahlia Bulbs, |
| " 12 " | Gladiolus Bulbs, |
| " 8 "Pearl" Tuberoses | Bulbs, |
| " 8 distinct kinds of | Double Geranium Plants, |
| " 8 " | Gold, Silver, and Bronze Geranium Plants, |
| " 8 " | Scented Geranium Plants, |
| " 8 " | Ivy Geranium Plants, |
| " 8 " | Zonale Geranium Plants, |
| " 6 " | Lantana Plants, |
| " 6 " | Lily Bulbs, |
| " 6 " | Double Petunia Plants, |
| " 12 " | Single " |
| " 8 " | Phlox Plants, |
| " 4 " | Passion Flower Plants, |
| " 16 " | Choice Verbena Plants, |
| " 8 " | Choice Fern Plants, |
| " 12 " | Flowering roots Tuberoses, |

or the whole collection of 236 Bulbs and Plants sent by express on receipt of \$15.00, to which either of my books, GARDENING FOR PROFIT, PRACTICAL FLORICULTURE, or GARDENING FOR PLEASURE (value \$1.50 each), will be added.

PETER HENDERSON,

SEEDSMAN & FLORIST, 35 Cortlandt St., N. Y.

DOUBLE TUBEROSE BULBS.

Superior in Quality and Size.

First Quality Large Flowering Bulbs,	Doz.	100.	1000.
Second Quality Flowering Bulbs,		\$ 75	\$4 00 \$30 00
A few hundred EXTRA Large Bulbs,		50	3 00 20 00
Dwarf Pearl, first quality Flowering Bulbs,		1 00	5 00
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If sent by Mail, 25 cents per dozen EXTRA.

MILLER & HAYES,

5774 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

EVERY LOVER OF FLOWERS

WILL FIND MUCH OF INTEREST IN

Root's Garden Manual,

for 1877, containing practical suggestions upon flowers which thrive in the shade, upon light sandy soils, upon heavy soils; those for fragrance, for summer hedge, for vases, etc.; arrangement of grounds, ribbon beds, and much else of interest to florists and amateurs, besides much upon vegetable and market gardening, and price-lists of seeds, implements, garden, small fruit, and greenhouse plants, roses, etc. Altogether, containing as much as \$1.50 books on similar topics. Sent for 10c., which will be allowed on first order. J. B. ROOT, Seed-Grower, Rockford, Ill.



CASH'S CAMBRIC FRILLING

YOUR NAME on 40 mixed cards for 10 cts. and stamp. CLINTON BROS. Clintonville, Ct.

50 MIXED CARDS, with name, for 10c. and stamp. Ag'ts Outfit 10c. DOWD & CO., Bristol, Conn.

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Trees, Plants, Spring Lists free. F. K. PHOENIX, Bloomington Nursery, Ill.

40 FINELY PRINTED VISITING CARDS, 9 tints, with your name on them all for only 10 cts. STAR CARD CO., Northford, Ct.

SEEDS, BULBS, PLANTS.

SUPERIOR QUALITY. BY MAIL, POSTPAID. Ten Gladiolus, ten sorts, with name, fine, 50 cts. Ten Double Tuberoses, fine flowering bulbs, 75 cts. Four Beautiful Dahlias, different sorts, - 50 cts. Catalogues free. Send for one at once. All kinds of Flower Seeds at 5 cts. per paper. Bulbs and Plants at extremely low prices. JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, QUEENS, N. Y.

COLGATE & CO.'S VIOLET TOILET WATER.



My annual Catalogue of Vegetable and Flower Seed for 1877 will be ready by January, and sent free to all who apply. Customers of last season need not write for it. I offer one of the largest collections of vegetable seed ever sent out by any seed house in America, a large portion of which were grown on my six seed farms. Printed directions for cultivation on every package. All seed sold from my establishment warranted to be both fresh and true to name; so far, that should it prove otherwise I will refund the order gratis. As the original introducer of the Hubbard and Marblehead Squashes, the Marblehead Cabbages, and a score of other new vegetables, I invite the patronage of all who are anxious to have their seed fresh, true, and of the very best strain. New Vegetables a specialty.

JAMES J. H. GREGORY, Marblehead, Mass.

ROSES

By mail, postpaid (on own roots), 25 cents apiece, \$2.00 per dozen. Large plants (budded or on own roots) by express at purchasers expense, 50 cents apiece, \$4.00 per dozen. The most select collection in America. Send for Catalogue.

ELLWANGER & BARRY, Rochester, N. Y.

\$200.00 IN PREMIUMS

For the largest amount of fruit grown in 1875 from plants set the coming season of the famous **COL. CHENEY STRAWBERRY**, the hardest, most productive, largest, handsomest and most delicious Berry grown. LADIES can easily compete for these premiums as a part of them require the care of but from 1 to 12 plants. Plants sent by mail or express to any part of U. S. Price, 25c. per doz.; \$1.00 per 100, postpaid; \$5.00 per 1,000; \$35.00 per 10,000. (Original stock from A. M. Purdy.) ROCKLAND FRUIT FARM ANNUAL, with engraving and full particulars free. J. E. REMSBURG, ATCHISON, KANSAS.

A \$2.00 Chromo GIVEN AWAY.

The greatest inducement ever offered to lovers of flowers.

Purchasers remitting \$1.00 for Flower Seeds in packets receive, postpaid, choice of the following beautiful Chromos; Group of Pinks and Moss Buds, Apple Blossoms or Mayflowers (sold at \$1.00 each). Those remitting \$2.00 are entitled to choice of Italian Landscape, either Summer or Winter, or of English Landscape, Summer or Winter. These pictures retail at \$2.00. Those remitting \$3.00 are entitled to one picture each from the \$1.00 and \$2.00 premiums. The above Chromos are from the well-known house of L. Prang & Co. For further particulars and prices, see our Illustrated Catalogue of 150 pages, which will be sent on receipt of two 3 cent stamps. The well-known reputation of our Seeds for the past twenty years is a sufficient guarantee of their quality. Address WASHBURN & CO., 100 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

ROSES

Fine ever-blooming and other Roses sent by mail post-paid everywhere, and their safe arrival guaranteed. 6 for \$1; 14 for \$2; 30 for \$4. Purchaser's choice of nearly 600 varieties of Roses and other plants, carefully labeled. Fine Premium Rose with each package when 10 cents are added. Catalogue free. Address JOS. T. PHILLIPS & SON, West Grove, Chester Co., Pa.

THE FEET WORK DRILL.

Indispensable with Fret Saws. It will make beautiful ornamental work with or without a saw; will drill 75 holes per minute without danger of splitting, as an awl will, every one praises it. Sent by mail on receipt of \$1. COLMAN SMITH, New Haven, Conn.

MISFIT CARPETS.

ENGLISH BRUSSELS, THREE-PLY, AND INGRAIN, very cheap, at the old place.

112 Fulton Street, New York. Send for a price-list. J. A. BENDALL.

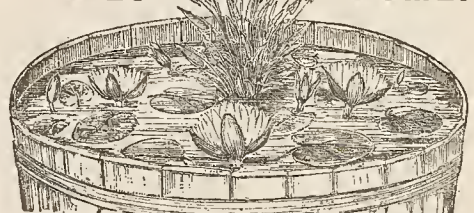
\$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

ONLY THE BEST.
CARSON'S COMPLETE COLLECTION OF CHOICE VEGETABLE SEEDS, \$5.
12 Varieties of SELECT FLOWER SEEDS, 50 cts.
25 Varieties for \$1.00.
Send Postage Stamp for my illustrated Catalogue, and Guide to the Vegetable and Flower Garden.
WM. H. CARSON,
125 CHAMBERS ST., N. Y.
(Late of Peter Henderson & Co.)

BRIGHTON GRAPE VINES

This new variety has proved a very strong grower, and perfectly hardy. Fruit ripens just before the Delaware; is double the size, and fully equal in quality for table use. It is as great an acquisition to our list of Grapes as the Concord was to varieties previously grown. I offer strong plants, propagated from the original vine owned by me, postpaid, by mail, or on the trade in quantities. Send for a Circular. H. E. HOOKER. Hooker Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

POND LILIES AT HOME.



READER, if you want, this coming summer, a tub of aquatic flowers like the above engraving beautiful and fragrant as the rose, easy to grow, send \$2 to my address and I will forward you free of charge, one-half doz. strong blooming roots of *Nymphaea Odorata* White Water Lilies, and two roots of *Pontederia Cordata* with instructions for growing them in ponds, tubs or aquariums. Single roots 35 cents each. Will send roots as soon as weather will permit. Please mention this paper. J. E. S. GRANDALL, ROCKVILLE, Washington Co., R. I. P. O. money orders may be sent to Westerly, R. I.

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ROSES

Strong Pot Plants, suitable for immediate flowering, sent safely by mail, postpaid. 5 splendid varieties, your choice, all labeled, for \$1; 12 for \$2; 19 for \$3; 26 for \$4; 35 for \$5. For 10 cents each additional, one magnificent Premium Rose to every dollar's worth ordered. Send for our **NEW GUIDE TO ROSE CULTURE**, and choose from over 300 finest sorts. We make Roses a Great Specialty, and are the largest Rose-growers in America. Refer to 100,000 customers in the United States and Canada. THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., ROSE GROWERS, West Grove, Chester Co., Pa.

A NEW DEPARTURE, TRAVELING men wanted. STAPLE GOODS. NO PEDDLING. Salary \$75 a month. Hotel and traveling expenses paid. S. A. GRANT & CO., manufacturers of ENVELOPES and PAPER, 2, 4, 6, and 8 Home St., CINCINNATI, OHIO.



NEW YORK, MARCH, 1877.

VERBENAS AS WINDOW PLANTS IN WINTER.

Have the soil, half garden loam, one-fourth each of old barn yard manure and sand; good drainage of charcoal and broken bits of old plaster. In August take strong shoots, three to four inches long, without flower buds, if you can; if not, pinch them out. Be sure to take them with leaves at the lower end of your cuttings; just at the leaves the roots start. Clip off the lower leaves, and plant about an inch or more, in six-inch pots; four cuttings around the edge, and one in the center, each a different kind. Set them in a shady place for a week, where they will get the dew; they root rapidly, if not drowned; but give water as needed, to keep the foliage from wilting; give an hour's morning sun for a week; when growing well, more sun; and so on until all day; as they grow, pinch back; they soon become bushy plants. Leave out as long as possible; when brought in, place in a south window; they love a plenary fullness of sunshine and air. Do not water too much. Watch and pick off the green aphids, if they appear; sometimes I have this to do once. Once or twice a week dip the plants in a bucket of tepid water, or hold sideways and sprinkle thoroughly with the hand. When they form buds, water once a week with weak manure water. One winter I had a fine lot; they commenced budding in February, bloomed all through March and April. March is colder and rougher here than midwinter. They were just glorious—trusses large, colors as brilliant as if grown out of doors. No plant makes a finer show in the window-garden in early spring, and they repay us for all care. The last of May I set them out in a bed of rich soil; they grew right on, were covered with flowers long before the seedlings were in bud, and were the last to succumb to the frost. In warm countries the Verbena is perennial. I have twenty-four kinds in the house now; they will soon bloom.

L. K. SHARE.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE MONTH.

The illustrations on the first page, represent favorite ways of decorating windows with flowers in Germany and England, which we can successfully imitate and adopt here in America.

The Fern Window and Aquarium, is large, and projects outward. The arch frame is also on the outside. The rockery constructed within, is made of natural rock and earth, built and cemented together, and the bottom of the aquarium is covered with loose sand and pebbles. The crevices of the rocks are full of earth, in which grows such ferns as Adiantum, Onychium, Pteris, Selaginella and Pteris, in any of the varieties. Such a window fernery, however, is permissible in this country, either in mild weather, or in the milder climates.

The illustrations of flower stands, represent pretty boxes, in which bloom and are displayed the striking foliage of Dracenas, Marantas, Agaves, Pteris, &c., while in the trellis hang the drooping tendrils of the Coebea, or the German Ivy.

Upon pages 36 is an artistic arrangement of the common varieties of ornamental grasses, all of which are described in every seedsmans catalogue.

Upon pages 40, 41 and 45, are family scenes, with incidents of pleasure and taste. The absorbed reader of the book—the bright good morning of the gleeful boy awaiting the return of his father—and the fair artist, both whose work and face are pretty, remind us of home joys, and make home occupation doubly attractive.



THE CHARMED READER.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Renew, Renew.—Many thousand subscriptions expire with this number. Renew! Renew!!

Only One Dollar.—All the rest of this year's numbers April to December, will be sent for only one dollar, this including also the steel plate engraving, "The Glee Maiden," worth alone \$1.00.

Get up Clubs.—To any one who will get up clubs for us this Spring, will be given their commission towards your own paper free.

To every dollar subscription, we will allow 15 cents, or to every subscription at \$1.30, we will allow 20 cents, to be applied towards your own paper free, or any book we offer in our list. These commissions are not cash, but trade towards your own paper or book.

A club of 7 will get you your paper one year; a club of three will pay for nearly six months, but every name you get besides your own, counts in your favor and reduces the cost of your own paper.

Respecting Certain Advertisements.—In response to further inquiries of our readers, we will state that the advertisement of the Texas Land Company, was sent us by an agent, Edwin Alden, of Cincinnati. We have always found him and his word reliable. Before inserting it in our journal, we took the trouble to specially ask him if this Company was responsible, and he informed us they were all right. As this Company has not proved other than swindlers—both Mr. Alden and ourselves have been deceived, although, we took due caution before hand. Our readers must understand that we did the best we could.

Mr. C. A. Reeser, of Erie, Pa., also last year met with many misfortunes. Hard times took away his business, his landlord shut down and sold him out by Sheriff, stopped his business, and effectually broke up his correspondence. Mr. Reeser had always previously been reliable. We do not know the cause of his misfortune. We do not consider it a deliberate swindle—if so, then as he owes us \$168, we also have been swindled worse than any of our readers. Mr. Reeser has always tried to keep a good name and reputation, but he was unfortunate.

We exercise scrupulous care over our pages that nothing known to be wrong, shall be inserted. We can not personally know each party, but do take pains to inquire and try to become satisfied that every advertiser has hitherto always done as he agrees, and is considered able to keep his promises.

Six Months' Subscriptions.—By reference to publishers new terms, subscribers are allowed privilege of six months' subscriptions at 65 cents (without Premium), to begin with any number. This will accommodate those who may not be able to pay but for six months at a time. It is better, however, to pay for a full year at one time, and thus save trouble of double remittance and correspondence.

To Housekeepers.—Ladies will take note that the Prize Collections of Recipes, which the CABINET publish this year, will be of immense value to them virtually a first-class Cook Book of themselves, worth \$1.50. We do not see how any lady can do without them.

A Sweet Home Paper.—THE FLORAL CABINET is eminently a practical paper of Home Work. It avoids fashions and exciting stories, and considers things of common sense and practical use; but specially teaches ladies how to beautify their homes—this is our special mission. We choose flowers as a leading feature, but it is not an exclusive subject. Music, Art, Elegancies, Housekeeping—all we give, have ideas which have cost time, dollars, and experience to procure. There are plenty of papers at cheaper price, but none which give more true worth for the money.

Household Books.—Premiums for Clubs.—A club of only eight entitles club agent to one of these splendid household books:

"Window Gardening,"	Retail price, \$1.50
"Household Elegancies,"	" " 1.50
"Ladies' Fancy Work,"	" " 1.50

If agent's club is less than eight, 20 cents is allowed towards any book for each name in his club, and he can remit balance in cash. A little effort on the part of each subscriber will enable him to get his book or paper at a reduced price.

MAGNIFICENT NEW FLORAL PREMIUMS.

"The Floral Cabinet" Collection of New Seedling Gladiolus.—This is a new collection, never before offered, grown exclusively for us, which consists of twelve flowering bulbs of Gladiolus, one of the finest quality and most exquisite variety of colors. The quality of this collection is unequalled, and in every respect, we can safely guarantee them extra choice. The same quality of named varieties of Gladiolus, obtained of reliable seedsmen, would cost \$12. The colors range from the most fiery scarlet to the purest white.

OFFER No. 1.—This collection, worth \$12, will be given free to any person who will raise a club of 15 subscribers to the FLORAL CABINET at \$1.30, and also an extra copy of paper 1 year, free to agent.

OFFER No. 2.—To any one who will get up a club of 20 subscribers at \$1.30 we will give sufficient bulbs that the members of the club may have each 1 bulb worth \$1, and the club agent the entire set of 12, also with extra copy of paper free 1 year.

OFFER No. 3.—One subscription at \$3, will give subscriber the CABINET 1 year and collection free, all worth \$15.

This collection is not for sale by any seed house, and cannot be obtained at any other place, and all are new seedling varieties just originated.

The Floral Cabinet Collection of Balsams.—This comprises the best strains of Camellia-flowered Balsams ever offered. The Balsam is a great favorite with the ladies. This collection is the very cream of the extra choicest sorts ever raised. Its value may be judged when the seedsmen have offered 10 cents a seed for all that can be spared. We know there is nothing in Europe or America to equal them. The collection consists of 6 packets, pure white, deep rich purple, brilliant scarlet, crimson spotted, velvet violet spotted, and carnation striped. The flowers are so large and perfect as to be almost equal to roses. The set is worth \$1.50 at least, and can be obtained only on the following terms:

No. 1.—A club of 10 subscribers to FLORAL CABINET, at \$1.30, will entitle club agent to 1 set of above packets, \$1.50, and 1 extra copy of CABINET and engraving free.

No. 2.—A subscription of \$2 to CABINET will entitle subscriber to the paper and collection in addition.

No. 3.—A club of 4 subscribers at \$1.30 will entitle agent to the collection free, as a premium.

No. 4.—A club of 20 subscribers, at \$1.30 each, will entitle club agent to enough packets to present each member of the club with the collection, worth \$1.50, also the CABINET and engraving 1 year, all together worth \$3.50, and the club agent to extra set of paper, engraving, and collection free.

The supply is limited, and those who desire them will do well to get clubs in as soon as possible.

The collections of Balsams and Gladiolus are named specially after the FLORAL CABINET, and we are very cautious never to send out anything but just as represented. The good name and fame, and honor of the CABINET is the best endorsement of these new floral collections, which are of extraordinary value.



"GOOD MORNING."

The Household.

WOOD-VIOLETS.

'Tis but a tiny wood-violet,
Gathered by childish hands,
Just in the edge of the forest,
Where the gnarled old oak tree stands.

Yet it stirreth thought's deepest fountain,
And turneth my memory back,
To the years that have flown forever,
Swift-winged adown time's track.

'Neath the old oak's wide-spreading branches,
I've lingered in days ago,
Lingered when day was declining,
To catch the last glimpse of the sun.

See with what beauty and splendor
He lit up the western skies,
Tints no earth painter can rival,
Are these glorious sunset dyes,

'Mid the hush and the quiet of eve'n,
And breath of wood-violet sweet,
For silent self-communings
This seemeth a place most meet.

Here, lessons of life, and God's wisdom,
Are 'round upon every hand,
Plainly writ on the face of all nature,
Who seeth may understand.

The glorious sun, in beams refulgent,
Sticks him in the western way,
To let earth-life, as eve approacheth,
Its most beauteous hues display.

Well we know by laws of nature,
Day succeedeth unto day,
That ere long the sun will greet us
With his cheering morning ray.

When we've trod the mystic valley,
May not our proud spirit rise,
To a morn of life eternal,
To a home in purer skies.

Dainty violets round us blooming,
Fill the air with sweet perfume,
From the seeming death of winter,
They have risen to beauteous bloom.

So may we, through death's cold winter
Rise, 'tis the same God controls
Wild-wood violets in their beauty,
And bids these "bodies bloom to souls."

HINDA.

PICTURES AS FURNITURE.

"I don't know much about pictures, but they do furnish a room beautifully," said a lady one day as we were talking of house furnishing, and many parlors filled with handsome furniture, and with their walls utterly bare and desolate, or else covered with unsuitable, unsightly pictures, illustrate, by most melancholy contrast, the truth of her words.

In furnishing our houses, we usually try to adapt our carpets and furniture to the rooms for which they are intended, but our pictures, bought as they happen to please our fancy, or that of our friends, and too often because they are considered cheap, are usually hung without a thought being given to their fitness for their place, unless we make their size an exception to this rule. They seem frequently to be bought as Mr. Potiphar purchased the books for his library, "by the foot," or because they will fill certain spaces, without any regard to their subjects, or to the general harmony of the room for which they are intended.

Pictures are considered by many as an extravagant luxury, but when the pleasure they give to every one that enters the house is considered, and we compare notes in regard to their price, and that of some other luxuries, specially of tobacco, which gratifies one person alone, and is often very annoying to others, rendering the atmosphere of a room impure and disagreeable, it must be conceded that a taste for pictures is comparatively unselfish and inexpensive. If "my lord" would save his tobacco money, and "my lady" that which she spends for candy in a year, there is no doubt that they might buy, with their savings, two

pictures, that would not only be a pleasing reminder of their self-denial, but be "a joy forever" to them and to their guests. In a family of children the refining and elevating influence of pictures can hardly be over-rated, and they will teach lessons of faith and love, hope, trust, and heroism that will be felt for a lifetime. A house without pictures is almost as cheerless as a house without windows, and many rooms furnished at comparatively little cost, which have beautiful pictures upon their walls, are prettier, and give more pleasure and comfort than rooms filled with costly and expensive furniture without pictures, or else with pictures unfitly chosen.

A lady living in a plainly furnished house, but with some of Brockman's photographs of Raphael's and Holbein's pictures upon its walls, who taught a class in a mission Sunday-school, and was in the habit of inviting her scholars to her house, had occasion to explain in one of her Sunday-school lessons the word palace. She mentioned the handsomest buildings in the city in which she lived, and said that palaces were usually much more beautifully furnished; to which one of the girls, who always had an opinion of her own, responded with an air of the greatest incredulity, "A house nicer than your'n, Miss Mary?" as if such a thing were not to be credited for a moment. If the lady's house had been stripped of its copies of the old masters, we doubt whether her scholars would ever have been impressed by its grandeur.

As it is very easy to furnish a house on paper, a few suggestions in regard to pictures suitable for different rooms may be useful to some reader. In parlors, landscapes and beautiful faces appear to best advantage, oil paintings if we can afford them, if not, photographs or engravings, only let the subjects be pleasant, and let there be uniformity in regard to the style of the picture. Oil paintings and photographs, or engravings, rarely appear to advantage near each other, and as a general rule, ought not to be hung in the same room, never on the same wall or aside of each other. Most persons hang their pictures so high that their visitors can only see them after tiresome and fatiguing effort, and near-sighted persons lose most of the pleasure that pictures afford by reason of their being frequently entirely out of their range of vision. Pictures, as a general rule, should be hung upon a level with the eye, and in that way can hardly fail to give satisfaction. Good oil paintings are an expensive luxury, but good photographs and engravings are within the reach of all, and chromos flood the country. Some of these are not to be despised. Some of Prang's are very pretty, and some chromos of water colors, especially English ones after Birket Foster's pictures, can hardly be distinguished from the pictures after which they are made.

One word for the illuminated texts and mottoes; they certainly show the religious character of a house, and many a guest, careless in regard to sacred things, may, by their silent teachings, be led to a better and purer life.

In a library, historical pictures seem to be most suitable. Pictures that record heroic deeds, or portraits of men and women who have lived noble lives, will teach us as valuable lessons as the books upon our shelves; and they have this advantage over the books, that almost all who see them, even the little ones, can read and comprehend. In our dining-rooms let us have pictures of fruit and flowers, of animals (and I shall add, of game), but our restaurants seem to have the monopoly of pictures of game, and most of us are unwilling to deprive them of their rights in that direction. It is pleasant to enjoy game upon our

tables with our friends; but most repulsive to many, to see pictures of lifeless birds upon our walls. We have even heard of a dining-room that contained a picture of Herodias, with John the Baptist's head in a charger, but the story is almost too marvelous for belief. In sitting-rooms let there be placed portraits of friends and interior views, glimpses into cottages, and happy homes; scenes taken from pleasant books, as "Priscilla," by Margaret Gillies, from the "Courtship of Miles Standish," or Huntingdon's "Merely's Dream," or "Christiana and her children," from the "Pilgrim's Progress," or Faed's "O Nannie wilt thou gang wi' me." In the nursery, gather all that is bright and beautiful for the little ones; dogs and kittens, and pretty faces of children, pleasant Bible characters, any picture that will point a moral or adorn a tale; any thing that will make the room bright, cheerful and attractive. Little home pictures like "His only pair," by Thomas Faed, are always pleasing to the little ones. In our bed-rooms let us have pictures of the Saviour, of His mother, and of the saints, no crucifixions or martyrdoms, but pictures which will inspire faith and hope; saintly pictures with a holy repose upon their faces, that has been the fruit of life-long struggle, and unto which we also, striving feebly to follow in their footsteps, may in the end attain.

Verily such pictures, when the toils of the day are over,

— "have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer."

Reading, Pa.

M. C. E.

WORSTED FLOWERS.

Select the finest wire (which can be purchased at any drug store); take a large sewing needle, wrap the wire around it very tight and close; cut the wire any length you desire; for a common-sized leaf I cut the wire two fingers' length; I wrap the wire around the needle; I then slip it off carefully; stretch the wire out a little, then putting the two ends together and twisting them; and then you can bend them in any way you wish; wrap the zephyr from right to left, until you get to the top of the leaf; draw the yarn back under the leaf, and over the top, and back under again. To make buds, I take a hair pin; wrap the zephyr around it; then I cut the wire about one and a half fingers in length, and bend it over the zephyr, and twist it very tight; slip the zephyr off the pin; take the scissors and clip the zephyr the shape you want your buds. Make a group of white buds, they are as pretty as they can be. For another way to make leaves, take about three knitting needles, more or less, if desired; cut your wire five fingers in length; bend it in the middle over needles; then throw the zephyr over the needles; bend the wire from right to left, and so on until you get your wire all used up. I have made some very pretty flowers in this way; they are very much admired by those who have seen them. I cannot tell you how pretty they are. I have fourteen colors of zephyr. When you get your flowers all made, take a wire the size of a coarse knitting needle; wrap it with green zephyr (stems should all be wrapped with green). You then arrange the flowers, and bend your wire the shape you want it, and place your flowers upon it. They are very pretty when framed, and cost but little; my frame is 24x26 inches. If the work is done according to directions, you will have some very pretty flowers. I have quite a variety of flowers, leaves and buds. Hair flowers can be made in the same way.

Household Art.

USEFUL ELEGANCIES.

More, perhaps, has been written on the subject of home, how to render it attractive, &c., than almost any other. It would seem that the theme has been well nigh exhausted, so many ways and means have been described by which we can adorn our homes. But ingenious minds are constantly presenting us with some novelty, which keeps up a lively interest in the work, encouraging the practical mind to combine the useful with the elegant. We read of a home rendered so beautiful by artistic female hands, that Titani, herself might preside over it; also of the lowly cot, overrun with graceful vines, bearing a rustic grace as charming as Nature herself in her own untrained wilds. Yet I cannot forbear describing some of the beauties of one, belonging to some friends of my husband and myself. It was a modest one, yet so beautiful in exterior and interior, that it was universally alluded to as "a perfect little Eden," "a real home nest," by the friends and acquaintances of the family. I will tell you of some of the lovely things I saw inside, leaving the outside to some visitor to transcribe for the floral department of our CABINET.

The house, which was an unpretending one, with six rooms, was painted a soft French grey, the door and window facings of a darker shade. It was the delight of Mrs. A—— and her grown up daughter to provide it with many ornamental and useful articles, their own handiwork. The word "Welcome," in large evergreen letters, met the eye upon being ushered into the hall. The cosy air of each room, the cordial greeting of the mother, the sparkling face of the daughter, at once convinced the visitor that this was a haven of hospitality.

Over the windows in the parlor were cornices, which I first thought must be antique carving, but found to be made of putty. The cornices were first sawed out in rough wood and covered with putty, prepared as follows: take several pounds of putty, mix in linseed oil until soft, and easily moulded with the hands; if you wish the work to be the color of walnut, mix in lamp-black and Venetian red until the desired color; after it is thoroughly mixed cover the cornice smoothly all over, using a flat utensil, a case knife will do; make a bead work all around the edges; then comes the moulding of buds, leaves and flowers, grapes, vines, tendrils, acorns, or anything the fancy may suggest, and herein lies a field for the display of talent, inasmuch as there is a good deal of art in the moulding. First take a large lump of putty, and roll out on a smooth board, until sufficiently thin to form the foliage (a bottle will do for the purpose); gather some leaves from the plant you wish to copy; or, if you cannot procure the natural leaf, cut one out of paper, dip the pattern in water, and lay upon the putty, cut out with a knife, and trace the veins distinctly; arrange on the cornice, putting a small oblong piece of putty under each leaf, curving and turning it any way the taste may dictate; make stems and tendrils by rolling the putty in the hands; roses, tulips and acorns can be made from nature. Let the work get perfectly hard and dry, then varnish; frames, hanging baskets, what-nots and brackets can be made in putty almost any color. There was a frame in the wall enclosing hair flowers, made of putty, painted pure white, and while the varnish was wet, sprinkled with diamond dust. But the beautiful object that attracted my attention was a basket of rosin fruit, on a small stand in a cor-

ner, covered with a shade made of five pieces of glass, four of them 12x14, the top one 12x12. These were joined together by being set in rough wood, and made fast with putty; the wood work was covered with putty, colored ebony with lampblack, and formed into half-blown buds and leaves; this was placed upon a pedestal composed of three graduated steps, covered in the same way, around the shade. The basket was placed on a bed of moss, over which were strewn a few shells; on one side was a tiny lakelet, made of a piece of looking-glass, edged with moss. The fruit was arranged in pyramidal form, the luscious grapes, plums, &c., presenting a most tempting appearance; the very bloom of the grape was ably counterfeited. This is how the fruit is made: Procure from a tinuer a nursery lamp, and half a dozen tin cups, in which to melt the rosin (get the finest white virgin rosin); you must have half a pint of alcohol for your lamp, a gill of white demar varnish; about ten cents' worth of each of the following kinds of paint: drop-lake, carmine No. 40, chrome green, Prussian blue, and lamp-black; five cents' worth of wine; have your wire ready cut in five inch lengths; wind a bit of cotton around one end, and fasten; dip in the melted rosin; take out and turn the wire in your hand until a good shape is obtained; drop into a goblet of water to cool; grind the paint in demar varnish, and put in a small quantity at a time; follow nature in size and color; bloom with lily-white and a small portion of the dry paint suitable to the fruit you are making; rub on with a bit of cotton.

In a deep rustic frame was a picture in moss work; it was made by drawing the outline of a landscape on bristol-board, and filled in with moss, gummed on, to represent trees and grass; an old mill was made of bits of bark and tiny boards, overgrown with lichens; the water and sky were made by the pencil, slightly tinted. In another deep frame, was a wreath of wax flowers, lovely enough to deck the brow of Spring; while in still another deep frame, on a background of purple velvet, was a waxen cross, with simply a vine of ivy leaves, climbing from the base, twining around it and over the arms; this was thickly strewn with diamond dust. I thought I never saw anything so purely white and chaste. On the mantel, under a glass globe or shade, was a lyre, made of wax, with a wreath of tiny roses, buds and lilies of the valley, fuschias, in fact, almost every flower was copied in miniature; all pure white, the strings were also of wax: this was admired by all, far and near. Silver dust and gold dust are also very pretty on wax work. Brackets of leather work, and brackets and photograph frames made with a fret saw and a jackknife, on every side, made by my fair young friend, evinced her taste and energy. I could fill much more than my allotted space, describing the beautiful things in this room. I would like to tell you of the beautiful tidies on chairs and sofas, the lovely sea-foam mat under the parlor lamp, the exquisite transparencies in the windows, the sofa cushions, footstools, and hassocks, all elegant, devoid of that homemade look which is so discouraging to beginners. The bedrooms of this house were furnished simply, but so pretty and attractive, so faultlessly neat and without being stiff, was every piece and fold arranged, that it was impossible to take no note of details. The room I occupied during my visit was furnished in oak, with oak and blue carpet on the floor, pure white curtains hung at the windows, with cornices of the long Texas moss, and lambrequins of canton-flannel torn in narrow strips, and each edge ravelled out until only four threads remain in the center. The manner of arranging, I have once seen in these columns, so will not

give it place here. On the beureau lay a set of toilet mats in spatter work (this work has also been described in the CABINET), on Swiss muslin, lined with rose-colored silk, edged with imitation valenciennes lace; a toilet cushion was made of rose-colored velvet in applique; that is, the leaves and flowers were all cut out of stiff paper, and covered in velvet or silk; the flowers are made and arranged in groups and fastened on, the stems are wire wound with green silk; this cushion was oblong, about 12x14 inches; it had a fringe of wax beads falling in heavy tassels at the corners. On the bed, over the snowy counterpane, were pillow and sheet shams, made of fine Lonsdale cambric. The pillow shams had a plain center, scarcely half a yard square, surrounded by two rows of puffing and two rows of tucks, four in a group, edged with a ruffle; sheet sham edged the same way.

KITTIE.

OUR SEWING BEES.

We had passed an unusually pleasant summer with picnics under the shady old apple trees, with which grandpa's lot was well supplied.

But summer was over, and so were the picnics, for a season at least. We were all sorry.

"I'll tell you, girls," suggested one—we would still be "girls" to each other until we were seventy, I suppose—"you know how we enjoyed the day that we met together and made short clothes for Carrie's twins, and how much we accomplished too; now instead of working away alone at our winter sewing, suppose we cut out a quantity of work, and meet at each other's houses in turn. We could get it done just as well, and more sociably."

"Yes," said another, "and the gentlemen, that is, the fathers, husbands and big brothers, could come at eight o'clock, and from that time until ten we would have games."

The gentlemen approved of the plan, and waited with impatience for the time of our first meeting.

We talked the matter over, and the result of our deliberation was, we would meet every two weeks, on Friday, that being the day we could best spare, as early in the afternoon as possible, and we were to accomplish as much as we could to do it well, working until eight in the evening. The afternoon dress we should wear if at home, was good enough for the "Bee." A plain supper, just what was convenient, and no cake; we would have that with apples after the gentlemen came. There were ten of us, and five places to meet; and we usually kept three sewing machines busy.

Celia was our best tucker; Sallie splendid at button-holes; Emma, Carrie and Tillie, good, either at button-holes or machine sewing. Ettie could fit dresses and sew cotton goods without basting, thereby saving us much time, whilst Mary and Jennie, Aunt Margaret and Aunt Sue, made themselves generally useful.

We were some of us very fond of fancy work, and anything new or pretty, in that line, that we heard of, or saw, we treasured up for the Bee.

New recipes for puddings, that were specially appetizing, or economical, or both; labor-saving ideas of housework, all were freely discussed; and Mary sometimes read us a choice article from one of our latest periodicals.

We found it possible to pass the evenings pleasantly without the aid of cards, dancing, or theatricals. It was the winter that spelling-matches were so fashionable, and one evening we had a spelling-school; sometimes we played "Twenty-questions," "Verbatim" and "Rhyming-answers."

E. M. R.

The Ladies' Floral Cabinet and Pictorial Home Companion.

Household Elegancies.

DRESSING-TABLE.

Many families have plain wash-stands such as are shown in our illustration, which may be made into charming dressing-tables, in the following manner: Take a piece of plank four inches wide and eight feet long, which screw firmly against the back of the stand; on this nail a circular piece of board, one foot six inches in diameter, around which fasten an umbrella frame, covered with muslin and neatly lined, which will form a scalloped edge, which must be stiffened with wire.

On this is arranged the canopy, made of figured swiss, over pink or blue muslin; plait a circular piece over the top and around the edge, sew a strap twelve inches in width around each edge of it, which are fluted and puffed ruffles; below this depends a curtain one and a half yards long, also ruffled on the edges and drawn up into festoons. Beneath this, around the edge of the frame, is fastened the long curtains, draped back and arranged on the arms or towel rack of the stand, which must first be covered neatly with colored muslin and puffs of swiss.

The table is covered first with a colored cover, and curtains of the lined swiss, finished to correspond with the hangings. This curtain must open in front in order to allow access to the drawer and shelf beneath, which is thus utilized as a receptacle for shoes, &c.; a dressing glass, cushion and toilet set ornament the stand, and bows of ribbon finish the different points where the curtains are fastened. The lambrequin and window curtains are easily understood at a glance.

A BEAUTIFUL ART—PHOTOGRAPHIC PRINTING.

Among many of the new and fascinating arts which yearly appear to help make home more enjoyable, is the new art of photographic printing, thus described by a California lady, who has succeeded splendidly with the really valuable Christmas gifts; I am now going to describe a process called photographic printing, by which charming pictures may be taken of our lovely wild field plants, for albums, screens, or any other purpose which may suit the fancy of the collector. The beginner had better commence his experiments with leaves alone, afterwards simple plants like nemophilas or gillias can be taken entire. The first step is to lay in a stock of materials.

We must have good, well dried specimens of all the leaves—maple, abutilon, pear, cherry; every kind is desirable; but those in which the veins are well relieved make the best pictures, and ferns are the most beautiful in form. Lay the leaves into an old book, and dry with medium pressure.

Now for the chemicals. We must have a lot of sensitized paper, and had better, for economy, make it ourselves. As soon as this pretty accomplishment becomes fashionable, as it surely will, we shall be able to buy these papers, as we do materials for wax flowers and the like, but at present we cannot. Select a dozen sheets of the best wove letter paper, eschewing cream laid or any which shows the manufacturer's wire marks when held to the light. We shall want a dozen spring clothes, pins or pegs, and a few quarts of rain water. If you have only spring or hard water, this must be distilled before using.

Now put in a medicine bottle, holding at least half a pint, half an ounce (four drachms) of prussiate of potash, in four tablespoonfuls of the rain water. When it is dissolved, so that none is visible in the bottle,

letting it become equally wetted. Then hang it by one of the corners from the edge of a shelf and let it dry. This part of the business must be done in a dark room, by the light of a candle. Candle light does not affect the paper. Daylight would ruin it for this purpose. Now have two sheets of clear glass. Lay on one of them three or four sheets of white blotting paper; upon this the dried and sensitized prussiate of potash paper with the prepared surface uppermost, and upon this place the fern frond or other desired leaf with the back down. (All this, remember, in the dark room.) Then lay on the second sheet of glass, and put the clothes-pin clamps on the edges to hold it in place.

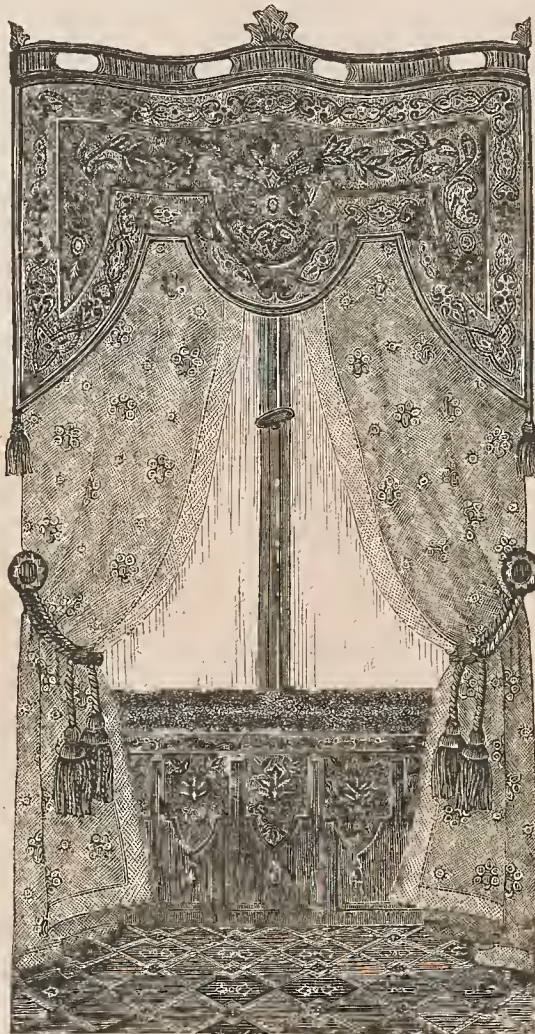
Some clear sunshiny day, take your prepared object into the light, and leave it exposed for a half hour or more to the direct rays of the sun. If you watch the paper while nature is printing it, you will observe the part not covered by the leaf changing to a bright blue, deepening with the tint of exposure until it is nearly black. When you take it out of the glasses, you have a yellow leaf on a blue ground. Wash the paper several times in the clear rain water, and every trace of the potash will disappear from the yellow ground.

Freshly sensitized papers are the best, but you can preserve them in absolute darkness if you wish.

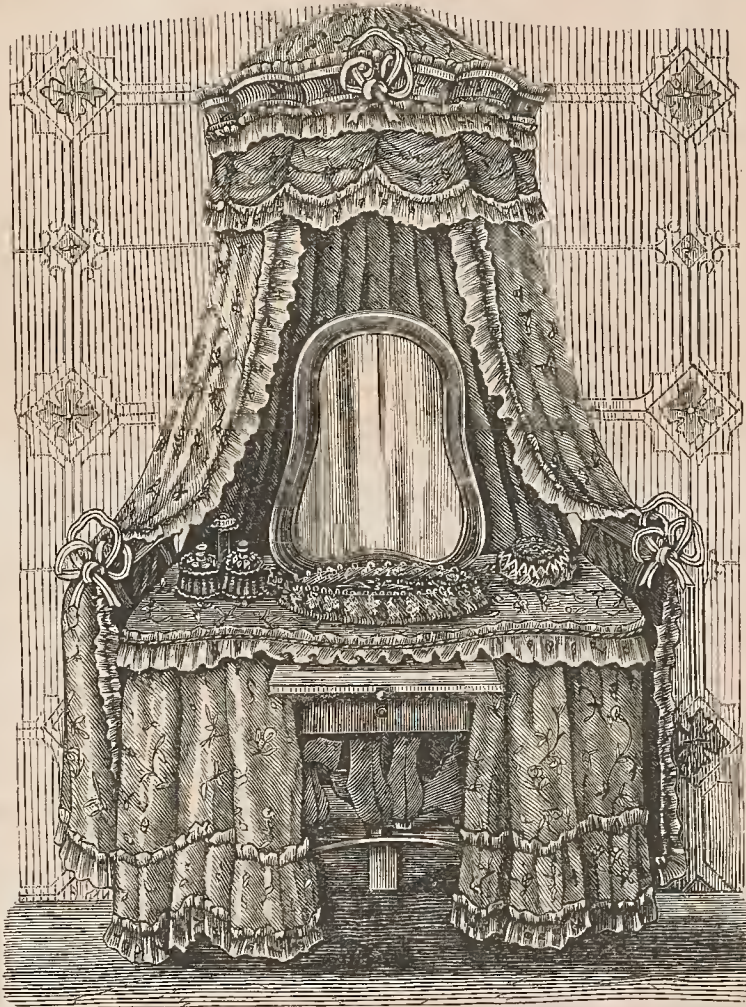
These nature-printed photographs may be colored true to nature, in autumn tints, or the vernal hues of spring. There are other methods; one, in which the ordinary albumenized paper of photographers is used, after dipping it into a solution of nitrate of silver, sixty grains to the ounce of distilled water. Float and dry as in the previous case. When the picture is painted, and the glasses removed, wash it in rain water, to remove the nitrate of silver; then wash again in a solution of hyposulphite of soda; strength, two ounces to half a pint of water. You will need to keep the pictures, made with nitrate of silver, immersed in the hyposulphite solution for fifteen minutes, in order that they may be permanent.

A great many impressions can be made in the same day by economizing time and space on the papers. They may be ruled off into sizes fit for album cards, and the leaves selected so as to leave neat margins, before the paper is sensitized, by numbering the squares and specimens, the spaces will be quickly filled, and four or more impressions taken at once. The washing and drying process is thus economized also. It is pleasant to have both the upper and lower sides of some leaves taken. Very thick leaves, like the California laurel, should be rejected. Alfileria is a beautiful leaf for this purpose; so are many of the acacias. The nitrate of silver process is the most perfect, but it is fatal to clothes and delicate hands, and should only be attempted by a careful and dexterous operator. JEANNE C. CARR.

Handkerchief, cigar and tobacco boxes? wall pockets, dinner mats, napkin rings, may be all made of tin, worked with a pretty pattern, bound with ribbon, and finished with bows, &c. Tobacco boxes and wall pockets should be lined with cambric. A wall pocket I have is composed of four pieces, front, back, and two long triangular pieces for the sides. The front is worked in a bunch of blue forget-me-nots and daisies; the pieces are lined with blue cambric, bound with ribbon as near the same shade as possible and then joined together; is suspended by ribbons, fastened at the corners back and front, and joined at the top with a bow; each of the four corners of the front are decorated with a little bow of ribbon.



WINDOW DECORATED WITH WORKED BALANCE AND MUSLIN CURTAINS.



DRESSING-TABLE.

pour half of the solution in a dinner plate, and float on its surface a piece of paper of the size intended,

Fireside Reading.

A HOME IN THE HEART.

O! ask not a home in the mansions of pride,
Where marble shines out in the pillars and walls!
Though the roof be of gold, it is brilliantly cold,
And joy may not be found in its torch-lighted halls.

But seek for a bosom all honest and true,
Where love, once awakened, will never depart;
Turn, turn to that breast, like the dove to its nest,
And you'll find there's no home like a home in the heart.

O, link, but one spirit that's warmly sincere,
That will brighten your pleasure, and solace your care;
Find a soul you may trust, as the kind and the great,
And be sure the wild world holds no treasure so rare!

Then the frowns of misfortune may shadow our lot,
The cheek-searing tear-drops of sorrow may start,
But a star never dim sheds a halo for him;
Who can turn for repose to a home in the heart.

ELIZA COOK.

What Happened at an Auction.—An auction sale of old furniture and goods of a hotel, occurred not long since at Colchester, Coun. Part were sold first day, and adjournment made to election day. Those who bought at the first sale found the things so full of bed-bugs, that the second sale looked very hard. The auctioneer came into the Town Hall and invited the people to go over to the auction. He stood on the bench and gave out his invitation, after he got through, a large, tall Dutchman who stood by him, spoke up loud enough for all to hear: "Shentlemen you go over dare, and buys some tings, you gets so many bed-bugs, dey carry your tings home for you. I buys a shtraw tick dare, and gets more bugs than I gets shtraw, you can never more get me to buy some ting there." The roar that followed was tremendous, and not a bid could be got for anything in the house.

Miss Kate Field narrates in *The Graphic* these stories of "The Country Parson:" Two trustworthy men assured me that they have seen the Rev. Dr. Boyd deliver a sermon in white kid-gloves. More than one related to me the following story: Traveling one day in a railway carriage, "The Country Parson" had for his neighbor a plainly dressed but extremely intelligent man, in whose conversation he became much interested. On finding that the stranger intended getting out at the town in which he resided, he expressed his desire to invite the clever unknown to dinner, but added that it would be impossible, as Mrs. Boyd always required gentlemen to dress for dinner. Having made this graceful speech, the parson exchanged cards with the Duke of Argyle! The parson stammered; the parson apologized; the parson was snobbish enough to eat his own words, and beg of the Duke to waive ceremony. It is unnecessary to say that the Duke of Argyle did not waive ceremony, and that the story has flown from one end of Scotland to the other.

"Well, what can I do for you?" said Damon, of the Milwaukee Poor Department to a Ninth ward female all rags and tatters. "I'd like a cord o' wood, a bag o' flour, and if ye don't mind, Mister, a daily paper for six months, jest to see how this Beecher trial is a comin' out, ye see."

A Party of belated gentlemen, about a certain hour, began to think of home and their wives' displeasure, and urge a departure. "Never mind," said one of the guests, "fifteen minutes will make no difference; my wife is as mad now as she can be."

There is still a live law in Massachusetts which fines a young man \$5 if he walks out with his girl after sundown. Those old law-makers didn't know beans about the best time to talk love and eat ice-cream and buy peanuts.

"What are you about?" inquired a lunatic of a cook, who was industriously picking the feathers from a fowl.—"Dressing a chicken," answered the cook.—"I should call that undressing," replied the crazy fellow. The cook looked reflective.

A good deacon making an official visit to a dying neighbor, who was very churlish and universally an unpopular man, put the usual question: Are you willing to go, my friend? "Oh, yes," said the sick man "I am." "Well," said the simple-minded deacon, "I am glad you are, for all the neighbors are willing."

Gushing Expressions.—The absurd use of certain words by young ladies is well set forth by the following: Did anybody ever hear a gushing young lady tell what she thought about anything extraordinary? Well, that's nothing to what they write. We have analyzed a short story written by one of them, and find that "splendid" occurs sixty-four times; "beautiful," seventy-seven; "nice," six hundred and eleven; "delightful," sixty-one; and "lovely," sixty-three.



THE FAIR ARTIST.

A Minister was soliciting aid to foreign missions, and applied to a gentleman, who refused him, with the reply, "I don't believe in foreign missions. I want what I give to benefit my neighbors." "Well," replied he, "whom do you regard as your neighbors?" "Why, those around me." "Do you mean those whose land joins yours?" inquired the minister. "Yes." "Well," said the minister, how much land do you own?" "About five hundred acres." "How far down do you own?" "Why, I never thought of it before, but I suppose I own half-way through." "Exactly," said the clergyman; "I suppose you do, and I want this money for the New Zealanders—the men whose land joins yours on the bottom."

It was a rich old widow who wondered that the handsome young man had fallen in love with her. "Yes, it is wonderful," said Mr. Sprucup; "but I do love you to distraction; why, I even love the ground you walk on." "I thought so," observed the widow; "but I am not in want of a landlord at present."

An old colored preacher in Atlanta, Georgia, was lecturing a youth of his fold about the sin of dancing, when the latter protested that the Bible plainly said: "There is a time to dance." "Yes, dar am a time to dance," said the dark divine, "and it's when a boy gits a whippiu' for gwine to a ball."

There is a kind of grim humor in the address of a devout deacon to his newly-settled pastor as he gave him the usual welcome: "The Lord keep you humble and we will keep you poor."

A Frenchman learning the English language complained of the irregularity of the verb "to go," the present tense of which some wag had written out for him as follows: "I go; thou startest; he departs; we make tracks; you cut sticks; they absquatulate or skeddadle."

"Who is that a statue of?" asked a lady of her husband, pointing to an Apollo.—"The Apollo Belvidere." "Law! how affectionate you are, my love! And now, darling, who was Apollo Belvy?" An explanation on pronunciation followed.

A Voter on a train when asked by the conductor for his ticket, said: "I have (hie) made a d-r-e-f-u-l mistake; voted my (hie) railroad ticket 'stead of the (hie) Democratic ticket."

My dear, said a husband to his better half, after a quarrel, "you will never be permitted to go to heaven." "Why not?" "Because you will be wanted as a torment down below."

Labor is sweet, for Thou hast toiled,
And care is sweet, for Thou hast cared;
Ah, never let our works be soiled,
With strife, or by deceit ensnared
Through life's long day, and death's dark night,
O, gentle Jesus, be our Light.

PRIZE COOKING AND HOUSEHOLD
RECEIPTS.

BY OLIVIA E. CHAPMAN.

To this article was awarded second prize, \$15.

Birds' Nest and Eggs.—Take one dozen lemons or oranges, and with a sharp knife shred off the yellow rind, let the strips be long and slender; make a rich syrup with pure white sugar, flavored with the juice of lemons or oranges. Into this, while boiling, drop the shreds and boil until clear, then remove and cool upon broad dishes. When the syrup has drained off, form the shreds into a nest, in the center of a handsome dish. Take a dozen or more eggs, and cutting off the tip of the small end, extract all the white and yolk; make blanc-mange—yellow and white—yellow with yolks of eggs, and white in the usual way with cornstarch or gelatine, flavoring with vanilla, almond, and other flavoring if desired, separating the mixture and flavoring several different portions; one part should be colored pink and crimson with a decoction of cochineal dissolved in alcohol. While in a half liquid state fill the shells to the top, and allow them to cool. When solid, remove the shells carefully, and beautiful eggs of various shades of color will be formed, with which fill the nest. Dress the dish upon the outside with a green wreath, or set in the midst of branches and sprays of green, intermixed with flowers.

Cream Cake—The Shells.—Beat five eggs, yellow and white separately, add to the yolks one cup full of sugar, then the whites whisked until they stand alone; rub half a teaspoonful of soda into one teacupful of flour, beat this into the eggs and sugar, and add one full teaspoonful of cream of tartar, beat well, and divide into cakes by dropping a large tablespoonful upon a baking tin, not allowing the drops to touch each other, nor be placed near enough to run together when heated. Gem pans are best to bake them in, the flat circles instead of deep ones. Let the oven be quick, and when the cakes are a light brown remove them, and allow to cool a little, then split them open on one side and drop the cream in the hollow opening.

For the Cream.—Boil one pint of new milk, beat the yolks of two eggs, and add a teaspoonful of sugar and enough of cornstarch to thicken, (nearly three tablespoonfuls) stirred smooth in a little cold milk; add to the milk also the whites of the eggs, a teaspoonful extracts of lemon, and one of vanilla, beat well, and as soon as thick remove from the fire, allow to cool before placing in the puffs, pinching the parts together after filling. Paint over with the white of an egg and dress plentifully with powdered sugar.

Canvass-Back Duck to Roast.—The duck should be young and fat; pick it well, draw and singe carefully; but do not wash it. Dress it, leaving its head on to distinguish it from common game, and place it on the spit before a brisk fire for at least fifteen minutes, or according as your family or friend like them more or less done, which you must inquire; serve it hot, in its own gravy. The head of the Canvass Back is purple, and the breast silver color. Other ducks can be served in the same manner, only wild game should not be cooked quite as long, as that peculiar delicate wild flavor so highly prized by epicures would be destroyed. For sauce, currant jelly.

Broiled Partridge.—(French method.) After having prepared the bird with great nicety, divided and flattened it, season it with salt and pepper, or Cayenne, dip it into clarified butter, and then into fine bread crumbs, and take care to have it evenly covered; if wanted very nice, dip the second time into the butter and crumbs, place over a very clear fire and broil gently from twenty to thirty minutes; serve with mushroom sauce.

Bread Jelly for the Sick.—Cut the crumbs of a penny roll into thin slices, and toast them equally of a pale brown; boil them gently in a quart of water until it will jelly, which may be known by putting a little in a spoon to cool; strain it upon a bit of lemon peel, and sweeten with a little sugar; cleanliness is very essential in sickness, a dirty cup, or a bit of coal on toast, or in broth, may turn an invalid's stomach.

Rock Rice.—Boil a teacupful of the best rice till quite soft, in new milk, sweeten with powdered white sugar, and pile it upon a dish; lay all over it lumps of jelly, or preserved fruit of any kind. Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, add a little sugar, flavor with what you please. Add to this when beaten very stiff, about a tablespoonful of rich cream: drop it over the rice, giving it the appearance of a rock of snow.

To Prepare Fruit for Dessert.—Beat well the white of an egg with a little water; dip the fruit in and roll it immediately in fine crushed sugar; place it upon a dish, and leave it five or six hours, then serve. A more sightly or exquisite dessert than a plate of currants thus dressed cannot be had.

Cookies.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, two eggs, four cups of flour, four heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder. The flour should be measured in a little larger cup than the sugar, mix well, and bake in a quick oven, then spread with the white of an egg well beaten, and sprinkle with sugar; or a quicker way would be to sprinkle well with sugar just before baking.

To Bake Fish.—Take two good sized fish, clean and wipe them well in a cloth, but do not wash them; keep the breasts as whole as possible; strew salt over them, and leave upon a board several hours; then wipe the salt from them, cut off the heads and fins, cut the skin through down the back, and take it off neatly, being careful to keep the fish whole. Beat yolks of three eggs, dip the fish in the egg, have ready some bread crumbs mixed with pepper, salt, and chopped parsley, roll the fish in the crumbs, and stuff the heads and breasts with oysters chopped, but not too fine, and bread crumbs mixed with egg. Butter a dish, lay the fish upon it, stick pieces of butter upon each, and bake them. For sauce, take a pint of veal gravy, the same of cream, mix two tablespoonfuls of flour in a little of the cream, cold, and boil until smooth; add a blade of mace, a little nutmeg and salt; some prefer an onion. Lay the heads of the fish at each end of the dish and garnish with lemon.

A Novel Way of Making Jelly Cake.—Take the whites of six eggs, one cup of white sugar, same of flour, one tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls cream of tartar and one of soda. Bake in a large oblong dripping pan, so the cake will be very thin; meanwhile stir another batch, making just the same, with the exception of using the yolk instead of the whites; when both are done, spread while warm with jelly, or preserves of any kind; put together, bring the largest side of the cake toward you, and roll immediately; or cut in four or eight parts, put together alternately, putting jelly between each layer, and frost lightly over the top. Another method is to make three pans, making the third layer of one-third red sand sugar, proceeding the same as for the other layers; in putting together let the first layer be the yellow, made of the yolks, then the red, and lastly the whites. Nicely frost the top, and you have a beautiful as well as a delicious party cake. They are very pretty made into rolls.

For Iced Apples.—Pare and core ten large apples (more or less) of a large tart kind. Bake them until nearly done; put them away to get entirely cold; then prepare some icing as for apple meringue, and first pouring off all the juice, lay the icing thickly on the tops and sides as much as you can. Return them to the oven to just harden and set. Serve with cream.

Wild Plum Jelly.—Beautiful jelly can be made from the wild plums so plentiful in some parts of the west; nice marmalade can be made from the same fruit. Pour boiling water over your plums, turning it off immediately—this is for the purpose of extracting the bitter taste in the skins. Steam the plums in a stone jar or covered pan over boiling water until they crack so that the juice runs out. Put them in a colander and allow to drain, but do not press them; boil this juice twenty minutes, meanwhile heating the sugar on plates in the oven (pound for pint) so hot that you cannot bear your hand in it. Put the hot sugar into the boiling juice and boil all together a few minutes. Jelly can be made from any fruit or vegetable from which can be obtained the peculiar principle called *pectine*. Boiling the sugar with the fruit longer than is necessary for its perfect mixture spoils the flavor. Never put water on fruit and allow it to simmer, will have to be boiled out again. Everything should be very clean and bright.

Crab-apple Marmalade.—Sift the steamed apples through a colander; do not pare them, only cut out the blossom ends; a pint of pulp to half a pound of sugar. Boil until you have a clear thick paste.

To Cook Beans.—Beans should never be put in cold water to soak, because all the nutritious part of the bean is extracted by the process. They should be washed in warm water, then in cold; be tied loosely in a cloth; be put into boiling water, with a spoonful of dripping and a little salt in it and be kept boiling for four hours. They are excellent if served with gravy and not with melted butter. They serve as garnish for roast mutton or beef, or are excellent served whole as a puree. To make the latter, when the beans are done throw them instantly into cold water, when the skins will slip off; rub the beans through a colander and mix a lump of butter with them. A little milk or cream is good mixed in.

Hominy Cakes.—A pint of small hominy, a pint of white Indian meal sifted, a saltspoonful of salt, three large tablespoonfuls of strong yeast, a quart of milk. Having washed the hominy and left it soaking over night, boil it soft, drain, and while hot mix it with meal, adding the salt and butter, then mix gradually with the milk and set away to cool;

beat the eggs very light and add them gradually to the mixture. The whole should make a thick batter. Bake on a griddle.

Transparent Pudding.—Beat the yolks of eight eggs and the whites of two, and mix with them half a pound of warmed butter and the same of loaf sugar, pounded; butter cups or moulds, lay at the bottom orange marmalade or preserved apricots, pour the pudding upon the sweetmeats and bake from fifteen to twenty minutes. This is very rich, and should not be eaten by those having weak stomachs.

Arrow-root Pudding.—Dissolve four teacupfuls of arrow-root in a quart of fresh milk, boil with a few bitter almonds pounded up, or peach leaves to give it a flavor, if you wish; stir it well while it is boiling, or until it becomes a smooth batter; when quite cool add six eggs well beaten, to the batter, then mix with it a quarter of a pound of powdered sugar (if brown is used it spoils the color); grate some lemon peel into the mixture and add a little of the juice. The pudding should be baked an hour and sent to the table cold. Quince, raspberry or strawberry preserves may be served with it, and, to add to the appearance, ornament the top with slices of preserves.

Mixed Pickle.—To each gallon of vinegar allow a quarter of a pound of bruised ginger, quarter of a pound of mustard, quarter of a pound of salt, two ounces of mustard seed, one and a half ounces of turmeric, one ounce of ground black pepper, one-quarter ounce of Cayenne; cauliflowers, onions, celery, sliced cucumbers, gherkin, French beans, nasturtions, capsicum. Have a large jar with a tightly fitting lid, in which put as much vinegar as is required, reserving a little to mix the various powders to a smooth paste. Put into a basin the mustard, turmeric, pepper and Cayenne; mix them with vinegar and stir until no lumps remain; add all the ingredients to the vinegar and mix well. Keep this liquor in a warm place and stir thoroughly every morning with a wooden spoon for near a month, when it will be ready for the vegetables to be added. As these come into season have them gathered on a dry day, and, after merely wiping them with a cloth to free them from moisture, put them into the pickle. The cauliflowers should be divided into small bunches. Put all the vegetables into the pickle raw, and at the end of the season, when the vegetables are all procured, store away in jars and tie over with a bladder. As none of the ingredients are boiled, this pickle will not be fit for eating for several months. I will repeat that the contents must be stirred each morning.

Pickle Chow-Chow.—Quarter of a peck green tomatoes, the same of white onions and pickling beans, one dozen green cucumbers, one dozen green peppers, one large head of cabbage; season with mustard, celery seed, salt to suit the taste. Cover the mixture with the best cider vinegar. Boil two hours slowly, continually stirring, and add two tablespoonfuls of sweet oil while hot.

Beef Steak Pie.—Choose steak that has been long hung; cut into moderately-sized pieces and trim off all the skin or sinews; season them with salt and pepper; put a crust underneath, or in the bottom, then layers of crust, beef and oysters alternately; stew the liquor and beards of oysters with a bit of lemon peel, mace, and a tablespoonful of walnut catsup. When the pie is baked, boil with the above three spoonfuls of cream and one of butter rubbed in flour. For a small pie, a dozen oysters, generally more is better. The pie should be baked near two hours.

Crust for Tarts.—Beat the white of an egg to a strong froth, thin it with as much water as will make three-fourths of a pound of fine flour into a very stiff paste; roll it very thin, then lay the third part of half a pound of butter upon it in little bits, dredge it with some flour left out at first and roll up tight; roll it out again and put the same proportion of butter, and so proceed until all be worked in; bake in the form desired and use cranberries for filling.

Ginger Bread to Keep.—Rub half a pound of butter into one pound of flour, then rub in half a pound of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of ginger and one of rose water; work it well, roll out, and bake in flat pans in a moderate oven. It will take about half an hour.

Pumpkin Pie.—Take out the seeds and pare the pumpkin or squash, but in taking out the seeds do not scrape the inside of the pumpkin; the part nearest the seed is the sweetest; then stew the pumpkin and strain it through a sieve or colander; to a quart of milk for a family pie, three eggs are enough; stir in the stewed pumpkin with your milk and beaten up eggs till it is as thick as you can stir round rapidly and easily. If the pie is wanted richer make it thinner and add sweet cream or another egg or two, but even one egg to one quart of milk makes "very decent pies." Add a little salt, two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon and one of powdered ginger; the peel of a lemon grated gives a pleasant flavor. The more eggs the better pie. Some put an egg to a gill of milk. Bake three-fourths of an hour in deep plates or shallow dishes, without an upper crust, in a hot oven.

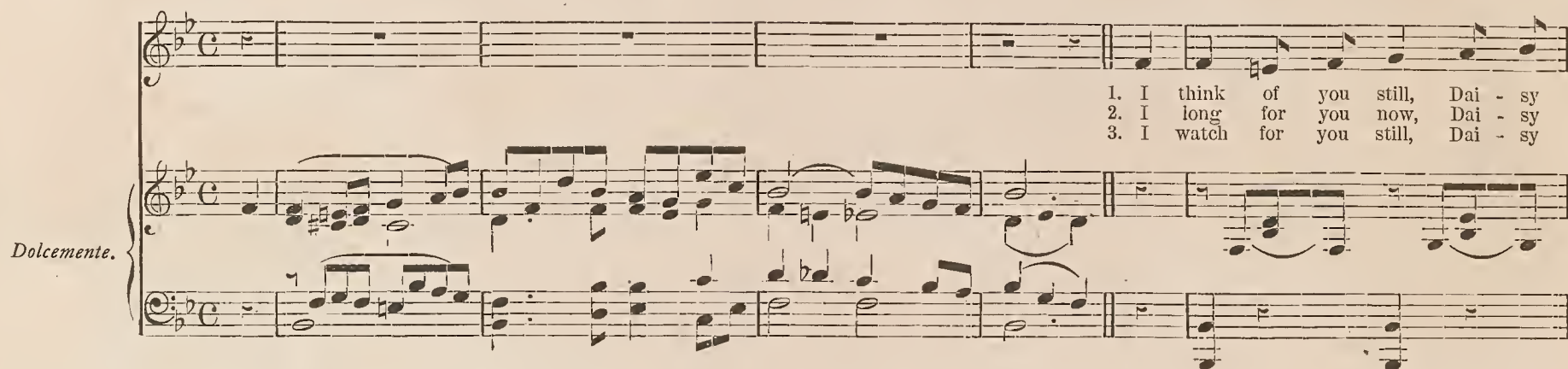
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Daisy Darling.


Words by GEORGE COOPER.

Music by H. P. DANKS.

Dolcemente.



1. I think of you still, Dai - sy
2. I long for you now, Dai - sy
3. I watch for you still, Dai - sy

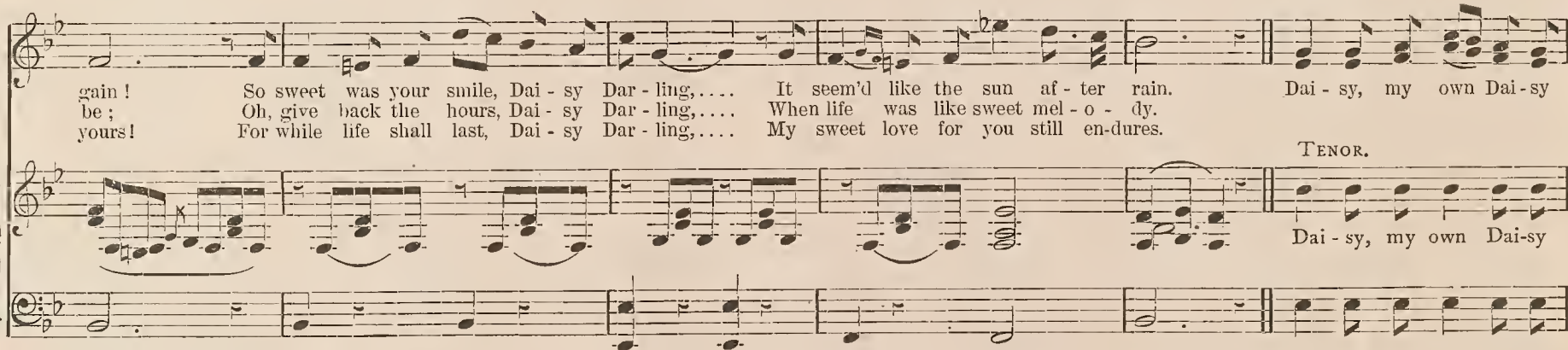


Dar - ling, My love in the years long a - go; I dream of your face, Dai - sy Dar - ling, Your
Dar - ling, When life is so wea - ry and sad; One word from your lips, Dai - sy Dar - ling, Would
Dar - ling, Your face in each flow'r I may see; My love is the same, Dai - sy Dar - ling, You



eyes in their bright gen - tle glow. My heart's all your own, tho' we're part - ed, Oh, soon may I clasp you a -
bring back each joy that we've shed. Your eyes are the stars that are beam - ing. They guide me wher - e'er I may
still are the whole world to me. Why lin - ger so long far a - way, love? Oh, come to the heart that is

Chorus.



gain! So sweet was your smile, Dai - sy Dar - ling, It seem'd like the sun af - ter rain. Dai - sy, my own Dai - sy
be; Oh, give back the hours, Dai - sy Dar - ling, When life was like sweet mel - o - dy.
yours! For while life shall last, Dai - sy Dar - ling, My sweet love for you still en - dures.

TENOR.
Dai - sy, my own Dai - sy



dar - ling, Bright - est of all my joys are you, Dai - sy dear, Come to my heart while I'm wea - ry and lone, Dai - sy, sweet Dai - sy so true! Dai - sy dear.
dar - ling, Bright - est of all my joys are you, Dai - sy dear, Come to my heart while I'm wea - ry and lone, Dai - sy, sweet Dai - sy so true! Dai - sy dear.

THE LADIES' FLORAL CABINET

BY HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

VOL. VI.

NEW YORK, APRIL, 1877.

No. 64.

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MY FRIEND'S GREENHOUSE.

What to describe first, where all is so wonderfully beautiful and full of interest, is the query; but as my eye always searches out for the choicest flower-gems, I will introduce you at once to the heart of the house, where, half hidden by Callas, Brugmantias, Laurestinus, and other rare things, stands a huge Century Plant. The east wall of the greenhouse is covered with the rarest Begonias that it has ever been my good fortune to see. These Begonias are all planted in old tin fruit cans, white-washed, holes made for drainage, and a perforation in the side for hanging up. It is wonderful how Begonias and Cacti thrive in cans. It must be that the rust in the cans acts as a tonic on the plant. The Begonias fall in abundant drapery over the wall, entirely hiding it from view. Near this tangled mass of Begonias is a beautiful specimen of variegated ivy-leaf Geranium, crimson and gray—it is very lovely. A large Hoya Carnosa trained across the house, and at short distances soft sprays of Smilax caught lovingly at it and fell gracefully from above. Primulas look at us with their bright faces; Jessamines, Mahernias, Ferns, Azaleas, Bouvardias, Coranella, Japonicas, an innumerable variety of Cacti, Sedums, and a large army of choice plants charm our eye. I must not omit to describe the graceful hanging-baskets, home-made, which add greatly to the effect of the scene. These are made by knocking the end out of a fruit can, cutting the sides with sharp shears, or knife, into narrow strips; form these into basket shape, place a wire around the edge and another for a handle; line with moss, and everything planted in them grows as if by magic. If my flower sisters were to try them, they would never throw away an old can while they live! In the beginning of this article I referred to Brugmantias. I am surprised that they are not more extensively cultivated. There is nothing more lovely or ornamental for a lawn. I saw one last summer about seven feet high, on which were two hundred flowers opened at one time. It was beautiful beyond conception. The plant requires but little care, not more than you would bestow on an Oleander; and with its wealth of pure white fragrant flowers hanging

so gracefully among its dark green foliage, no more attractive plant could be placed in your garden. In the north corner of the green-house is a fine specimen of Rhynchospermum, growing in great luxuriance, vying with a large Cape Jessamine for beauty of flower and foliage. The Rhynchospermum is a semi-tropical plant, of easy cultivation, and pays a large dividend to its owner in star-like blossoms. I would advise all

feet. Make incisions in the Cereus with a sharp pen-knife and insert the branches of Crab Cactus, holding them firmly for a few minutes. They will soon grow and need no special care. It is to be regretted that ladies do not learn to graft; they could become quite skilled in it, and would be richly repaid, especially among their roses. They appear to look upon grafting as a thing that belongs exclusively to skilled gardeners, and by no means attainable by ordinary workers, whereas, the truth is that women are very successful in this branch of gardening when they attempt it. A nice judgment and gentle manipulations are all that are necessary to accomplish this now mysterious art. But I am admonished by the length of this article to leave my friend's treasure-house of flowers brimming with refreshment, and blessing this grim, persistent winter weather, feeling grateful that it has been my privilege to appropriate so much of its perfect loveliness.

In these days of gold and iron how refreshing it is to come across a charming paper like THE LADIES' FLORAL CABINET, around which is ever floating an atmosphere of Apple-blossoms, Roses and all the fragrant favorites of the flower-garden. I never think of the CABINET but visions of the beautiful float o'er my brain, and I have derived so much information and pleasure from its perusal that I feel under an obligation for the value of the benefit, and would like to requite the obligation.

LIBONIA FLORIBUNDA.



A FIREPLACE DECORATED WITH FLOWERS.

flower lovers to invest in one. The sweet Bard of Avon assures us it—

"Is wasteful and ridiculous excess
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume o'er the violet."

And so I have felt it to be in this attempted description of my friend's lovely flowers. I would describe to your readers a Cactus which elicits much admiration, and which, I am sure, would lead many to imitate. A Cereus grafted with innumerable branches of Crab Cactus. The process is easy and the effect per-

fect. The love for flowers and children is a redeeming feature in the Turkish character. The swarthiest and coarsest soldier wears a nosegay in his button-hole and cultivates the ground about the guard-house, or fills its windows with pots of flowers in full bloom, and his hard, stern face relaxes into a smile of tenderness as he lifts a little child into a carriage or a boat.—From "Romance of Missions," by Miss West.

Floral Contributions.

GET A GARDEN.

There is one thing that I have long been wishing to tell the readers of the CABINET, and that is the way that many ladies can make themselves happy, and at the same time save doctor's bills. I can talk on this subject all the better, because I have tried it myself. My recipe is summed up in these few words—Get a garden. I very often see ladies, white, weak, and wan, nothing particular the matter, and yet never well; to these I say, only try my plan, and see for yourselves how superior it is to all the apothecaries under the sun. I myself was one of these much to be pitied ladies until, by the advice and aid of a kind friend, a little square of twenty-five feet, near our house, was dug up, laid out, and became a garden. During the whole of one summer, for about an hour every morning before breakfast, I worked diligently in my garden, and I was amply rewarded for my pains. The flowers thrived, and with them my strength. By the next summer I increased my boundaries to fifty feet square, and in a very few years I felt myself equal to even more than that, so now the garden measures one hundred by fifty feet in flowers, besides a small vegetable garden. Of course it is not so easy to make a garden as to write about it, but with a little help from the stronger sex in the beginning, the difficulties were soon overcome, and then came the pleasures. My garden was in the midst of the pine woods, where neither plow nor hoe had ever broken the earth before, so there was much to do in the way of digging up roots, pulverizing the soil and laying out beds. When one gets through this much, there is no further use for men then, unless, indeed, to amuse us or to admire. To begin in systematic style, we must first enrich our garden. For this, nothing in the world is so good as the earth from some old rubbish hole. In every country lot, probably, there is such a hole, where the sweepings of the yard and the scraps from the kitchen are all thrown to be out of sight. All gardeners possessing such a hole are rich, and those who do not, will, if they take our advice, set to work at once to make one. As soon as the decayed contents are evenly laid over the flower-beds, we begin to fill up our hole again with the same material, so keeping up a constant supply of fresh food for another season. Flowers do not require strong manures; it makes them grow too much to bush, fresh mold and decayed vegetable matter being the food they delight in: Roses especially luxuriate on this sort of diet. Another excellent fertilizer is the greasy, soapy water that the plates and dishes are washed in. Annuals in particular improve on this, and a bed of Petunias will beam out their thanks for such a treat in countless blossoms and the brightest leaves. In fact, I do not know any plant that will not grow and thrive for a bucket of greasy water occasionally. Guano and bone-dust are both fine, but one does not always have them at hand; and to country people, they are sometimes impossibilities. For Violets, I think nothing better as an enricher than thoroughly decayed wood-dust. After the garden is once set going, it is but little trouble to keep it up. Seeds of annuals and perennials are so cheap in these days, and reproduce themselves so rapidly and easily, and even Roses cost so few cents, that one wonders why so few people have gardens, surely it must be because they do not know the pleasures to be derived therefrom. For several years our

church has been dressed on every Sunday from my garden, so that the pleasure has been shared by many. I often think of the refining power that flowers yield. They make a sympathy where nothing else can.

There is another mode of cultivating flowers which is very delightful, although, perhaps, not so healthful as out-door exercise in the garden. I mean house-plants, and these are open to everybody who possesses at least one window, be that window north, south, east, or west, for there are many plants that will flourish in a shady northern window as well as in warm southern one. The way I grow my plants, which are Geraniums, Pelargoniums, Begonias, Callas, Libonias, Azalias, Fuchsias, and Lobelias, is very simple. I have neither hot-house nor green-house, and as I believe more than half the lovers of flowers are in the same condition as myself, they will be the better able to appreciate my plan. I will begin by telling of my proceedings in the fall, as that season always seems to be the beginning of the plant year. As soon as October's winds begin to chill the weather, I commence to cut down the plants, not merely trimming them, but cutting them down until only two or three inches are above the ground. They are then set aside to rest, for rest they must have as well as ourselves. Soon they begin to put out new, fresh leaves, and some would even bloom, but it is not good to encourage them in this, for if we want a fine spring and summer show, we must now keep them from exhausting themselves. If a winter bloom is desired, we must have a set of cuttings from the summer before. From this time, until January or February, they require but little care. A moderately warm room, say not below forty-one degrees at night, a plenty of bright sunlight in the day, an airing by raising the glasses when it is pleasant, and just enough water to keep the earth from drying hard, is all that they ask of us. But in February comes the great work on which the bloom of the whole year depends. We now get a barrowful of earth from the same valuable rubbish hole that we feed the garden with, or if there is no rubbish hole, any good garden soil with a little leaf mold will answer the purpose. Each plant is then taken carefully up, the dead earth shaken off gently, and the roots dipped into a tub of water until they are clean. Then set the plant nicely into the new earth, spreading out the tender little roots and gradually filling up the jar and pressing down the earth firmly. We then give each plant two or three spoonfuls of chicken manure, laid on the top of the earth, a good watering, and then set the jar where it is to remain. Occasionally the jars must be turned round to the light, otherwise the plant will grow to an ugly one-sided shape. I particularly recommend chicken manure as the best fertilizer that I know; some like to use it in liquid form, but I find my way the best and least troublesome. Just lay it on top, and every time the plant is watered, a little of the strength is carried down to the roots, and the bloom will be constant and magnificent. Your plants will soon begin to show you their gratitude for this refreshment, and in a very few weeks they will be covered with buds and bright blossoms, which I will warrant to continue until the "melancholy days" come round again, when once more they must be divested of their tops and put to rest. Surely this is not very hard work, my friends, and think how much we are repaid for it. I must not forget to say that Geraniums do best always in small jars, and the younger the plant the finer the bloom. Keep new cuttings, therefore, going all the time, and I promise you there will never be any lack of flowers. Remember to keep the jars bright and clean on the outside. In my opinion,

this is far more important as a drainage than the broken crocks inside. There is another class of plants I am surprised not to see mentioned more frequently; I refer to those charming bulbs, Achimenes; they are the easiest things in the world to cultivate, and humble little beauties, they ask no better habitation than an old tomato can. Indeed, they seem to delight in old tins. The truth is, they must have moisture, and the cans retain the dampness longer than small jars. In the spring I set out my Achimenes in a compost of one-third sand, one-third leaf mold, and one-third well-rotted manure; then put the cans in some half shady spot of the piazza, and leave alone until they begin to come up. In a short time after the plants commence growing, they will begin to put out their lovely flowers, and continue to do so until late in the fall. As soon as they cease blooming, discontinue watering, and when the tops are quite dry, lift the roots and store in thoroughly dried sand until another spring. If my lady friends will only follow these easy rules, there is no reason why they cannot have an abundance of beautiful flowers and much real enjoyment, not to speak of the greatest of all blessings, good health. You will learn to love your flowers more and more as you continue to cultivate them, and in time find in them a gentle, silent companionship that is welcome, even at that time when the expression of human sympathy is unavailing. Very often some plant will take a history to itself that will enhance its value many fold. For instance, this Rose Geranium. It is but a poor little plant, and yet we prize it above rubies. Simply for this: two little hands that we loved, once tended it, and we laid some of its fragrant leaves and delicate blossoms on the gentle, young breast when it had "fallen asleep."

C. P. W.

BEDDING OUT WINDOW PLANTS.

Last spring I was like "the old woman who lived in a shoe;" had more plants than the flower stands would hold; so I prepared early an oval bed on the east side of the house, ten feet from it; this bed was ten feet wide and eighteen feet long. Removed the largest sods, spaded under the lightest; after this it rained, froze and thawed—making the ground very mellow. Then I wheeled on rich, well-rotted manure, two barrows of fine chip dirt, one of manure from the hen house, one of sand, spaded all in and raked smoothly. This was the third of June. In the morning I had given the plants selected a good watering, so they turned out of the pots easily. It was a dry time; into each hole I poured two quarts of water, letting it sink before planting. As I finished each plant I drew the dry earth around it. Was from three o'clock until nearly dark setting thirty plants. When done, showered with a watering pot. Next day made paper caps for all, taking them off at night. For four weeks we had no rain; I watered twice a week, drawing the dirt away, then covering with dry earth; kept them in their paper caps for ten days; after that, they had the sun every day until two o'clock, P. M. They never wilted, and how they grew!

Three times a week I stirred the soil with a push hoe. As it grew cooler, with plenty of rain, the whole was a mass of verdure and bloom! We had no killing frost until the night of September 26. The day before I had taken up the plants I wished to keep over, I trimmed and planted them in boxes of earth, putting them in a dark frost-proof cellar. In August, I took cuttings of all; they are now fine plants in the window garden.

L. K. SHARE.

Gossip with Correspondents.

Plants in the Sun.—It is a mistake to suppose that plants will not flourish except when exposed to the direct rays of the sun, as I have a conservatory on the north side of my house, with a glass roof, in which I have had many varieties of plants in bloom all winter. My Geraniums and Camellias have done splendidly; my Daphne blossomed profusely, and my Fuchsia and Bouvardia are blooming away finely; besides, I have a Hydrangea and Oxalis in bud. I have also a conservatory heated by pipes from the same hot water apparatus that warms the one on the north, on the south side of my house, but which has not the light overhead, in which though I have plants in bloom, they have not done nearly as well as in the one on the north side. I have a large yellow Jasmine vine planted outdoors on the south side, the lower part of which is protected by an oilcloth covering; it had a flower in bloom near the top, while many of the buds are ready to burst forth.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

W. L. COCHRAN.

Cactus.—I have long looked for and anxiously expected some of our flower lovers to write a treatise on the Cactus. It is a family of plants that I have a great partiality for. I have many times thought if some scientific man, such as the author of the *Rose Manual*, could be induced to write such a treatise on the Cactus, it would be hailed with great pleasure by many flower-loving friends. I should be willing to pay any price for such a treatise as I know he could write, his descriptions are so plain and easy to understand; and as I see from a catalogue I received from him last spring that he has retired from business, I have thought he might be induced to write a treatise on the Cactus, its classifications and descriptions, with embellishments and cultivation.

I have quite a collection of plants; some of them I bought of R. Buist more than ten years ago, such as Azaleas, Camellias, Dracænas, Clerodendron, and many other plants too numerous to mention. Among the rest I have about thirty species of Cactus; many of them I do not know to what family they belong. I have some of the Cereus family, one Night Blooming Cereus Grandiflorus, Cereus Heptagonus, and others that I do not know the names. I have several of the Epiphyllums; one is night blooming, the others are scarlet, white, and pink. I have three of the Crab or Lobster family, some of the Mammillarias, and many others that I do not know what family they belong, except Melocactus, three species.

Some of the species that I have I collected some four years ago while in Texas; I found them on the prairie in the suburbs of San Antonio; they grew here to great perfection. I there saw the Century plant twenty feet high growing in the cemetery, and it was just opening its bloom buds and had a majestic appearance, grand, but not beautiful. Does the Aloe belong to the Cactus family? I cannot find that it does. Now, my dear floral friends, will you join me in asking Mr. Buist to write us another book, and let its chief topic be on the Cactus, and if he wishes other newly introduced plants, such as the Palms, Ferns, and Lycopodium, such a work I think would be well appreciated both by florists and amateurs.

Petersburg, Ill.

M. L. FISHER.

Pot Plants.—A friend asks advice about pot plants, and you are very welcome to my experience. In the first place, I think more depends upon the earth than anything else. I begin in this way: As early in

May we have warm days, but cool nights, I put my plants out during the day and shelter them at night; in this way they become gradually accustomed to the air. Next, I slip all that I can to start anew, cutting as near the roots as possible, as they have more vitality; and, as regards soil for slips, take salt boxes, and bore a few holes in the bottom for drainage, then put in first an inch or two of charcoal, next sand, and last a layer of earth. Place the box in the shade for a week, then give it moderate sun, and not too much water.

My large plants I cut down considerably, and if they bud I snip them. You will see by this that I do not always put my Geraniums in the garden to continue their bloom, for I like to retain some old plants to winter in my windows. The same with Fuchsias and Heliotropes. As early as July I prepare my soil, and repot and renew the earth of many of my plants; that is, I take out of such plants as Heliotropes and Fuchsias from one to two inches of old soil to replace with new. In that way the tender roots are not disturbed. If possible I get the mold of decayed trees, as that is excellent; if I cannot get this, I go into the woods and scrape away from the trunks of trees the soil that clings around them. This I sit through a fine sieve, adding loam from the garden; and lastly, I take it to kill all insects that may be in it. You may say that this is a great deal of work; but what can we have without care and trouble? I am fully repaid for my work, as my plants are a perpetual joy. Now that my earth is prepared, I repot every day, and very early in September I move all my plants under cover. I think the earlier they are settled for the winter, and commence growing, all the sooner you will have blooming plants.

I like to cut back Petunias at the same time with Geraniums and Heliotropes. The last two require a great deal of water and sun. I wish I could show you mine; but do not feel discouraged, yours will look just as well, with care. Water your plants with warm water every morning before the sun is shining warmly upon them. Hanging plants require more water than others. I use liquid manure twice a week, and to make the leaves green and the blossoms bright I use pounded charcoal. I also use this in potting plants instead of pot shreds. Keep plants and pots clean, as it is a great preventative of insects.

Perhaps you have the great desire of my heart—a bay-window? But next best to that are my two southwestern exposures, eight feet broad, with shelves and brackets. I accommodate fifty plants. With me this has been a splendid winter for blossoms; one of my red Geraniums has eight large clusters, another four, and so on. Petunias, Heliotropes, Abutilons, Mignonette, yellow and pink Oxalis, and even my Dutchman's Pipe has blossoms. Have patience and do not be discouraged; with sun and care your plants will look as well, if not better, than mine.

H. C. H.

Flower Pots.—I would like to say a few words to the readers of the CABINET about flower pots. We are often told in horticultural books and papers that plants will not thrive so well in glazed pots as in the common unglazed ones. I think this is a mistake. I have kept house plants for nearly twenty years, using both kinds of pots, and my experience is that plants will grow and blossom in glazed pots as well as in those that look moldy or discolored, even if washed every day. Within a short time I have learned to improve common pots, so that they will not grow moldy. First scrub them, inside and out, until perfectly clean; then dry them perfectly. If any are

new enough so that they are not discolored, give them one or two coats of shellac inside and out. It is much cheaper to buy the shellac dry and dissolve in alcohol; apply with a brush. Some pots that are discolored I give a coat of black-walnut stain, made by mixing burnt umber with spirits of turpentine; when this is dry, apply a coat of shellac inside and out, putting the stain only on the outside. Sometimes I have painted pots with green paint, but they need a coat of shellac inside and out first to prevent the moisture of the soil from taking the paint off.

AUNT FANNY.

Lantana Seed.—I see complaint is made in the last number about Lantana seed not growing. Please state that the seed must have boiling water poured over them, and soak a while before planting.

C. L. F.

LILIES.

The Lily has for all time the first rank in Flora's diadem. No other flower has been so long admired and universally cultivated. It has rightly been christened the "Queen of Flowers," and no other, except the regal Rose, has ever attempted the usurpation of its title. Within the last half century many new members of this family have been introduced to the floral world. Many of these new subjects have at once taken leading ranks among cultivators. With the introduction of these new varieties there became a small mania for the possession of some or all of them; as a natural result, many who bought bulbs at high prices met with failure, their bulbs living perhaps a year and then dying. This at once had the effect of killing the mania. The cause of these failures were that people, thinking they needed the same culture as the old sorts then known, owing to belonging to the same family, gave them similar treatment, and the consequence was—failure. Cultivators who desire to have success with new Lilies, should find out how they grew in their native places, and treat them accordingly. If they grew in warm, dry places, they should be grown in a dry, warm place; if they grew in a moist, shaded place, they should have a similar place in your gardens.

CULTURE.

A few general remarks on the cultivation of Lilies may be useful to some of the CABINET readers.

All Lilies should be planted from six to ten inches deep, and twelve inches would be better for the Auranum and the California Lilies; the roots that support the flowers and stem grow above the bulb; the roots below the bulb only nourish the bulb; therefore, if the bulb is planted shallow, there is not sufficient soil to allow the roots supporting the flowers to do their duty; and not only this, but the hot sun burns them up. The soil should be cultivated well and deep, and moderately rich, but not freshly manured—fresh manure will kill Lily bulbs—if the soil is very rich, put a little sand or poorer soil around the bulb. The bulbs should be planted in the fall or early spring, not later than April if you wish flowers. After planting it will not be necessary to move them; in fact it will be better not to for three or four years. In moving them be very careful in lifting them not to break or bruise the roots at the base of the bulb; if these are injured, it may cause the bulb not to bloom for the next season, or perhaps to decay. The best time for moving is in September, or just as soon as the stem is ripe after flowering. In some future number I will tell the CABINET readers how to treat the new California Lilies, now becoming so popular.

WM. C. L. DREW.

Flower Gardening.

FLOWER FANCIES.

"That's a fine garden," said one gentleman to another, as they drove past our place one morning while I was staking my Gladioli. "Ye-es," said the other, a Mr. Bullion, who bows in adoration to the almighty dollar, and whose taste is limited to tobacco and "beef critters," "but I think that patch 'd better be planted to potatoes, and she a hoein' in of 'em." And he chuckled at his sagacity, and I pondered the ways of men, and took an inventory of my plant family to find Mr. Bullion's affinity, for I often please myself by studying the habits and dispositions of plants and tracing a similarity to corresponding classes of the human family. For instance: Look at that bed of Tulips. How gorgeous! what a self-satisfied air they have, and how defiantly they flaunt their gaudy colors, as if to challenge admiration. Are you not reminded of the gaudily-attired female who ransacks dry goods establishments, jewelry stores, and millinery shops, in quest of personal adornments? Your mind follows her out of one place, in at another, you catch momentary glimpses of steady-going business men, or sober matrons with a gleam of reproof or indignation in their eyes; and one horny-handed old farmer turns to look, and mutters to himself, "That's the way the money goes." It is pitiful, too. You look in her vapid, inane face, and you see behind those expressionless eyes great mental cobwebs that gather dust and hang in unsightly festoons in the poorly furnished attic. You glance at the flounces, ruffles, ribbons and laces, brooches, bracelets, ear-rings, and chains, at the barbaric display generally, and with that glance you have fathomed the character and rendered the verdict, "More money than brains." Poor human Tulip!

But here is a contrast—they are what we used to call Honeysuckles, or Columbines; now they are named Aquilegias. How prim they are, with straight, stiff flower-stems surmounted by white, purple, or pink heads, with faces turned downward; admiring humility, they clothe themselves in it and carry our thoughts away back to the time of our great-grandmothers, who spent so many days and weeks at the loom weaving linen for their own households, and filling chests, presses, and drawers with the work of their hands, to be handed down to posterity and valued as precious heirlooms. And here is a highly respectable representative of the floral kingdom; it comes of a very aristocratic family, and is called *Lilium Auratum*; when it was first introduced it commanded high prices, five dollars a bulb being readily paid for it. The florists all declared that no garden should be without it, and so all of us lady amateurs were unhappy until we possessed one. But they had come from a far off country, and were not acclimated; some of them sent up a sickly little stalk, and were petted and nursed to death; others sent up no stalk at all, but rotted in the earth, heart-sick and disgusted, making no effort to live, and taking no thought of the care and expense that had been lavished upon them; perhaps one in a hundred had survived the perilous voyage and transplanting process, and made glad the hearts of their owners by blossoming and sending out a rare perfume, once inhaled, never forgotten. We have all seen their human compeers. Some of them are university graduates, who look down from the sublime heights of a Greek lexicon and point their fingers in disgust at a Roman capital. They are our lawyers, and doctors, and theologians, in an embryotic condition. They

are our white-handed clerks and perfumed exquisites, who spring up in the social hot-bed of caste and distinction. It is the *Lilium Auratum* that our girls think of when they declare they won't marry a farmer. Many a young lady has made a wreck of her life by indulging in these expensive fancies; too often the investment has proved the counterpart of these same



WATER LILY GARDEN.

*Auratum*s. Dry rot, a failure to send up even one green leaf, a sickly little effort to fight the battle of life, and they are overcome in the unequal struggle. Better by far, be content with the prosy Sweet Williams, and stout-hearted Hollyhocks, than to sigh after the unreliable *Auratum*s. And here are the Balsams, so improved by cultivation that a novice would never dream they were the lineal descendants of the old-fashioned Lady's Slipper, but here they are reminding you of your fat, good-natured aunt sitting on the kitchen door-step shelling peas for dinner.



RUSTIC FLLOWER DECORATION.

Here are the Violets, too—Johnny-jump-ups, we used to call them; little dandies, with hair parted in the middle, twirling a cane and inditing verses to Angelina Evalina, sentimental youths—they claim priority of acquaintance and kinship with the royal Pansy. Yes, here they are, a great bed of them. "O-o-o-o-h." To be sure, that's just what everybody says—in fact

that is about the only expression one is capable of making at first sight of them. The next is, "How do you grow them so large?" or, "Why don't you take them to the fair?" My dear friend, my ambition is satisfied in that respect, for I took the first premium at the State fair last year; and now I'll tell you how I manage Pansies: I get first-class seed, and sow about the last of April in pans or shallow boxes in the house, transplanting when they have four or six leaves, into a bed composed of two-thirds leaf mold and one-third good garden soil. You see my bed is located where they get the shade of that young apple tree at midday, but far enough out to escape the drippings of rain or dew that fall from it; and my leaf mold is never composed of oak or beech leaves. Pansies and tannin don't assimilate, no how. These are for fall blooming. For spring flowers, I grow seed in August, and cover the young plants with leaves for winter protection. Dahlias? yes, born to command. Give them a deep, rich soil, a plenty of liquid manure, and you shall see regality of form and demeanor. And see my Verbenas. I never fail of a fine show of these; and this is my secret: I sow the seed early in April in a shallow box, and do not allow the earth to become dry until the young plants appear. Almost every seed will germinate, and once they are up they are hardy enough, and bear transplanting with the fortitude of veterans. The Pansies make a fine display, but they are the Aldermen, the Tweeds of society; and the Marigolds, coarse-grained creatures of the plebeian origin, no amount of cultivation will ever refine them. They have daily intercourse with the elegant Lilies, the delicate Daisies, and the beautiful Roses, but none of their graces ever stick to the Marigolds. One is reminded of the old sayings, "You can't make a whistle of a pig's tail," "Can't silver scour a pewter spoon," etc., and you compare them to Mrs. Jones, who has gradually risen from the position of servant to be the mistress of a fine house of her own, fine furniture, fine dress, fine equipage, but who, although she has very good associates, hasn't the tact or capability of filling the position with honor to herself or family.

MRS. GEORGE KATOR.

MY LILY GARDEN.

I wish to tell the readers of the FLORAL CABINET that I had splendid success in cultivating Water Lily, *Nympha Odorata*, last summer. The roots were sent me by express from Massachusetts, the 9th of June. I had sawed into a large barrel a rustic band of braided twigs, with the bark on around the top, and a handle of the same material. In the centre of the handle I placed an urn-shaped wire basket lined with moss and filled with earth, and some very lovely plants. The tub sat on a stone foundation two feet high; surrounding that, a mound of earth covered with scarlet and white Verbenas and Pansies. I filled in good rich soil to the depth of six inches; set out the roots and filled in the water gradually with a sprinkler, or watering-pot. I trained vines of Star Ipomoea over the rustic handle. The 9th of August the first blossoms opened, it was a beautiful little picture; people came for miles around to see it.

MRS. WM. H. MABEE.

RUSTIC FLOWER-STAND.

A few summers since we obtained from the forest the top of a chestnut tree; shortened the main stem until four and a half feet in length, leaving five or six of the top branches projecting above and outward from three to four and a half feet. This was firmly inserted in the ground, fronting the house. Upon the main stem was placed a damaged wooden bowl of eighteen inches diameter, and to each of the branches was attached, by screws, a pint tin basin, painted green. After filling with rich soil, Strawberry Geraniums, and various running plants, with fine, delicate foliage, were placed in each, and soon presented a beautiful and novel appearance.

L. D. SNOOK.

[Written specially for the LADIES' FLORAL CABINET.]

Winnifred's Will.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

CHAPTER VII.

"O Love, what is it in this world of ours
Which makes it fatal to be loved?"

The Fortescues had come up to Cloverbrook for the autumn, and there were greetings between their cottage and the Hall in these latter days of October. The two young ladies were plain, and wore eye-glasses, but they had the reputation of being very clever. They had read Mill and Herbert Spencer, and could converse about evolution. They came and played wonderful fantasias and sonatas on Winnifred's new grand piano, while their brother Charley sauntered languidly about the drawing-room, making eyes at the young heiress, to convey to her the fact that he considered her "a deuced fine girl." Mrs. Fortescue, a fussy little matron in gray puffs, and with a set smile on her false teeth, overflowed with compliments and caresses toward her dear, darling Winnifred.

Mrs. Halcourt had dispatched an exquisite little perfumed note to her friend, announcing the fact that matters were satisfactorily arranged between Bradley and his cousin, and congratulations quite in order. Bradley had not behaved very well in company since the arrival of the Fortescues, and the whole family voted that his indifference to Winnifred was simply brutal, and anything that could rescue the dear girl and her money from such a marriage, might be looked upon in the light of providential interference.

To Winnifred, in those days, the Fortescues seemed a welcome resource. She was fitfully feverish and restless in all her moods, hurrying things on to a certain point, and then losing interest in them from mere whim and caprice. Her unnatural gaiety was succeeded by petulance and irritability, which every one felt except Virginia, towards whom she was uniformly tender and considerate. In her hoydenish days she had snubbed Charley Fortescue unmercifully, but now she showered her favors upon him, until the foolish youth's curly blonde head was almost turned.

One morning nearly all the inmates of the old Hall were assembled in the fine old dining-room, which the young heiress had refitted in a very good style. Though an untutored girl, without artistic cultivation, she had a feeling for harmonious adornment. The old fireplace was a delight to Bradley. It was a great roomy cavern, large enough to sit in, and finished with picture-tiles which his diplomatic ancestor had brought from abroad; the walls of the room had been tinted a cool gray, and Winnifred had hung about upon them some of the oldest and mellowest of the family pictures. There were heavy crimson curtains at the windows, and the great mahogany side-board was weighed down by a burden of antique silver. Now a cheery wood fire crackled and snapped between the hand-irons, and Hector lay stretched out at full length on the tiger-skin rug.

Winnie enjoyed presiding at her own board, and ordering Steenie and the new maid, and she did the honors with a touch of pretty imperiousness that was not unbecoming. Bradley occupied the head of the table, and Edgar Swayne sat opposite Virginia, who was pale and listless, making the merest show of appetite over her tea and toast.

"What were you telling me just now, Mr. Swayne," Winnie inquired from behind the tray, "about those masked burglars at Deanport?"

Virginia felt a quiver run through her, and as she looked up she caught Bradley's eye, and a wave of conscious color dyed her cheek. Edgar answered with the stiff punctilious politeness he always assumed in Bradley's presence, "It was a bad case, Miss Braithwaite, and may involve serious consequences. The Deanport people are thoroughly aroused, and there are detectives out in several directions. This Mrs. Stanley, whose house was entered, is a nervous invalid. Her husband was absent on business, and she was alone in the house with the servants. The burglars obliged her to rise, gagged her, and bound her to a chair, while they rifled the drawers and boxes. Of course they escaped with their booty, and now the poor woman is lying very low indeed."

Virginia felt a creeping, cold sensation, mount from her feet to her vitals, why, she could not tell; and she seemed to hear Winnie's voice far off through a roaring of waters, as she said, "O, how dreadful! Have they any idea where the robbers are hiding?"

"There is a shrewd suspicion that a gang has been organized in this neighborhood, and every effort will be made to unearth them."

"You make me quite nervous," exclaimed Winnie, "talking about an organized gang," though in fact she half enjoyed the spice of danger. "I shall have new chain bolts put upon the doors, and the window fastenings must

be looked to. For outside protection we can depend on old Hector, and within doors I suppose two brave gallants will suffice."

"Don't trust too much to my prowess," said Bradley, who had not spoken before. "I sleep like the dead. I would advise you to get a small dog that can rouse the house by vociferous barking."

"It would be well to have a burglar alarm put in your bed-room," suggested Edgar.

"Yes, and to sleep with a brace of pistols under my pillow," said Winnie, laughing gaily. "Your suggestions are very kind, and prove your courage. But perhaps you will try and prevent the masked gentry from visiting us by exerting yourselves to detect them."

"I thought I had got on the trail of one of them yesterday," said Edgar, as he helped himself to another muffin. "There has been a suspicious character lurking about the mine for some weeks. He has been seen lying in bed in the day-time in Smoky Duff's cabin, so I was told by little Ben Harding, a very sharp boy, who lives next door to Duff's. Duff's wife is a virago. I could get nothing out of her, and she abused me like a pickpocket, when I went to her door. But Ben tells me he believes the man was playing possum, lying in bed, and pretending to be sick, for he has caught him once or twice prowling about at night. He describes him as a tall man, with a dark, watchful face, and black hair, very noiseless and stealthy in his motions."

"I am convinced he is one of the gang," said Winnie with animation. "His hiding in a miner's hut, shows he was on an evil errand. If you can catch him, Mr. Swayne, it will be a feather in your cap."

Virginia's face had grown miserably pallid, even to the lips, and her eyes had a hunted, despairing look they sometimes wore now. Bradley had watched her cautiously, though listening with keen interest to what Edgar was saying. He trembled lest she would faint, or break out into hysterical weeping. She did neither, but sat rigidly in her place. The girl had a power of self-control for which he had not given her credit, and happily, just at that moment, there came a diversion. Much to the surprise of every one present, Mrs. Braithwaite entered the room. Her black dress was huddled carelessly upon her, and her gray locks tucked away under a soiled morning cap. But there was an unusual look of determination and energy in her heavy face.

"Why, mamma," exclaimed Winnie, in a tone tinged with annoyance, as Mrs. Braithwaite stood defiantly still, and gazed about as if seeking to discover her place at the table, "this is an unexpected favor. You have not breakfasted with us before for ages."

"I have not been asked to take my rightful place at this table," said Mrs. Braithwaite, her voice breaking into a quaver of resentment. "I have been ignored and slighted in this house, where I was born, for many a long year. Your father did it before you, and now you are carrying out his policy."

Winnie colored high with anger, in spite of her determination to put down a scene with a strong hand. "I am sure you are at home here, mamma. It is not my place to point out what it is proper for you to do. I have always supposed that you consulted your own ease and comfort in staying in bed until late, and I have instructed Nanna to attend to your every want. If you have any complaints to make of me, this is certainly not the time to make them."

Both Bradley and Edgar had risen and offered the lady a chair. She took her place beside Bradley, and replied, with snuffing, but increased acrimony, "I shall choose my own time for making complaints. The strangers here are not of my inviting, but Bradley Halcourt is my own nephew, and it is right he should know all I have endured. I am willing he should judge between us."

Bradley looked at his aunt, to whose almost squalid figure an exalted sense of injury could not add one touch of dignity, with unmixed dismay. The appeal she had made to him against her own child, the woman he was in a manner pledged to marry, opened up vistas that required a stone heart to contemplate. Edgar and Virginia had left the room, and at that moment Steenie entered with a card on a salver.

"Mr. Fortescue has called," said Winnie, as she took it up with an immense sense of relief. "If you would like to see him, Bradley, perhaps mamma will defer setting forth my high crimes and misdemeanors until a more convenient season."

"He is no friend of mine," returned Bradley. "I have nothing to say to him."

"I know by your tone you do not approve of poor Charley."

"What matters it so long as he is a favorite of yours?"

Winnie gave an expressive little twist to her shoulders, and went sailing out of the breakfast-room with mixed emotions. There were disagreeable things in her triumphant young life that had to be put down, or crushed; but deeper than all lurked a feeling of resentment toward Bradley, who refused to be piqued with her—who received all her doings and sayings with cold imperturbability, or

sarcastic silence. But why should she wish to pique Bradley? If he had remonstrated with her it would have been to save an appearance of decorum and propriety before the world, and for this Winnie had nothing but scorn. In the hall she encountered Virginia, who had her hat on for the daily visit to the Finster cottage, where little Jake still lay ill. Winnie ran and clasped her arm about her friend's waist.

"What on earth put it into mamma's head to make such a scene," said she in a whisper. "She must be plotting something or other in which she wants Bradley's assistance. Do you know I am so oppressed by her presence that I cannot stay in the room where she is five minutes at a time. It was shameful for her to come down in that untidy dress; and I shall scold Nanna, and tell her not to let the thing happen again. She must lock the chamber door if necessary."

Virginia lifted her clasped hands with a pretty, imploring gesture. "Pardon, mademoiselle; would it not be better to try and win madam by kindness and gentleness, to try and make her life a little less triste. Forgive me, but she is your mother, and that is a holy name."

The sensitive mouth began to tremble, and Winnie took her playfully by the chin and kissed her.

"You have been reared so differently you cannot understand things, Virginia. You have never known anything about fighting and contending. But I cannot shut my eyes to facts—I cannot be hypocritical, and I do not see why one's life should be spoiled by disagreeable things one is not to blame for."

"But, dear mademoiselle, is there not such a thing as duty?" and the great blue eyes were lifted to her's.

"Yes, I suppose so; but I cannot stop to discuss it now, for I hear Charley Fortescue romping around in the drawing-room like an impatient bear. You know he was a kind of bean of mine once, and I used to treat him abominably."

"Why does he come back again now? Why do you waste time on him?"

"O, one must amuse one's self, as the French say," and she gave her friend another kiss and ran away to engage in lively nonsense with the young loungee in the drawing-room.

Meantime Bradley was closeted with Mrs. Braithwaite. The poor woman had fallen into a very lachrymose condition, and the flesh of her heavy cheeks and chin trembled visibly.

"So you are going to marry Winnifred?" she asked.

"I believe so," he answered somberly, with his hands in his pockets and his legs stretched out under the table. "Things have been arranged between Winnifred and me partly to that effect."

"I suppose your mother has played her cards," said Mrs. Braithwaite, with a gleam of shrewdness coming into her dull face. "She always had an eye on the property."

Bradley did not answer, but he winced under the imputation. "Well," Mrs. Braithwaite went on, "I am glad you are going to marry her; things will be better for me than if a stranger was to come in here. They might look me in a lunatic asylum, who knows. But you are my nephew, and bound to take my part. You ought to have the money if you want it, for I am sure Harold was cheated by the old judge. Nobody knows the life I led those days when poor father lay dying. It's perfectly natural that you and your mother should want to get the property back again, and I suppose there is no other way but to marry Winnifred. She is just like her father—heartless and hard, though she does fawn over that foreign girl. Folks may think I have been so crushed and beaten down I have got no natural feelings, but wouldn't a stone feel to be deprived of every right and title? I brought all the money to the Braithwaites. This house was mine, but I have no more authority in it than a dog. My wishes are never consulted, my spiritual adviser can't darken the door, and I am put down and disgraced in the eyes of menials. But when you are married, Bradley, you can make things better for me. Promise me that you will try."

Bradley was deeply shamed by his aunt's rather coarse speech, so far as it bore upon his own motives. A sense of repugnance and loathing made him sick at heart. He seemed to see what a poor creature he was in other people's eyes; but it was useless to deny anything that might be imputed to him, so he sat some instants in silence with a black cloud on his face, and then said very slowly and coldly, "You are very much mistaken, aunt, if you suppose I shall ever have control of the Halcourt estates. Winnifred's fortune is settled on herself, and should we marry, I shall be only one of her appendages."

"I don't know anything how it was left," said the poor woman, shaking her head helplessly; "I haven't the faintest idea what I am entitled to. That Deaport lawyer came here and talked a rigmorole I couldn't understand, and then he made me sign some papers, and that is all I know. But I thought if you got the handling of the money perhaps you could persuade Winnifred to let Father Dooley come to the house without setting the dog on him. Now she has taken a whim to have schools, and a Sunday

preaching, and a parson of her own, and it is cruel to deny me my only consolation," and the poor woman broke down into a snuffling exhibition of her wrongs.

"I can do what you request in regard to Father Dooley," said her nephew, who really pitied her, "but I must tell you before-hand that it will be in vain, for I have no influence with Winnifred."

"Perhaps not," said his aunt, with a dolorous sigh; "she's that wilful that she'll break her neck to get her own way. But I think, Bradley, you ought to do what you can to have that French girl sent away. Her coming to this house was your doing, and I've a presentiment that she will bring trouble. Winnifred is ready to eat her up now, but one day she will hate her—mark me, she will hate her."

Bradley was shocked by his aunt's narrowness and suspicion. "Nonsense," he muttered between his teeth as he rose to his feet.

"There is another thing, Bradley," Mrs. Braithwaite continued in a half whisper, not minding his exclamation; "I do not feel at liberty to mention it to anybody but you; that girl has held secret meetings with a suspicious character—a strange man."

"O, I know all about that," returned the young man eagerly, catching at any straw that would save him from committing to a distinct course of action in reference to Virginia; "she told me herself. A stranger met her by accident in the pine grove and spoke to her, and she was very much frightened. It happened the day I came."

Mrs. Braithwaite shook her head, and settled down heavily into herself. "That ain't all, Bradley; you don't know the whole story."

"I'll tell you what," Bradley resumed after a moment of serious reflection, "if you will promise not to persecute Virginia, and will put by your cruel suspicions of the poor girl, I will do all I can to induce Winnifred to let Father Dooley visit you here at the hall."

Mrs. Braithwaite looked at him with a glimmer of surprise in her leaden eyes. "It seems strange that you should want to keep that girl here when I am sure she will only do harm by staying. But perhaps you know best, Bradley. I have always thought you were good ever since you were a little boy."

Bradley received this declaration with a black scowl on his face. "No, aunt, I am not good, but I want to be just, and I will stake my life and soul that Virginia Duval is a pure noble-minded girl." Then he turned abruptly on his heel and walked out of the room. Just as he had taken his hat with the design of escaping from the house, Winnie opened the drawing-room door and came hurriedly toward him in her white morning-gown. There was a defiant, playful light in her eyes, but the expression on Bradley's face was peculiarly discouraging.

"Mr. Fortescue has asked me to ride over to the fair at Cloverbrook, Bradley, and I thought perhaps your highness might be induced to join us. I can mount you tolerably well already, and as the fair is a horse and cattle show, you will have an opportunity to select a steed for yourself. The stables are not half filled, and you can indulge your taste in horses to almost any extent, and oblige me at the same time."

Bradley grew as cold and rigid as stone. "No, I thank you," said he hastily; "I do not care for horse exercise, and you will excuse me from accompanying you to Cloverbrook, as you already have an escort."

Bradley's tone was like sleet beating on her face. A vista strange and bleak and desolate seemed to open for a moment before the young girl's eyes. She felt hot tears burning against her lids, but she nerved herself instantly. "I suppose it is your absurd prejudice against Charley Fortescue. You disapprove my knowing him."

"I have no prejudice against Fortescue, Winnifred. He does not interest me; but if you like his society, there is no reason why you should not enjoy it. Be assured I shall never attempt to interfere with your friendships."

An unreasonable feeling of indignation came to sustain the girl, as often happened. "You want to exhibit your lofty pride and wise prudence to show me that you will take no favors from my hand. As I do not care to have mine go begging, I will not intrude them again."

"Yes, I will ask one favor of you, Winnifred," and his whole manner changed and softened. "It may make you angry, I presume it will, but I shall do it because it is right."

"What is it you will deign to ask of me, Bradley?" looking up at him with surprise.

"I will ask you to treat your mother with more consideration—to give her the place she is entitled to by age and circumstances."

A fiery, red tide suffused Winnifred's face. "It is just what I have expected," she cried, with bitter scorn; "you have espoused mamma's cause, and taken sides against me. Now I suppose you will ask to have that disgusting, dirty old priest let into the house, though mamma knows she can have the carriage to go to chapel whenever she chooses. You will not interfere with my friendships, but you will come and preach to me about my duties and obli-

gations, and I shall tell you plainly that I hate preaching and canting."

"It would seem that a daughter's heart would teach her all she ought to feel toward a mother," he said in a low voice, "without forcing upon any one such a disagreeable and thankless task."

"Yes, of course," returned Winnifred resentfully; "you think me hard and unnatural and monstrous, but I cannot help it. That old priest shall not darken this door. I gave papa my word for it, and I will keep it."

Bradley turned upon his heel and walked off without another word, and that same morning when Winnifred rode away to Cloverbrook Fair, she almost hated herself. A sense of personal loathing had come over her, mingled with burning indignation toward Bradley. She knew she was right, but the world had changed and grown perverse and hard and unlovely. The old buoyant, brilliant consciousness of life and power was clouded over; but a sharp canter of several miles and a great deal of high-spirited, soulless banter poured out on Charley Fortescue would surely set her up again.

The October day was mild and still as it drew toward noon, with a golden haze netting up fields and farms and woods and waters in a symphony of exquisite color. Bradley wandered along the lake-side and started up a partridge now and then from the cover. By circling nearly the whole sheet, he came to the north end, and was soon clambering up the high bank in among the dark Druidical pine trees, where he wandered about for a time over the pale red needles, and at last emerged at a point where Finster's cottage was visible, and seated himself on a mossy log. The voices of the children playing around the door came softened to his ear, and he idly watched the ducks making circles in the water near where the fisherman's boat was drawn up on the sand.

Long time he watched and waited, for Bradley had great capacity of patience in him, until at last the cottage appeared to exercise an attractive power he could not resist, and slowly descending the bank, he came to a little unfenced cabbage patch. The place was only one room high on that side, where a window stood partly open. Bradley approached and peeped through the light screen of withering morning glories and scarlet runners that shaded it, and there he saw this picture: Virginia sat by a low cot with her hat off, and her golden hair making a dim glory in the shady room. She was reading to the sick child, a freckle-faced, sandy-headed lad of eight or nine. The boy's little brown fist was clasped in her hand, and the story was in French, which she turned into English as she went along. The child's eyes, large from illness, devoured her face, and now and then he broke into a weak, gurgling laugh, for the tale was a merry one.

Bradley watched this scene for some instants, and then gently shook the sash and spoke her name. Virginia raised her head. She could not see him through the screen of leaves, but she knew his voice, and it thrilled through her. She put down the book and went to the window.

"You look worn and pale, and the air of that little den is stifling. Do come out and let me row you round the lake in Finster's boat; I want to speak with you."

"Where is mademoiselle, your cousin?"

"She has gone to Cloverbrook Fair with Fortescue. Do come out," he pleaded in a whisper.

Virginia went slowly back to the cot, stooped down and spoke to the sick boy, and kissed his freckled face. Then she tied on her hat, and another moment was embarking in Finster's boat with Bradley Halcourt.

"I'm glad you're going to give her a mouthful of fresh air," said the slatternly, easy-going Mrs. Finster with her heavy baby hanging on her shoulder like a bag of beans. "She's stuck to little Jake as if he was her own; beats all how he dotes on her. If the child gets well, it will be her party face as has cured him, and not the doctor's stuff."

Bradley pushed off into the middle of the calm lake. He had seated Virginia in the stern so that she could not avoid meeting his glance when she raised her eyes. He knew not what he meant to do or say, for he seemed carried along by an irresistible tide. For some moments nothing was heard but the light splash of the oars, but at last Bradley spoke in rather a constrained tone of voice.

"Did you tell me, Miss Duval, that you wish the search for your uncle definitively abandoned?"

"Yes," said she, with a little shudder; "he is dead to me."

"I have been surprised," returned Bradley, assuming a cold air of grievance that seemed to fortify him, "to see that you evidently wish to avoid me."

"O, monsieur!" in a low, pleading tone of remonstrance.

"Yes," said Bradley, not daring to look at her for fear his coldness would melt, "there is some mystery enveloping you: something is troubling or perplexing your mind. I dared once to hope that I might win the right to a little more frankness—the right to help you if it lay in my power."

"Monsieur does not trust me," she said, with a low

half sob; "he has suspicions like madame. I do not wonder, for monsieur has been all kindness, all goodness. It is monstrous in me to seem ungrateful."

"I have no suspicions," he exclaimed, dropping the oar, now. "I do trust you, Virginia, with all my heart and soul, but will you give me the right to ask one question: Is it true there are thoughts of—of marriage between you and Mr. Swayne?"

She gave a little cry of surprise, and clasped her hands. "Marriage between me and Mr. Swayne! Monsieur must know, he must surely have seen, that the poor young man has a hopeless passion for mademoiselle. You are betrothed to her, and you have no cause for anxiety. She is a glorious being, monsieur. I know that her heart is noble and true, and I have reason to worship the ground where she walks."

Bradley sat with his face quite pale, a troubled gleam in his eyes, and his arms hanging at his side, for he had let the boat drift as it would. "If what you say is true," he returned, "things are more inextricably tangled up than I had supposed. But I cannot think of my cousin now. I am mad, perhaps, Virginia. I am out of my senses, but I must speak. It has made me desperate and reckless to see you suffer. I have not slept, and am not myself. But why should I keep up this miserable mockery and pretense, when I know now that I love you better than life?"

Virginia gave a low, despairing moan, and covered her face with her hands. "O, monsieur," she sobbed brokenly, "you do not respect me, and I have reverence for you as a superior being far, far above me; but you have forgotten your honor or my helpless and dependent state, else you could not speak thus, knowing what I owe to my generous, kind friend, who has so loved and trusted in me."

Bradley was bowed down to the depths of contrition by the sight of her grief. He went over to her and knelt before her, and took one of her cold, small hands in his. "O, forgive me," he cried. "Do not misjudge me so cruelly. I do reverence you like a saint in heaven. No wonder you are shocked, for my conduct has seemed weak and strange and inconsistent and unmanly. I was led to make a wicked promise to my mother before I knew the strength of my feeling toward you. But the tie that binds me to my cousin is only a business arrangement—a matter of expediency, of convenience and cursed family pride. I will break it, and follow the dictates of my own heart."

"You do not know the truth, monsieur," said she, raising her head with the tears streaming over her pale cheeks. "Your cousin loves you, though, perhaps, unconsciously."

"God forbid," said Bradley, with an incredulous smile. "That is a strange delusion of your's, Virginia; she loves only her own way and the power to rule."

Virginia shook her head mournfully, and gently withdrew her hand. "Monsieur is noble; he will put by this delirium and let me land here in the little cove, and I forget all that has passed in this mad hour. I am going away, for I have only done harm in this place. I am going back to the good pastor Viardot at Geneva. I put myself under your protection while I remain, monsieur. Do not let them think me a mere adventuress. Do not let your cousin believe herself deceived and wronged by me, and that I have returned evil for her good. O, monsieur, I beseech you save me from every breath of suspicion and reproach."

"Wherever you go," said Bradley doggedly, "I shall follow, unless you tell me distinctly that you do not love me. You will draw me to you by an irresistible attraction."

She put her hands again over her eyes and began to tremble. "O, have mercy, monsieur; be not pitiless!"

He had possessed himself of one of her hands again, and covered it with kisses. "You do love me, Virginia; I know it now. I will obey you like a dog, and never pain you again."

"You will be docile if I tell you we must part forever," she whispered.

"O, my God, Virginia," he groaned, "these are hard words. Do not give me over to despair. I will do nothing unworthy of you or of myself, nothing to pain or trouble you. But trust me, believe in me, my love. If we belong to each other, who shall part us? Virginia, I saw you stoop and kiss that boy in the cottage. I would give five years of my life for a touch of your lips."

Virginia's face was pale; she did not blush at his words. Her eyes had a depth of solemn meaning as she said, "It will be the first and last time." And just as the keel of the boat grated on the sand of the little cove, Bradley folded her in his arms.

(To be continued.)

LOST.

Somewhere between sunrise and sunset,
Two golden hours,
Each set with sixty diamond minutes;
No reward is offered
As they are lost forever.



NEW YORK, APRIL, 1877.

FLORAL DECORATIONS.

The illustration represented upon the first page is a floral arrangement which is often used at an occasion of a French party, for hiding a doorway or large fire-place. Tall panels filled with mirrors are placed in such situations. At the base is a marble slab; and within the fender are grouped varying collections of plants in bloom. The mode of arrangement is as follows: A double row is necessary, the taller plants standing at the back, as indicated by the uneven numbers, the lower ones being placed between each of the large flower-pots. Roses, Arum Lilies, beautiful tree Ferns, Marantas, and Azaleas, are used to form the background, the tallest and most erect being placed in the centre, and the most sweeping away at the end.

1 3 5 7 9 11
2 4 6 8 10

For edging, nothing is so pretty as the *Isolepis gracilis*, a little hanging grass, which grows naturally and in extreme profusion. For grouping amidst the grass, low-growing ferns are chosen. Such flowers as Lilies of the Valley, blue Lobelias, double Violets, Forget-me-nots, white Anemone, and Campanulas, both white and blue. For training up the sides, use Passion flower vine, a honeysuckle, or the hop vine. The design on first page is only slight indication of possible achievements. In the back are tall Lilies, Penstemons; in front, Geraniums, Deutzias, Violets, etc. A suite of rooms was so well decorated with this plan of floral arrangements that it seemed double in size, and another suite, a perfect counterpart, appeared to extend on beyond. One of the immense pier-glasses, so much used abroad, was placed so as to occupy the end of the

drawing-room; at each side of this were tall thickets of shrubs and flowers, filling up the interstices between it and the walls. These thickets of shrubs came down in the segment of a circle at the base, so that the effect was perfect of another room, separated only by a mass of most lovely flowers.

Upon this page is a sketch of a Fender Basket. The front is constructed of wicker work. A zinc or tin tray is made so as to fit the basket. The ends rise slightly; the centre should be quite low. The fire-place is fitted with a mirror which reaches from the floor to the mantel. The fender basket, or tray, is filled with a mass of moss, arranged to form a soft swelling bank, rising very gradually. Either a heap of moss, or a mass of sand or cocoanut fibre, can be used to fill up the tin tray all around the flower pots, and the interstices between. The illustration shows Callas, Fuchsias, Begonias, as the principal plants; but to these might be easily added Palms, Acaecias, Roses, and large ferns, if the fender basket is of sufficient width. All these form ideas upon which those fond of floral decorations can build and construct to ornament their fire-places, their mantels, mirrors, and doorways between rooms and niches and bay windows. If the zinc tray is properly made of sufficient depth, it can be filled with earth and sand, covered with moss, and the plants grow therein without pots.

Upon page 57 is an illustration of a beautiful combined aquarium and plant case. Suitable rock work is provided within, and cemented together. At the sides, corners and back are planted lovely plants and grasses which will grow in moist places. The plants most suitable for this purpose are the following: Vallisnerias, Anaccharis, Charas, the pigmy-blossomed Water Lily, the hawthorn-scented Aponogeton distachyon, fresh green disk-shaped sheath-rooted Duck Weed, pontederia crassipes, the hollow petioles of which are smaller, and filled with air. The only earth necessary is



A FENDER BASKET.

fibrous peat, and fresh living sphagnum, or moss. In the aquarium can be placed lizards, golden trout, frogs, and a multitude of other fish or water inhabitants. While flitting from branch to flower overhead may be butterflies and birds. The aquarium and plant case is very large, at least six to eight feet long and wide, and ten feet high.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Fire, Snow, Post Office.—Within the past three months a combination of fire in our office, a missing bag of papers delivered to the post office, and the extraordinary delays occasioned by snows, and mails (often days and weeks behind), have utterly prevented exact promptness in filling orders. We usually are able to fill every order within forty-eight hours, but must confess, in such a combination of circumstances, our readers must exercise charity. In January, letters from our subscribers were two weeks in reaching us—and even in case we filled the order the day received, still the blockaded condition of the railroads made another delay of two weeks in delivering papers to subscribers. Our office, also, within the past month, was burned with a serious fire, and created serious interference. Also a bag of mail matter to subscribers was sent to the post office, which must have been lost, for we cannot otherwise explain delay of some in receiving their January No. But all difficulties have been overcome, and everything now is again "on time."

Steel Plate Engraving, "The Home of Washington."—We have the past month become possessors of the plate and copyright of this splendid and expensive Steel Plate Engraving. The cost of it, together with the original oil painting, has been \$8,000. Wishing all the subscribers of the FLORAL CABINET to have a copy of it, as it is really a gem of art, we will present a copy to every one now a subscriber, who will enclose to us the certificate printed upon our first page cover, before July 1st, and also remit 50 cents. This sum hardly pays expense and labor of forwarding; as all our subscribers know that we never offer a poor article, and in almost every case the *real worth* is from *two to ten times the sum we ask*, we feel sure our announcement of the privilege of obtaining a copy of "The Home of Washington" will attract confidence and attention. We guarantee perfect copies, printed directly by hand from the plate, equal in all respects to the best \$25 engraving sold in this city. And if any one does not find it a "real treasure," we will refund the money. Any one who, at this time, is a subscriber to any of our papers, for any length of time, or has been in the past a purchaser of any of our books, etc., has the privilege of procuring a copy.

Chromo, "Gems of the Flower Garden."—All editions of this are exhausted, and we cannot supply it any more. Subscribers will therefore be supplied instead with "My Window Garden"; or, "The Easter Cross," a new and most beautiful cross of flowers.

Renew, Renew.—Many thousand subscriptions expire with this number. Renew! Renew!!

Only One Dollar.—All the rest of this year's numbers, April to December, will be sent for only one dollar, this including also the steel plate engraving, "The Glee Maiden," worth alone \$1.00.

Get up Clubs.—To any one who will get up clubs for us this Spring, will be given these commissions towards your own paper free.

To every dollar subscription, we will allow 15 cents, or to every subscription at \$1.80, we will allow 20 cents, to be applied towards your own paper free, or any book we offer in our list. These commissions are not cash, but trade towards your own paper or book.

A club of 7 will get you your paper one year; a club of three will pay for nearly six months, but every name you get besides your own, counts in your favor and reduces the cost of your own paper.

MAGNIFICENT NEW FLORAL PREMIUMS.

"The Floral Cabinet" Collection of New Seedling Gladiolus.—This is a new collection, never before offered, grown exclusively for us, which consists of twelve flowering bulbs of Gladiolus, one of the finest quality and most exquisite variety of colors. The quality of this collection is unequalled, and in every respect, we can safely guarantee them extra choice. The same quality of named varieties of Gladiolus, obtained of reliable seedsmen, would cost \$12. The colors range from the most fiery scarlet to the purest white.

OFFER No. 1.—This collection, worth \$12, will be given free to any person who will raise a club of 15 subscribers to the FLORAL CABINET at \$1.80, and also an extra copy of paper 1 year, free to agent.

OFFER No. 2.—To any one who will get up a club of 20 subscribers at \$1.80 we will give sufficient bulbs that the members of the club may have each 1 bulb worth \$1, and the club agent the entire set of 12, also with extra copy of paper free 1 year.

OFFER No. 3.—One subscription at \$3, will give subscriber the CABINET 1 year and collection free, all worth \$15.

This collection is not for sale by any seed house, and cannot be obtained at any other place, and all are new seedling varieties just originated.

The Floral Cabinet Collection of Balsams.—This comprises the best strains of Camellia-flowered Balsams ever offered. The Balsam is a great favorite with the ladies. This collection is the very cream of the extra choicest sorts ever raised. Its value may be judged when the seedsmen have offered 10 cents a seed for all that can be spared. We know there is nothing in Europe or America to equal them. The collection consists of 6 packets, pure white, deep, rich purple, brilliant scarlet, crimson spotted, velvet violet spotted, and carnation striped. The flowers are so large and perfect as to be almost equal to roses. The set is worth \$1.50 at least, and can be obtained only on the following terms:

No. 1.—A club of 10 subscribers to FLORAL CABINET, at \$1.80, will entitle club agent to 1 set of above packets, \$1.50, and 1 extra copy of CABINET and engraving free.

No. 2.—A subscription of \$2 to CABINET will entitle subscriber to the paper and collection in addition.

No. 3.—A club of 4 subscribers at \$1.80 will entitle agent to the collection free, as a premium.

No. 4.—A club of 20 subscribers, at \$1.80 each, will entitle club agent to enough packets to present each member of the club with the collection, worth \$1.50, also the CABINET and engraving 1 year, all together worth \$9.80, and the club agent to extra set of paper, engraving, and collection free.

The supply is limited, and those who desire them will do well to get clubs in as soon as possible.

The collections of balsams and Gladiolus are named specially after the FLORAL CABINET, and we are very cautious never to send out anything but just as represented. The good name and fame, and honor of the CABINET is the best endorsement of these new floral collections, which are of extraordinary value.

BIRD HOUSES.

Birds appreciate houses and other artificial shelter, and will usually accept any accommodations we may provide for them; but they have their preferences, and while perfectly indifferent to the fashion and beauty of their habitations, they naturally seek for retirement and secrecy. Consequently, a dilapidated stove-pipe hat, with a hole in the top and nailed against a retired wall, will be more readily occupied than the most wonderfully-carved and highly-colored pagoda perched prominently on a pole. The less conspicuous bird houses are, the better; all elaborate, gaudy affairs in imitation of temples and other buildings are to be condemned, both as unsuitable and as contrary to good taste.

The most artistic bird houses are of rustic construction. A strong, rain-proof box of rough boards serves as a foundation. The size and shape of the box is simply a matter of taste and convenience, but it must be provided with a roof. Shed and gable roofs are most easily made, but curved or gambrel, and hip or four-sided roofs are more fanciful. The floor of the house should project an inch or two beyond the walls, making a sort of step or perch. Two round or oval holes two inches in diameter must be made for doors, and the house is ready to be covered with strips of bark or of some straight splitting wood nailed on. The "rustic" appearance is further increased by nailing on crooked twigs or roots. A very beautiful house could be made by covering it with pieces of bark from which bits of grayish-green dry moss are growing, and adding tufts of the same kind of moss here and there. In fact, any kind of rustic work used for hanging baskets is suitable for bird houses. An ordinary paint-keg, stood on end with a hole in the side, and a gable roof, makes a very good house. It can be painted, or covered with bark and twigs.

To make a nice martin house, take two soap-boxes, and put two cross partitions in each, dividing each box into four rooms. Nail one of the boxes on a board of sufficient size to allow a two-inch projection all around.

Prepare the other box in the same manner, and nail its bottom to the top of the other box. Put a piece on each side of the house to fit it properly for the roof, and with two boards make a gable roof. Furnish each room with a two-inch door, and the house is complete, except the outdoor finish. Paint a deep brown or slate, or sand it over with clean, dark sand, or cover it in rustic style.

Old tin pans, nailed against the walls of out-build-

they be mounted on poles, fastened against walls, or suspended from limbs of trees. MRS. M. F. A.

STATUARY TRANSPARENCY.

A beautiful and striking statuary transparency that I recently saw hanging in a parlor window is different from anything I have noticed described in the CABINET. The method of preparing it is quite simple, but calls for tolerable skill in drawing.

Wash a piece of ground glass clean with soap and water, rinse thoroughly and dry with a towel. Fix it firmly in some way convenient for drawing, and clearly trace the outlines of a group of statuary on the ground side. If expert at drawing you may design your own group, or copy from some good model, directly on the glass. If not sufficiently skilled for this, place a wood-cut, photograph, or drawing on the smooth side of the glass, with the face of the picture next to the glass. The picture will show through distinctly, and the outlines can be easily traced correctly. Shade carefully with soft drawing pencils, and touch the high lights with pure mastic varnish, and if there is anything of the artist in your nature, you will be able to produce the true statuary effect. When finished satisfactorily, fill in the groundwork of the glass with opaque black, either water colors or oil, or with any of the transparent oil colors. Prussian blue, crimson or scarlet lake, or purple (by mixing crimson lake with Prussian blue). Exercise the greatest care when applying the color around the edges of the picture that the sharp, clear outline may not be disturbed. When dry, take a piece of plain glass of the same size and place it over the painted side, and bind



AQUARIUM AND PLANT CASE.

ings and painted brown, are not disdained by the birds for housekeeping purposes. Large sized tin fruit-cans, placed on the side and securely held in place by wires or other means, are also acceptable. Care must be taken not to put tin houses where the sun's ray will strike them long, as the reflection will make it too hot for the birdlings. Attention must also be given to placing the bird houses out of the reach of cats, whether

the two together by gumming narrow strips of paper or ribbon over the edges. MRS. M. F. ADKINSON.

In washing windows, a narrow-bladed wooden knife, sharply pointed, will take out the dust that hardens in the corners of the sash. Dry whiting will polish the glass, which should first be washed with weak black tea mixed with a little alcohol.

Ladies' Boudoir.

MY COZY ROOM.

"O, May, what a cosy room," said my friend Stella Moore, as I led her to my own special sanctum, on the occasion of her first visit to me.

We had been room-mates at a celebrated seminary, and had left school just one year before this time. Our situations in life were very different. She was the only daughter of a wealthy city merchant, while I was the child of a country physician, and had numerous brothers and sisters. Although we were intimate friends, it was with some misgivings that I invited her to spend a few weeks of the summer with me, for my home, though pleasant, was plainly furnished. I wished much to have my own room pretty and cosy, and lay wondering many a night how to accomplish it. At last a plan came to me, and only confiding it to my mother, I set about it, and now, as it is all complete, perhaps some of the readers of the CABINET would like to have a description of it.

It contained two large windows; it was a few feet longer than it was wide, and there were two doors. My first move was to purchase a white straw matting for the floor; next I papered the walls with pretty gilt paper, touching the top with a blue and gold border. At my window I hung plain, full white muslin curtains, looping them back with blue ribbons, and hanging over them lambrequins of delicate blue chintz. Then came a bold move. I went to a furniture dealer and purchased an unpainted bedstead, dressing-case, commode, two chairs, and a rocking-chair; at a paint-shop I bought some very delicate blue paint, and by dint of much patience, painted and varnished my set myself. When perfectly dry, I relieved its very blue look by ornamenting it with lovely landscapes in decalcomanie. So far, very well; but I needed a table and two more chairs. In the attic I found an old stand with two drawers, just the thing for my purpose, but it was a woeful sight. I, however, with soap and water and sand-paper, washed and rubbed off much of the dirt and old paint. I then applied several coats of my blue paint, and with a cloth of blue flannel pinked around the edges, and braided with gold braid—behold a charming stand. On this I placed my writing-desk, my albums, and my few choice books. For my chairs, a barrel with the top sawed off, so as to form an easy back, and nicely cushioned and stuffed, made a comfortable seat, and when covered with chintz to match my lambrequins, was very pleasing to the eye. For the other, I got an unpainted camp-stool, painted it blue, and an old bit of tapestry carpeting, nailed on with brass nails, did admirably for a seat.

Thus my principal furniture was complete. Now for the ornaments. I took two pieces of wood about two inches thick and circular shape, put a broom-handle through the centre of each piece about two and a half feet apart; I covered it with chintz and tied a band of blue ribbon round the belt. Around its top were pockets of the chintz, with blue bows, and on it stood my basket of work. Over my commode I hung a curtain of white rubber cloth, pinked round the edges, and ornamented in the centre and each of the four corners, with sprays of flowers and grasses in decalcomanie. The commode was covered with a white cloth, and mats, crocheted in cotton yarn over lamp-wicking, were under the bowl and pitcher. Two small mats of the same were on the small shelves. Under the mantel stood a box covered with chintz; its

cover was put on with hinges, a broad knife-plaited ruffle finished the edge. This was a pleasant seat, being nicely stuffed, and also a convenient receptacle for soiled clothes. The mantle itself was a piece of plain board painted blue, and set on iron brackets. Around this hung a curtain of Java canvas, white, on which was worked a broad, handsome pattern with the shades of blue worsted; its edge was a shaded blue fringe. On the mantel stood two hollow wood frames (sawed by myself with a friend's bracket saw), holding photographs of two friends. These frames rested on two rose mats made of blue and white split zephyr. In the centre was a Parian vase filled with autumn leaves made in wax. Over this hung a picture of Evangeline in a gilt frame, which no one would guess was very much worn, for it was covered with straw-colored tarlatan prettily falled over it. My dressing-case held a toilet set of white honeycomb canvas, worked with blue worsted in Grecian pattern, and consisting of a large mat, two small ones, and a cushion. A handkerchief box, made of pieces of glass, cut to fit each other, and bound together with narrow blue ribbon, a hair-pin basket, long and narrow. A hair receiver of silver paper, embroidered with blue floss, and lined with blue silk, hung from one knob, and from the other a watch-case of blue velvet embroidered with a raised pattern of beads. My pretty trinkets, gifts of friends, were scattered around, with here and there a picture; most of them drawings or paintings of my own. Several brackets were fastened on the walls; one bore a cross of wax twined with ivy, another sea-shells and moss. Hassocks made of odds and ends of silk and worsted goods pieced together, offered easy resting places for the tired feet. The straw matting was relieved by mats made from old coffee-bags, and worked in various patterns suitable for canvas with bright colored Germantown wools.

ELLEN C. WRIGHT.

MY GUEST CHAMBER.

A large chamber with three pleasant windows, two looking south and one west, curtained with plain white shades. On the floor a carpet decidedly the worse for wear, hardly a square yard guiltless of a darn, a cottage bedstead of dark stained wood, a bureau of ditto, surmounted by a small, dull looking-glass, a wash-stand of the same gloomy color, and three straight cane-seated chairs with one rocking-chair; a table of the hour-glass description, covered with white, and standing at the head of the bed, completed the list of furniture.

This was my guest chamber, which I had just entered. We were poor and could not afford to spend money save for those things which were absolutely needful.

A bad debt, as my husband had always considered it, of fifty dollars, had been paid to him the night before, and he had given me half of it, to do as I pleased.

As a result of my cogitations, I bought a dollar's worth of white paint, into which I stirred a very little lamp-black, making a light French gray. With this I painted all my furniture excepting the bedstead. I wished for a French bedstead, and by going to a manufactory obtained one; unpainted, for four dollars. The man of whom I bought it cautioned me to shellac all the knots in the first place, as otherwise they would make their appearance through the paint. I put on three coats of paint, and no one could have suspected what was underneath. After it was all dry my John took a small paint brush, and after putting more lamp-black into the paint, and making it very dark, he drew

lines, straight and curved, where they were necessary to give a finished look.

I had bought a dollar's worth of decalcomanie pictures, groups of flowers, of three sizes. The largest I put on the bedstead, one on the inside of the head-board, two on the foot-board, one inside and one outside, and a medium-sized one on the lower part of the foot-board. On each large bureau drawer I placed a medium-sized picture, and a small one on each small drawer, also one at the top and bottom of the looking-glass. For the wash-stand I used medium-sized, and on the top of each chair a small one. I then varnished all the furniture, and with immense pride regarded my work. It was an experiment, and I had felt so doubtful of success that I had chosen to do it first; now, however, with renewed courage, I set about considering what I could do for the rest of the room. The ceiling was clean and white, so was the paint, and the paper was likewise respectable, being delicate in tint, with an unobtrusive small figure, so I merely got a cheap blue border—I had decided on having a "blue room"—and that part of the work was over.

Twenty yards of white straw matting, at twenty-five cents a yard, made me a carpet. I had once heard of putting wall paper on the floor, giving it one or two coats of varnish after it was down, and was tempted to try that economical arrangement, but refrained, not having much faith in such a carpet.

When bright colors were worn for dresses, I possessed a blue, all-wool delaine of a light and exceedingly bright shade. I had not liked to wear it for years, so it had hung undisturbed in the attic. Now I thought that I saw an opportunity of utilizing it, as there was a good quantity of material in it; so I took it, bought ten yards of curtain lace, which is very wide, for thirty cents a yard, to put over it, and made my lambrequins. I lined them with old white cotton, putting between the lining and delaine thick brown paper, through which the sun could not shine and fade the blue. I made my pillow shams in the same way, finishing them around the edge with a narrow plaiting of tarlatan, as I also did the lambrequins and a splasher for my wash-stand. Next, I got John to make me a rough table, with a frame work at the back four feet high, and rounding over at the top. I covered this plainly with the blue delaine, and over it felled the lace, excepting on the top of the table, where I drew it smoothly across. For two dollars I bought a good-sized looking-glass with a white pine frame, which my husband fastened on the back of the table. I pasted gilt paper nicely over the pine, and arranged the draperies to fall over in such a manner that it looked like a gilt frame—which it surely was! My supply of delaine was exhausted by this time, else I should have liked to make a barrel chair, upholstering it like the toilet table, but I drew consolation from the reflection that lace would hardly make a durable chair covering. I bought, for a dollar and a quarter, a pretty towel rack, a bracket for a dollar, and with another dollar, a pretty little Parian head to put on the bracket. I still had about five dollars left, with which I purchased two photographs and one chromo, unframed, black walnut molding enough for the frames of the photographs and gilt for the chromo. John made the frames himself, and very creditable frames they were too. And now, when I had added a few finishing touches, such as a toilet cushion and mats, hair-pin drum, cornucopia, etc., my work was done, and the room which had been a source of such dissatisfaction to me, had become the pride of my heart, for without a single costly article in it, the effect of the whole was very pleasing.

KATE HILLARD.

Household Art.

ONE SITTING-ROOM.

A few weeks since I visited an old schoolmate for the first time since her marriage. She had been in a home of her own some six months, and everything in it had been arranged by her own hands and as her taste dictated. Such a cosy, restful home feeling came over me as I entered the sitting-room. I involuntarily exclaimed, "How beautiful you have made your home!" As I realized how much of its beauty was due to her own labor, I wondered how she ever found the time in which to accomplish so much, and putting my wonderings into the form of a question one day, she replied: "By employing the odd minutes." That answer set me to thinking; and as I staid there day after day the fitness of things impressed me so very much, "the spirit moved" me to tell the CABINET readers about this home. As I can describe only one room now, I have decided that that shall be the living room, and promise at some future time to give you a sight of the rest of the house. I can only hint at its beauties; but I know that hints can be caught up and worked out so as to form many beautiful creations; and thus I may help some house-keeper to be a home-keeper too.

The woodwork of the room was black walnut, and was simply oiled; and just here I cannot refrain from saying that I wish house builders would use in the finishing of rooms those woods which need only to be oiled or stained instead of painted. No paint can give such soft, beautiful shades of colors. My friend had chosen for the walls a plain paper of a delicate shade of drab, and a wide, handsome bordering of gilt and dark, brilliant scarlet. The carpet was one of those lovely all-wools which are now made with vines and flowers scattered over it in no set pattern. The color of the ground was drab, of a shade matching the wall paper, which set off the green of the vines and the pink and scarlet of the buds and roses to perfection. A lounge covered with green terry filled the space between two windows. The chairs were of different patterns and all invited you to rest; while once in them you felt that their looks were a faithful index of their characters. Did you ever realize how very much chairs differ in degree of comfortability? Entering the door from the hall, the first thing to attract notice would be the bright, cheery wood-fire, which sparkled and sent out a warm welcome from an open grate. A broad black walnut shelf, directly above, held various ornaments; in the centre a pure white dove seemed the very embodiment of peace; on one side a tiny vase held small pressed Ferns and Sunae leaves; a large one held *Tradescantia Zebrina*, which drooped over the shelf and lay on it in beautiful gracefulness. On the side were two vases, each large, one filled with *Tradescantia Vulgaris*, the long shoots of which completely enveloped its receptacle and ran riot over and on the shelf; the other held pressed Ferns, autumn leaves and vines, the whole forming a handsome bouquet. Two large butterflies seemed to have just alighted on one of the Ferns a moment to rest themselves. The *Tradescantia* had been growing in moist sand some months and was very thrifty-looking. Suspended from the wall, midway of the space above the shelf, was Vick's chrono, "Winter, indoors and out." The frame was of pine and on the plain surface were glued grapevine tendrils, the whole stained with burnt umber and varnished. Up the cords and around the frame a lovely Madeira vine clustered, which was

growing in a large-mouthed bottle filled with rich earth and suspended from the back of the frame in such a manner as to be entirely concealed from view. One corner of the room held a bracket constructed of dark scarlet velvet cut in the shape of a very large maple leaf, and over it was worked a vine of small leaves done in white glass beads. On this was placed a handsome pot containing a root of English Ivy, the vine having gone two-thirds of the distance round the room, the branches shooting here and there down the cords of some pictures, up those of others, and twined around a few of their frames. It was held in position by very small tacks, and no one would suppose it grew in any way or place other than it pleased. One vine which was used much with ferns and leaves to decorate picture cords I had never seen, and my friend told me to "guess;" but I had to give it up. It was the common running blackberry vine, gathered just after the frost had turned the leaves so many brilliant hues, and pressed carefully and thoroughly with a quite warm flat iron. It was very lovely.

Another corner was filled by a bracket of various colored worsted worked into canvas in such pattern as to form a bouquet of beautiful colored flowers, buds and leaves. This held a wax cross which had leaves and flowers made of feathers falling over the base and twining up the body and over the arms. I think nothing can exceed the airy grace of feather flowers. A third corner was occupied by a black walnut bracket of three shelves, and the two lower and larger of these held the books which were in daily use, while on the small upper shelf was placed a bust of Dickens. Suspended directly over this bracket was an engraving of Longfellow. How fitting that these two, so eminent in fiction and song, should watch and guard over those volumes which did so very much to elevate and purify the taste of their owners!

The remaining corner was rendered beautiful by a bracket made of white bristol board cut in fanciful shape, on which seaweed had been secured in the form of a vine. This shelf supported a quite large branch of red coral, and around that were grouped many handsome sea shells. Above this hung a picture entitled "Noon on the Sea-shore." Whenever my eyes rested on these suggestions of "Old Ocean," how my heart bounded, and pleasant thought came scattering all cares and anxieties!

I liked this idea of filling up the corners of a room, for I found it helps largely towards cosiness. I will say nothing of the lamp-mats and tidies which were in every proper and available place, because everyone knows so well how to fashion beautiful ones, except that all were of dark scarlet color mingled with drab or white. The bay window I must not neglect to mention, for the taste displayed in the arrangement of the curtains, plants, &c., which were therein. The curtains at this window, as well as the other two in the room, were of lace; the cornices were embroidered bands of various colored wools on drab rep, so combined as to form a lovely vine of leaves and rosebuds. The holders were like the the cornices, and the lambrequins of green terry matching the cover of the lounge and some of the chairs in shade. In the centre of the bay window was a low stand supporting an aquarium, in the middle of which rose a stately calla lilly, the roots held firmly by sand and a little rich earth. A few sea-shells were grouped together so as to form two little grottoes, and among many small plants, other shells and pretty pebbles were scattered. Among and over all this prettiness darted and played three gold-fishes. On either side of this miniature lake was a small fernery with round base containing

blooming plants and creeping vines. Up the sides of the window were plant brackets of black walnut on which were plants of brilliant foliage.

Directly over the stand hung Birdie's cage, and from the same hook was suspended a basket made of hoopskirt wires and scarlet worsted. Growing in the centre of this was a Mrs. Pollock geranium, clustering around that were five Chinese primroses, all of different colored bloom, while at the edge was coliseum ivy growing so luxuriantly as to cover the supports of the basket and fall over the edge, twining in, out and over the canary's home, thus making for him a perfect bower.

But time and space both failing, I must bring my description to an end, feeling that the half has not been told. However, I cannot refrain from begging some tired and almost homesick housewife to employ a few of her spare moments now and then in beautifying the living-room at least with some of the many pretty things which are costless. I know too well that many people think the time spent in making and arranging these articles is wasted time; but doesn't such help to cultivate a taste for the beautiful wherever found, and thus help the soul to fit itself for the enjoyment of its life after it has gone from the life of earth? If we like not lovely surroundings here, how can we enjoy them there? Then, too, our husbands and children like a cosy, restful room much better than any other place, and I feel sure that they will gladly come to such a home, and that they will prefer no other place to it.

FOOT MATS.

Cut woolen and flannel pieces of cloth into strips three inches long and half an inch wide. Get a pair of very coarse steel knitting needles and some jute twine—no other will answer—the same that is used in making gunny-sacks, and can always be obtained where they are made, if not at the shops. Set up fifteen stitches on the needles, and knit once across; knit the first stitch on the second row, and between the needles put a piece of the cloth at right angles with the stitch, and knit another stitch; then turn the end of the cloth that points toward you out between the needles, so that the ends will be even, and so on clear across, two stitches for every piece of cloth; then knit across again plain to get back to the side where you began. The ends of the cloth must always point from you as you knit them in.

I knit one for my phaeton one yard in length and five strips wide, sewed together with jute, over and over stitch. They are very warm for the feet and are very pretty, and it is a good way to use up discarded coats, vests and pants. The cloth must not be too thick; broadcloth, waterproof, ladies' cloth, &c., are the best for the purpose. Mine is really very pretty; the centre is orange and black mixed waterproof and a border of black, brightened up with tufts of scarlet flannel.

MRS. J. H. S.

Preventing Wood from Cracking.—A correspondent of the *English Mechanic*, writing of a good mode of seasoning wood, says: Having a great deal to do with the seasoning of the harder and better kinds of wood, I find that they are all liable to crack badly at the ends. I generally give them three or four coats of glue on the ends only, which I find is a sure preventive, till the wood is well dry, and then cut on the quarter.

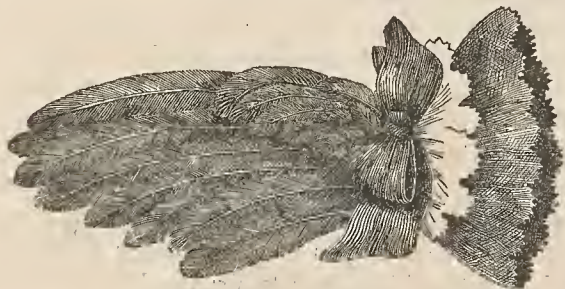
Gray marble hearths can be rubbed with linseed oil, and no spots will show.

Household Elegancies.

PEN-WIPERS AND SCISSORS' SHEATH.

FEATHER PEN-WIPER.

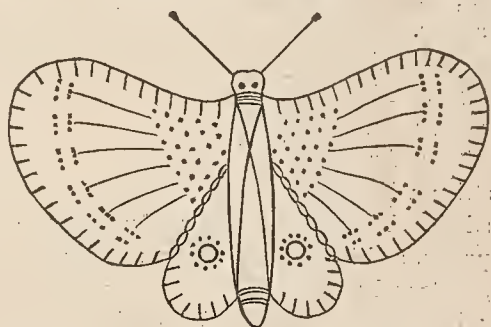
This elegant little article is composed of a pigeon's wing, blue, scarlet, and black cloth, and a bit of scarlet ribbon. Take a strip of black cloth fifteen inches long and two and a half inches wide; gather it round the top, and sew it up in the centre of the back neatly, so as to give it a bell shape; then take a strip of red



cloth two inches longer and a little wider than the black, and one of blue cloth the same length and half the width; scallop and pink them round the edges; gather and sew together the scarlet strip like the black, arrange over it and then add the blue, done in the same manner, next the wing, to which all should be sewed firmly; then a scarlet or black ribbon is tied around and arranged in a pretty bow in front, to hide the joinings of the cloth to the wing.

BUTTERFLY PEN-WIPER.

This shape is easily made, and looks quite pretty. First cut out a piece of black velvet the shape of the butterfly's wings; buttonhole stitch all round the outside of the wings with bright gold-colored sewing silk, and do the chain-stitch lines with the same. For the straight bars on the wings, use red sewing silk, and sew on small gilt beads, according to the figure. For the body, cut out another piece of velvet the size you require; sew it up, over and over, and stuff with cotton wool; twist round the neck a piece of red silk, cross the same over the back and again round the end,

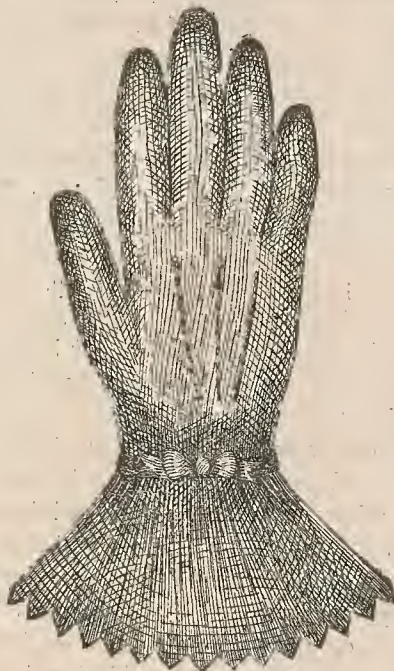


and fasten it off, putting two beads in the head for eyes. The inside leaves must be made of black cloth, two or three thicknesses, and the back of another piece of plain black velvet; then stitch together neatly through the wings each side of the body. Light drab velvet is also pretty for these pen-wipers.

GAUNTLET PEN-WIPERS.

This pretty method of constructing pen-wipers must not be left from our list, as they are really worth the trouble of making them. Cut two pieces of black cloth the shape of a gauntlet glove; sew over and over around the edges to the wrist, which leave open down the sides; now back-stitch together the two pieces where the fingers would be separated in a real glove. Chain-stitch with bright-colored silk, three round the back of the hand; then take some wicking,

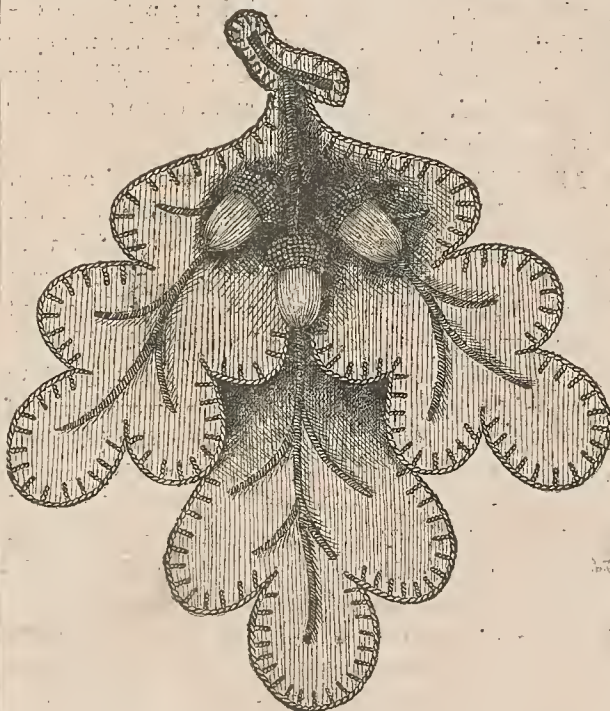
attach a small darning-needle threaded with common thread to the end; run the needle successively up through the hand and out at the tip of the fingers, drawing the thread tight until the wicking fills up to the end of the finger, leaving the lower ends to stuff out the hand as far as the wrist. A little cotton wool besides, will be needed to fill out the hand. Cut sev-



eral pieces of old black silk or thin cloth, and fasten firmly between the two outside pieces of the wrist, to wipe the pen on. Put a piece of ribbon around at the wrist the color of the chain stitching on the back, and finish with a small bow on the back of the wrist.

OAK-LEAF PEN-WIPER.

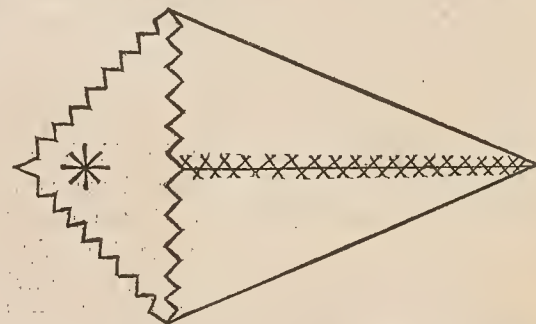
The materials for this nice pen-wiper are green, brown or red cloth for the outside, black for the inside, and brown or green zephyr worsted. Cut two shapes like the pattern, of either color of cloth mentioned; buttonhole stitch around the edges with sewing silk of a shade darker than the cloth; embroider the acorns



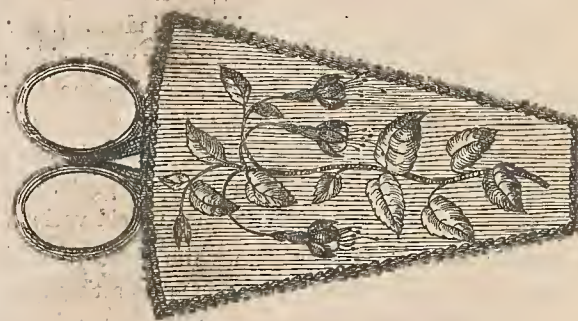
with either brown or green zephyr by taking the stitches the long way, very closely together. Form the cups of brown zephyr by small French knots, and sew the stems neatly over and over with zephyr the color of the leaf; this is for the upper side; for the under side the leaf may be simply veined. Cut three or four leaves of black cloth a trifle smaller than the outside ones, and without the upper stem; point these,

and laying them between the outside ones, fasten together neatly at each side of the centre stem for a short distance from the top, and you have a nice little gift for some friend's writing-desk.

There are many other pretty ways of making these useful additions to a secretary or desk, one of which is made by cutting three pieces of broadcloth about two and a half inches square; fold these together, and sew them down the centre, so as to form a shape like the pattern below. The first three can be simply sewed together with black silk, and a little figure worked near the top with bright zephyr or silk; now cut three



more pieces about two inches square; work them down the centre, after folding like the first, with bright zephyr or silk, in herring-bone stitch; also work little figure near top like pattern. Either point or buttonhole stitch the upper edges. Fasten the three larger pieces together at the lower points, and at the sides, so as to form a fan shape; then fasten the other three in like manner; place over the larger ones and fasten at the lower, and near the upper points; finish off at the lower points by a fancy button on each side, or a little bow of ribbon. Another method is to cut circular pieces of card-board, cover with velvet or silk; cut three or four pieces of black cloth, point them finely; place them between the covers, and fasten a fancy button on either side; or cut circular pieces of black cloth, and fasten all over them small round pieces of bright-colored cloth about the size of a wafer, laid one over the other, like the scales of a fish. Place several pieces of cloth cut round, folded together in centre, then again, and fastened together at the points, between these outside pieces.



EMBROIDERED SCISSORS' SHEATH.

The materials for this useful article for the work-box, are gray, blue or black kid, gold thread, or saddlers' silk of different colors, silk cord or chenille, card-board, white kid, grey sewing silk. Cut two pieces of card-board the shape of the pattern, covered outside with the embroidered kid and inside with white kid; sew together over and over stitch. Trim the edge with silk cord or chenille. Instead of kid, nice cloth, thick silk, or velvet can be used, and the embroidery—worked in satin stitch—may be done with gold thread, chenille, or saddlers' silk of various colors. I have made them without any embroidery, and trimmed the edge with chenille, forming it into three leaves in centre of each side at the top, and they are very neat, done in this manner.

MRS. MARY I. HERRON.

Fireside Reading.

A DELIGHTFUL LEGEND.

There is a beautiful legend connected with the site on which the Temple of Solomon was erected. It is said to have been occupied in common by two brothers, one of whom had a family, but the other had none. On the spot was a field of wheat. On the evening succeeding the harvest, the wheat having been gathered in shocks, the elder brother said to his wife:

"My younger brother is unable to bear the burden and heat of the day. I will arise, take off my shocks and place them with his, without his knowledge."

The younger brother, being actuated by the same benevolent motives, said within himself:

"My elder brother has a family, and I have none. I will contribute to their support. I will arise, take off my shocks and place them with his, without his knowledge."

Judge of their astonishment when, on the following morning, they found that their respective shocks were undiminished. This course of events transpired for several nights, when each resolved in his own mind to stand guard, and, if possible, solve the mystery. They did so, when, on the following night, they met each other half way between their respective shocks, with their arms full.

Upon ground hallowed by such associations as this was the Temple of King Solomon erected—so spacious, so magnificent, the wonder and admiration of the world. Alas! in these days, how many would sooner steal their brother's whole shocks than add to a single sheaf!

SELF-SACRIFICING.

This is a true story. The circumstances occurred the other evening. He escorted her to and from church, and upon arriving at her home their discussion of the sermon and the extreme heat suggested an invitation, readily accepted by Charles, that they step into the house and partake of a cooling glass of lemonade. She led him to the dining-room, and there found naughty brother Ben about to squeeze the last lemon in the house for his own individual benefit! Calling him aside, she induced Ben, by means of sundry threats and promises, to dissect that lemon and make Charlie and herself a glass. A self-sacrificing thought struck her! "No, Ben," said she, "put the juice of the whole lemon into Charlie's glass, and bring me a glass of water. He won't notice it—there is no light in the parlor!"

Ben was making one good strong lemonade, as directed, when Charlie quietly slipped out and re-

marked: "I say, Ben! put the juice of the entire lemon in your sister's glass, and bring me some ice water—there is no light in the parlor, and she won't notice it!"

Ben's forte is in obeying orders.

With a merry twinkle in his eye he drank the lemonade, then carried them each a glass of water, which they drank with much apparent relish, asking each other, between the sips, "if it was sweet enough!" And naughty brother Ben, with the taste of that lemonade in his mouth, stood out in the hall and laughed till his sides ached, to hear them assure each other that it was "just right! so palatable and refreshing!"

The late Dr. ——— did not satisfy, by his preach-

parents live on Myrtle avenue, entered the house the other day and remarked to his mother: "Is dinner ready, and if not, why in t. (thunder) and l. (lightning) ain't it?" "What do you mean?" she slowly inquired. "I mean that you had better t. a. l. (tread around lively)" he answered. She didn't say any more, but when the father came home to dinner she quietly informed him that young Napoleon was picking up slang. "Is, eh? I'll see about that," and he called the boy and inquired: "Napoleon, where were you last evening?" "Oh, down at the c. g. for a little while." "What do you mean by c. g.?" demanded the father. "Why, corner grocery, of course. You see, I have g. t. h. (got the habit) of abbreviating my words!" "I see you have," mused the father, as he rose up. "You will p. a. m. (please accompany me) to the woodshed!" They had a little physical exercise out there, the father holding the balance of power, and the son doing all the high stepping and side dancing. When the show had adjourned, the father said: "Now, d. l. m. (don't let me) ever hear any more of your slang." "Not a. b. w. (another blessed word), sighed the boy, and he sat down on a lump of Briar Hill and wiped his tears away.

Pigeon English is all the rage with Boston girls, and, when an escort leaves one of them at her papa's front steps, he is startled to hear something like this: "Hoop-la—Melican man he heap much nice—fetches me home alle light, top-side up on slippely walk—buy gum dlops—comee you alle same 'giu sometime—you savey, eh, John?" And she disappears within the storm-doors, leaving the perplexed young man slowly muttering, "Well—I'll—be—heap—much—blowed—alle—same—if I know what that charming creature is driving at."

The Cincinnati Saturday Night relates the following: "A young woman recently answered an advertisement for a dining-room girl, and the lady of the house seemed pleased with her. But before engaging her there were some questions to ask. 'Suppose,' said the lady—'now only suppose, under-

stand—that you were carrying a piece of steak from the kitchen, and by accident should let it slip from the plate to the floor, what would you do in such a case?' The girl looked the lady square in the eye for a moment before asking, 'Is it a private family, or are there boarders?' 'Boarders,' answered the lady. 'Pick it up and put it back on the plate,' firmly replied the girl. She was engaged."

Sometime ago a pupil in a deaf and dumb asylum in New England read a portion of the Book of Job; when asked to write out his understanding of Job's sufferings, he wrote: "The Lord boiled Job seven days."



THE WEDDING.

ing, the Calvinistic portion of his flock. "Why, sir," said they, "we think you dinna tell us enough about renouncing our ain righteousness." "Renouncing your ain righteousness!" vociferated the astonished doctor; "I never saw any ye had to renounce."

Under the head of "D.D. (Domestic Difficulty)," the Detroit Press Press recounts the following: It is all right for the Hon. Bardwell Slote to lug his "Mighty Dollar" around the country and say g. f. for good fellow, c. d. for cash down, and s. m. for sour mash, but such little eccentricities don't wear well in the family circle. A forward youth of fourteen, whose

PRIZE COLLECTION OF HOUSEHOLD
AND COOKING RECEIPTS.

BY HORTENSE SHARE.

To this collection was awarded a third prize.

French Rolls.—Of light bread dough take as much as will make one loaf. Work into this one egg, one heaped tablespoonful of lard, two of white sugar. Set in a warm place to rise. When light, work down, knead again. When very light and puffy, roll out. Cut with a biscuit cutter. When raised, bake twenty minutes in a quick oven.

Indian Bread.—Two-thirds pint of corn meal, one pint sweet milk, two tablespoons flour, one of sugar, two eggs, lump of butter size of an egg, one small teaspoon soda, two of tartar or one tablespoonful vinegar, pinch of salt—tartar mixed in the meal, soda in the milk. Beat sugar, butter and yolks of eggs together; add the milk. Beat whites and stir in last. Bake half or three-quarters of an hour in a quick oven. Makes a delicious cake if one cup of sugar is used. Good hot or cold.

Noodle or "Nudla" Soup.—Three hours before dinner, take three eggs, teaspoonful salt, mix with as much flour as will make a very stiff dough. Beat well with the rolling-pin—the more the better. Cut into four pieces, roll each as thinly as possible—keep on rolling till as thin as paper. Spread on a paper to dry—but do not leave till so dry as to break when rolled into long rolls to cut. With a sharp knife slice into rings no thicker than a broom-splint. Spread out to dry, shaking them out well. Fifteen minutes before dinner, shake them lightly into five quarts of the boiling liquor in which a fat chicken or piece of fat, fresh beef has been cooked, the broth having been well skimmed. Add salt and pepper to taste, cup of sweet milk or cream, pinch of parsley or saffron. Boil up two or three times and serve.

"Smeltz de Nudla."—The noodles made same as for soup. When cut and dry, boiled five minutes in clear (boiling) water with a little salt. Have ready in a skillet a teaspoonful of bread crumbs browned in butter size of an egg. Skim out the noodles into the bread crumbs. Pour over them a cupful of sweet milk or cream; let it heat. Send to table hot with bits of butter strewn over the top. This is a stand-by in the spring when winter vegetables are gone and we are tired of canned things. Noodles can be made in quantity, well dried, put in a jar, covered tight, keeping for months to be used as wanted. (Both these recipes have been in use in our family over a hundred years.)

Cucumber Salad.—Two hours before dinner, slice on a slaw-cutter four full-grown, but not yellow, cucumbers; salt, and leave stand in an earthen dish. Half an hour before dinner drain in a colander or squeeze out the juice with the hand. While they are draining, peel and slice two onions and fry in a spoonful of lard. Beat together the yolk of an egg, half a teacup sweet cream and two spoonfuls of water. Put the drained cucumber in a porcelain kettle with the onion, pour on the beaten mixture, dredge over a little flour, add half teacup sharp vinegar. Boil up five minutes. Serve hot.

Potatoe Salad.—Boil until soft two pints of pared and sliced potatoes, fry two onions in one spoonful of lard, skim out the potatoes into the onion, beat the yolk of one egg with a cup of sweet milk and half cup of vinegar; pour over the potatoes. A little flour to thicken. Boil two minutes, serve very hot.

Spiced Hash.—Take bits of cold beef, or any other kinds of roasted or boiled meats, and hash fine. Mix with potatoe mashed well, as much potatoe as meat. Add two beaten eggs. Season with salt, pepper, cloves, summer savory—any or all as you like. Shape into a loaf and bake brown. Good hot, or as a relish cold.

Egg and Bacon Pie.—Beat together six eggs, mix two and a quarter pints of milk. Put a rim of pie-crust at the side—none at the bottom—of a deep earthen dish. Cut some bacon or ham into small bits and lay over the bottom. A little pepper, no salt. Make no vent in the top crust or the egg will boil out.

Egg Omelette.—One pint rich, sweet milk, three table-spoons of flour, three eggs well beaten, half teaspoon salt, pinch of pepper, and some parsley or summer savory, if liked. Stir flour and milk smooth, add the eggs. Melt a large tablespoon of butter in a baking pan, pour in, and bake twenty minutes.

Transparent Pies.—Yolks of eight eggs, quarter pound butter, half pound sugar, beaten together. This will make

two pies. Make only bottom crust. Bake about as long as custards. They are nice baked in shells for tarts.

Baked Flour Pudding.—Mix smoothly one cup of flour with one cup of sour cream, then pour in one cup of sweet milk. Beat separately three eggs, and stir in one teaspoon salt and not quite one teaspoonful of soda. Bake in a quick oven. Don't think the batter too thin; it will come out right. For sauce to it, boil two cups of sweet milk and thicken with a tablespoon of flour. Add half cup white sugar, butter size of an egg.

Boiled Flour Pudding.—One quart flour, one quart milk, five eggs, one teaspoonful salt, one of tartar, half teaspoonful soda. Boil in a bag one and a quarter hours. For sauce, sweet milk and sugar and nutmeg, or six spoonful sugar and three of butter, worked until very light. Flavor with lemon or vanilla.

Sweet Pickled Pears.—Pare, halve, core and boil the pears till soft enough to run a straw through. To seven pounds of pears, three pounds sugar, one quart vinegar (cider). Use root ginger and stick cinnamon. Tie in bags, boil them in the syrup. Put the pears in jars, pour over the syrup, and lay the spice-bags in with the fruit. Boil syrup two mornings. Keep in sealed jars.

Sweet Pickle—Nutmeg Melon.—Take the melons when just ripe, pare, take out the seed, cut in any shape or size. Put them in a pan, cover with weak alum water; let stand twenty-four hours. Drain well, pour on vinegar to cover, pour it off and measure it. To each quart take two pounds of sugar, add two tablespoonfuls of mace; no other spice. Put on the syrup, boil fast, skimming well, then put in the fruit; boil five minutes. Pour into a large jar, leave stand twenty-four hours. Boil the syrup without the fruit eight mornings, then once together. If too much juice to cover, boil down. Keeps in unsealed jars.

Peach Custard.—Cover a pie dish with bottom crust. Into this place the halves of ripe freestone peaches that have been pared, until the bottom is covered. Fill each half with sugar. Make a custard of one pint sweet milk, three eggs and three tablespoonful sugar. Pour over and bake.

Custard Tarts.—Four eggs, quarter pound butter, quarter pound sugar beaten together. Line tart shells with puff-paste. Put a little jam of any kind on the bottom of each tart; pour the mixture on top, and bake.

Centennial Pound Cake.—(Been in use 100 years.)—Twelve eggs, leaving out three yolks. Beat separately. Three-quarters pound butter, one pound sugar. Sugar and butter worked together with the hand. Then add the yolks, next the flour, lastly the whites. Flavor with rose, lemon or vanilla.

French Sponge Cake.—Half or three-quarters pound of flour, one pound white sugar, one teaspoonful vinegar or small teaspoon cream tartar, one teaspoonful of salt, twelve eggs beaten separately. After the yolks and sugar are well beaten in a bucket, beat in the whites, stirring slowly while sifting in the flour.

Spiced Plums.—Four pounds brown sugar, seven pounds plums, one pint cider vinegar, one nutmeg grated, one tablespoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, allspice. Boil all slowly two hours.

Plum Jelly.—Boil the plums until soft in enough water to cover them. Pour into a jelly bag, and drain over night. Then strain through a flannel bag. Boil this juice twenty minutes, skimming well. Take off, measure it; to each pint of juice add one and a half pints of white sugar, and boil, one pint of juice at a time, seven minutes. Pour into cups. When cold, paste papers over, and brush all over with white of egg.

Lemon Conserve.—One pound powdered white sugar, quarter pound fresh butter, six eggs, leaving out the whites of two, adding the juice and grated rind of three fine lemons. Put all into a saucepan, stir the whole gently over a slow fire until it gets thick as honey. A delicious spread for bread, biscuit or rolls.

French Croust.—Cut fine a common-sized cabbage, add one tablespoonful ground mustard, one of black pepper, one of salt, one teacup of white sugar, two beaten eggs, one teacup sweet cream, and one of vinegar, all warmed before stirring. Excellent for dinner.

Candied Orange Peel.—Orange peel boiled in a thick syrup of white sugar until it granulates; packed in jars and syrup poured over. Keeps well, and is excellent for fruit cake or in puddings, or eaten with rice cups.

"Slippitie."—Take two quarts of pared, quartered and cored green sweet apples, or one quart of unpeeled dried sweet apples, and boil till tender. Thicken the juice with a tablespoon of flour smoothly mixed with cold water. Then set on the back of the stove where it will keep hot, but not boil. Tart, dried apples can be used, but they must be well sugared as soon as they begin to boil to keep them

whole. Have ready in a kettle three quarts of boiling water, into which stir wheat-flour until as thick as corn-meal mush. Boil three minutes. Brown a handful of fine bread-crumbs (in a skillet) in butter or lard size of an egg. With a tablespoon drop one spoonful at a time of the wheat-mush in the browned crumbs, turning it over, and place on a hot platter until full, dipping the spoon each time in water so it will slip off easily. Dish the apples in a separate dish, send to table hot, eat together, and see if this old German dish is not good. (100 years old.)

French Cream.—Half box of gelatine, cold water to dissolve, one quart sweet milk, one cup white sugar, yolks of three or four eggs. Beat sugar and yolks together, then add gelatine. Have the milk boiling and cook as custard. Beat the whites to a froth. When the mixture is cool—about luke-warm—stir in the whites lightly, flavoring first with vanilla. Put in moulds. Makes a handsome, delicious dish for tea or dessert.

A Delicate Custard.—Take the yolks of two eggs, two spoonfuls of sugar, and one large cupful of milk. Beat the yolks and sugar well, add the milk and flavor with lemon or orange. Bake in a tin plate or paste in a moderately hot oven. Beat the whites to a stiff froth, and add two teaspoonfuls sugar. When the custard is done, cover with the white and set in the oven a few minutes to brown slightly.

To make nice Syllabub.—Take a quart cream, sweeten, and add the wine; put it in an old-fashioned churn and churn it until it thickens, and you will have syllabub that will not be all froth. If the cream is not new, or it is allowed to get too warm, it will make butter if made in summer.

Fricassee Chicken with Green Corn.—Cut the green corn from the cob, put it in the pot with water enough to cover it, let it stew until the corn is nearly done; then cut up the chicken, put it with the corn and let them stew together about half an hour; put in a few whole grains of pepper, with a teacupful of cream or milk; thicken with two tablespoonfuls of flour stirred in a lump of butter; add the salt last.

To Stew Mushrooms.—The large buttons are the best for this purpose, and the small flaps while the fur is still red. Rub the buttons with salt and a bit of flannel; cut out the fur, and take off the skin from the others; put them into a stew-pan with a little lemon juice, pepper, salt, and a small piece of fresh butter, and let the whole simmer slowly until done; then put a small bit of butter and flour with two spoonfuls of cream; just boil and serve with sippets of bread. We do not believe mushrooms nutritive, and anyone knows they are dangerously poison—the un-catable kind, we mean—and cooks should be perfectly acquainted with them before attempting to present to epicures.

Scandinavian Sausage (quite equal to the best Bologna).—Take twenty pounds of the best beef; carefully cut away all the fat and sinews, cut it up and run it three times through a sausage enter, put it in a cool place. Now take ten pounds of fat side pork, remove all the lean and skin; with a sharp knife cut your pork into very small square bits, and as you cut it up throw it into a pail of cold water, then beat it so that the pieces are separate from each other. Take the beef and put with it one pound of salt, three ounces of black pepper and sixty ground cloves; knead it like dough for an hour, then drain the pork; put it with the beef and knead again for twenty-five minutes. Stuff very closely in cloth bags about three inches in diameter; rub the outside of the bags well with powdered saltpetre, lay them on a table or shelf, lay a board over them on which put a heavy weight; let them remain for three days; then smoke quickly.

Heat is a perfect antidote to taint in milk, in all its phases. Passing milk through charcoal will remove taint from warm milk, and give it a most delicious flavor. Cold will silence the activity of the yeast, but will not kill it, and acidity will neutralize the oil for a time, but it will assert its sway upon the first favorable opportunity. In the treatment of milk, airing is a more efficient antidote.

Meat boiled for table use should be plunged at once into boiling water, as the heat contracts the outer surfaces, and coagulates the albumen, thus preventing the escape of the juices. Prepared for stock or broth it should be placed on the fire in cold water; as then unconfined juices are free to pass into the liquor surrounding it.

Until the kitchen becomes thoroughly and systematically organized, and is regarded as one of the most—if not the most—important of household departments, there can be no such thing as habitual health in the family. Bad cooking poisons more persons than all the nauseous drugs ever administered to poor humanity, and it affords the remote cause for the employment of two-thirds of all the divorce lawyers in existence.

THE OTHER SIDE.

Words by EMILIE CLARE.

Music by M. LERMAN.

cresc.

1. "Just a - cross life's flow - ing riv - er, Just be - yond its storm - y
2. All of love and life, and wis - dom, Rip - ens on that un - seen
3. Soft - ly plies the un - seen boatman, As the rip - ples wan - ton

Moderato espressivo.

dim. *cresc.*

sea, Where the slant - ing moon - beams quiv - er, Dar - ling, I will wait for thee." Fear not, love, to stem the
shore, Fair - est, sweet - est, fade - less flow - ers, Bloom in beau - ty ev - er - more. Lin - ger not for tear - ful
past, Sad - ly, in the voice - less si - lence, Till the shore is reach'd at last. Then a smile of saint - ly

dim. *cresc.* *dim.*

tor - rent, Tho' its waves are dark and wide, An - gel hands will bear you o - ver, Heav'n is
part - ing; Swift - ly flows death's tur - bid tide, Launch thy bark up - on the cur - rent, Heav'n is
beau - ty, On the cold lips seems to hide, Whis - p'ring in their peace - ful qui - et, Heav'n is

cresc.

on the oth - er side! An - gel hands will bear you o - ver, Heav'n is on the oth - er side!
on the oth - er side! Launch thy bark up - on the cur - rent, Heav'n is on the oth - er side!
on the oth - er side! Whis - p'ring in their peace - ful qui - et, Heav'n is on the oth - er side!

Chorus.

TENOR. *rit.*
Fear not, love, to stem the tor - rent, Tho' its waves be dark and wide, An - gel hands will bear you o - ver, Heav'n is on the oth - er side.

SOPRANO. *rit.*
Fear not, love, to stem the tor - rent, Tho' its waves be dark and wide, An - gel hands will bear you o - ver, Heav - en is on the oth - er side.

ALTO.
Fear not, love, to stem the tor - rent, Tho' its waves be dark and wide, An - gel hands will bear you o - ver, Heav - en is on the oth - er side.

BASS.

THE LADIES' National Gleaner

BY HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

VOL. VI.

NEW YORK, MAY, 1877.

No. 65.

PRICE 12 CENTS.

DESIGN FOR RURAL COTTAGE.

We present this month a cottage, costing \$3,850, containing, we think, a good deal of accommodation for the money, there being four rooms on the first floor. The parlor, dining and sitting rooms are connected by sliding doors. There are three rooms and bath on second floor, and two good rooms in third story. The room over the kitchen is intended for servant's bedroom—reached by a private staircase from kitchen. All the rooms are of good size for this class of house. Each room is lighted from two sides, thus insuring coolness in warm weather.

The exterior, although plain, has, we think, a pleasing appearance, with its broad, comfortable verandas and carriage porch, and liberally projected roof at eaves and gables, casting deep, pleasant shadows.

The house is intended to be well built. To be sheathed and papered before clapboards are put on. The interior to be neatly and plainly finished. The bathroom has closet, tub and bowl. Butler's pantry has copper sink. Kitchen has sink, and pump to supply tank in third story from cistern.

The architects assure us that the above quotation of cost is not guesswork, but that they have a builder who stands ready to build the house for the sum of \$3,850, in the vicinity of Newark.

LILY OF THE VALLEY, Etc.

The Lily of the Valley—emblem of happiness and innocence! Dear to the hearts of all lovers of nature! The opportunity of raising those tiny bells of beauty should never be omitted. The process of forcing them, that they will beautify our homes in the dreary winter months, is extremely easy. I have never failed once, and I would that those who think the garden the only proper home for these bulbs would allow them a secluded corner of the window-garden, for I am sure they would appreciate them much more as a house-plant than ever be-

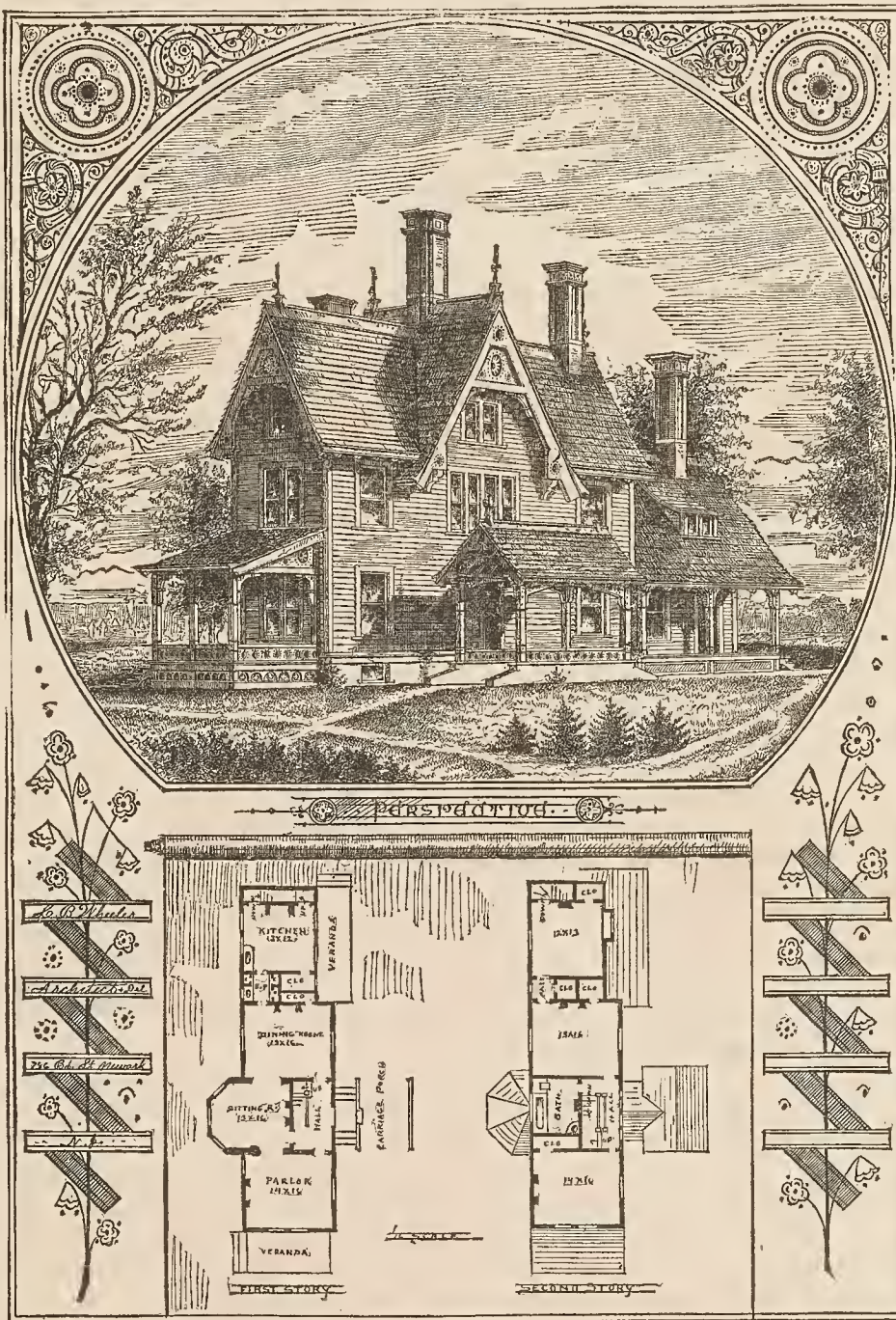
fore as a hardy one. I force them in this manner. About the middle of December I plant them, allowing eight or ten bulbs in a seven-inch pot. As they are

time after, and keep them at a very high temperature by giving bottom heat, which may be accomplished by placing in a basin of water and setting them upon the back part of the stove, and keeping the water at 100°, having the soil thoroughly moist. Very soon tiny green spears will appear from each bulb. It is then time to lower the temperature a little each day. After the second leaves have expanded, and buds appear, they should be removed to the window-garden and frequently watered with liquid manure. The snowy, perfumed bells, in contrast with their bright green protecting leaves, will rival many of their gorgeous companions, and you will surely be rewarded for your trouble in the enjoyment of their perfect beauty and fragrance. After blossoming, deprive gradually of water and light, and lay away in the dry soil to rest until another autumn.

Snow-drops, Crocus, Narcissus, and all hardy bulbs, with few exceptions, may be forced in the same manner and with as much success as the Lily of the Valley.

The Oxalis is a bulb requiring little care, as is well known to all flower-growers, and there are few small plants which furnish us a greater number of blossoms than these "gems of Erin," and it gives us much greater satisfaction if we allow it complete rest during the summer months. I treat it as other bulbs, quite similar to Calla Lilies, except it does not require forcing by hot water. They grow nicely in a north window, but they enjoy occasional glimpses of sunshine, and if placed in a sunny location for a short time each day the flowers will appear more rapidly, and seem to smile and thank us for our thoughtful kindness. Every winter its pink and white foliage afford me much pleasure. I treat Hyacinths in the same way as Callas, and each bulb repays me

with two or three spikes of immense and perfect flowers. If amply supplied with liquid manure, the bulb is very much strengthened and beautified. IVYLIN.



DESIGN FOR RURAL COTTAGE.

very economical, and will flourish as well in loose, sandy soil, I am not as particular in regard to that. I leave out doors to freeze well. I bring them in any

Floral Contributions.

LILY'S FLOWERS.

Let me preface by saying that Lily was one of that large class of persons who hug the delusion that they are unfortunate in their undertakings in general, and in particular if they presume to meddle with any of the enchanted subjects of Flora's fairy realm. "One must have natural genius to succeed with flowers," is the favorite saying of these self-tormentors, forgetting the fact that genius, like faith, is not effective without "good works." My heroine's belief in this species of fatalism was fostered by several untoward ventures in gardening in early youth. When a little girl at school in the "centennial" city, each member of her class was given the care of one plant. Lily being an adorer of flowers (I speak advisedly), and not comprehending the needs of her deities, killed hers with kindness. It was watered several times a day with ice-water—"it is so refreshing in hot weather"—the earth dug up around the roots, and last, but not least, was repotted three times in as many days, owing to the breakage of the pot in being carried all over the portions of the house to which she had access. Fortunately her zeal could not extend to the other plants, much as she pitied their apparently neglected condition, and they were flourishing finely. This failure caused many tears, but failed as a lesson, the moral not being understood. A second attempt fared still worse, as she redoubled her attentions and succeeded in killing it in a shorter time. She now fully believed that she was not of the "circumcised," and was not to approach the "Holy of Holies," but to worship afar off. Many years after, while riding in the suburbs of a western city, the sign "Selling out below cost," on the grounds of a nursery and greenhouse, attracted her attention. This temptation could not fail to capture any woman of sense, and Lily went boldly in. The surly florist's good little wife—to whom "ladies who did not know what they wanted" were turned over—was patient, and explained the needs of many of the plants so clearly that Lily felt emboldened to try again. Of course her first selections were blooming Geraniums, Fuchsias, Heliotropes and Roses. "They were so easy of culture," the woman had told her. "In winter, give all the sun you can get, water once a day with tepid water—Heliotropes and Fuchsias more if they appear dry—once a week a little, a very little, ammonia in the water; wash the plants once a week, being careful to handle gently, so as not to disturb the roots, and do not repot until you understand more about them; better let them remain root-bound than attempt repotting in the hit or miss style." This last counsel was very difficult to obey, as Lily's first thought was to put her plants in nice large pots, their present quarters being so crowded they would surely be grateful for the change. On intimating this idea to the florist he smiled and advised her to do as she thought best, and not fail to let him know the result. This decided her to follow the advice of the wife, and "understand more about them" before making any changes. She accordingly set to work industriously to learn about the care of flowers, consulted newspapers and magazines for floral subjects (the CABINET was not issued at that time), cultivated the acquaintance of successful amateur florists; interested her friends in the good work, and finally succeeded in raising flowers to her own satisfaction—and surprise—and that of many grateful recipients of her floral bounty.

Those little pots troubled her so much, that her first

care was to acquire a proper knowledge of the soil. The first ingredient, with the majority of authorities, was leaf mold. This necessitates many delightful trips to an old forest about five miles from the city. The giant old trees, almost falling to pieces with age, had stood sentinel for years over the swift flow of the grand old "Father of Waters." No young growth had been presuming enough to force its way among these patriarchs, and they stood alone without descendants on whom their mantles of watchfulness could fall. The ferns here, starting up among the mossy, gnarled old roots, were finer and more delicate than their high-priced exotic sisters, and on being transplanted to the sitting-room, accommodated themselves wonderfully to their changed quarters—lying down, it is true, but after a month's rest starting up again as airy and delicate as Titania's veil. The sand was the next desideratum. It must be silver sand, if there is a cave in the bluff opening on the river bank to go to; common sharp sand may answer even better, if found by a sparkling brook or lonely lake where Lilies grow. Distance, which lends enchantment to the view, confers also virtues and powers on sand—for flowers. Good garden soil and a little old manure for many kinds were the remaining ingredients for a good soil. By this time Lily's knowledge had so increased, that small pots were no longer a bugbear, and the long deferred repotting did not result in the sacrifice of the blooms to "plenty of root room." The exceptions were foliage plants and Chinese Primrose. A paper of seed of these latter planted in a cigar box during the last of March, in the aforesaid good soil, produces a great many little plants. During the hot weather in May (the upper Mississippi region is famous for arid heats before the leaves appear on the trees), the box was placed on the north side of the house, when it was observed that the little plants were rapidly disappearing under the ravages of a little fly. They were then removed to the house where the remaining fourteen were carefully watched, and transplanted into small pots until July, when they were again repotted in pots of four different sizes, the largest being six-inch pots. This experiment resulted as follows: the six-inch pots produced luxuriant foliage and flowers, the next in size gave flowers somewhat smaller, and so on in the order of size; the smaller the pot the smaller the flowers. A ten-cent paper of Cyclamen seed produced six little bulbs, which withstood all the snares with which the path of young plants are beset. One needs more patience with these than with the Primrose, as only an occasional one blooms the first year. Cobæa Scandens had been tried three years without success, and when at last two little plants made their appearance, great was the rejoicing. Lily attributed her final success to the fact of watering only once a week before the plants were up. The seeds rot if kept as moist as is necessary for other seeds. These plants, set out in the open ground in June, attained a height of twenty feet when an early and severe frost in September killed them when covered with buds. Lily soon discovered that a common collection of plants will endure an occasional pinch of frost without permanent injury. During one winter, all her plants were frozen three times. On one occasion the earth in the pots was frozen solid, and yet she did not lose one. The frozen plants were immediately taken to a very dark cellar and left to thaw out slowly—some taking a whole week—and afterward introduced gradually to light and warmth. Callas and Heliotrope suffered most, but all were finally restored.

Cuttings of Geraniums and Fuchsias grew under any kind of treatment short of total neglect; Roses,

Heliotropes and Begonias somewhat more difficult, and requiring constant watchfulness. A box two feet square with panes of glass fitted into top and sides served to cover them and bring back vitality on the slightest appearance of wilting. Nothing was found as fine as the vines Major Variegatissima for a lawn vase or large hanging basket; the roots endure any amount of frost apparently without injury.

Her final success in having blooming flowers during the winter is attributed to the weekly washings, the amount of light, and the comparatively low temperature which are secured by means of a large bay window separated by sliding doors of glass from the sitting-room. These can be closed during sweeping or when the temperature is too high for the plants. The temperature in this miniature conservatory rarely rose above sixty-five degrees during the day, and frequently fell to forty degrees in the night. Lily's experience with the more tender exotics was attended with many failures as well as successes, of which more anon.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

TREATMENT OF CALLAS.

I have found that the secret of successful bulb culture of every kind is in granting them a season of complete rest—which means, gradually depriving them of all moisture and light—this period commencing after blossoming.

The Calla Lily being one of my favorite plants, I was determined to learn by experience a successful method of treating this bulb. The following way is precisely as I proceeded, resulting in the most admirable success. My Callas always blossom from December until May. Almost immediately after, the leaves, one by one, show signs of decay. I then place them in a shady location, a north window being desirable, and water about every two or three days for three weeks, and finally once a week until all the leaves have withered away. Then I place them on their sides in a totally dark place (for if exposed at all to the light they lose their strength by throwing up small unsightly leaves). I allow them to rest undisturbed until the middle of September, when I exchange the dry, exhausted soil for a mixture of equal parts of sand, garden mold, and well decayed cow-manure. After thoroughly washing the pot, and covering the bottom an inch deep with charcoal (to procure a good drainage and insure health to the roots), I fill the pot with the prepared soil. I then plant the bulb, breaking from it the small tubers, and supply with water and light as gradually as it was before deprived of it. The sunlight and moist soil soon awakened it from its unbroken slumber, and the broad glossy leaves burst from their confinement and unfold at an astonishing rapidity, and before we are aware, our labors are rewarded by a bud which soon unfolds its banner of purity and loveliness. As soon as the bud appears, or when one is expected, I set the pot in a basin of hot water, removing when it becomes cold; and if convenient to repeat it frequently, the plant will grow with greater luxuriance. The average size of my Lily leaves is eleven inches in length and eight inches in width. I also use liquid manure nearly every time I water them, not forgetting to shower the leaves as often as they become dusty. I would add that the small tubers, broken from the bulb at the time of repotting, should be treated in the same manner as the parent bulb. If those who have not been successful in the past with their Callas will strictly follow the above rules, I know that failure will be as unknown to them as it has been to me.

IVY LIN.

The Home Circle.

As correspondents desire our field widened to include other topics as well as flowers, we have done so, and now call it The Home Circle, and welcome all items of interest and sentiment.

Every subscriber and friend is invited to make this department the medium of communicating any and every thing that can give pleasure, instruction or entertainment, and also to ask questions regarding those subjects upon which we have spoken. Either the editor or "Aunt Carrie" (C. S. J.) will reply.

Book-Case.—Can any of your readers tell me how to make a book-case? I have a great many books, but have not the means to buy a book-case, but still would not like to have them spoilt by the dust; also how to make ottomans of round and square boxes; also how to make serap-jars. By so doing you will oblige a young housekeeper who is inexperienced, and though anxious to beautify her home, has not the means to buy expensive articles. PEARL PRICE.

Answer—The best book-case you can make, that will protect your books, is as follows: Get a set of brackets—either iron or wood, simple triangular pieces answering very well—and nail two of them against studding on the wall, six feet from the floor, and about five feet apart; another pair six or eight inches below these; again another ten or twelve inches below. In order to accommodate books of different sizes, about one foot from the floor place the last set, and on these nail plain pine shelves, neatly stained—as also the brackets, if of wood—in imitation of walnut, oak or mahogany, and when dry, varnish. Along the edges fasten strips of scarlet cloth or leather, pinked out on each side, with brass-headed tacks along the centre. In front, against each corner of the top shelf, fasten picture nails, and around them twist the ends of a strong piece of wire, on which hang curtains, with small rings along the top so they will slide easily back and forth. Here you will have a cheap yet most stylish arrangement, for such cases, hung with rich tapestry, are now very fashionable in England. The cases are low, and extend round the room in all blank spaces. On the top place a set of jars—hereafter described—or plaster busts. Tycoon reps will make really rich-looking hangings, and cost a mere trifle.

If you wish to use doors, get more frames made the length and half the width of your shelves, and tack green baize, moreen, or even colored glazed muslin, over with brass-headed tacks.

To make ottomans, take any boxes available, and, turning them upside down, fasten casters or round, smooth drawer-knobs on each corner; cover the sides smoothly with any material convenient; make a deep cushion size of top, and, with pieces of zephyr twisted round the finger, and a long mattress needle, make the tufted appearance seen in upholsterers' work, by buttoning through in regular divisions.

Make a puff or two ruffles, and fasten round the upper edge with brass-headed tacks, and you will have a neat ottoman. Cheese-boxes answer well for round ones, and an entire set of large and small ones, with a divan made in the same manner, but finished with a set of cushions and a couple of barrel chairs, will give a room quite a luxurious appearance.

Now for your jars, my pearl, visit some crockery store, and select one or more common earthenware jars, of as quaint or graceful form as you can find; rub off all rough places with fine ashes or rotten stone. Then decide on what kind of china you wish to imitate—ancient Egyptian, toile Indienne, Japan-

ese, Rose-du-Barry, or Pelissy styles of Sevres china; Wedgewood, or Minton-ware—and tell me in a postal, when you shall have a full description next month.

Affghan Stitch.—"Y." With regard to the affghan stitch for bag—make a row of chain stitches the width of article desired, then take up each one of these chain stitches, keeping them on the needle to end of row; you will now have a long row of stitches on your needle, the point or hook of which will be at your left hand; now "drop off" these stitches one by one, until you get to the right-hand end again; now begin taking up these stitches as before, keeping them all on the needle, by slipping your needle-hook *only* under the little straight threads of the former row, which are plainly visible. This is the peculiarity of this stitch, and which gives the canvas-like appearance, so requires particular attention. When you arrive at the left end again, commence and drop off as before; and when to the right end, take up again. This is all there is in affghan stitch, and it is very simple. I hope you will find I have made it plain.

Washing and Churning.—I have wished, oh, so very much, dear Mrs. R. W.—e, that I could give you a call and have a chat regarding all those matters which so trouble you. I have long promised to get up a good practical book on housekeeping and cooking, and have them well forwarded; then you shall learn many things you do not yet appear to understand, and which so earnest a seeker after knowledge certainly deserves to know. You will make a fine housekeeper, I feel sure. As regards clothes-washing—there was a season, during our sad war, when I was obliged to perform my own household labor, even to the washing and ironing, and I feel sure it is a woman's duty to make these laborious operations as easy as possible, either for herself or her servant. The first thing I did was to purchase a good wringer, washing-machine, and a little kerosene stove with patent flat-irons, having moveable wooden handle. On Monday I gathered together the clothes, assorted them into three lots—fine, middle and coarse—which I put loosely into coarse muslin sacks. I then made a boilerfull of suds, using one cake of any good washing soap, and two cupfulls of the following: sal soda, 1 lb.; stone lime, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.; water, five quarts; boil, stirring constantly, five minutes; then let it settle, and boil slowly a short time; pour off the clear liquid and put into a tight jug. Let the water boil; stir and divide—if the clothes are in separate tubs—using cold water until the suds are only quite warm, and covering deeply. They remained in this until Tuesday morning, then I made another boiler of hot water and added until that in the first tub was pleasant to the touch, rubbed through the washing-machine—in which most of the clothes in my case were soaked—passed through the wringer, then just scalded in weak suds, examined, and after rinsing through a clear and blue water, starched where necessary and hung out—generally before nine o'clock in summer and eleven in winter. Used the first warm suds for flannels. Dried these in a warm place.

When ready, sprinkled with a whisk-broom and packed in a basket until the following morning; seated myself before the ironing-board or table, and with the little stove at my right hand, made play of the work of ironing.

All this may appear extremely troublesome, but it really occupied very little time, considering the work, and required no serious wear and tear of muscle or energy.

Now about the churning. This winter I have churned generally once each week or ten days; kept the milk until *almost* turned, in a closet in the kitchen, cold at night; the day before churning stood the cream

jar behind the dining-room stove, and had churning done in the afternoon, the butter invariably "coming" in twenty minutes—often in ten; if slow, stand the jar in a pail of warm water.

Chocolate is made thus: to each quart take half a cake of baker's chocolate, finely grated; boil one pint water, and mixing the chocolate to a paste with a little cold, add it, and boil steadily a half hour; then add one pint of rich milk, and boil for ten minutes longer; sweeten to taste, and pour into a pot kept expressly for the purpose; serve in hot cups.

Graham Bread.—Prepare a sponge, as for wheat bread, and mix into a very soft dough, but knead long and thoroughly. Wheat bread, when put to rise, should have a towel put over the mass, dredging first lightly with flour, then place a tray so as to cover completely. When made into rolls have a bread napkin and a warm tea or breakfast plate to cover over each loaf; before placing in the oven dip a feather or brush in melted butter or lard and lightly paint the top, and your bread will never "crust." When removed from the oven wrap in a sprinkled towel, place each loaf on end against the kneading-board, and throw the blanket or towel lightly over the whole. In summer place the loaves to rise away from the stove, but in cold weather cover warmly and place behind the stove each time.

The oven should not be too hot. If you cannot count thirty while you hold your bare elbow in it, it is too hot; but keep the heat steady for one hour for a pan holding three pints. Rolls and biscuit both require a quick oven, and should not remain in more than fifteen to twenty minutes or they will become hard. Corn bread requires a quick, steady oven.

Some varieties of potato require cold, others boiling water; when done, pour off all water, place on the stove and watch closely while the steam passes off, no cover on, of course. If boiled with skins on, press each one in a towel between the hands.

Beefsteak.—The gridirons with covers prevent smoke escaping, but I do not like them particularly. Take a "tenderer," or a dull knife, and, *before cooking*, pound the entire steak, not allowing the tenth of an inch between the strokes. Use clear coals, on which sprinkle a little salt; use no salt on the meat. Turn constantly for twelve to fifteen minutes; then place between hot plates, covering the meat first with bits of butter in which pepper, salt and a dust of flour have been rubbed; turn over twice in the gravy thus made, and if no chafing-dish is used, send to table between the hot platters, with a napkin over. Never "hack" while cooking. Will give mince-meat recipe among recipes.

To Can Peaches.—If possible procure the large, firm, white freestone varieties, but we have put up even little seedlings that were delicious and kept for three years. Sugar over night, or for several hours at least prior to cooking, putting eight pounds of sugar to one bushel of fruit; put on and let the kettlefull come gradually to a boil, removing all "scum"; have your glass jars on a stand or table, with wet towels placed beneath them, and with a jar-funnel and small dipper fill the cans with fruit and syrup; wipe the mouth and screw down the lids, or put on the cap and cement if used. Our peaches are beautifully white and sufficiently sweet to require no more sugar. Canning may be made a tremendous operation, or merely a pleasant morning's work, as you carry it out. There is no need to annoy yourself by any such process as you mention. Tomatoes peel after scalding. Put on in own juice; as soon as the kettle comes to a boil, can in tin as quickly as you conveniently can.

Flower Gardening.

SEED-SOWING.

"A wonderful thing is a seed—
The one thing deathless forever!
The one thing changeless—utterly true—
Forever old and forever new,
And fickle and faithless never."

You hold in your hand a tiny seed. Very small, you say; but what possibilities are wrapped up within the little brown atom! There lies the germ of a plant, the leaves, the blossoms, the flowers, and the next generation of seeds. Were we to see the process of germination and development for the first time, we would all exclaim: "A miracle!" But it is repeated so constantly before our eyes, that we cease to regard it as any thing marvelous, and forget that in this process we have one of the most striking evidences of Divine agency upon the earth. As each season fulfills its mission in the growth and maturing of vegetation, it yields us from its garnered store the seeds of numberless varieties and classes of plants that, although the parent plants may be cut down by the breath of the Frost King, they may live again the next summer in the forms of their offspring.

Seeds vary indefinitely in form, size, and natural tendencies, and require a great diversity of treatment. The seeds of plants indigenous to the soil, like our weeds, will grow under almost any circumstances, and in spite of neglect and abuse. But we desire to possess the floral and vegetable treasures of all climes, and therefore if we expect our foreign favorites to gladden us with successful growth, we must study the natural conditions under which each thrives in its native soil, and, as far as may be, fulfill those conditions. Some general directions, however, may be given, that will aid us in our efforts to make beautiful our flower-beds, or our garden successful.

First, our plans must be laid in good season. It requires faith to lay out flower-beds and garden-walks, even in imagination, while February winds are whistling and snow-drifts hide the face of Mother Earth. But it must be done, and preparations made for the summer beauty we covet, if we expect any measure of success. In February, then, make out your lists. If you are supplied with seed of the varieties you desire, well and good; if not, study your seed-catalogue, make out your order, and send to your florist at once.

Of the rarer species of flowers, especially the double varieties, it is more satisfactory to get seed from the florist every year, as those saved by the unskilled grower are apt to be semi-double. Flowers growing near each other are very liable to mix, and deteriorate in many ways. This is well illustrated by self-sown pansies, which in blooming often show the strangest markings, the result of mixture from the different varieties. Therefore, if pure varieties of choice

species are desired, get fresh seed from headquarters every year.

Having received your seed, it will be necessary to turn your attention to planting such as need to borrow time from the early spring, to be ready to bloom in due season in the summer. Do not plant all varieties indiscriminately, as soon as received; for while some need the longest time you can give them, others do not thrive when planted too early. Your floral catalogues will give the needed information on this subject, and they cannot be studied too carefully. As a general rule, annuals desired for early bloom will need an early start in the house. A few varieties have long top roots, which do not bear transplanting well; these should be sown when they are to flower, when the season is sufficiently advanced.

Having obtained all the information possible in regard to your seeds, you are ready to begin operations. It is supposed that you have a box of rich, fine-sifted earth, taken from around some old barn or hen-park

over each other in their eagerness. Then the flannel was removed, the little seedlings given air and sunlight by day, and a warm corner by night, constant care being taken that they should not be chilled.

My experience with cypress seeds was very peculiar. It was quite late in the season, and they were needed to fill a vacant spot in a flower-bed. I put them in hot camphorated water, and left them for twenty-four hours. At the end of that time I found them sprouted, many of them with shoots half an inch long. I planted them in the bed, and in less than a week they were up, and growing finely.

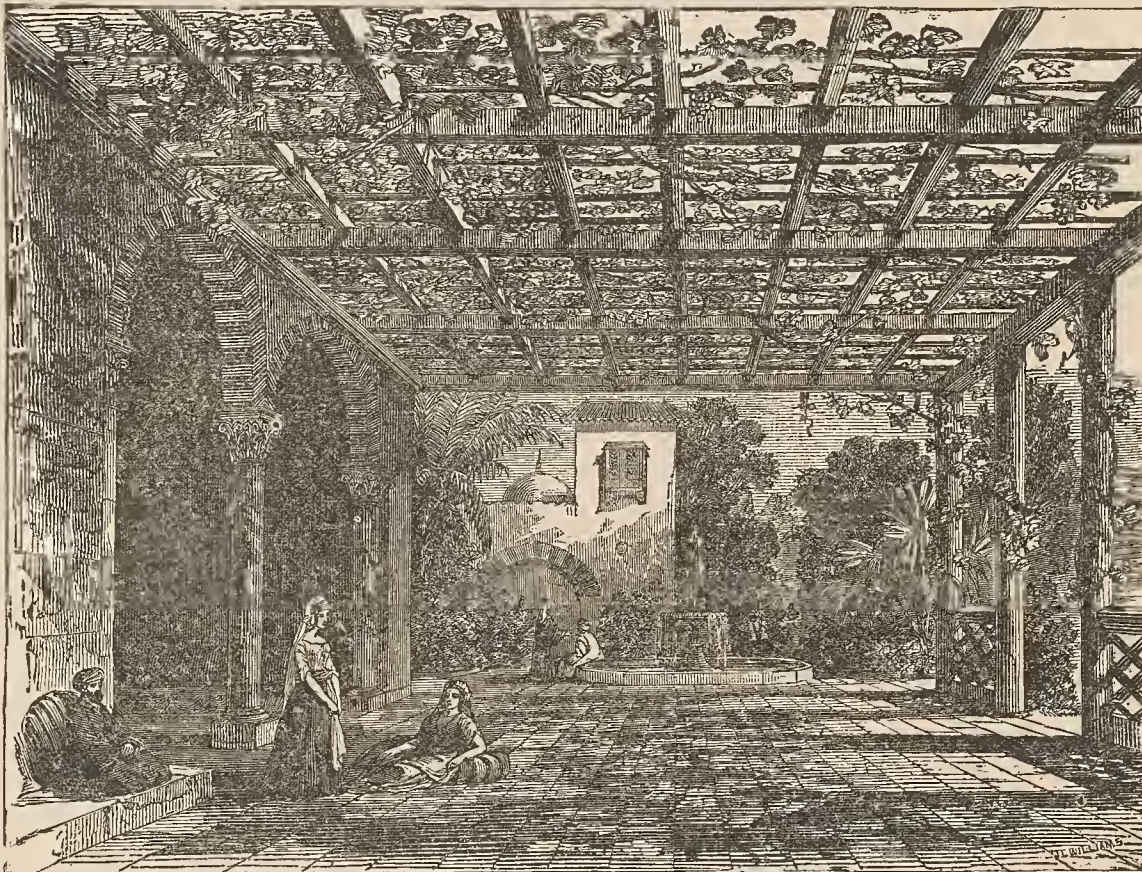
Smilax seeds are among the slow germinators. I have had them lie dormant two or three months before putting in an appearance, but camphor helps them forward wonderfully. It is also of great value in restoring the vitality to old seeds, often proving efficacious in very doubtful cases.

All seeds planted in the house do better if covered with flannel until they come up; it protects them from

changes of temperature, and keeps them moist. Light is not necessary to germination, but as soon as the young shoot is in sight, then sunshine and air are indispensable to healthy growth.

Too much water is nearly as prejudicial to seeds as too little. Never pour water over the earth in which they are planted, but sprinkle the dirt carefully, so as to keep up a gentle moisture.

Much more might be said upon this subject, but space forbids. These few practical directions have been written for women who cannot command a hotbed in which to start their flowers and early vegetables, but who, with limited appliances, desire to enjoy these beauties and luxuries. If these few suggestions, born of earnest effort and varied experience, shall help any to even a measure of success, their object will have been gained.



AN ORIENTAL VINE-COVERED COURT.

in the fall, and stored in the cellar for the spring's use. Cigar, pipe, candy boxes, square oyster cans, with one of the sides removed, are excellent to plant seeds in, as they are shallow, light, and easily handled.

A very important point is the preparation of seeds for planting. Most varieties are hastened in their germination by soaking over night in warm water. A bit of personal experience may not be amiss. Several years ago there appeared in Scribner's Magazine an item regarding the effect of camphor upon seeds, and experimenting with the idea thus gained, I obtained wonderful results. Taking tomato seeds, which every one knows to be slow in starting, I poured boiling water upon them, putting in two drops of camphor, and letting them soak in a warm place until the next day. Then I planted them in well warmed earth, covered them with several thicknesses of flannel, and set them directly under a large stove, in which fire was kept night and day. They were not allowed to get dry, but were watered occasionally with quite warm water. On the morning of the fifth day, the little loops came hurrying up, helter skelter, almost tumbling

And, dear sisters, let us remember that we are continually "seed-sowers," and that the fruits of our daily sowing will spring up in our homes, and wherever our lives touch other lives.

"Plant blessings, and blessings will bloom;
Plant hate, and hate will grow;
You can sow to-day—to-morrow will bring
The blossom that proves what sort of a thing
Is the seed—the seed that you sow."

MRS. S. B. TITTERINGTON.

Vines for Shaded Places.—I had a north wall, from which high, projecting buildings on the east and west shut out the sun entirely, and German ivy grew over it twenty feet high, forming a mass of most thrifty green. I procured the ivy from the florist the 1st of May, well rooted, and with vines a yard long. I cut it back closely when I transferred it from the pots to the ground, watered freely all summer, and twined the vines on twine. The soil was half sand and half garden loam. I also had Madeira vines grow in the same location, but not very thriftily. The Bignonia or trumpet vine will also grow in the shade. M. L. A.

[Written specially for the LADIES' FLORAL CABINET.]

Winnifred's Will.

By AUGUSTA LARNED.

CHAPTER VIII.

"There are points from which we can command our life,
When the soul sweeps the future like a glass."

Virginie got out of the boat in the little wooded cove and began to walk rapidly back toward the Hall. She had forgotten the sick boy who was awaiting her return, for she was completely absorbed in the idea of escape from a menacing danger. She shrank back from herself with a feeling that the time might come when she could no longer control her life. She must fly while strength yet remained. Her heart fluttered like a frightened bird with the thought of those impetuous, burning words of love that had been poured into her ears. She had given her heart ignorantly and unconsciously, but now the knowledge that she was loved brought no joy, only despair and anguish. She felt basely wicked. What was there in loving or being loved that could atone for the sin of treachery to the friend who had trusted her with such generous, open-hearted confidence?

For a long time Virginie had been secretly determined to leave the Hall, and her thoughts and plans had all looked to that end. She had written to Pastor Viardot, but a fortnight must elapse before his answer could arrive, and now she was without means to make the journey back to Geneva. Her uncle, who filled her with fear and loathing, and who yet possessed a strange power over the poor girl, had by mysterious missives summoned her to more than one secret interview since their first meeting in the pine grove. She dared not expose him to her friends, and his covert threats filled her with shuddering dread for their safety. She had given him nearly all the gold pieces in her little purse at an interview in the grounds. And it was from this interview, late in the evening, that Nanna had let her into the house looking white and scared.

Although Freeborn had grumbled at the small sum which the little purse contained, and had accused her of a deplorable want of all proper affection and feeling for him, in not bleeding Miss Braithwaite, he had promised to leave the neighborhood. His lurking presence near the Hall filled Virginie with a creeping terror, for she was sure this sinister man had possessed himself of every secret connected with the place, and a vague sense of danger hovering over her kind friends and protectors destroyed sleep and appetite. She seemed held in the grasp of a nightmare, and yet the time that must elapse before an answer could come from Pastor Viardot brought a certain relief, for it gave her the power to watch over the safety of the house, and to assure herself that Walter Freeborn had actually quit the country. Night after night she lay broad awake, with a painful tension of the nerves, waiting, watching, dreading she knew not what.

For several days past he had left her unmolested, and she was beginning to breathe a little more freely, when Edgar Swayne's account of the burglary at Deanport had brought all the old terror back with tenfold force upon her heart. She had nearly fainted at the breakfast table, and it was impossible to conceal her agitation from Bradley, whose eye she had felt searching down into her secret. Those moments when Edgar was detailing his suspicions about the mysterious stranger at the mine were terrible to live through, but as well as the confusion of her senses would allow her to gather, she heard that the man had disappeared, and it seemed to give a gleam of hope in the darkness. It was horrible to be made an accomplice in the man's crime, to have guilty suspicions polluting her pure bosom, for it was impossible not to believe the worst of Walter Freeborn.

If he had participated in the Deanport affair, the country now being roused, the mine would no longer be a safe hiding place. Virginie had pondered sadly upon this all the morning, and now the scene with Bradley in the boat had brought a new and overpowering sense of danger and shame, and though almost penniless, she was prepared for immediate departure from the Hall. The place was fresh with subdued gold, and frescoing, and crimson carpets, soft to the feet, and with the scent of varnish on the new, rich upholstery. Virginie arrested her steps at the sight of a pile of letters on the lobby table. She had no correspondents in this country, but the thought occurred to her that Parson Viardot's message might have come sooner than she had calculated, and she saw amid the heap a long, slender envelope addressed in her name. It bore no foreign postmark, and Virginie took it up shudderingly, foreboding a mysterious summons to her uncle's new place of concealment. She ran with it up the stairs, and locked herself in her own room.

The letter when torn open revealed a sheet of exquisite scented note-paper, traced in the finest feminine hand.

"Dear Mademoiselle Duval," it ran, "you will be sur-

prised to receive a letter from one so nearly a stranger to you as I am. Our intercourse on the steamer was very slight, but having heard from my son of the great disappointment which attended your arrival in this country, my interest in you could not fail to be awakened. Your residence at Halcourt Hall has doubtless been of benefit both to yourself and to my niece Winnifred, but by putting myself sympathetically in your situation, I am confident that a mere life of dependence will not long satisfy one who has the power to place herself in a more becoming and congenial sphere of life and duty.

"I know, dear mademoiselle, that you are amply qualified, both in mind and manners, being well versed in music and the modern languages, to fill the place of governess in one of our best families. Such a position involves little hardship, and the young person who occupies it is generally treated with more kindness and consideration than in a similar position in the old world.

"With an instinctive regard for the scruples that must arise in a mind as delicate as your own, and a knowledge of the various annoyances that a sensitive spirit is subjected to when in a state of dependence, even among attached friends, I have ventured to proffer my services in procuring for you a pleasant home, where none of these burdens need be felt. If you will come to my house here, it is freely open to you for any length of time you may find it agreeable to remain, while we compare ideas as to what will best render your future both useful and happy. I will add that I have now in mind a dear friend in Maryland, who would gladly receive you into her beautiful home, and give you the educational charge of her children. That your movements may be quite unembarrassed, I will send a sum to defray the expense of your journey, as soon as I hear that the plan meets your approbation. Do not hesitate about using it, dear mademoiselle, for you can return it at your own convenience.

"Of course you are well aware that my son is betrothed to his cousin. When the marriage takes place their establishment will necessarily be put on a different footing, and perhaps it may be agreeable to you to have settled plans and prospects in life before the event occurs. I shall be more than glad to occupy toward you the position of friend and helper which my son undertook to fill. He would befriend any woman, however poor or old, who needed assistance, but new affections and duties may cause him to overlook your interests, and I have therefore taken the liberty of volunteering my aid and friendship.

"Believe me ever sincerely yours,

"EDITH HALCOURT."

Virginie, already crushed and beaten down to the earth, felt this new humiliation to be more than she could bear. Gentle as she was, her pale face burned with anger and shame, as she crumpled the hateful letter in her hand, and longed to fling it back in the face of the hard, cold, elegant woman of the world who had tried to cover up her selfish designs with smooth words and proffers of friendship.

Though inexperienced in the ways of life, she felt the covert insult in nearly every line, and penetrated the motives of the writer. This woman had extorted from her son a promise blighting to all his hopes of happiness, and now she would sweep out of her path every obstacle in the way of her ambition. No, she would never put herself in Mrs. Halcourt's power, and allow her to probe down to the sad, hopeless secret hidden in her heart.

Then came a great revulsion of feeling, and the memory of the wrong she had done, the deceit she had practiced toward Winnifred, swept over and humbled her to the dust. She would force herself to accept Mrs. Halcourt's proffered aid, as a penance for her sin—at least until the way opened for her return to Geneva. Then for a long hour she lay with her face buried in the pillow, crying out, in the depths of her loneliness and friendlessness, to God and the good angels, to her dear dead parents, to keep her safe from temptation and life-long remorse. If the love in her heart could slay her and do no harm to others, she would welcome death as a blessed relief.

At last Virginie arose, and heavy eyed and pale, but tearless, seated herself at her little table and penned a cold and formal note to Mrs. Halcourt, in which she thanked her, and accepted the situation in Maryland, saying that she would go directly to the place as soon as she received directions for the journey. The money for her expenses she would also take, with the understanding that it was to be paid out of her first quarter's salary. Virginie paused, counting the days; two, at least, perhaps three must elapse before an answer could reach her. How could she remain at the Hall and meet Bradley Halcourt with the knowledge that lay between them, and be tortured by the unconscious endearments and caresses of Winnifred? What could she do—where spend the interval? Suddenly there occurred to her the name of Hopedale, a little village among the hills, that lay upon the railroad some ten or fifteen miles from Halcourt. She had never been there with Winnifred, no one would recognize her as belonging to the Hall, but she knew it lay to the north, and was reached by the rugged mountain roads. She could make the journey on foot, and if one day did not suffice she would stop over night at

some friendly farm-house. There was still enough money remaining in the little purse to pay her way for a few days in a cheap country place. At the bottom of her note Virginie appended the request that Mrs. Halcourt would direct to Hopedale. For the evening she determined to feign illness and lock herself in her room, not even admitting old Nanna with her tea. Poor child, there was no need of feigning. Such nights and days had told terribly upon her delicate frame, and now she felt a strange lethargy creeping into her limbs, and a dullness stealing over her brain. But it was settled firmly in her mind that she would escape out of the house early next morning, before any soul was stirring, and leave behind her a note for Winnifred.

Nothing remained now but to carry the letter to the post-office. As she tied on her hat she felt glad that it was all settled, and there was no longer occasion to think. She was almost past that now. O, if she could only creep away into the dark and sleep forever!

Virginie had completely forgotten the sick boy, and now the memory came back with a pang of reproach, through the dull aching that filled her, as she saw Mrs. Finster watching in the path, the heavy baby in her arms, and her slatternly dress looking as if it might any moment slip off her form, totally devoid of hips.

"O! what has kept you so, miss?" she began, in a querulous tone of remonstrance, which Virginie's kindness had given her the right to use. "Jakey has fretted himself most out of his mind. I'm 'fraid the fever and light-headedness is comin' on again. He just needs you as he does the air he breathes. I had no idea you was a-going to do more than take a row round the lake with that young man, Miss Braithwaite's intended, and when you didn't come back I was just beat."

"I am so sorry Jakey has needed me," said Virginie, with deep humility. "I had to go up to the Hall, and there I found a letter that required answering at once, and now I must walk to the post-office in time for the mail. Tell Jakey I will hasten back as soon as possible, and will not leave him again to-day. If I can find an orange over at the store he shall have it."

Mrs. Finster could not help noticing the heavy-lidded eyes and pitiful, wan face, framed in a mist of golden hair.

"You look sick yourself, miss," said she, beating up the baby as if he had been a feather pillow, "and not fit to drag over to the post-office. Let Hendrick take the letter. He's got a nimble pair of legs and would get over the ground quicker nor what you would. I'll time him by the clock so that he can't play truems. Poor Jake would be so done up not to see you now, and him with his tongue parched up in his mouth like a bit of dry luther."

"I will gladly let Hendrick carry the letter," said Virginie, with an immense sense of relief, for her feet were like two lumps of lead. She paused a moment and looked at Mrs. Finster. "Could you keep me here to-night? If it is not inconvenient I will stay by little Jake and nurse him for you."

"O, how kind you be to the likes of us, miss! I could worship the very ground you step on! But it's poor pickin' you'll have here; I do the best as ever I can with such a pack o' children, and the wind has been contrary for a few days and the fish won't bite, and Finster's such a soft-hearted creeter when the children are sick and things go wrong, he has to drown his sorrow at the tavern. Miss Braithwaite has promised to do fine things for us, now she's rollin' in money, and could ride in a gold coach. But I s'pose she's all high-tighty took up with her bean, that handsome young man. No matter; I'm too proud-sperited to ask help, and now there ain't a dust of tea in the house. But I'll send up sly to old Nanna and borry a drawing on account of you."

"No," said Virginie, putting her hand in her pocket; "I have money, and Keudrick shall buy a pound of the best they have at the store, and there will be a little sum left to get Jakey an orange."

"Never mind the orange, Miss, and God bless you; the poor boy don't want nothing but the light of your face. There, I hear him groanin'. Come right in."

Bradley brought the boat to shore and fastened it high and dry on Finster's beach, but he made no explanation as to the disappearance of Virginie, for at that moment the mother was within doors attending to her sick boy. The tumult of his feelings was an exquisite kind of intoxication. He lost sight of everything but the knowledge that Virginie loved him, and that awoke a passionate awe, a deep religious sense of bliss that brought tears welling up into his eyes. He wandered about in an aimless way, lost in his sensations, not thinking or caring where his feet might take him, when he found himself at the junction of the wooded path with the hill road, at the very spot where Virginie had flown almost into his arms like a frightened bird on the day of his arrival.

Bradley had been walking in a magic wood, while a strange, unreal happiness thrilled his frame, and he was now brought back to reality by the shock of remembrance. He had slowly and patiently put together all the signs of Virginie's secret trouble, until something like the truth

dawned upon his mind. The scene at the breakfast-table only confirmed his suspicions that she had been dogged and frightened by a man claiming to be, or who really was, her lost uncle, and who had insured silence by threats and violence. It was a joy to feel that now he had the right to free her from this mysterious torture, that his arm and his heart were a shield for the poor, sad girl's defense, her deliverance from the baleful influence that of late had been disturbing her pure life and troubling her sensitive conscience. Edgar Swayne's account of the stranger lurking about the mines had given him the clue he needed. He could think of only the one woman that the world held for him, and what he would do in her cause. All else had shriveled into insignificance. He meant to break the conventional tie that bound him to Winnifred at once, confident that the rupture would only wound his cousin's pride. He would renounce mother, fortune, friends, all if need be, to cleave unto the one God and nature had made his.

It was a steep climb up that hill path, and suddenly, about half way to the top, the road emerged from the woods upon a broad, black track, where the coal-trucks were coming and going in endless procession. The land had a blasted look, with scrubby oak-patches and ferruginous rocks cropping out, for here the coal measures lay close to the iron. The entrance to the mine lay a little over the mountain ridge, in a sheltered hollow, where the miners' cabins were grouped about a quarter of a mile apart from the black sheds and buildings connected with the works. Now many laborers were engaged in the slow business of sinking a new shaft, and in extending and repairing some of the old disused galleries. The creaking of machinery was constantly heard, while the pumps poured out streams of water that made dirty yellow brooks and runlets, and great piles of *d bris* were heaped about the pit's mouth.

Bradley, in his boyhood, had been very familiar with the mine, which he had explored from end to end in company with a friendly old guide, who told him wonderful yarns of his early days passed in the deep Cornish mines. Now, as he threaded the dirty wet lane that ran between two rows of wretched miners' cabins, picking his steps among fowls and garbage heaps, he looked about for the little lad known as Sharp Ben, who had given Edgar Swayne his information concerning the stranger. But at that moment the boy was picking and sorting coal, with his grimy fingers, a toil to which he was doomed except for a few hours daily, when Winnifred had decreed that all children under a certain age should attend the school—her new pet—which she had just set up. There had been no end of grumbling among the parents at this attempt, as they judged it, to take bread out of their children's mouths, by "putting a little useless book-learnin' into their noddles." But Winnifred had persisted, and the youngest workers were paid for full time, and received their schooling gratis.

The temple of learning, where Mr. Swayne was working very bravely and devotedly, was a mere rough shed, hastily altered; but Winnifred had already secured plans for a new building, which, besides its main purpose, could be used for Sunday services, social meetings and lectures. All this was included in her plan of civilizing the rough people brutalized more or less by their hard lives, and which she had talked over and arranged with Edgar Swayne.

Among the houses where the women were washing, cooking, scrubbing and clattering pots and pans, while the wee little ones, too small to pick coal, stared at him with round-eyed wonder as he passed, Bradley sought for a particular cabin, with which he had once been familiar. He stopped at last before a door where a gigantic, bony, north of England woman was standing to cool herself, and to escape the smudge she had raised in the interior of her room. Her hands were propped upon her hips, and her face was bold and red and defiant. The old judge had imported a number of these miners from the great coal and iron district, the black country, as it is called.

"Does old Nat Driver live here?" Bradley inquired, in a civil tone.

"Hoot, mon! old Daddy Driver's been dead and buried these three year gone. He got full drunk one day and slipped down the pit's mouth and broke his neck. Me and my mon, Smoky Duff, and our gell ten year old come Michaelmas, have lived here risin' of two years, and a poor place it is," she grumbled, "with the rain beating in through the roof. The old boss wouldn't give a board or a penny worth o' nails to save a body's life, and here's the young missus up in arms about the schule, and comin' to meddle and make in things no business of her'n, takin' the callants from their work and payin' full time, as if ever a body should hear the like of that onreasonableness. She's overbearin' and masterfull, puttin' down her foot to say what shall and what shan't; but they do say she's goin' to get married, and have grand doin's down to the great house, and then she'll fash her head no more about the mines, and things 'll be harder than ever. They allus is harder after a let-up. But I shan't cry to have the schule shet. I've no scholar myself; nuther's my mon. I've never heard that schulin' helped a mon to save his light, or kep' him from swallerin' the damp, or helped him at heavin'; but our gell Polly is so took up about learnin' and readin'

books, and that fuleishness, my mon and mo thinks most likely she'll turn out bad."

"I have heard of you and your husband, Smoky Duff," said Bradley, as he stepped inside the cottage, "and also of the gentleman who has been lodging with you for a few weeks past."

The woman started back into the gloom of the cabin with a gesture of surprise and anger. "If you've come pryin' and peepin', begone with you, and all I can say is that you've put your head in the wrong trap. I wouldn't have you parson-schulemaster sneakin' around the place. When he come pokin' his nose into my business I drove him off with my tongue. Next time I'll take a broom or a jug of hot water to him."

Bradley seated himself on a stool near the truckle-bed with the coolest nonchalance. "Why do you get angry and accuse me of prying into your affairs because I spoke of this stranger? I have come to you as a friend."

The virago looked darkly for a moment at his half-smiling unconcerned face, and then her scowl began to clear. "Hoot, mon, how should I know friend from foe wheu there's rumors of robberies abroad in yon towu, and if it was known we had lodged a stranger, me and Smoky might be suspicioned for aidin' and abettin', as it's called; but you do look like a fine young gentleman, as wouldn't dirty your white hands with sich work. Mayhap you're the friend the doctor spoke of. He said he was expecting to get some money from a friend, and then he would pay me for his lodging, and keep, and his bit of washing."

Bradley clasped his hands around his knee and laughed lightly. "So you took me for a sheriff's officer, or a spy, when I am the most harmless man alive. I have no ill designs against you or the doctor either."

"Well, now," returned Nancy Duff, still more mollified, "I thought you must be a friend of his'n. Poor gentleman, it's a shame to suspicion him. He was poorly when he first came, and staid in bed a good deal, and took his porritch as quiet as a lamb. He was that peaceable I never did see, and he took a great shine to our little Poll, and of an evening helped her figure on her slate, and the drops he gave Smoky did him a sight of good for the cricket in his back."

"Drops?" repeated Bradley, interrogatively.

"He peddles his doctor stuff round the country now you know. Fash my head, what do he call 'em? But I can show you the bottle."

"Do," said Bradley, with quiet alertness.

Mrs. Duff went to a dark corner cupboard, and brought back a little vial with a printed label, which announced that "Dr. Walters' Universal Panacea and Elixir, for the cure of all known diseases, was prepared and sold exclusively by himself." He took the vial, a harmless looking thing, and turned it about in his hand. The virago, whose confidence he had won, turned her broad back toward him for a moment, to stir some mess that was cooking over the fire. There was a little piece of writing-paper wrapped around the cork to hold it fast. It was in fact the end of an old letter. Bradley turned toward the window, and, drawing it dextrously out, smoothed the scrap of stained, crumpled paper in his hand. It was that thin, sheer kind used mostly for foreign letters, and on the inside of it were traced a few faint lines in a feminine hand. They were quite sufficient. Bradley stood still for a moment without attending to Nancy Duff's remarks, which had run on in an uninterrupted stream.

"I do know Dr. Walters," said he, turning round, and then he stepped to the cabin door and closed it quietly, and returning, faced Nancy Duff, who had eyed his movements with gathering astonishment and suspicion. Bradley took from his pocket a little roll of money and slowly unfolded it.

"You have been kind to this man," said he, facing Smoky Duff's wife, "and I want to reward you. Take this and answer me one or two questions."

"O, your honor," cried Nancy, "I'm an honest woman, 'deed I am, and if harm should come along of the money to me, or my mon, or little Poll!"

"No harm can come," said Bradley, with quiet decision. "Take it and keep your own counsel. Now tell me when Dr. Walters left this place. It is absolutely necessary that I should know to insure you and your husband from trouble."

Mrs. Duff hesitated and scanned his face with her keen eyes, then she glanced at the money in her hand.

"Three days ago, your honor."

"And you do not look for his return?"

Again she faltered, but the money and Bradley's eye were potent charms. "I can't say for dead sure. He may, your honor, to-night, seeing he left the medicine-box and some of his clothes in the attic where he slept."

Bradley took a little diary from his pocket and rapidly traced with a pencil on one of the blank leaves the following words:

"You are strongly suspected of complicity with the Deanport masked burglars. You are watched, and will be arrested on suspicion if you remain in this place another night. This is from a friend, who warns you of your

danger and advises you to instantly quit the neighborhood."

He tore out the leaf, folded it, and gave it into Nancy's hand. "Give that to the doctor immediately when he comes, and if you should happen to know where he is at this moment, convey it to him at once. But not a word, not a breath to your husband, or that bright girl, Polly. If you follow my directions to the letter you shall be liberally rewarded. Do you hear?"

Nancy Duff seized the paper, gave him a significant look, nodded three times, and Bradley was gone. He walked rapidly away out of the cluster of miners' huts, glad to feel the cool air blowing on his face, for his mental excitement was intense, and he wanted time to recover himself and to think clearly again. As he struck into the path that led down the mountain there was the sound of rapid steps behind him, and some one called his name. He turned and saw Edgar Swayne dashing along over the slope.

"Pardon me for troubling you, Mr. Halcourt," said he, as soon as he could recover his breath. "I saw you coming away from the miners' village, and it seemed quite providential, for I have been in urgent need of some safe and secret means to send a message to the telegraph station at the depot. I should go down myself but Bob Smithers' wife has just lost her baby. She is a good, gentle, patient soul, and it is pitiful to hear her moan and sob over the empty cradle. The young ladies at the Hall took a kindly interest in her last summer, and I have promised to hold a little service this afternoon. You will see by the message to Dalrymple that I have got hold of what I believe to be important testimony in reference to the burglary. There is not a moment to lose, and if this man is secured probably it will lead to the capture of the whole gang. I shall tell Miss Braithwaite all about it when I see her, but I must remain here to night, for there may be lively work. If you will personally see that this is sent to the sheriff at Deanport by telegraph, I think you will be doing a service to the public."

"I will attend to the matter," said Bradley, curtly, as he took the open envelope from Mr. Swayne's hand, and received that gentleman's thanks, given less coldly than any words he had ever spoken to him before. Edgar turned hastily back, and Bradley stopped in the path feeling sick and giddy from a sense of something that had stolen away the strength of his manhood. What had inspired Swayne with such a diabolical zeal in the public cause? Slowly he opened the message and read as follows:

"HALCOURT MINES, October 18th, 18—

"ALFRED DALRYMPLE, Sheriff of Deanport: A stranger calling himself Walters, and purporting to be a quack doctor, has been lurking for some weeks about the Halcourt mines. He has been recognized as a notorious character, who has figured under various aliases, and it seems probable that he was the ringleader in the recent burglary committed in your town. He has a confederate here, the wife of a miner named Smoky Duff, in whose cabin he has lodged. He will be here to-night. Send up by the late train a sufficient force to surround the cottage. A wagon will meet your men at the station, and I will be here to guide them to the place.

"EDGAR SWAYNE,
Schoolmaster at the mines."

Bradley's knees seemed to give way, and he sat down on a log by the roadside, for the light had suddenly darkened before his eyes. Should he, a gentleman, who had always prized his honor before his life, betray a trust, and help to shield a criminal from justice? Then there swept past him the vision of a sad, wan face, framed in a mist of golden hair, that seemed to implore him with wide open, pitiful blue eyes. He must shield her from shame; he must save her from being dragged into the courts. Nothing had as yet been proven against this man. It might not be wrong to give him a chance to escape. Bradley rose to his feet, looking strangely haggard. He seemed to have grown old in a moment of time. Slowly he tore the dispatch into bits, and scattered it to the winds.

(To be continued.)

[For the FLORAL CABINET.]

CYPRESS VINE.

Leaning gently from my window,
Swaying softly in the breeze,
Is my pretty cypress, growing
With a modest, graceful ease.

One by one the buds are peeping
Through the fragile, leafy vines,
Fairest beauty now unfolding,
While around the frame it twines.

How I prize its tiny blossom,
As I watch it day by day;
Cheering me in lonely moments,
By its little petals gay.

Tendrils clasping one another
With a sister-like embrace—
Teaching me a noble lesson,
As its tenderness I trace.

VICKIE BLUE.



THE PROPOSAL AND ACCEPTANCE.

Household Art.

SOME NEW IDEAS FOR THE PARLOR.

Nothing so much destroys the look of parlor as suits of furniture and angular arrangements. It is far better to have pieces of two or even three sets of parlor furniture, if you will buy furniture in suits. The arrangement of furniture in this show-room, as a rule, reflects the mind of the owner. The crotchets, kinks, or go-by-a-line woman will arrange her apartment after the fashion of her mind. There is no end to the fine effect that may be produced; it is a question of money as to the richness and magnificence of the room; but the beauty and artistic feeling of the room is not a question of cash. There are parlors and parlors. The amount of money lavished on them is not a test of merit, and every man and woman with a maximum of taste and a minimum of money, by clever arrangement of common things, can vie with upper-ten neighbors. In a case of this kind artistic feeling and common sense has the advantage of surplus cash. The writer will not attempt a model parlor, but simply suggest novel treatments, from which the housekeeper can select such ideas as will please the owner or will best suit the conditions of the apartment.

A novel effect can be made by the use of cheap, gaudily painted Japanese fans. Three of the same general tone of color, spread open-spaced in a circle around the chandelier and against the ceiling, will make a handsome centre-piece. The butts of the fans will have to be sawed off some distance from the handle and then tacked to the wall. To hide the jointure, they should be pushed under the brass washer. They can also be used with effect to cover an unsightly pipe-hole, provided it is equi-distant from the side walls.

There is a general tendency to overcrowd the wall with pictures. Better a very few large pictures than a number of small ones, in considering the general make-up of the room. Paintings and engravings should not be indiscriminately mixed in groups, and small pictures should be grouped together rather than hang unaccompanied on the wall. Family portraits, unless possessed of intrinsic merit, become the sitting-room or bed-chamber, but not the parlor. Some pictures may be suspended by the artificial vines of ivy or autumn leaves, advertised nearly everywhere. Behind others a bottle of water standing on a shelf or supported by a string, in which living vines can be planted, in time will twine up the cord and around the picture-frame. One of the most artistic methods of bestowing a picture, especially if it be the gem of your collection, is to place it upon an easel made of some dark wood. Your carpenter can make one for you at a trifling cost, out of pine, if better wood cannot be obtained, which may be stained in imitation of some of the handsomer species.

One great rule to be observed is to avoid the littering up of the mantel-piece with a variety of small articles, such as mugs, plaster casts and china figures. A couple of long vases of odd pattern, with a handsome clock, or some of the many unique articles of *vertu* which have become so abundant is much more tasteful. A multitude of books or daguerreotype cases generally find their way to the mantels or centre-table in the hamlets and villages, and are out of place, and help to mar many an otherwise pretty room. One handsomely illustrated volume, or two at the most, are in better taste. The appearance of the card-case and imitation receiver savors too much of affectation to ever be allowed in the parlor. A vase

for cut flowers, which is always better with the flowers arranged in seeming confusion, and vines trailing to the floor and over the table edge, may in the winter be replaced by a wax bouquet, if the owner can make up her mind to do without the glass cover and can submit to their transfer. What-nots are a nuisance after the admirable designs of Mr. Clarence Cook for curiosities, and small fry generally, which of course do not belong to a parlor at all, but rather to the library, music, or billiard-room. If you have nothing but a small mirror, do without any in the parlor. Japanese scrolls, hung on rollers, can be used with effect, especially if the tendency of the room is too dark or subdued. Better one large than two or three small ones.

The fireplace may be filled with rockery, or an old stump with ferns, ivies and moss. A bright-plumaged specimen of the taxidermist's skill adds greatly to the picture. I know of no one thing in a parlor, among the many devices in ferns, etc., that can at all compare with this design, if carried out with proper spirit.

A remarkably handsome mantel-piece or framing to doors and windows may be made by using unpainted pine framework throughout. Over the fireplace a sentence in German text may be drawn in pencil, and in other places geometrical designs or arabesques in bold, decided figures; or vines and flowers with an occasional bird or two may be attempted if the person who executes the drawing is a free hand, otherwise you had far better stick to angular figures. Then with a steady brush go over the whole work, filling around the pencil mark, and not inside of it. The best coloring matter to use for this purpose is the finest kind of black varnish, shading inside the lines with india ink and camel-hair brushes. After this is thoroughly dried, several coats of the very best carriage varnish. The richness of the unpainted pine may be much heightened by sandpapering the varnish off a couple of times; but the tendency is to blur the outlines, and unless great care and dexterity be observed your work is irretrievably spoiled. The naked wood, after this treatment, will very closely resemble inlaid gold work. In a room, however, art would be best served by attempting the mantel-piece alone. The same principle we have applied to furniture, etc., with most excellent effect. Little conception of the richness and high tone of the wood can be had until the work is seen.

A white-painted mantel-piece is an abomination; better plain black or stained wood. A few hassocks and rich rugs may be distributed around. In this, as with many other articles, if the tone of the walls and carpet is dark, the minor articles should be bright, which will greatly diminish the sombre tendency. The rugs and stools, under ordinary circumstances, should not be of shade or color of the carpet and walls, but will look well if they match in a general way the lambrequins, or if the pattern is the same as that of the carpet in different colors, especially if in bold geometrical figures. Gracefully hung curtains suspended on brass rods or rings have a much handsomer effect than the very finest blinds, even should the former be of the plainest material.

Singing birds are a nuisance in the parlor, their proper habitation being the veranda or sitting-room. Wardian cases, aquaria and ferneries add to the beauty of a room. A handsome bookcase may be placed in the parlor, especially if ornamented with busts and protected by curtains instead of glass doors. In place of the vase of flowers, or a'ditional thereto, a very pretty ornament may be made by using a high wicker sewing stand and filling it with cut flowers; or for a small sum you can purchase a photographer's head-

rest, and attaching a basket or metal pan to the top of the movable iron rod, fill it with cut or living flowers, vines, etc. The rod can then be raised or lowered to suit the growing foliage. A few large brackets may be placed in odd corners rather than in the broad side wall, on which to place such nick-nacks as generally find a place on the what-not.

The corners of the room deserve attention, especially in a sparsely furnished room, and are susceptible of many different treatments, some of those suggested by Mr. Clarence Cook being of the greatest variety. A bust on a bracket or pedestal fills a corner nicely, and handsomely if the bust or statuette is rather large and of rare workmanship, and will admit of curtains divided in the middle and drawn back at the sides with cord and tassel. Light rose or blue curtain with silver or yellow fringe or Grecian border, should be suspended on a half circular rod and topped off with a Moorish cap of the same material, with border or fringe at the juncture of the same. The background of the figure should be maroon, or possibly black, in order that it may stand out better. A handsome vase might be used in the same method, but the effect is not as good. A trophy corner has also a fine effect in a room. Brightly burnished arms and flags may be effectively grouped in a corner, either based on a small pedestal or half way up the wall and standing out from them; crossed cutlasses, Turkish arms and an ancient shield, spears, bows, arrows and the like, make a bizarre design for a centre-piece over the mantel or between windows, or better still, in the library.

As before remarked, all these, or modifications of them, will go far to make your best room a pleasure to the eye. There is great danger of overdoing the adornment; the more so if the room be small, and great care should be taken not to overload the walls or the floor with an incongruous collection of hangings and furniture. There are very few who are gifted with good taste and judgment sufficient to handle a mass of material and reduce it to a happy adjustment. The general tone of the best room in summer should be airy, comfortable and restful to the eye. The winter parlor should be very warm in tone and fill the eye with color. Easily overturned tables, chairs and unsubstantially fastened brackets, pictures, etc., should ever be guarded against. One wants to take in pleasure through the eye as well as in conversation, and a well arranged apartment is a great quickener of conversation and happy thoughts. The parlor should be unique as well as suggestive to the organs of sight. One delights to see something in the general outfit that is different from the ordinary inbecilities of house-furnishing. Then, too, the room is taken as a reflex of the owner's tastes and habits. If he or she be gifted with romance, it crops out in furniture, carpets, pictures, and *bric-a-brac*. It is a criterion of taste and artistic sensibility, and the owner of a fine parlor compliments the world at large in preparing a fine apartment wherewith to please all other eyes besides his own; for, say what you will, all of us live, more or less, in fear of the censure, and covetous of the praise, of all the rest of mankind, even down to such a practical matter as the appearance of our shabbiest room, to say nothing of our best. The parlor should not be too fine and handboxy, so as to oppress mankind with the length of your purse; nor so fine as to make it uncomfortable for your own family; and your friends fearful of motion in the grand chamber, lest all the magnificence should come tumbling about their ears. The sight of magnificent furniture, wrapped in the swaddling clothes of brown holland, is a melancholy one.

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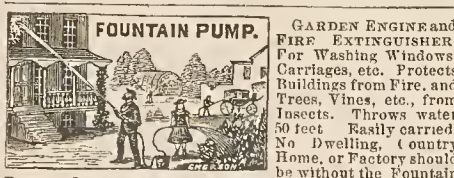
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We recall our free offer in March number of **CABINET** after this date. **J. K. & S. J. GALLOWAY.**



NEW YORK, MAY, 1877.

BULBS.

I have had such good success with a few bulbs, for the past two winters, that I must call upon the flower-loving sisters to rejoice with me. Crocuses are not much of a comfort out of doors—the stems are so very short, one has to get down on the ground to see them; and then they are sure to open upon some deceitful sunny day, and we run out without a shawl to look at them, and are chilled to the bone, by the searching wind, before we can take refuge in the house again; but when they are in pots, we are masters of the situation. I get the bulbs as early as possible in the fall, buying named bulbs always; plant three of a kind in a four-inch pot, water them well, and placing the pots in the hot-bed, have them covered six inches deep with tan bark. There they must remain until winter sets in—two months is about right, to develop roots.

Their winter quarters is an east window in a hall which is warmed by a drum; there are also two warmed bedrooms opening into it, the doors of which always stand open; but as the window is at least twenty-five feet from either of them, it can't be overly warm. A board just wide enough to hold the pots is laid down, and the four Crocus pots and one of Due Van Thol tulips stand upon it, from the time they are brought into the house until they are turned into the ground in the spring. On cold nights the board is lifted upon a chair in the corner near the drum—it takes but a moment, and is easier than to carry two pots at a time; if the days are very cold, a newspaper is laid between the pots and the window—but it is not often necessary. In about two months, they commence blooming, and all come out together—solid purple, white, purple and white striped Crocus, and the three red Tulips for a contrast. The yellow Crocus I cannot recommend; they won't grow over three inches high, and soon fade; but the others are just lovely—from six to eight inches high, large blossoms, each remaining fresh at least five days, and a number of flowers from each bulb—one white one has had seven blooms; the brilliancy and delicacy of their colors is astonish-

ing, when one considers how little sun they get. A thrifty hanging-basket of Coliseum Ivy hangs in this window to add to its attractions, and it has been greatly admired by visitors, as well as a source of much enjoyment to ourselves.

In a south window in my bedroom, I have another board, on which are two superb Hyacinths—a white one, with two stalks, and a red one—also a pot of lemon-colored dwarf Tulips, and two pots of Sweet Violets, that won't bloom. I wonder if anybody does manage to have Violets bloom in the house—but the Hyacinths console me for this failure. While I was in Chicago I took pains to look in the windows of the florists, but saw no Hyacinths that would compare with ours; we have two or three in the conservatory, also, but these are the finest. This room is considerably warmer than the hall—but as we open the window a little ways at night, usually, the board is moved upon the chair with the others. Of course, the pots are watered when they need it, and they take considerable water when in bloom, and very little until they do so. We do not ask these bulbs to bloom again in the house; Crocuses, especially, are so inexpensive that we think they have given us the full value of our money, so get new ones every fall.

Dyer, Ind.

Mrs. J. M. B.

HINTS AND EXPEDIENTS.

The rose-queens, robed in silken white, pink, yellow and deepest crimson and velvety purple, had fluttered away to the silent chambers in which they hide from all the months but June, except Prairie Queen; she swung her last bells merrily in the first July sunshine. Most of the spring and early summer flowers had gone, and the later ones had not yet bloomed; but beds of Phlox, Portulaca and such perishable flowers were in their prime.

Church bouquets were wanted, and what could they be made of? Certainly nothing in the garden was suitable but the Prairie Queen. Early Saturday morning, with the aid of waterproof and rubbers, the question was solved. Walking over the hill, with that open-eyed loitering most apt to lead to woodland discoveries, (which are so often only a comprehensive sight of what we pass every day), there was a sudden glimpse of white among the scattering bushes, which proved to be the snowy spikes of Indigo Plant. They were soon cut with long stems and put into the basket.

Now which way? A few moments' hesitation, then the inevitable turning toward the hill of resources, one of those occasional hilltops where all manner of flowers and vines and shrubs grow in loving company, though in other localities they only grow isolated. Just in the edge of the swamp at the foot of the hill was a single wild Lily, which soon nestled in the basket with the other flowers. The lower edge of the hill was widely bordered with a shining mass of mandrake leaves, spreading eagerly and crowding each other to hide their one precious jewel of a flower, trying to burst its wrappings. Above there were tangling vines and quaint shrubs and stately grasses. The handsomest vine-sprays and handfulls of a tall nodding grass soon filled the basket. Down in the swamp there were faint bits of red to be seen. More Lilies? Yes, and for every one reached two or three more were in sight.

Turning homeward with laden arms and basket, the vivid Lilies nodding softly against the dewy grass at every step, brought to mind their text, "consider the lilies of the field, for they toil not, neither do they spin." No toiling or spinning, yet what secrets they have of subtle chemistry, baffling our senses after all labored investigations and theories.

An hour after returning home the bouquet was completed. In the centre was a single stem of three lilies, thickly encircled with the tall nodding grass; then a row of the spikes of snowy, pea-like blossoms; more nodding grass; then a heavy row of lilies glowing radiantly behind the veil of the fine, misty grass; then short spikes of the white flowers and the heavy grass, finished with the vine sprays and the most perfect Peony leaves. The bouquet was large and loose, that each flower might assume a natural position, yet firmly confined by the stems.

With such large bouquets, and, indeed, many smaller ones, it is a good plan to make them *upside down*, holding the stems firmly with the fingers of the left hand, while adding to the bouquet with the right, turn it slowly around as you work. It can thus be made much more even and easily.

For an edging Peony leaves can hardly be surpassed. They should be selected as mature and perfect as possible, and arranged in a close circle around the bouquet, leaving the pointed ends to extend out beyond the bouquet a little ways. Peony leaves are also fine to put into the bouquets of some flowers.

After the large bouquet was finished, the "Prairie Queens" were made in two round bouquets, with nothing but Peony leaves for filling and edging.

To remedy the water-lilies' habit of closing at night and so hiding their beauty, the outer green petals may be neatly plucked off, leaving large, white, waxy buds that can be used very effectively. If for daytime, Phlox (annual) and such flowers may be used, when they would be insignificant in the evening.

A large ornamental vase may be filled in this way: fit a common milk-pan in it so the edge of the pan is level with that of the vase; fill the pan half full with water, then swath the vase from brim to pedestal with the thick, handsome wild vine called "Sarsaparilla," or some other equally luxuriant; put the stems carefully under water and weight them down with small stones; arrange the delicate curling ends artistically around the pedestal, and take care that all the leaves face outward, and the whole vine looks natural; hide the brim of the vase with a thick row of Peony leaves; in the middle of the pan set a basin on the stones, so that its edge may be an inch or two above that of the pan; in the middle of the basin set a round tin can or tumbler. A rather rough outline of a pyramid is thus formed. Putting in enough water, commence at the outer edge and fill in with a row of darkest Phlox, then one of variegated or ornamental leaves, and so on alternately until pan and basin are full; then in the tin can put a cluster of bold leaves, such as those of the variegated Calla, and a bright truss or two of Geranium. The color in the rows of Phlox should grow lighter from the outer edge, until the last is white. Both flowers and leaves should be so smoothly arranged as to hide the unsightly dishes and make a low, perfect pyramid. Now decorate the whole by putting the stems of several long trails of Smilax in the tin can and winding the vines carelessly but artistically around and over the flowers, letting the ends drop lightly over the vase edge on the heavier vine beneath. Finish with heavy grass in the centre around the Calla leaves, and weave a fine mist of more delicate grasses over the whole vase. The stems can be inserted without disturbing the flowers. Grass is not used as much as it might be, and when used is apt to be introduced formally. If used naturally it enhances the beauty of flowers as much as moss does that of moss-roses.

Thus, with a little ingenuity, and an humble attention to that most perfect artist, Nature, we need never despise any material.

KATE PRICE.

Household Art.

ZEPHYR-WORK.

I have been a subscriber for the FLORAL CABINET for several years, but have never, as yet, seen anything in its columns about zephyr-work. I think if some of its readers could see my wreath, they would desire to have one also. It has been admired by many. To those who understand making hair-work it will appear very simple to do, as the weaving is done almost the same in one as in the other. The only difference is, that the wire is crossed on the top of whatever you are weaving on, instead of underneath. But for the benefit of those who do not understand what we mean by weaving, I will endeavor to make my explanations as clear as possible, so that they may feel able to undertake the work. The materials used are: zephyr of different colors, fine hair wire, a smooth stick of about three-fourths of an inch in diameter, scissors, gum-arabic, a table-knife and a fine-tooth comb. Cut your zephyr into pieces of about a yard in length, and your wire into pieces about ten inches in length. Now we are ready to begin. Double your wire into two equal pieces. Place the wire at the point where it is doubled on the top of your stick, holding the stick in such a manner that your thumb will be on top of the wire on the upper side of the stick; now take a piece of zephyr and place one end between your thumb and the wire, wind it once around the stick, winding from you, and throw the end over the hand; then take and cross your wire by drawing one end toward you and the other end from you, drawing tight and firm under your thumb; again take your zephyr and wind it around your stick and your wire as before, making sure to cross the wire at every winding. Each winding is called a stitch. After you have woven the required number of stitches, twist your wire two or three times tight to the zephyr, so as to keep the stitches from coming open. Then draw your work off of your stick and cut each stitch in half. Smooth it out carefully on your knee so that there may be as many half stitches on one side of the wire as on the other. Place your forefinger firmly on the wire and begin to comb with your fine-tooth comb; commence at the edge and comb into the wire very slowly; comb each side until no more wool combs from the zephyr. Care must be taken in the weaving to have the wire crossed tight to the zephyr, else, in combing, whole threads of zephyr will comb out, which will spoil the appearance of your work. Next take and hold the wire between the thumb and forefinger at the point where you twisted it when you were done weaving, and comb it all over in the direction of the wire so that the wire is completely hid. After you have all combed, place it carefully in a book and under a heavy press for about twenty-four hours; then you can take it out again. Have your gum-arabic prepared, and, with your table-knife, spread the under side of each piece—that is, the side with the wire on—with the prepared gum. The next day you may trim the pieces into leaves of the desired shape.

To make white lilies, cast on twenty stitches of white and five stitches of yellow zephyr. To make yellow lilies, take one strand of yellow and five stitches of white zephyr. To make red lilies, take one strand of scarlet and five stitches of white zephyr. Trim all the leaves to resemble the petals of a lily—long and pointed—and bend so as to curve backwards. For stamens, cut four pieces of yellow zephyr of about half

an inch in length, and tie them into two equal parts by twisting the wire firmly. Have four stamens in each lily. To make pansies, make three weaves of royal purple and two weaves of canary yellow of five stitches each, also five weaves of purple and yellow mixed, made by casting on three stitches of purple and two stitches of yellow. In forming your pansies, take your two petals of canary yellow and three petals of your mixed weaves for one. For the other, take three petals of royal purple and two petals of the mixed weaves. I think the lilies and the pansies are the prettiest flower that can be made in zephyr work. To make a Star of Bethlehem, make three weaves of nine petals each, trim to a point, and join together. In making pink roses, cast on six stitches of white and twelve stitches of pink zephyr, trim the ends round, and form your rose as you would a wax one. For red roses it is not necessary to use any white; only the plain scarlet zephyr of eighteen stitches in each weave. I have in my wreath three Stars of Bethlehem of each of the different colors, pink, white and blue, two pansies, one of each of the different lilies, one white, one pink and one red rose, and a few buds. On both sides of the wreath is a row of plain green leaves. At each end is a small bunch of grapes, one bunch being made of purple and the other bunch of green zephyr. The grapes are made the same as you make small balls, using wire for tying instead of zephyr. Flowers made in this way may also be arranged very prettily in a bouquet.

Last summer we altered our sitting-room. On one side there had been a large cupboard, which we removed, leaving a portion of the wall to be replastered. On the day the plastering was to be done, father was called away on business which could not be postponed, leaving the plasterers to do their work alone. As is often the case, when men are left to do their work without an overseer, so it was in this case. The plaster was laid on unevenly, and in some places, where old plastering had remained, instead of taking that off they plastered right over it. You may imagine what an eyesore that wall was to us. We placed a large bookcase in front of it; still all around it the wall showed. We were determined not to have it that way. We went to the woods, gathered a quantity of the different kinds of moss, and in the fall a large variety of autumn leaves, taking care to procure a number of pretty small ones. Then we persuaded father to cut us out two pretty brackets of half-inch pine boards; also, two picture-frames. We then covered the brackets and frames with moss and made a moss cross, twining them all with pretty autumn leaves. On one side of the bookcase we hung a bracket, with the cross over; on the other side a bracket, with a picture over. Above the bookcase we hung a very pretty motto, in a moss frame. Then from the motto down each side of the bookcase, to meet with the cross and picture, we trimmed the wall with ferns and autumn leaves, forming an arch around the bookcase, and completely hiding the ungainly wall. On each of the brackets we placed a small vase holding a few feather flowers, autumn leaves and Egyptian wheat. I obtained my idea of making moss brackets and frames from Mr. Williams' book on "Household Elegancies." But in that it said the moss should be pasted on. I tried pasting but could not get it to stick, so I tied the moss on with fine thread. The thread sunk into the moss and did not show.

Persons living in the country or in small villages can obtain a number of beautiful things in the fall from the woods and surrounding country that can be made into ornaments for decorating their homes. I

have a grass basket which is quite a thing of beauty; it is composed of wheat, oats, and a species of fine brown grass gathered in the summer and put away for winter use; also some fall weeds, skeleton leaves, bachelors' buttons, seeds from the cotton plant, &c. Another very pretty ornament is to make a cross or anchor of white paper stars and twine them full of small ferns. Last winter I made two small picture frames of colored stars, which are very much admired. A beautiful way of trimming an oval frame is to have a card tacked on the back of the frame about an inch from the edge, and then place ferns all around the frame, sticking the stems under the cord to hold them in place. After you have the frame trimmed, hang it up and trim the long cord with ferns.

E. A. R.

VARIOUS KNICKKNACKS.

The well known sponge garden sprinkled with hemp or canary seed, can be made more ornamental in this way. Make a card-board basket in any graceful shape you like, and cover it by glueing on rosettes of tissue paper fringe. The fringe is made by taking strips about an inch and a half wide and then cutting them fine crosswise, leaving a piece on one side a quarter of an inch wide for a heading. Each strip of fringe can be readily twisted into a rosette. The paper may be pink, pure white, or shades of green in imitation of moss. Set a glass or earthen dish in the basket, and in it place your sponge.

A DRUM MATCH SAFE

Is quite an oddity, readily fashioned by deft fingers. Make a round box of stiff card-board, three inches in height and the same in diameter. Line the inside with tinted paper, and bind the edges by pasting over a narrow bias strip of brown silk or muslin. Fasten in a bottom to the box, pasting sand-paper on the outside, and tinted paper on the inner side. Next, cut a strip of firm muslin, one and three-fourths of an inch wide and long enough to reach around the box. On this paste triangular points of red and white cloth; each triangle should be one and three-fourth inches long and an inch wide at the base; place the points of the white triangles at the base of the red ones, and cover the edges where they join with gold cord fastened with cross stitches of black silk. Now, paste this prepared strip around the middle of the box and border each edge with a cord or fold of brown silk. Make two rings of card-board three-fourths of an inch wide, and fitting closely over the box; cover with brown silk, pasting the edges down smoothly on the under side. On the outside stitch fine gold cord in a series of points from edge to edge, and fasten with cross stitches of black silk, as before. Put one of these rings on each end of the box, just so as to cover the raw edge of the brown silk cord, and hold in place by pasting. For a cover, cut a round piece of card-board, fitting into the ring, paste sand-paper on the under side and cover the outside with white leather, which must come over the edges; a bit of white kid glove will answer if well cleaned. Make too tiny drum-sticks of wood, cross them and fasten securely to the cover, so that they may serve as a handle.

M. F. B. ADKINSON.

Spots can be taken out of marble with finely powdered pumicestone mixed with verjuice (juice of sour fruits). Cover the spots and allow the stuff to remain for twelve hours; then rub clean, dry and rinse.

Household Elegancies.

WINDOW WITH DOUBLE CURTAINS.

The curtains and lambrequins shown in our illustration are of figured damask—of cigar color—with plain damask, richly embroidered, for the lambrequin. The lace curtains are of costly point, with under shade of fine muslin and embroidery.

The majority of people who have means will purchase them from some upholsterer, but there is a great body of families who will prefer to do the work themselves, and save the large expense.

To do this, first procure, of some one of the pretty woolen stuffs now to be bought for a comparatively small sum, sufficient to make the curtains, reaching from the top of the window to the floor; and should the window be small, better to measure far above it, which will give the impression of greater size; if the material is of double fold, one width on each side will be all-sufficient, and if the material is not unusually heavy, it might better be lined throughout, purchasing a bolt or two of colored cambric, and thus obtaining it much cheaper. Procure also a few yards of plain material, matching the ground of the color somewhat; this for the lambrequins and border to the curtains. Get also an entire piece (or two, perhaps,) of coarse Swiss muslin, or neat, small-figured Nottingham lace curtains. Now we have our materials, and will proceed to make up the curtains; but first, perhaps, we might better make the cornice, which is easily done by using carved ornamental pieces, first preparing a strip of wood, five inches wide, on which the ornaments are fastened. If desired particularly elegant, the wood and carvings may be ebonized and gilded; or if preferred the entire work may be enameled and gilded.

The under shade is made of Swiss, and is prettily finished with a fluted ruffle and gathered into long puffs from top to bottom.

The curtain trim with a band of the plain material, on which large figures of black velvet are fastened with application embroidery, using gold-colored braid on the edge, or button-hole stitching of yellow silk. Instead of lace curtains, take a half width of Swiss muslin, trim the edge with fluted ruffles, and fasten on the inside of the heavy curtains.

The effect is precisely the same as though the entire curtain now hung beneath, and, as will be seen, with far less expense.

The lambrequin is "shaped," as shown in the illustration, from the plain goods, and a design cut from black or other colored velvet is embroidered in application work of chain or button-hole stitches, or edged with yellow braid. The lining is put in after this is done. Heavy woolen fringe finishes the lambrequin and curtains. Cords and tassels drape back the curtains on each side.

BEDSTEAD WITH CANOPY.

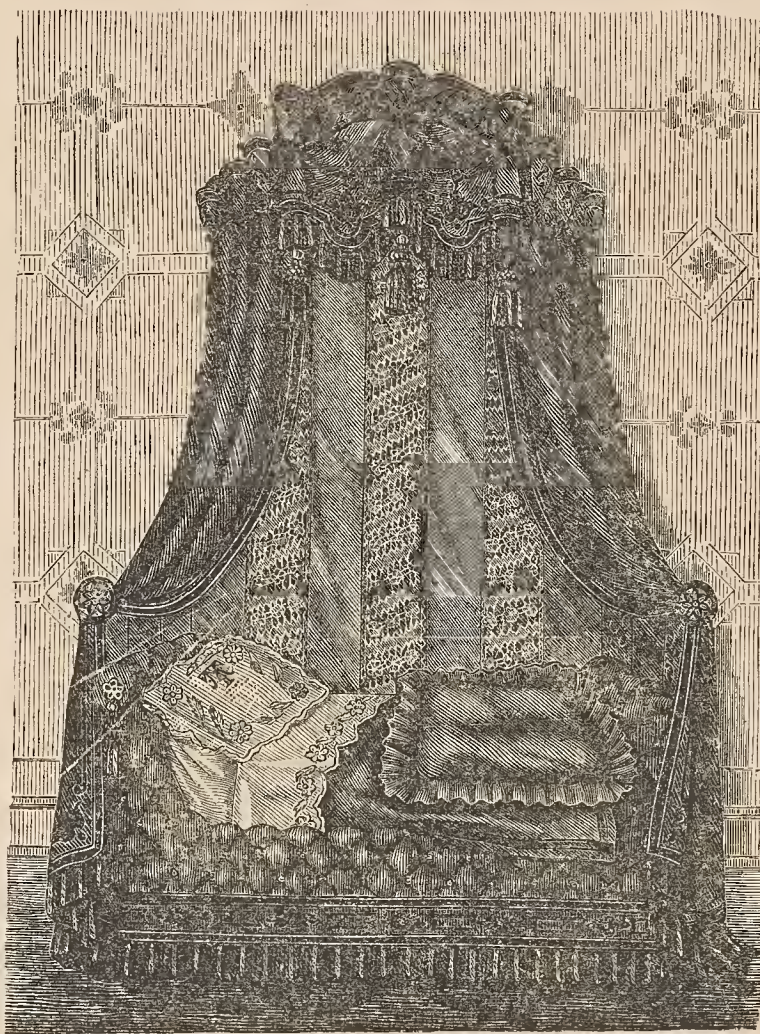
The charming effect given to the pretty bedstead presented in our illustration makes one willing to take some little trouble to produce such a result. Neither is it so difficult a matter that any one need fear to undertake it.

The bedstead itself is really a most simple affair, and our model was made for the small sum of ten dol-

lars! though a home-made one, consisting merely of a box of proper size, with plain board head and foot-



WINDOW WITH DOUBLE CURTAINS.



BEDSTEAD WITH CANOPY.

boards, are all that is necessary, as the entire wood-work is covered with a neat quilted rug, edged with a

border, embroidered and finished with woolen fringe. This cover may be of silk or any goods preferred, and is made to fit the frame, with a roll bolster fastened on the head-board; a frame of half-circular form, placed on two brackets, is fastened against the wall, ten feet from the floor, in the centre of the side of the bedstead, and sustains the curtains and lambrequin of the canopy, the form of which is shown in the illustration. This frame should be sufficiently deep to extend across the bedstead for several feet. The curtains are held gracefully back by ornamented curtain-bands.

CHROMO PAINTING.

BY MRS. E. B. GONZALES.

Most ladies are fond of "household elegancies," but many have the mistaken idea that to obtain them one must spend a great deal of money, or be possessed of marvelous skill. But a little money and more perseverance will accomplish wonders. People that are fond of pictures may have as many as they like—pretty ones, too—and at the same time cultivate their taste and utilize every engraving that falls into their hands.

Get a carpenter to make a stretcher the desired size, (bookbinders' pasteboard will do for a small picture); stretch some coarse, unbleached muslin over the frame; tack it firmly; great care should be taken to draw the muslin tightly, that dampness may not affect the picture when completed. Make some flour paste; strain; wet the muslin thoroughly; lay the engraving on a table; cover it smoothly with paste; mount on the stretcher; raise the ends alternately, and with a hair-brush press the air from under the picture. Dry twenty-four hours. Boil equal parts of linseed oil and beeswax; cool in a cake; warm the wax slightly, and rub the picture until it is glazed. Run the fingers over the surface, that you may be positive that it is well covered. The following articles are required for chromo-painting: Palette and knife, (for these a piece of glass and a well-worn tea-knife may be substituted), artist's brushes of various sizes, some spirits turpentine for cleaning purposes. If the paint becomes dry on the glasses, they may be readily cleaned by boiling in a solution of potash; put them into the liquid when cold. If care is taken to rub them often with a cloth wet with turpentine, the necessity for boiling will seldom occur. Macguilp is made of equal portions of mastic-varnish and turpentine, and strong English drying-oil, and is used for moistening colors when painting; standing in the sun for a few days improves it.

In painting, commence at the top and paint downward. Lay the dark colors on that part of the picture most heavily shaded; the lighter any part of a picture may be, the more delicate must be the tint applied. The colors required are silver-white, flake-white, Naples yellow, yellow ochre, king's yellow, raw sienna, burnt sienna, vandyke brown, ivory-black, vermilion, Prussian blue, ultramarine, carmine, yellow lake, chrome yellow, three shades of chrome green, chrome orange. Carmine and vermilion mixed make an intense red. By mixing these colors any shade desired may be produced; for instance, carmine, blue and white make purple. A little experience will teach the amateur how to modify shades.

It is cheaper to buy black, white, and burnt sienna in pound cans, for obvious reasons.

Hireside Reading.

THE DAIRY MAID.

The girl engaged in molding bread
Shall make some sweetheart flutter
With hope to get the dairy maid
To make his bread and butter.

She may not play the game croquet,
Or French and German stutter,
If well she knows the curd from whey,
And makes sweet bread and butter.

In meal and cream she's elbow deep,
And c. nnot stop to putter;
But says if he will sow and reap,
She'll make his bread and butter.

The dairy maid, the farmer's wife,
Shall be the toast we utter;
Alone, man leads a crusty life,
Without good bread and butter.

A Thick-headed Husband.—A pious old lady, who was too unwell to attend her meetings, used to send her thick-headed husband to church to find out the text the preacher selected as the foundation of his discourse. The poor dunce was rarely fortunate enough to remember the words of the text, or even the chapter and verse where they could be found; but one Sabbath he ran home in hot haste, and, with a smirk of self-satisfaction on his face, informed his wife that he could repeat every word, without missing a syllable.

The words were, "An angel came down from heaven and took a live coal from the altar."

"Well, let us have the text," remarked the good woman.

"I know every word," replied the husband.

"I am very anxious to hear it," continued the wife.

"They are very nice words," observed the husband.

"I am glad your memory is improving; but don't keep me in suspense, dear."

Just get your big Bible, and I will say the words, for I know them by heart. Why, I said them a hundred times on my way home."

"Well, now, let's hear them."

"Ahem. An Ingen came down from New Haven and took a live colt by the tail and jerked him out of the halter."

Prof. Elicott Evans tells this story concerning his grand-uncle, Joseph Elicott, and the chief Red Jacket: The two having met at Tonawanda Swamp, they sat down on a log which happened to be convenient, both being near the middle. Presently Red Jacket said, in his almost unintelligible English: "Move along, Jo." Elicott did so, and the sachem moved up to him. In a few minutes came another request: "Move along, Jo," and again the agent complied and the chief followed. Scarcely had this been done when Red Jacket again said: "Move along, Jo."

Much annoyed, but willing to humor him, and not seeing what he meant, Elicott complied, this time reaching the end of the log. But that was not enough, and presently the request was repeated for the fourth time: "Move along, Jo." "Why man," angrily replied the agent, "I can't move any further without getting off from the log into the mud." "Ugh! Just so white man. Want Indian move along—move along. Can't go no further, but he say—'move along.'"

The Sister.—No household is complete without a sister. She gives the finish to the family. A sister's love, a sister's influence—what can be more hallowed? A sister's watchful care—can anything be more tender? A sister's kindness—does the world show us anything more pure? Who would live without a sister? A sister that is a sister in fidelity, in purity, in love, is a sort of guardian angel in the home circle. Her presence condemns vice. She is the quickener of good resolutions, the sunshine in the pathway of home. To every brother she is a light and life. Her heart is the treasure-house of confidence. In her he finds a

fulness to the juvenile who informed, a large bunch of the purple plumes was presented, while he, on rejoining his incensed comrades, with that same smile called childlike and bland, merely remarked, "If I was too little to climb, I wasn't too little to tell on you."

"What exquisite preserves, Mrs. Smoothly! How do you have such splendid luck with every thing you put up?" complimented one of the ladies at the tea-table. "What are they, by the way?" Mrs. Smoothly is taken by surprise, but recovers herself and calls the servant. "I have not tasted them yet," she said, "and have really forgotten what I ordered the girl to put on for you. Bridget, what are these preserves?" "Thin, ma'am? Thirty-five cents a can; sorry the nickel less wud the grocer take, and thim big green things in the dish beyant is fifty cents for a little glass jar." Tableau of silence, and a good-hearted, honest girl out of a job two hours later.

A strange clock is said to have once belonged to a Hindoo prince. In front of the clock's disk was a gong swung upon poles, and near it was a pile of artificial human limbs.

The pile was made up of the number of parts necessary to constitute twelve perfect bodies, but all lay heaped together in apparent confusion. When the hands of the clock indicated the hour of one, out from the pile crawled just the number of parts needed to form the frame of one man, part coming to part with a quick click; when completed the figure sprang up, seized a mallet, and walking up to the gong, struck one blow. This done, he returned to the pile and fell apart again. When two o'clock came, two men arose and did



A QUIET NOOK.

fast friend; a charitable, tender, forgiving, though often severe friend. In her he finds a ready companion. Her sympathy is as open as day, and sweet as the fragrance of flowers. We pity the brother who has no sister, no sister's love; we feel sorry for the home which is not enlivened by a sister's presence. A sister's office is a noble and gentle one. It is her's to persuade to virtue, to win to wisdom's ways; gently to lead where duty calls; to guard the citadel of home with sleepless vigilance and virtue; to gather graces and strew flowers around the home altar. To be a sister is to hold a sweet place in the heart of home. It is to minister in a holy office.

He was only a four-year old who pulled the door-bell the other day, and upon the lady of the house answering the call the innocent remarked: "Please, ma'am, but I comed to tell you some fellows are stealing your lilacs." Somewhat like Tennyson's Maud, this information caused her into the garden to go, where she surprised these felonious florists, and caused them to hurry over the fence. In token of her thank-

likewise; and at the hours of noon and midnight the entire heap sprung up, and marching to the gong, one struck, after the other, his blow, making twelve in all; then returning, fell to pieces as before.

A fond father sent his young hopeful of four into an adjoining room to get a book. The boy came back and said it wasn't there. "Yes it is, my son," said the father; "it's on the table." The boy went back and reported again that there was no book there. The father got impatient and sent another child for the book, and in the mean time the mother brought the book from a different room, with the remark, "Here's your book; it was on the mantelpiece." The gentleman composed himself to read, and about ten minutes afterward discovered young hopeful still standing by his chair. "Father," he said, solemnly, "there's a fib about somewhere, and I didn't tell it."

Walter Savage Landor, it is said, entering a ball-room, saw therein a young lady who pleased his eye. He cried, "The prettiest girl in the room; I'll marry her!" And marry her he did, straightway.

Housekeeping.

PRIZE RECEIPTS FOR COOKING.

BY AN OLD HOUSEKEEPER.

Bread.—(Including two receipts for yeast—two for bread, &c.) The mysteries of "panification," as the scientific cooks term bread-making, are few and simple, but requires more attention and judgment than any other branch of cooking.

One rule I would advise every housekeeper to establish from the very beginning, as "unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians which changeth not," and that is, never to allow poor flour to be used for any purpose whatever, especially for bread-making, for unless this one article be of the best quality, baking after baking will prove but failures, and a vexation of spirit to the ambitious baker.

Give me nice Graham flour, if you see proper, and I will make you sweet, light, brown bread therefrom; but no sticky, blue, plaster-like "white" flour, that when squeezed in the hand, forms a tough-ball; on the other hand let it be of a rich yellowish-white tinge, have an oily feeling under pressure, rolling off from the hand in feathery flakes.

The second point of importance in bread-making is the yeast; and herein are more failures than can be attributed even to poor flour, for a wise housewife will insist upon having fine flour, when perhaps she will not be so careful with her yeast, and will either from carelessness or ignorance, utterly fail. I say ignorance because so many even experienced housekeepers are constantly asking the question "How do you judge yeast? by what means can you tell whether it is 'lively' as you term it?"

My answer is—by taste and smell! If good, the taste if a little is touched to the tongue, will be rather biting, not sour by any means, but quick and somewhat pungent; while the odor is that of weak ammonia or fresh ginger-beer, and the color, the opposite to "leaden"—a clear yellowish-white. If sour, blue, and lifeless, like unleavened buckwheat batter, empty the jar, and at once make a fresh supply with "rising" from some other source.

Hop and Potato Yeast. (No 1.)—There are many varieties of yeast—hop, potato, milk, corn-meal, salt, &c., but the one old receipt handed down in my own family for many years, has, I believe, no equal. It is this:

Take eight good-sized potatoes, peel and slice into cold water, put three coffee cupfuls of loose, or half-cake of pressed hops into a thin bag, tie securely and boil for half an hour in three quarts of water, with the potatoes. When soft, remove the potatoes, mash them in a paste with one pint of flour, adding one teaspoonful ground ginger, and when cool, beat well in one large cup of yeast, or one cake of leaven, soaked in tepid water. Cover closely and place in a warm spot to "rise" for twenty-four hours, when turn into jars which can be closed air-tight, but do not fasten down the cover, or cork tightly until it has ceased to "work" lest the bottles be broken. (I have used the Mason self-sealing glass jars for several years past, and nothing can be better for keeping yeast pure and sweet.) Place the jars, after tightening the lids, in a cool place. This yeast will keep for two weeks in winter, but in summer it should be made weekly.

Yeast—Self-Working. (No. 2.)—I said I never used any but the above receipt for yeast, but I have a few times in my life been so situated that my yeast ran out, and I had no opportunity of obtaining any from other sources, in which case I have made the following with perfect success.

Take two handfuls of good hops, which tie in a bag and boil in one gallon of soft water for an hour or more. Allow it to cool and with it make a batter of three coffee cups of flour, beating until perfectly smooth, and gradually adding half a pound of brown sugar, one tablespoonful of ginger, and one handful of salt. Put into a shallow vessel, cover lightly and place in a constantly and uniformly warm spot for two or three days. On the fourth morning, peel a dozen potatoes, parboil them, and grate into the batter, and allow to stand another day, stirring occasionally. Then put into jars and fasten the covers securely, placing in a cool cellar or refrigerator. This yeast will remain sweet for a length of time, and is excellent.

To make good Family Bread. (No. 1.)—For a family of six, where warm bread is used for breakfast, and baking is done other times weekly, take about one gallon of fine flour, or less if measured before sifting, put it in to a large pan, or kneading bowl, and with a strong spoon, hollow out a well in the middle, using care to leave a quantity of flour on the bottom, or the sponge will stick to the vessel, which will give trouble. Next take one quart of warm milk and water, equal parts, and six teaspoonfuls or one teacupful of lively yeast, which stir together; adding one small teaspoonful bi-carb. soda dissolved in water, and pouring the mixture into the cavity in the flour, turn in as much of the flour as will make a thick batter, beating it perfectly smooth. Strew flour quickly over the top, cover with a cloth, and place in a warm spot in winter, and a cool one in summer, over night. Should this be done during the day, however, allow to remain until the flour on the top is seamed with cracks, and the bubbling sponge breaks through the openings. Next place the vessel on a low table, or strong bench, and with a spoon stir in all the flour possible, wipe the spoon out clean with the fingers, and laying it aside, sprinkle in one handful of salt, throw on a handful of flour, and with hands and fists, proceed to work, and knead in as much flour as will make a rather soft dough, which test by thrusting one finger into the mass, to which it should not cling. Now if you are not strong, or feel weary by this time, instead of continuing to work, and knead this batch, take a hash-chopper, hatchet, or even a large knife, and chopping or dashing the whole mass, double it together, and again use the chopper, thus continuing for fifteen minutes, by which time the air-bubbles will all have been opened, and the dough in proper condition to rise. Form it into one large ball, which place in a pan, well greased or floured, and pressing the fist down into the centre, cover with bread-blanket and towel; turning a warm plate on top, place behind the stove until it has risen; which will be known by the indentation on the top, becoming obliterated, and cracks appearing on the surface. This, if it has been made up at ten o'clock in the morning, will probably be about twelve, when the mass must be again turned out on the moulding-board and cutting it into three loaves, work and chop each one a few minutes, until a smooth loaf is formed, which turn into well-greased tin pans, circular or box shaped as convenient, again press in the centre with the fist, and covering the blanket and towel over the loaves, turn a tea-plate on each one and place behind the stove again, for about one hour or less, when with a sharp knife make a cross-cut slash across the centre of each loaf, and place in a moderately heated oven, quickening the fire towards the latter part of the baking, which for such loaves will require about three-quarters to an hour. When done, if the crust appears hard, rub a piece of nice suet or butter over it, and always wrap in damp towels, with the blanket thrown loosely over, placing the loaves against the moulding-board on the back of the table, until cool, when put into tin or wooden boxes, keep the bread towels around each loaf. It is my custom to use the third piece of dough for tea rolls; working in a piece of shortening butter, sweet lard or beef drippings, the size of an egg. This place in a kitchen closet until one hour before tea-time, when roll out and cut with a biscuit cutter, or rubbing the palms of the hands with butter or lard, take up a piece of dough and knead it into round balls, which place closely side by side, in shallow tin pans, and covering, as with bread, set to rise for three quarters of an hour, then stab each one with a fork, and place in a quick oven for fifteen minutes. When done proceed as with the bread, sending to table between napkins.

In winter, I frequently add another pint of flour, and mixing a larger amount of sponge, set this at six o'clock in the evening, making up the dough about ten o'clock, place it in a moderately warm room to rise, along with a breakfast loaf, made by cutting off a piece of the dough sufficient to fill a quart bowl, and moulding it into an oblong or round cake, about one or one and a half inches thick, which is turned into a baking-pan well greased, and covered with blankets, and another pan of the same size turned over it. In the morning score the top with a sharp knife, forming squares, which will allow breaking after baking. Bake in a quick oven, and when done proceed as with rolls. I have here given the quantity of bread required for a family of six persons; when the baking is done on

Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, and waffles, muffins, &c., are used each day for breakfast, I prefer small oblong pans with perpendicular sides, though when the baking is necessarily large, it becomes necessary to make four or five long-shaped loaves, placing them side by side in a large baking pan, rub lard or dripping on the edges to prevent the loaves adhering.

Brown Bread (No. 2). The sponge for this is the same as for white bread, which, having risen, put into the pan, or kneading bowl, three quarts Graham flour, one quart wheat and one pint of corn meal, a handful of salt and the sponge; into which stir one small teaspoonful of molasses, merely to impart a general sweetness to the flour, not by any means rendering the bread what might be called sweet. This dough should be like a thick batter (just beyond the point of stirring with a spoon), which may require the addition of a little more lukewarm milk and water. It should be made over night, as it requires long rising. Make into round loaves and bake each one in a separate pan, well greased. Bake in a moderate oven and for a long time, allowing perhaps an hour for a quart-pan loaf. If well kneaded and nicely baked this delicious bread will amply repay for the sticky hands, and should be found on every table, where there are children and dyspeptics especially.

Brown Flour Rolls (No. 1). Take off a piece of the dough, as with wheat bread, and work into it a tablespoonful of shortening. Make into long narrow rolls and allow to rise for two hours; then with a sharp knife score each one longitudinally and rub melted butter over the surface of each one. Bake in a moderate oven, quickened towards the last; cover closely in a damp towel for five minutes, and send to table covered with a napkin.

Light Rolls (No. 2). Set a sponge with one pint milk, made sufficiently warm to melt one cup butter; one teaspoonful salt, two eggs, one tablespoonful white sugar, pulverized, and one small teaspoonful bi-carb. soda, in sufficient flour to make a batter; beat briskly for ten minutes, adding four tablespoonfuls of lively yeast; cover warmly for several hours, or until the flour on top cracks; then add flour to form a soft dough, which knead and work until perfectly smooth; or better still, chop or gash it as before described until all air-bubbles disappear; place in a quick oven and bake for fifteen or twenty minutes; paint the crust with a piece of butter rubbed quickly over; cover with a damp towel for a few moments to soften the crust, and cover with a cozy napkin before sending to table. These are the French rolls which have been enjoyed in the cafe in Paris and our own Centennial, and if properly made will be quite as delicious to the taste and beautiful to the sight.

A very nice roll, much esteemed in our own family, is made by turning dough that has risen twenty-four hours on to the board, and rolling very lightly until half an inch thick; cut with a cake-cutter into small rounds and fold one half over the other, somewhat in turn-over style, rubbing a little melted butter or lard on the parts folded; then putting to rise for another half hour, or more perhaps; then baking as before directed. These rolls appear well when nicely done, and if desired, the lid may be raised and a piece of butter placed between the fold.

Bread Napkins are made of two half yard squares of linen, or damask, quilted together in squares and trimmed around the edges with fringe, lace or scallops in embroidery. They may be made extremely ornamental, and should be placed not only over hot bread, such as rolls, twist, etc., but on the cold loaf, usually placed on the wooden trencher, though it should not hang so low as to hide the beauty of this, when handsomely carved. C. S. J.

Vegetables should never be washed until immediately before prepared for the table. Lettuce is made almost worthless in flavor by dipping it in water some hours before it is served. Potatoes suffer even more than other vegetables through the washing process. They should not be put in water till just ready for boiling.

Before washing almost any colored fabrics soak them in water, to each gallon of which a spoonful of oxgall has been added. A teacupful of lye in a pail of water is said to improve the color of black goods. A strong tea of common hay will improve the color of French linens.

Subscribers to the CABINET need not cut out the above Certificate, but merely mention they are subscribers.

Little bright Eyes at the Window.

Words by SAM'L N. MITCHELL.

Music by H. P. DANKS.

*Andante
cantabile.*

1. Lit-tle bright eyes at the win-dow, Eve-ry
2. Lit-tle bright eyes at the win-dow, Nev-er
3. Lit-tle bright eyes at the win-dow, Wait-ing

eve-ning wait for me, And my dain-ty dim-pled dar-ling Greets me with a mer-ry
tire if I am late, But are al-ways watch-ing for me, Wait-ing till I shut the
for a fa-ther's smile; Lit-tle do you know the feel-ing, Or the hearts you would be-

glee; Long be-fore I reach the cross-ing, He will spy me 'mong the rest, And his lisp-ing tongue will
gate; And when I have cross'd the thres-hold, They will beam with rays of joy, And the rogue will try to
guile; In the fu-ture dim be-fore you, Care and trou-ble may be thine, And the tears of woe may

Chorus.
SOPRANO.
chat-ter, Till I take him to my breast. ALTO. Lit-tle bright eyes at the win-dow, Eve-ry eve-ning wait for
tell me That he is my dar-ling boy.
glis-ten, Where con-tent-ment used to shine.
TENOR,
Lit-tle bright eyes at the win-dow, Every eve-ning wait for

And my dain-ty dim-pled dar-ling Greets me with a mer-ry glee. *rall.*
me, And my dain-ty dim-pled dar-ling, Yes, my dain-ty dim-pled darling Greets me with a mer-ry glee, a mer-ry glee.
me, they wait for me, And my dain-ty dim-pled dar-ling, Yes, my dain-ty dim-pled dar-ling Greets me with a mer-ry glee

THE LADIES' *Home* Companion

BY HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

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SKETCH OF A SUMMER HOUSE.

The sketch upon this page is one of a Rustic Summer House, erected at River Edge, N. J., upon the grounds of William S. Carman.

It is made of heavy red cedar, with the bark left on, and even the branches for several inches, except upon the inside.

At one side of this summer house, and extending half around it, is a rock work well filled with Sedum, Echeveria, Cactus, Aloe, Plumbago, Lobelia, Ivy, etc., etc. The upright poles, as well as those of the roof and peak of the summer house, are reversed, so that the larger ends are placed where the smaller ones usually are in structures of this kind.

A substantial—almost massive—look is thus produced. The vines spread over a greater part of the roof, and, ascending the peak, attach themselves to the twigs of the trees near by, or flow back again upon the arbor in festoons, quite in keeping with the disorderly beauty that this intricate piece of gardening has been designed to display.

Between the summer house and the rock work, a deeply shaded space of several feet is filled with hardy Ferns, Pansies, and Violets.

On the back and the other side, a connecting semi-circular plot is filled with Rhododendrons, Kalmias, Mahernias, Azaleas, and Roses. These, exposed partly to the east, partly to the south, and planted in muck, taken from what is now the lake, mixed with ordinary garden soil, grow satisfactorily and bloom abundantly.

A part of the summer house on this side is reserved for rapid-growing summer vines, such as Cobœa and Maurandya.

Plants started in the house and put out in spring, very soon cover the space, and add a freshness and variety of bloom and foliage that cannot be produced when hardy vines alone are employed.

Roses.—The best soil for Roses is a strong loam; the deeper it is the better. It should be well drained.

THE FUCHSIA.

BY W. C. L. DREW.

For natural elegance and beauty, I know of no flower which equals the Fuchsia. It is eminently the flower for amateurs, whether for summer or winter decoration. There is no flower of equal pretensions so easy of culture and propagation, and so adapted to a widely diversified range of circumstances.

The Fuchsia is of South American origin. There

slips at a very high price to a nurseryman of her village, who made a fortune out of it.

Fuchsias are propagated from slips and seed. Slips are the surest and best way, and where plants true to color are desired, are the only sure way. All the new varieties are originated by seeds.

PROPAGATING BY SLIPS.

As this is the best way, a few words on the method will not be out of place. No secrets are required, no hothouse or greenhouse is necessary; an amateur can succeed as well as a nurseryman.

Take your slips off with a heel; that is, break them off where they branch out from the main stem, slipping, not cutting, them off. Have ready a box of very fine, nice soil, composed of sand, garden soil and manure well rotted, or leaf mould, which is better; have it well mixed, plant the slips with two or more leaf joints under ground; water them with lukewarm water; never let the soil get dry, and nearly every slip will grow. From April to October is the best time to slip.

Many people complain that Fuchsias are hard to start from slips; this is owing to cutting slips off without regard; they should never be cut, but slipped off with a heel attached.

Having started them, they will need attention as to training, which can be done in any manner to suit the fancy. A neat little trellis may be made or bought, over which it may be trained, or they may be made into neat little bushes by nipping out the centre shoot when about a foot high, which causes side shoots to start, which should have their tops nipped

out again when of proper height.

Some varieties make excellent winter bloomers, but as they are classed separately in nearly all catalogues, it will not be necessary to give a list of them.

If a window or greenhouse is not convenient for saving the plants over winter, in October they may be taken up, the soil shaken off, and placed in a box of dry sawdust over winter.



SKETCH OF A SUMMER-HOUSE.

is a very pretty story as to its introduction, telling how a young sailor boy, leaving home against his mother's will, at the last moment promised to bring her a handsome present. As he was about to start for home, from a South American port, he remembered his promise, and obtained a Fuchsia plant, which he carefully tended on the home voyage, and gave to his mother on his return: how she cherished it, and sold

Floral Contributions.

SUMMER TREATMENT OF WINTER-BLOOMING PLANTS.

The plants that have brightened our homes and lives when all without was bleak and bare, are certainly entitled to kind care in return, especially if we wish a continuance of their well-doing. That which would be beneficial for one, would be sure death to another, and, having tried this treatment many summers successfully, can truly say, go do thou likewise.

We will begin with the ever-faithful cheery Primrose; they have a way of growing up out of the earth like an onion, and seem to have but a slender hold; at the least touch they sway back and forth. Remove from the earth, and shake all from it; with a sharp knife cut the lower part of the long root, provided there are enough of fine fibrous roots near the crown; if not, use a larger sized flower-pot and set deeper; do not give rich earth, for it will cause luxuriance of foliage and but few flowers; water well and keep shaded a few days; then either sink the pot in a cool shaded spot in the garden, or keep on a shady piazza, and give but little water all summer. The last of May they can be put out, and returned to winter quarters by Sept. 1st.

Oxalis should be dried off in April, taken from the earth, and kept in a dark, dry place; replant the last of August.

Carnations that have blossomed all winter might be planted in the ground, first cutting well back, and those cuttings will make nice plants for winter. They do not force well a second winter.

Roses that have bloomed freely should be shaken out of the earth and dipped root and branch into water and washed; cut severely back, and repot in fresh soil; after a rest of at least two weeks in a cool place away from sunlight, take them to a bright sunny place in the garden and sink the pots. This can be done any time in May; water whenever dry.

The soft, feathery blooming Stevia and Eupatorium have most likely grown to be great bushes, taking up more than their share of room. Cut the tops nearly to the earth, shake off the dirt, and cut a good portion of their roots. Treat them in like manner with the Roses, only give less sun. If young plants are started, keep pinching all summer; in that way you will have double the quantity of bloom. Bring in before frost.

From the Callas we will remove all the earth; wash the roots, cutting away all decayed substances, and most of the young bulbs; repot in rich earth; water well, and stand them under the shade of a tree, keeping them dry all summer. About the last of August bring them on to a piazza, and water freely, if you would have them bloom by November.

Bouvardias should be well cut back, given fresh earth, and when the roots become well established, say in two weeks, plant in the ground any time after the 10th of May. During the month of August, the roots need a little protection by mulching. They do not fancy the cool nights and mornings, and should be in the house by the second week of September.

Cyclamens, when through blooming, give them but little water; repot them in new soil, and treat in like manner as the Primrose.

My Laurestinus for a long time proved very ungrateful for all the good care I bestowed, and refused to repay me with one blossom. I had done just what

I should not have done. After changing the earth and giving a chance to recover its disturbance, sink the pot in the sunniest spot the garden affords, and by Thanksgiving it will greet you with its beautiful pearly flowers.

There is no plant more showy or attractive than the Azaleas. They require great care and close attention all summer; the soil should be light, mixed with a little peat, but they do not need replanting every year, and only a little trimming to keep in shape. It is safest to keep them on the stand on the porch; they require more water while resting than any other plant. Should they by accident become very dry, set the plants into a tub of water for a good soak, for its roots are such a bunch of knots, that it requires a great deal to reach the inner ones.

Euphorbias and Poinsetias are of one family; are tender hot-house plants. About the 1st of June repot the plants in a size smaller pot than they have been growing in; they revel in heat, so give them plenty of sun; water whenever dry. If they become water-logged, they yellow their leaves, and if too dry, they wither. Bring in early and then give larger pots. Many advise planting them both in the ground; but it is so difficult to lift them successfully, I have been afraid to try.

In sinking these pot-plants, always put either coal-ashes, brick, or broken glass underneath, to keep the angle-worms from taking up their quarters for the winter and making themselves troublesome.

Jessamines, both yellow and white, plant in the ground.

Of all the varieties of foliage plants, the Gesneria is the most exquisite; its leaves are like embossed velvet. This is a bulb, and needs to be entirely dried off; leave in the pot where grown; keep dry and from the mice. About the 1st of August they will plainly show their rest is at an end, and they want to fulfil their beautiful mission. Replant in peaty earth; give but little water until the leaves are well grown, and keep shaded from the strong sunlight.

Of the varieties mentioned, the most of these will be found in any choice collection, but like a family of children, all cannot be reared or governed alike. Through the interchange of plans and thoughts valuable aid we may gain. Tears even, like raindrops, have oftentimes fallen to the ground and come up in flowers.

IRENE H. WILLIAMS.

THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.

We have just been introduced to THE LADIES' FLORAL CABINET, and it was while engaged in cultivating the acquaintance so fortunately begun—for we vote this latest acquisition to the circle of our friends as marvelously congenial—that memory brought forth from among her carefully preserved art-treasures, one of the rarest pictures in all her choice collection, and, holding it up before us challenged for it anew our delighted admiration.

To begin at the beginning and tell you how it chanced that Memory's halls became enriched by a thing at once so beautiful and so rare, it will be necessary to relate a little personal experience.

While on a visit to friends in Chicago last summer, callers came in one evening, and amid the animated conversation that followed, our attention was suddenly arrested by the words: "It bloomed this evening." "What is it?" we eagerly questioned, and after hearing the magic name, two other important queries fol-

lowed: "How far is it from here?" and "Can't we go and see it?"

Our kind friends were only too glad to give us a pleasure, and in a few moments we were on our way.

Upon entering the grounds where this magnificent display was made, we saw a group of people collected about a man holding aloft a good-sized lantern that cast a brilliant light over a plant placed just outside the green-house door upon a stand elevated two feet, perhaps, from the ground, and appearing, at that distance, to bear the disks of four large sunflowers!

Shades of Flora and all the Graces! How our excited imagination lashed herself in self-imposed penance for the exultation of ten minutes before.

A sense of disappointment, almost of chagrin, stole chillingly over us, but we meekly permitted our friends to draw us through the crowd until we felt ourself face to face with the object of our interest.

A faint, subtle, indescribable perfume admonishing us, we raised half-reluctant, half-eager eyes, and, oh! Were they flowers or fairies? Do blossoms live and move and have a conscious being? Then we are sure that these were whispering and nodding to each other and to us, under the very gaze of mortals.

We stood spell-bound and only dimly conscious of the remarks and comments of our friends.

There were threatening indications of a storm about us, and the evening air was full of weird murmurings, in which these singular creatures—each one a royal princess in Flora's kingdom—seemed to share.

For the first time in our life, we were thrilled through and through by, what seemed to us, a responsive intelligence in flowers, and experienced a slight embarrassment, as if guilty of taking a liberty in coming there to examine there exquisite beings with bold and curious glances.

The plant itself resembles, to some extent, the Snake Cactus, and can lay no claim to beauty on its own behalf. This one had an interlaced network of growth, perhaps a foot and a half broad, and somewhat more than a foot high, supported by a light framework of wood.

The blossoms reared aloft their queenly heads with very little to show that they had other support than their own fairy lightness.

There were four of them. One or two had blossomed the previous evening, and there were still one large and one small bud remaining. Unprepossessing prophecies of future loveliness.

Had the outer row of petals upon these flowers extended outward instead of curling gracefully backward as they did, we dare not say how much each blossom would have measured. In their natural form the smallest of the group could not have been less than seven inches across; but they were very nearly the same size.

The outer row of petals are long and narrow; the exact shade of color known to fashionable ladies as *ecru*. The inner row are short and wide, like the white petals of the water-lily, which they resembled in tint and texture. These extend forward and hold the richest store of golden stamens.

The pistil divides—if my memory-picture is true to life—into three parts, each exquisitely delicate flue bending lightly backward in dainty, creamy contrast to the white petals and bright golden stamens surrounding and enclosing their base. These long, feathery flues could not have measured less than five or six inches in length, and were the crowning beauty of what seemed absolutely perfect before.

BEULAH.

Gossip with Correspondents.

A Flower Garden of Herbaceous Perennials.—The first day of May, and my flower-garden is ablaze with beauty! Snowdrops, Bulbocodiums, Crocuses, and Scillas, have passed away and the Hyacinths are come! "Red, white, and blue," royal purple, yellow and rose, both single and double! Added to them are the early Van Thol tulips, scarlet, white, rose, yellow, and red, and the double Tomruel gorgeous in rich and yellow! The native *Mertensia virginica* is very beautiful; with its long, gracefully-drooping racemes, which are rosy purple before opening into a lovely cerulean blue! But the most regal plant among them all, is a single red-brown Imperial, that is three feet high with ten large bells upon each stalk! One must peer into its cups to realize all its beauty, the beautiful markings of the flower and the pearl lying at the base of each petal.

A mass of blue grape Hyacinths have been in bloom some time, and now the dwarf blue Isis is added to the display. The large family of Narcissus, the Lily of the Valley, Snow-flakes, and the Parrot and late Tulips are coming on. The curious fall Crocus, that ripens its seed in spring and blooms in the fall; the Lily family, hardy Gladiolus, the Ornithogalum tribe are all fully represented. Seven varieties of Peonies, and as many of German Ivies adorn my garden. The *Hemerocallis* and *Funkias* are also here. A bee Larkspur stands in one corner, and aside from its flowers, it is an elegant plant.

I have five other varieties of *Delphiniums* besides; *D. Formosum* is splendid, and a double celestial blue, with white centre, is especially lovely. *Campanula grandiflora* and *Pentstemon grandiflora* are both very desirable, the latter with its spikes of large lilac flowers renders it a conspicuous plant, and with us it is a biennial. Scarlet perennial Poppy is showy, but ephemeral. *Lychnis Haageana* is a favorite of mine; the plant is dwarf, but has such large vermilion-colored blooms.

Of *Aquilegias* or *Columbines*, I have more than a half dozen colors, both double and single. One curious variety is entirely without nectaries, and as double as a rose. For several years the "yellow birds" have taken all the seed. I find the "early bird gets" the seed as well as the "worm." Both white and rose-colored perennial Peas give me much satisfaction. All the above, from bee Larkspur, I grew from seed.

Of trailers, the creeping Phlox, Moneywort, and *Vinea minor* (Periwinkle, or Myrtle), and, I am sorry to add, ground ivy. Monkshood and *Lamium variegata*, have pretty foliage, but the latter is anything but sweet-smelling.

When the covering was raked off the flower-beds in March, the blue perennial Flax, *Verbena Montana*, white Lily, and three sorts of *Sedum* were fresh and green. White and purple perennial Phloxes, *Ranunculus* (buttercups), Blackberry Lily, (mine is from seed, a pretty, graceful, reflexed little lily, but not a lily, either), and *Achillea millefolium*, with its fern-like foliage and corymbs of crimson flowers edged with white, closes the list of my plants. *Gypsophila paniculata* must not be excluded, for it adds to a bouquet (as a writer in the CABINET said), what a bit of rare lace does to a dress.

In a sheltered spot is my "wild garden," composed of Solomon's seal, "Jacks in the pulpit," clumps of both crimson and white *Hepaticas*, the spotted-leaved *Erythronium*, and last, *Dodecatheon Media*, the Queen

of prairie flowers. Flower-seeds, like corn, were a failure in Illinois last year, as one Canterbury Bell, varieties of *Dianthus*, and my "Hollyhock walk," alone show that any were sowed the past summer.

Did not space forbid, I should like to tell of my success with window-plants, tender bulbs and Cacti. My plants have been collected from the east and the west, north and south, from seeds, bulbs, roots and cuttings, all through exchanges, that have brought me likewise many pleasant correspondents. Many of them, both friends and flowers, I owe to the FLORAL CABINET, for which I am sincerely grateful.

MRS. KATE SHERMAN.

Rustic Baskets.—I have not seen any mention made of rustic baskets like mine; so I will describe them, as they have been very much admired. I have two, one in front of each front window, made of small branches of trees, about half as large as a man's wrist, driven into the ground and grape vines woven in and out until it is about two feet high and then filled with rich soil. Two vines twisted together form the handles. Of course you can make them any size you like; mine are about three feet in diameter. I have a bed of pink *Verbena* in one and scarlet in the other, and in addition, I sow flower-seeds every spring. These, with my box plants, are all I can undertake to keep alive through the summer. CLEAR LAKE.

My Flower-Garden.—Last summer my flower-bed was three feet wide and reached two-thirds across the garden, which is a large one. In it was planted three rows of seed; in the middle was planted London Pride, Zinnia, variegated *Petunia*, Mignonette, red and white *Petunia*, Pearl and variegated *Balsam*. In one row was *Verbena*, *Antirrhinum* (Snap-Dragon), Sweet *Alyssum*, *Phlox Drummondii* of different colors, *Diadem Dianthus*, *Cacalia*, single *Portulaca*, *Amaranthus*, and *Candytuft*. On the other side is Sweet *Alyssum*, *Dianthus*, *Hedewigii*, Pot Marigold, Sweet William, *Aerolinum*, German Asters, *Dianthus Laciniatus*, and mixed *Balsam*; also a small bed along the grape vine, which is lengthwise of the garden; this is a bed of *Petunia*, a perfect mat of sixteen different shades, with now and then a Canterbury Bell. *Dianthus*, Sweet *Alyssum*, and *Candytuft*; it was a perfect beauty, covered with bloom all summer and till the first of November, and even at the middle of the month I picked a bouquet of *Petunia*, Sweet *Alyssum*, *Dianthus*, and *Chrysanthemum*. I gathered bouquets of *Verbena*, Sweet *Alyssum*, and Mignonette on the first of November.

My friends that visited me through the summer, admired my flowers very much, and thought it must take all my time to take care of them. When I tell them it takes only one hour a day, they are surprised, the flowers look so thrifty, and the ground is so mellow and clear of weeds.

When I go into the garden they seem to nod their graceful heads in thankfulness for the care that is bestowed on them; this pays me well for my hour's work each day. It being a damp summer, I did not have to carry very much water; but when I did, I watered them in the evening and in the morning; they look so bright and fresh, it rewards me well for all my trouble.

It is better to have a few flowers well cared for; they make our homes seem so bright and cheerful. I cannot see why all people do not love flowers, their pretty bright faces peeping up at us, continually thanking us for the few moments of care we give them each day. I think they are a blessing each and every home ought to be adorned with.

X. N. SUBSCRIBER.

Rugs.—I have made some articles recently that differ somewhat from any I have seen described in the CABINET, and may assist some farmer's wife, like myself, to make home more attractive, while employing leisure moments. The first I made was two pulled rugs, woollen rags pulled up through coarse coffee sacking, differing from those described in the CABINET. In design, No. 1 has a large black eagle, with wings expanded as though flying, for a centre; the rug being two feet wide and three and a half feet long; three inches from the edge I drew a line, but instead of leaving square corners, as on the outside edge, I made each corner to form a scallop rounding toward centre of rug; now from this line to the eagle I filled in with hit or miss stripes, and from the line to the outer edge (for the border) I filled in with scarlet stripes. This rug is called pretty.

No. 2 has a small circle for centre, in which, as though swimming on light blue water, streaked with white foam, is a white swan, with gray wing, yellow beak, and black eye; the circle is made distinct by pulling in two rows of black, then three rows of red rays; at a pretty distance from the circle is an oval ring of purple, black and red, so this circle seems to lay in the oval; from one to the other is filled with hit or miss stripes. This rug is the same size as the first, and filled from the oval to the edge with black, and a fringe adds much to the beauty of each.

Next I made a card-basket composed of eight sections, of pretty shape, and medium size; I bound each section to make it more easy to join them when covered; covered them with points made from blue tinted ribbon paper, in the same manner as the corn-husk work described in the CABINET last year; line each section and the bottom with white merino, sewing in with each piece of lining a heavy green silk cord; make the handle in the same manner, cording it the same, and sew quite fast to the basket; now in the small space in the centre of each section and handle sew a straw flower, if you have a pretty rose, and three green leaves, for each place, and embroider a rose and leaves on the white lining at bottom of basket, and for each section. Your basket will be very pretty. Mine is simply corded and trimmed with straw flowers.

I have made two pretty rugs from cotton cloth. Braided rugs, I call them. Take three strips of cotton cloth; calico and muslin do nicely. Braid them the same as you would straws, only sew the pieces when joining them. Knit a strip three inches wide and one foot and a half long for the centre. Knit this of one color; around this sew three rows of the braid, cutting and laying one over the other where they meet; these rows should be bright colors; then three rows of plain, or one colored, braids, and add them in this manner until your rug assumes the desired size. These make pretty oval shaped rugs and look well when placed beside a bed, if the carpet should be a "rug carpet."

My mind is still stored with knowledge concerning numerous articles to be found in my rooms, but this chat with the CABINET readers has now grown too lengthy. At some future time perhaps I may tell you more about housekeeping in the Old Rock House.

MRS. EMMA TREICHLER.

Water for Plants.—The best for the gardener's purpose is rain water, preserved in tanks sunk in the earth, and rendered tight either by puddling, or bricks covered with cement. To keep these tanks replenished, gutters should run round the eaves of every structure in the garden, and communicate with them.

E. L. B.

Flower Gardening.

A LOVELY FLOWER GARDEN.

During a pleasant walk upon a lovely day last summer, when earth and sky were radiant with beauty, I passed a small but neatly arranged flower-garden, and stopped for a moment to enjoy its beauties; but among all the fair blossoms that met my gaze, my attention was most drawn to a bed of lovely Pansies. Lifting their large beautiful heads above the mass of dark green foliage, royal in purple and gold, and running through all the degrees of shade to the palest violet, it was a picture to become ineffaceably fixed in my mind, and has made me richer and happier for its possession, and I still often turn back to it with the greatest pleasure.

I have often, when weary with toil and laden with care, found rest and strength, and drank in deep draughts of delight, in gazing for a few moments upon the unfolding beauties of my own loved flowers. What a pleasure to watch the gradual development from the tiny shoot to the full-grown plant with its wealth of leaves and blossoms, often filling the air with exquisite fragrance. What more beautiful sight can there be than a bed of gorgeous Verbenas, glowing in all the shades of scarlet, crimson and purple, intermingled, with here and there starry clusters of pure white; or of velvety Petunias with their rich coloring and delicate veinings and shadings, such as only the hand of the great Artist could pencil.

But radiant as are these summer beauties, there are so many choice and beautiful perennials that adorn our gardens that we must give them their due share of admiration; and almost unrivaled among them stand the Lilies, the queenly lilies. Surely, Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these. Tall and stately, some waving their yellow cups like golden censers in the summer air, some gleaming out white and pure as some fair spirit, so filling all the air with their fragrance, while others lift their royal heads, so glorious with brilliant coloring of scarlet and purple and gold, as to transcend all powers of description.

Of these lovely flowers, I have several varieties in my own garden, some of which are common and old-fashioned, and others more rare, but all are very beautiful to me.

And now I must say a few words for the Roses, for among all the gems of the flower-garden, these are, to me, the fairest and sweetest. So rich are they in perfume, so perfect in form and coloring, combining so many rare and delicate tints, and possessing so many excellencies, that they stand almost alone in their beauty. Could I have but one kind or class of flowers for out-door culture, I should prefer Roses to all others. But dearly as I love them, from some unknown cause I have not been very successful in the culture, especially house Roses. Some time ago, I purchased of a well known florist, several varieties, mostly Tea. After recovering from the effects of their long journey, they grew rapidly, putting out the most luxuriant foliage, and nearly all blossomed. Never will I forget my delight in watching the unfolding of those exquisite buds into the perfect flower, and inhaling their delicious fragrance.

There was a Washington, with its clusters of snowy white; a Madame Damazin, with its delicate creamy petals, softly tinted with rose; a Louis Philippe, of the richest, deepest crimson; a Madame Margotten, throwing out magnificent blossoms of golden yellow, with a deep pink centre, and a Duchess de Brabant,

blushing very lovely amid the bright green foliage, and others that I will not take time to mention.

But perhaps I bestowed too much care and attention upon my favorites, for they were frail as fair, and very short-lived indeed. During the winter they began to droop, and lose their leaves, and pine away in spite of all my efforts to save them, until nearly all were dead; only my Marechal Neil and Duchess de Brabant remaining. These both produced some splendid blossoms in the summer, for all their slender and not very thrifty appearance, that were as beautiful as heart could wish.

I have been quite successful with my house plants this year, and though my collection is not very large, I have some fine plants, and they are a source of much pleasure to me, brightening many a lonely hour, while they furnish food for thought and study in their varied forms, habits, and needs for promoting growth and beauty.

My plants are not numerous, it is true, but a few choice and well cared for, are preferable to a great number of worthless ones. I have an Achyranthus which has been especially admired by everyone. It is a large bushy plant, more than two feet in height, and combining every shade in its large beautiful leaves, from the palest pink to the darkest crimson and maroon. It is, without exaggeration, a magnificent plant. I have some half dozen varieties of Fuchsias which are great favorites; a lovely double white, and one a soft pink and crimson, which, with its luxuriant growth and rich masses of dark shining foliage, is something truly splendid; and several others of the various shades of purple and crimson, which have paid well with their constant abundance of rich blossoms.

My Geraniums also have been a source of both pride and pleasure. The beautiful tricolor, Mrs. Pollock, and the ivy-leaved Holly-wreath, and most lovely of all, a double one of the brightest and purest pink, the florets of which were each a perfect little rose, measuring nearly an inch and a half in diameter. I have quite a variety of Zonales, part of which are seedlings of my own raising, and are very beautiful both in leaf and flower; a few other pretty foliage plants, some seedling Heliotropes, a scarlet Salvia, and Chinese Primrose, with some baskets of drooping vines, make up my small collection. As to their culture, so many useful suggestions and excellent methods have been given through the pages of the CABINET, that I could tell nothing new, and will only say that I pot them in good rich soil, and water whenever the earth is dry, and the plants show a need of it (not at any regular times), using soft warm water, adding a little ammonia occasionally, and stirring the earth about the roots frequently to keep it mellow.

And now I would only say to every weary, toiling one, to all who have many cares, and but few pleasures, and still possess a love for the beautiful, if you have a spare foot of earth, or one sunny window, cultivate a few flowers, if it is only two or three varieties, and you will be amply repaid for all your trouble in their unfolding beauties. You will find rest and refreshment for both body and mind, and in caring for them you will find only a pleasure, and better still, something that will lift the thoughts higher, and make them purer for their refining influence. May we all, whatever be our mission in life, do our work well and nobly, and at the same time not forget to love and cherish the beautiful things spread out before us in the great realm of matter, that a loving Father has so kindly and lavishly bestowed, and thus be drawn nearer to Him who has made them all and clothed the earth with such wondrous beauty. M.

[Written specially for the LADIES' FLORAL CABINET.]

Winnifred's Will.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

CHAPTER IX.

"The many-colored threads of fate
Are weaving webs of strange device."

It was near midnight in Finster's cottage, and the tired mother lay asleep with her children, while Virginie kept watch by the bedside of the sick boy. He had been restless and wakeful for hours, and the patient nurse had smoothed his pillow and given him cooling drinks, singing to him in a voice as low and sweet as the cooing of a dove. She had quieted the fever, at last, by her gentle, magnetic touch, and he was sleeping with the faintest dew of perspiration on his forehead, and one little hot hand clasped in hers.

The shaded kerosene lamp burned low in a corner of the room. Virginie sat in Mrs. Finster's rocking-chair with her light hair unbound and falling about her shoulders. Her great blue eyes, so weary with weeping and watching, were wide open staring at the bickering shadows. She wondered if she should ever sleep again. How many hours was it since Bradley Halcourt had spoken those rash words that burned in her brain and throbbed through her whole being? She was praying in a confused, frightened way, "Keep me from temptation. Deliver me from evil." How could she ever again meet the frank, true eyes of her friend, with the memory of those words of love and that kiss tingling on her lips? Her heart was so full of shame and contrition she could have fallen at Winnifred's feet and bathed them with tears of repentance.

Virginie might have stolen out of the cottage and fled away into the night had not reason and reflection still been strong in her. Mrs. Halcourt's letter could not reach Hope-dale before Thursday night. It was now Tuesday. Might she not venture to remain secluded in the fisherman's cottage, nursing little Jake, over the next day? Minnie was too busy and too happy to miss her, and she would rely with all her soul upon the promise of protection which she had extorted from Bradley. It was a great comfort to put off the necessity of immediate action—of thinking what she would do—even for a few hours, for her frame seemed drugged with languor, and only by a strong effort of will could she exert herself at all. Thus she sat outwardly pale and calm, trying to bear, and to be patient until daylight came.

The moon had risen, but it gleamed out fitfully between heavy masses of dark cloud, and a sad low wind began to wail in the forest bordering the lake, while the little waves rippled mournfully against the shore. Between two blasts that scattered showers of dead leaves, Virginie first heard a low tapping at the pane. She bent forward, and grasped the arms of her chair, her lips apart, her cheek blanched, while her heart seemed to stop beating. It was the same signal by which Bradley had summoned her in the morning. She did not answer, but sat gazing into space as if petrified. But the tapping continued, and a voice said in a half whisper, "Mousie, are you there?"

It was not Bradley's voice, and she rose reluctantly, and went forward, and softly raised the sash.

On the other side of the screen of leaves which the night-wind was rustling, stood Winnie, wrapped in her great furred cloak, with the hood drawn over her head, and looking preternaturally tall and shadowy.

"I must speak to you," said she, in a penetrating whisper; "I have Hector with me, and you need not wait to get a wrap; my cloak is big enough to cover us both."

The boy was still sleeping; Virginie stole back to the bed to assure herself of the fact, and then crept out of the house through a little passage. She shivered as Winnie embraced her, and drew her in under the shelter of the big warm cloak, and in silence they began to climb the bank with Hector's feet pattering on behind them. Among the trees it was almost palpably dark with faint patches of moonlight here and there cast down from between the shifting clouds. But Winnie, by a kind of cat-like instinct, kept to the path until they had got into the black shelter of the great pines, and below their eyes could discern the glimmer of the lake that lay spread out in a vague, whitish expanse. Then she sat down on the pine needles and drew her friend into her strong arms, while the dog kept rustling here and there, and the great boughs sighed overhead.

"Why do you tremble so?" she asked in a whisper "Are you afraid? That cry is only the hooting of a screech-owl."

Virginie longed to shrink away from the warm protecting clasp, but she seemed held in a vise, and with a deadly sinking of the heart, she murmured, "No, I am not afraid; but why have you come out here in the night?"

"I could not sleep, Mousie. I was wretched, and terribly nervous, and when I found you were away from home I was just ready to raise the roof. I wandered like a lost spirit into Lady Betty's room, and all over the old Hall, and had more than half a mind to send and have you fetched back. But then I decided to come for you myself, so I waited until all the people were abed and asleep, and then I stole out for I knew the night air would do me good."

"Are you ill, dear mademoiselle?" Virginia asked in a whisper, shivering and cowering in the dark, for the wind had brought down a great dead limb with a sharp crack.

"No, no, I am never ill," Winnie answered, hurriedly. "I am only restless and out of sorts. Oh, Virginia, I don't know what ails me. I believe I am a fool, an idiot. I hate and despise myself, and I could never speak to you as I do if it wasn't for the dark that hides my face," and suddenly she dropped her head on her companion's shoulder, and gave way to a violent outburst of tears and sobs, frightful as such an explosion always is from one who cries hard.

Virginia felt that constriction of the heart that presses the life and hope out of young bosoms. Her exclamation was a sob of agony, "Oh, mademoiselle, what has happened? Is it Mr. Fortescue?"

"Don't name that creature," cried Winnie, as soon as she could get her voice. "I loath the very thought of him, and have told him never to come near me again."

"But why?" and the whisper in the dark faltered.

"Why, darling, my love," sobbed Winnie, as the confession was wrung out of her, and feeling her face burn in the dark. "You are so pure-hearted, so true, you will never understand it, and you will despise me as I despise myself."

"No, no," said Virginia, making a great effort over the words. "It is I that ought to get down and cling to your knees for pardon."

Winnie was absorbed in what was passing within her to the exclusion of all else. Her voice broke and she seemed strangely humble. "I have only allowed that ape-faced Fortescue to dangle after me, and whisper silly nothings, because I hoped it would vex Bradley."

"And your cousin has scolded?" gasped Virginia.

"No, no," with another passionate outburst of grief and impatience, "he does not care; he is as indifferent as a marble statue. You do not understand, you cannot know, you have never felt as I do. I thought I was strong, but I am miserably weak. I meant to rule myself, and never give way to this folly and madness," she moaned on in the darkness.

"And your cousin?" returned Virginia, holding out through these moments of torture she knew not how. "He has made a scene, perhaps?"

"No, no," sighed Winnie; "he does not care enough for that. He would not mind if I was lying dead at his feet. I believe he would be glad, for this marriage must seem odious to him. He never would have consented except for the promise he made his mother. I believe he hates me, Virginia. And how can we go on in this way years and years? Oh, it is hideous to think of. I hate myself because I cannot give him up, and tell him to go out of my sight."

The last drop had been shed into poor Virginia's cup, but the crisis seemed to calm and steady her, and she said, in a tone that sounded sharp, almost shrill, in her own ears:

"You love him dearly, with your whole heart and soul?"

"Do not ask me," groaned Winnie, "I am beside myself. Did I not vow never to pine away, a love-lorn thing, like the Lady Betty? I am too young and strong to die, and I shall not go mad, but I may turn wicked, Virginia, unless you help me. I have only you in the world to cling to now. Can't you comfort me a little, and show me a gleam of hope? Maybe in time, in a great many years, he might come to feel differently. I would not expect much. I would be humble. I would subdue my pride and break my will. I would think only of pleasing him. But to have him dislike me always, and grow harder and colder, oh, that is too dreadful to bear."

Winnie's tone of pleading and entreaty, not unmingled with tears, was a prayer for consolation poured into her friend's ear, and she clung more convulsively than ever to her side, almost hurting her with her strung arm.

The pause before Virginia could gain power to speak seemed simply horrible, and at last when the words came, they were very cold and measured:

"I am sure your cousin will love you sometime, mademoiselle. You are worthy of his love."

Winnie heeded nothing but the import of the words. Though poor and scant, they were like the bread of life to her.

"Oh, say that again, Virginia; say it every day and every hour. I can live on the least crumb of hope, and you shall teach me how to win him; you shall make me all over. I know men don't like women who assert themselves. You shall teach me to be gentle and docile. Do you know a horrible fear has sometimes come over me; the fear that he loves another. It was like fire on my

bare flesh. If he is heart-free why shouldn't I win him in time?"

"Oh, you will win him in time," repeated Virginia, mechanically, and then with a kind of wrench, she broke away from her companion's arm, and rose up before her from the place where they were sitting. Her face was deathly pale, and just at that moment the moon shone out upon it between dark clouds, and upon the long fair hair streaming over her shoulders. She looked more like a spirit than a mortal.

Winnie felt a little creeping fear of her that was quite a new sensation.

"You are ill," said she, tenderly, getting up, and standing beside her. "How selfish I have been not to find it out before! You are killing yourself nursing that red-headed boy, and I am to blame for permitting such a sacrifice. Come, we will go call up his mother, and then you shall come home and sleep in my bed, and I will take care of you."

Virginia rejected her friend's supporting arm, and even the clasp of her hand.

"I cannot go back to that house," she said, in an unnatural, sharp tone. "I must return to the boy, for I have promised to watch with him, and he needs me."

For an instant, Winnie stood rooted to the ground with surprise and consternation. She had never before heard such a tone issue from Virginia's lips. When she spoke, it was more in grief and remonstrance than in anger.

But Virginia had turned and begun to thread her way through the trees.

"Do you care more for that boy than you do for me?" cried Winnie, following down the path. "He is in no sort of danger, and I have shown you how much I need you. I have laid bare my heart's core. And you only seem bent on killing yourself. This is not kind, Virginia. It is not like you. I never saw you perverse before. I thought you had the temper of an angel, for you never gave me a single pang. Now I am shocked that you should treat me in this way."

They had descended the bank very rapidly, and Virginia was again in dense shadow. She stopped and her voice was forced and strange:

"Think of me as you will, mademoiselle, I cannot go back to that house to-night."

"You have given me a blow in my heart," gasped Winnie, in a voice thrilling with sorrow and reproach. "No human being but yourself could have made me believe it possible."

Virginia did not stay to hear more; she fled over the cabbage patch into the cottage, and her friend was left outside alone in the night, stunned by the blow that had fallen upon her, not knowing why it had been dealt, or what it meant. She stood a minute or two rooted to the ground, gazing blankly at the dark outline of the fisherman's house. Something cold and moist insinuated itself into her hand. It was old Hector's muzzle, for the faithful creature was rubbing himself affectionately against her dress. He recalled Winnie to reality. She found that the earth had not given way under her feet; that the heavens were still stable. All was calm and still, for the wind had gone down, and the moon coming out again cast weird shadows down the old oak avenue.

Winnie crept slowly through the trees, for this new trouble had awed her restless mood into silence. She let herself into the dark house at a little side door of which she kept the key, and, taking off her shoes, stole noiselessly to her room.

Winnie's strong nature had quivered under this shock to her tenderest affections. For hours she lay in bed staring before her with eyes propped wide open, torturing herself with conjectures and surmises as to the reason of Virginia's strange behavior.

She dreaded the coming of light; she dreaded to have to meet her again. Her heart was bruised and sore, for all the happy past seemed shivered to pieces at one stroke. Everything was changed between them, and why was it so? The words that had been spoken were nothing, but an indefinable change in Virginia had impressed itself upon her never to be effaced. It was the cold shade of death that had crept between them.

Sometimes Winnie sobbed in her hard, violent way. She could not have it so. It was too dreadful. All her world, so rich and splendid, seemed crumbling to pieces.

Once a serpent crept into her bosom, and stung her. Perhaps Virginia loved Bradley; had learned to love him on the steamer. But Winnie was loyal to her friend's truth, though suffering from this change in her affections, and she put the creeping thing away as if it had polluted her heart.

Truth and health triumphed over this tumult of feeling, and, at length, far on toward morning, Winnie fell into a deep sleep. She was intensely interested in a vivid dream which she could never recall, but all the time there was the sound of knocking upon her door; that kind of knocking which we hear in sleep, but do not heed. However, the knocking increased. She opened her eyes to find the sun shining in between the curtains of her windows, and

with a mist of sleep hanging round her she got up, slipped on a dressing gown, and opened the door to encounter the broad figure and perturbed countenance of old black Nanna.

"Oh, little Miss, dat furrin gal," the old woman whimpered. "I dreamt of snakes las' night, honey, an' I knowed suffin was wrong."

"What about Virginia?" the young mistress asked sharply, now broad awake.

"Pears like I've scart yon, honey. You's pale as bleachin' cloth. Dat yaller-haired gal is like de apple in yore eye. Dat pore white trash, Finster's wife, she sent up to say how as Miss Jinny was took bad in de night, and has gone off light-headed, and is cryin' for you dat are put out wid her, honey, and won't forgive her nohow."

Winnie leaned for a moment against the wall. She was weak from the rush of emotions that had come into her heart. Pity, love, and sorrow were struggling there, but thankfulness was uppermost.

It was all plain to her now. The delirium was coming. It had made poor Virginia appear strange and unnatural, but she had been too selfish and purblind not to perceive the cause. Winnie felt an impulse to pray, though she had never been taught to pray. The instinct arose within her, and bedewed her heart, and made it soft. When she opened her eyes they were full of tears.

"Get the carriage instantly," said she, in her clear, decisive tones. "We will fetch Virginia home."

Mrs. Finster was on the lookout, with the heavy baby sucking its thumb over her shoulder, and the rest of the children huddled together in an awed, little group when the carriage drove up to the door.

"It's a mercy you've come," she began in a very lachrymose tone. "I never was so beat in my life as when I found her lying on the floor at the foot of Jake's bed, with her head burning hot, and her eyes staring wide open, but not knowing me more than the dead. And then how she did talk, and sing, and laugh? It would have just broke your heart to hear her. Now she has fallen into a stupor like, and I routed Finster out of the house, and made up the bed clean with the only whole sheets I've got; and there she is breathing and moaning in her sleep, so it's dreadful to hear. Poor Jake has took on so about her, I thought he'd have a collapse himself."

Winnie cut short Mrs. Finster's lamentations by pushing past her into the low, untidy room, in one corner of which stood the bed, where Virginia lay with a purple, congested flush on her face, her baked lips wide apart, and the sunny hair scattered over the coarse pillow. It was a sight to wring Winnie's heart, but at that moment she must not give way; she must act. Motioning Nanna to the bed-side, she said in a low voice, "You and I can lift her easily to the carriage."

Softly as the words were spoken, they seemed to thrill through Virginia. For an instant the lethargy was shaken off. She shuddered and cowered away from Winnie's touch, and moaned out, "Don't take me away from here. Let me stay here and rest."

But Nanna, with one firm movement, lifted her in her arms, and laid her drooping head down on her broad, motherly bosom, and thus she lushed and soothed her all the way, like a sick baby. She even carried her, unaided, up the broad staircase at the Hall, declaring she was only a feather in weight.

"Take her into my room," whispered Winnie, as they were going up.

Virginia opened her eyes full and wide, and the same shuddering and shrinking came over her. "Put me in my own bed," she half sobbed. "I shall die if you lay me there."

Winnie knew she ought not to be hurt by the poor girl's ravings, in her delirium; but somehow she was. It recalled all she had suffered during the night. She was glad there was no time to brood over her thoughts. So Virginia was laid in her own little bed; and for two days she knew not what was happening about her.

Bradley had passed a wretched, sleepless night between hours of self torture, and irrational gleams of joy awakened by the consciousness that Virginia loved him. Haggard and unrefreshed, he arose just at dawn to nerve himself by a few hours in the fresh air for the interview with his cousin, in which he meant to break with all his past, and set his face toward a new life. He would tell her the truth, and throw himself upon her generosity. It was maddening to think that any imputation of evil would be cast on Virginia; but he was there to guard and shield her.

This step he meant to take without her knowledge, for he knew he could never gain her consent, and it was impossible for him to carry longer a load of deceit. He was about to take his fate into his own hands. And the resolution once formed, he was calm and almost joyful.

When he returned to the house, Winnie stood in the great entrance hall, holding an earnest half-whispered conference with the country doctor. He was rooted to the ground by the first words that reached his ear.

"And you think it won't be necessary to cut off her hair?"

"No; I hardly think it will go the length of brain fever. There are some ugly symptoms, but the leeches will likely check them. The young lady must have had some kind of a shock; bad news from home, perhaps. I understand she don't belong round here."

"Oh, no," returned Winnie, positively, "nothing of the sort. I think she has got some malarial poison in her system. She has been nursing a sick boy down in a cottage by the lake where it is damp and unhealthy."

"Oh! ah!" returned the shrewd, farmer-like doctor. "I never knew malaria to produce just such effects; but I will call again this afternoon. Be particular to apply the ice, and give the medicine as ordered."

Bradley stood rigid and motionless until his cousin had accompanied the doctor to the door, and then she turned and approached him with a half timid air quite new to her.

"Have you heard about poor Virgine?" You know she was taken very bad down at Finster's. We brought her home in a high fever, and at times she is dreadfully delirious. I felt sure she was killing herself, and I tried to make her come away last night; but she was dreadfully perverse. I never knew her so before. It was this coming on."

Bradley felt such a grip upon his heart he could not speak, but he was conscious of making an almost superhuman effort at self-control.

"Does the doctor think her in danger?"

"Yes, he thinks there is danger, but he is more encouraging than we could expect. She is so young perhaps she may throw off the brain trouble in a few hours."

Bradley's manner was colder and more impassive than before, as he said, "Had I not better go and summon a doctor from Deanport?"

"No, I think not," returned Winnie. "Dr. Rudd is said to be quite skillful. Papa hated the whole tribe, and would not let one of them into the house, and I have never been sick in my life; but somehow he has inspired me with confidence. He says if there is not a decided change for the better by to-morrow morning, he will call a consultation of physicians."

"Let me know if I can be of any service," said Bradley, as he hurried away, feeling that he could bear up no longer. This new and consuming anxiety had obliterated every other thought.

Winnie was vexed with him for receiving the news so coldly.

"He looks fagged to death," she thought, "but he has no more heart than a stone." However, she had reason to change her mind, for though Bradley was obliged to turn away to hide his anguish of heart, when he had recovered a little from the shock he could do nothing but wait and watch for his cousin's emergence from the sick-room to get reports of Virgine's condition. His whole manner had changed. It was so gentle, so humble, that a new hope fluttered in her heart. Surely, they were drawing a little nearer to each other. Bradley, though his face was haggard, had never seemed so kind as on that day, and the next, when the whispered conferences were going on about the hall and staircases.

The poor girl's delirium was at its height, but she was very gentle and pathetic—in fancy wandering with her dead mother over the Alpine pastures, gathering harebells, and listening to the bleat of flocks, and the song of birds. She was away back in her happy lost childhood, and spoke only in French, sometimes singing snatches of the songs her father had taught her. Bradley heard these bursts of delirious singing as he hung about the passage, or set his door open to listen. He was reduced to a pitiable and abject state of misery, and sometimes he secretly waylaid old Nanna on her way to and from the sick-room. The old darkey shook her head, and her eyes were full of tears:

"De pore lam' is mighty bad, Mass'r Bradley; but de Lord transposes, and I se prayin' for her powerful strong. De Lord can hear old black Nanna. He's no suspecter of pussans, an' I neber prayed in faith, believin', dat I didn't git an answer shore, for honey, I allus prays 'de Lord's will be doue,' an' whichever way it turns, it's de Lord's will; don't ye see dat, honey."

The hours wore on without any perceptible change. The doctor came and stayed most of the night. He was confident a favorable crisis would occur in the morning. Bradley never knew how he got through the time. He sat up all night in his dark room, ill with anxiety and dread, and constant smoking only made him worse. A slight nausea stole over him, and just at daybreak he crept out into the fresh air. The sunrise was sweet and calm, shining goldenly through the bare trees.

He wandered about without aim or purpose through the paths, not knowing or caring where he went, when he saw Edgar Swayne ride up to the stable-yard gate and dismount. Everything had been swept from Bradley's mind by the crushing anxiety and suspense of the past day; but now as he saw the stern light in Edgar's eye, their interview at the mine came rushing back upon his memory, and he advanced to meet him.

The question came abruptly and without preface, "Mr. Halcourt, did you send the message I intrusted to you for the sheriff of Deanport?"

"No; I did not?"

"Will you please to explain, sir, why you did not?"

"No, I cannot do that, at least not at present. I owe you an apology for what may appear strange conduct, and that apology, full and ample, you shall have in time. At present I must allow you to think of me what you please. I can only say that I withheld the message in order to protect an innocent person."

"And I can tell you that your conduct has been basely dishonorable," cried Edgar. "You have connived at the escape of a criminal, and are answerable to the law. I had everything prepared for the capture of that man, the leader of the gang that has infested this neighborhood, and you have defeated me for reasons best known to yourself. But all who have had a hand in this thing shall yet be brought to justice. I have tracked that man through all his aliases—Dr. Walters, Charles Meadows, Long Andrew, and he has been notorious through them all."

"And his real name," said Bradley, eyeing him, and not allowing a sign of emotion to escape.

"His real name I do not yet know; but I shall find it out."

Suddenly a new thought seemed to strike him, and he turned squarely upon Bradley:

"Perhaps you may know this man's true name?"

Bradley did not answer. He stood in a quiet attitude, one hand thrust into his pocket, and the other holding a long-handled meerschaum. Thus they stood, taking each other's measure, Bradley pale, Edgar flushed and excited, until the latter's hostility could no longer restrain itself. "If I thought you knew that man's true name, I would force you to reveal it."

"Oh, is that it?" returned Bradley, looking down from his broad-shouldered height on the slight, nervous student form before him. "Are you a fighting parson of the church militant? I should hate to handle a man of your cloth, and a smaller man than myself, too. You see with just one blow of my fist I could hurl you into those bushes yonder."

"Don't mind my cloth," cried Edgar, quite beside himself now. "I will meet you as man to man, as foe to foe."

Bradley's placable temper asserted itself more and more as Edgar's wrath was gathering.

"No," said he, "I have no quarrel with you, Mr. Swayne. That is all bunkum. I owe you an apology, and an explanation which you shall one day have. You have heaped some injurious words upon me, and if you think I will bear imputations upon my honor more patiently than another man, you are mistaken. But you are angry, and there is some color for your anger, and I will not take advantage of it. A contest of fisticuffs between us would be too unequal. If you are determined to regard me in the light of an enemy, and wish to attack me, you must pop away with a pistol from behind some tree. I shall not molest you."

Bradley turned on his heel and walked away, triumphing as the strong man does triumph who has the advantage of coolness and self-control. Edgar before had hated him, now his breast seemed full of hissing serpents. He leaned a moment on the gate for support, and then almost groped his way toward the Hall. Hardly had he entered and thrown himself upon a sofa, still quivering with rage and pain, when Winnifred came flying down the staircase, in a white wrapper, and with such a tender glad light in her eyes, in spite of weariness and watching, as seldom had been seen there. Virgine was better; the blessed crisis had come. She had fallen into a peaceful slumber, and a cool dew of perspiration was beading her forehead.

Winnie had flown down the stairs to find Bradley, that she might pour the good news into his sympathetic ear. Her cousin's changed manner, and his gentle kindness had made these confidences sweet to her; but in the hall she encountered Edgar.

"Oh, Mr. Swayne, you will be so glad to hear that Virgine is better. You know how ill she has been. At one time we thought her case almost hopeless; but the crisis has come and she is asleep."

Edgar looked up with a miserably pale, haggard face, his eyes blood-shot and burning, and forced himself to say, "I am very sorry she has been so ill."

"It is a blessed thing you were not here during the worst," Winnie returned, "for I see how you have suffered."

Edgar looked at her steadily, entranced by the splendor of her eyes.

"Miss Braithwaite, what do you mean? I do not understand you."

"Mean, Mr. Swayne? Why, nothing, only that I see you have been very unhappy about poor Virgine."

"You are laboring under a strange delusion," said he, in a low voice, standing before her, and keeping his eyes riveted upon her face in a way that made her very uncomfortable.

"I have not been unhappy about your friend. I did not even know that she was ill until you told me."

A crimson flood came slowly up and suffused Winnie's

face. She was deeply vexed and ashamed that she had made this mistake; and, moreover, the young man would not take his burning eyes from off her face, while she seemed powerless to move.

"Miss Braithwaite,"—in the same low voice—"did you, could you, for a moment suppose that I was in love with your friend?"

Winnie, brave as she was, opened her lips, but only gasped. There was something impending she would have given worlds to avert, and her own little schemes all seemed tumbling about her ears.

Edgar put his hands over his face for an instant, and was trembling visibly.

"Oh," said he, in a muffled, choked voice, the sentences coming out disjointedly, "I meant to keep silence. I vowed I would not speak to you. I have been a fool, or something worse, for I have forgotten conscience and duty, even God himself, in the mad intoxication of loving you. You can never know how I have suffered, how I have struggled with myself. You can have no conception of what has gone on within me. Sometimes you have seemed to lure me on, and then again you have treated me with haughty coldness, almost scorn. But it made no difference. I could not help worshipping you blindly, for I only lived when I was in your presence. But it was madness to suppose I could stay here and endure the sight of that man who is so unworthy of you."

"Have you and Bradley quarrelled?" Winnie asked in a timid whisper, feeling that the vigor had gone out of her strong, young frame.

"Yes," he groaned, "we have quarrelled; there can be only one long, eternal quarrel between us. I will tell you the truth, though you may think I am goaded on by insane, jealous rage: that man is base and dishonorable."

Winnie recovered herself instantly, drew up her tall form to its extreme height, and said with cold hauteur, "Mr. Swayne, you forget yourself. I will not hear one word against my cousin, not one word. You may upbraid me, if you will. I have wounded and hurt you with my teasing, girlish caprices, and my thoughtlessness," and suddenly melting with the tears filling her eyes, "I beg your pardon for the pain I have inflicted. I could beg it on my knees."

"Oh, Miss Braithwaite! Winnie!" he cried, in heart-broken tones. "You will remember some day that I would give my life to save you one pang."

Winnie was sobbing passionately; she had utterly broken down.

"Oh, forgive me, forgive," she cried, putting out her clasped hands, "if I have crossed and marred your life. It is dreadful to think of."

He caught her hands in his, and pressed them fervently to his lips.

"Oh, Mr. Swayne," she went on, in a broken, pleading voice, "if we love truly, and grandly, even though that love be unhappy, ought it not to make us nobler? You may scorn me for what I have done, but do not go away from those poor people up at the mine. They need you. Is it not wrong for us to run from our natural and proper work because life has not given us what we cry for? Promise me that you will not go."

He looked at her with an indescribable expression of hopeless misery.

"I cannot answer now," said he; "I must have time to reflect," and he rushed out of the house.

Winnie fell sobbing upon the sofa and buried her face in the cushions. Where was now her self-satisfaction, and little cut-and-dried schemes that were to make everybody comfortable? It seemed as though the illusions of her crude girlhood had been shivered to pieces by one touch of passion and truth, and were lying in confused fragments at her feet.

(To be continued.)

Our Tell-Tale Lips.—I have observed that lips become more or less contracted in the course of years, in proportion as they are accustomed to express good humor and generosity, or peevishness and a contracted mind. Remark the effect which a moment of ill-temper or grudgingness has upon the lips, and judge what may be expected for an habitual series of such movements. Remark the reverse and make a similar judgment. The mouth is the frankest part of the face; it can't in the least conceal its sensations. We can neither hide ill-temper with it, nor good; we may effect what we please, but affectation will not help us. In a wrong cause it will only make our observers resent the endeavor to impose upon them. The mouth is the seat of one class of emotions, as the eyes are of another; or, rather it expresses the same emotions, but in greater detail, and with a more irrepressible tendency to be in motion. It is the region of smiles and dimples, and of a trembling tenderness; of a sharp sorrow, or a full breathing joy; of candor, of reserve, of anxious care, or liberal sympathy. The mouth, out of its many sensibilities, may be fancied throwing up one great expression into the eye—as many lights in a city reflect a broad luster into the heavens. —Leigh Hunt.

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L. A. THOMSON,
No. 11 Clinton Place
New York.



NEW YORK, JUNE, 1877.

A SUCCESSION OF FLOWERS.

I am no advocate for an indiscriminate planting of flowers. A few well cared for and set out with an intelligent idea of their requirements, will give far more satisfactory results than a host set out for the sake of having everything that Mrs. Grundy has, and a little more.

The plants with which we beautify our grounds require as great diversity of soil and care as do the cereals that our farmers raise. No wise farmer would think of raising Indian corn on ground that was only fit for a crop of white beans, or vice versa. Just so with our Geraniums and Roses. While the former do well in a clay soil and partial shade, the latter require a deep, rich soil and full sunshine. The same holds true with regard to our window-pets. It is folly to expect Begonias, Bouvardias, Heliotrope, or Coleus to thrive in temperature that suits best Azaleas, Camellias, Geraniums, etc. The former requiring a night temperature of from sixty to seventy degrees and a day temperature of from ten to twenty degrees higher, while the latter will do well with a night temperature of from forty to fifty degrees, with a correspondingly high day temperature.

By a proper selection, and in a moderate season, we may enjoy a succession of bloom in the open air from the first of March until the first of December. Our earliest floral treasures are the Snowdrops, Crocuses, and sweet-scented Violets, soon followed by Tulips, Hyacinths and Lilies of the Valley. Before these are ready for their season of rest, we have the Pyrus Japonica, or Japan Quince, Lilacs, Deutzias, Weigelia-roseas, Spireas in variety, and the old-fashioned, but never-to-be-despised Snowball.

By the time the glory of these has departed, our annual Roses should be opening. Then we have ten days or two weeks of beauty and fragrance, provided we have been able to circumvent the slugs which in years past have been so destructive to the queen of flowers.

Dusting the bushes, when wet with dew, with white

hellebore, plaster, or wood ashes, are said to be infallible remedies.

For those desiring the hybrid perpetuals, the following list is recommended as the best one dozen, by four of our prominent florists: Gen. Washington, Caroline de Sansal, La Reine, John Hopper, Victor Verdier, Gen. Jacqueminot, Baron Prevost, Annie de Diesbach, Mad. Alfred de Roquemonte, Triomphe de l'Expositione and Sidonie. But to my mind, nothing can excel the ever-blooming Roses. They are exquisite in form, color and perfume. In our climate it is hardly safe to winter them without some protection, but one is amply repaid for the slight trouble. I would recommend the following dozen: Hermosa, Bon Silene, Malmaison, Safrano, Isabella Sprunt, Agrippina, Bella, Duchesse de Brabant, Devonensis, Louis Philippe, Sanquinea, and Woodland Margaret.

For bedding plants, none make a finer display than Jessamines. Probably the scarlet gives the best satisfaction of any other; but in the great variety offered by our florists, and the ease with which they may be propagated, we need only limit the number by the size of the bed.

Then we have Verbenas in countless variety, every shade and marking, except the coveted yellow, and that, I suppose, is only desirable because it is unattainable. Of course, we cannot spare the Heliotrope and Mignonette, so lovely in their modest bearing and delightful fragrance.

For those that wish a larger collection, there are the Pink, Carnation, and China Pansies, Ten-week-stock, Nasturtiums, Asters, Petunias, Phlox Drummondii, Salvias, and Chrysanthemums. Our list would not be complete without some permanent vines. Clematis and Wistaria are both beautiful climbers. Then there are the Honeysuckles; the coral and sweet scented varieties; these with a few running Roses, such as Queen of the Prairie, Baltimore Belle, Multiflora, should be enough to satisfy the most avaricious.

There is another family of vines that I cannot forbear mentioning, although they are not ornamental as bloomers. I refer to the Ampelopsis. First we have Ampelopsis Quinquifolia, or five-leaved Ivy, also called Virginia Creeper. This, in common with the poison vine, or three-leaved Ivy, grows in our woods and by the wayside, and is never more beautiful than in the fall, when its foliage is a brilliant scarlet. Ampelopsis Veitchii is a miniature variety. The young growth during the summer is a dark purple, and changes in the fall to the brightest tints of scarlet, crimson and orange.

Ampelopsis tri-color is a rapid grower, and the young leaves are beautifully variegated with pink, white and green. There is nothing more desirable for covering unsightly buildings, rock-work, old trees, etc., and these vines, unlike our English ivies, have the merit of being quite hardy.

MRS. E. G. BONHAM.

HARDY PLANTS AND VINES.

I will tell you first of the Pansy, as that is a favorite flower of mine, and I have been very successful in its cultivation. These lovely and popular flowers are the true Violets, they all being descended from the well known Heartsease, which is known as Viola tricolor. The Heartsease will grow by itself, and care for itself, increase by self-sown seed, and bloom from January until December in sheltered situations. Not so its high-born relative, the Pansy. Its culture is very difficult, unless you pursue the proper mode of treatment.

As I have succeeded so well, let me tell you my method. A year ago last spring, I thought I would make an effort to have a nice bed of Pansies. I procured a paper of mixed seeds and planted them in the house in pots; in March they came up beautifully, grew well, and by the time the ground was ready to receive them they were fit to be transplanted. I set them out where the house shaded them in the afternoon, as they will not bear constant sunshine, neither will they grow under the shade of trees. I watered them every evening, and by the first of July they were blooming beautifully, and in great variety; and often when weary with the cares of life, how they delighted my heart as I gazed upon their beautiful upturned faces, some of them looking so saucy and others so modest, and all so grateful and lovely, (I suppose you all know the Pansy has expression). Well, they bloomed and ripened seeds until I had enough for myself and friends.

When cold weather came the question was, What shall I do to preserve them in their beauty? How cruel to let Jack Frost nip them, they looked so intelligent and so much as if they would like to be cared for. And as I had often tried to preserve them by covering them with leaves and boards, and failed, I thought I would try another plan, and give them a cold frame. So I hunted up some boards, got out my saw, and a window-sash that had been left when we were changing some windows, sawed my boards the proper length and width, nailed them together at the corners, placed the frame over the bed higher at one end than the other, banked the earth well around it, laid on my sash, and had as nice a cold frame as any person could wish, with very little trouble and no expense.

In very severe weather, I threw some old carpet over it and let it alone for the winter. I continued to gather flowers all the early part of the winter, and on New Year's Day made some lovely button-hole bouquets for friends. As soon as the heavy frosts were over in the spring, I removed the glass, and what a glorious bed of flowers I had. People came from all parts of the town to see them, and the Pansy fever raged; all wanted seed, and I gave until the supply was exhausted. I pulled hundreds of flowers some days, and still there was plenty left. And so they bloomed on, until late in the summer they showed signs of exhaustion; then I took my seedlings and fixed up another bed, and in the middle of November, I had my glass on, and expected a repetition of last year's profusion. I have been very particular in regard to details, so that no one need fail. And if this article will induce any lover of flowers to go and do likewise, I will be amply repaid.

And now let me tell you about a vine that is so beautiful that everybody should have it. Cissus Quinquifolia variegata; it is very rare; I have never seen it offered in but one catalogue. It is perfectly hardy in the latitude of West Virginia, Pennsylvania, and Ohio. The leaf is something like a grape leaf, but much more delicate, and beautifully marbled with white. The blossom is insignificant, but the berries are the crowning beauty, the clusters of which are red, blue, and green, all on one bunch, and looking as if they were varnished, and they remain so all the season, and when flowers are scarce, they are a splendid substitute, with which to ornament the parlor or dining-room.

WEST VIRGINIA.

The Home of Washington.—Subscribers wishing for this splendid steel-plate Engraving, will take special notice that the limit of our offer to them expires with July 1st. This is far the finest premium we have ever offered, and the certificate for it which we published in March is very valuable. It is well worth \$25.



CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

Household Enjoinments.

OLD AND NEW.

About two years ago, soon after my young friends Adolphus and Dulciphina were married, and had set up their household gods in a cottage on Willow Avenue, I recollect making them a visit. Being a friend as well as a distant relative—unfortunately the terms are not synonymous—the bride so kindly pressed me to remain, that an intended morning call was lengthened to an all-day's stay, which included, as a matter of course, a thorough inspection of the new home.

It was pretty, elegant even, overflowing with all of the comforts and many of the luxuries of life, and abounded, as usual, with all the dainty knick-knacks that modern young ladies construct so skillfully; besides there were books, plants, and pictures; not in profusion, but in sufficient number to indicate the tastes of the occupants. A new, nicely furnished and convenient modern house has a great charm for me before the tins lose their shininess and the coal gets low in the bin, and, in short, the saw-dust filling of life crops out everywhere. But after dinner, as we sat in the parlor, a doubt crept into my mind, and I said to my pretty hostess:

"Dulcie, I want to ask you a very impertinent question?"

"Oh, you careful soul!" she exclaimed, laughing, "I only wish you would—a dozen of them; but I haven't the slightest hope of it. Nothing of that sort will ever proceed out of your mouth. What is it?"

"Have you any bed-quilts?"

Dulcie lay back in her easy-chair and laughed till the tears came.

"I knew that was it," she said, "I felt a presentiment of it all the time. No, Cousin Hesah, my bed-quilts are not anywhere just now; and why should they be? I don't want them;" and she recommenced rocking in a slightly defiant manner.

"I think you will," I said, meekly, (for I well knew the modern prejudice against tearing calico in pieces to sew it together again), "and I am sure you will be of my opinion before the year is out. Quilts are far better than your heavy comfortables for summer, not as easily soiled as spreads, and, to my taste, quite as pretty."

Here Dulcie began to laugh again.

"I am so sorry, Cousin, that I haven't a rising sun or a blazing star in the house; I must commence at once, I see, on an elegant log-cabin, like the one that nearly ruined my best hat at the last fair, if I expect you to visit me often."

"I did not mean to defend such inanities," I commenced—but just then visitors were announced, and the subject was dropped.

Early the next summer I received the following note, which explains itself:

No. 9 Willow Avenue, June, 2, 1875.

Dear Cousin Hesah:

If you can look in upon me some day this week I shall be very glad. I am suffering from that contagious but not dangerous disease, the bed-quilt mania, and entreat you to fly to my relief.

Distractedly, yours,

DULCIPHINA SMITH.

Half an hour afterward, I rang the bell at No. 9, but before the maid could show me into the parlor, Dulcie appeared at the top of the stairs.

"Come up here," said she; "I am quite unable to

leave my room except to call people into it," and, upon following her in, I did not wonder. Upon the floor and bed lay five discarded summer suits in almost their pristine freshness, each perfectly lovely once, but hideous now, according to the decree of fashion: a buff linen lawn, a white pique, and three cambrics; a gaily-flowered Dolly Varden, a blue spotted with white, and a green and white striped one.

"What am I to do with them?" said poor Dulcie; "I can't make them over, for no two will go together, nor wear them mornings, for they are unsuitable. If I attempt to bestow them upon the poor, they will be sure to object to the style, and I have about concluded to make a bed-quilt or two, and finish off by inviting all my friends to an old-style quilting, with pumpkin pie and cheese for refreshments. What do you say to it?"

"Capital," said I. "Where shall we begin?"

After much deliberation, we decided upon a "sash-work" quilt of the green striped cambric and the pique, and a star pattern of the buff and blue dresses—buff stars upon a blue ground. For the sash-work we cut the white cloth into blocks eight inches square; there were some half-blocks to come at the sides, and four quarter-blocks for the corners. The green stripes were about an inch and a half wide.

Commencing with a quarter section, I basted a green strip across the straight edge and cut their ends slanting outward. Dulcie stitched this across on the machine, while I took a half-block of white, basted a strip of green across the perpendicular edge, then joined a plain white block to the green, another green strip to the white block, and finished with another half-block of white. When Dulcie had sewed these seams, I joined the row to the corner and they were stitched together.

We went on in this way till the side of the quilt measured eight feet in length, and then we finished the middle row, running from corner to corner, with a quarter-block at each end, and in each succeeding row left out one white block till we, as Dulcie said, "narrowed it off." When we had finished, there were quite enough of the green stripes left for two more quilts. Dulcie bestowed part of them upon an admiring lady friend who dropped in while we were at work one morning,—it is my private opinion that she put them in the rag-bag on reaching home, but I never expect to know,—and laid the remainder aside to go with the Dolly Varden.

Dulcie was a little dubious about the buff and blue.

"I know," she said, "it will be patriotic and Revolutionary, and very much like the flag of our country forever, but it's too much to expect it to be pretty, too; besides I don't want it to give my guests the nightmare and have them celebrating the Fourth of July in their dreams."

But as there appeared to be nothing else to do, she was finally persuaded to set about it, though regarding the task a little unkindly. When done, she acknowledged it to be quite pretty. The buff stars were eight-pointed, made of four double, diamond-shaped pieces, and around each we put alternate squares and half-squares of blue, thus making a square block; these were joined to each other by plain blocks of the blue. There were about fifty of the star-blocks in the quilt when completed.

After both were finished, we held a council of war, at which Adolphus was permitted to assist, and it was decided that the quilting should come off on the Fourth of July. Thirty invitations or more, printed upon brown paper in ye olden style, were duly sent out, and the thirty expert needlewomen who received them re-

turned immediate acceptances; about the same number of gentlemen who were bidden to the "frolic" in the evening, responded "aye" to a man.

The eventful day—a cool one, fortunately—beheld the front and back parlor cleared for action, each containing a quilt, stretched, however, upon such patent frames as our grandmothers—unfortunate souls!—never dreamed of; and at two P. M., precisely, eight maids and matrons, in costumes suited to the occasion, took their seats at each. Martha Washington, I am happy to say, worked with a royal will; one or two more made their appearance presently, and seemed willing to do likewise, as did Abigail Adams, Mrs. Knox, and many others whom we read of. We were greatly entertained by Mistress Dorothy Dudley, who performed Washington's March with much grace and spirit upon an ancient spinnet, borrowed for the occasion from a music store; and a dulcimer, on which Adolphus' great aunt Keziah had made melody in the days of her youth, was vigorously thumped by nearly all the quilters in succession.

After an hour's steady work, the first set of quilters were relieved and bidden to amuse themselves with games of croquet, etc. while others took their places. So well did this plan work, that by seven o'clock, the hour at which the gentlemen were to appear, the ladies were at liberty, and the two quilts neatly folded and laid away.

At about eight o'clock Samuel Adams, who had been hovering around most of the afternoon, led the way to the dining-room, where a "goodie collation" was set forth. I fear the domine's grace before meat was of modern length, but it suited well the sharp appetites of the hungry quilters. As the tea was passed in tiny, ancient cups, I overheard Mrs. Abigail A—remark to her nearest neighbor, that a rare packet of it, sent by husband from Philadelphia as a present to herself, had been mistakenly appropriated by Mrs. Samuel, but, as it was all in the family, she should never mention it; no, indeed!

Time would fail me to tell of all the good things set before the company. Pumpkin pies had been found a possibility, as Adolphus had discovered at a farm-house a few miles off a supply of that useful vegetable, dried.

Lemonade and coffee, doughnuts and cheese, election cake, boiled ham, yellow pickles, sandwiches of brown bread spread with butter and honey—does not one cry enough! just to read of them? And afterward? There were old-time games, a few worldly songs, and a reel or two, walked through in the manner supposed to have been *en regle* at the Republican Court to music supplied by a very squeaky fife.

At ten o'clock the domine and his lady took a ceremonious leave, and the remainder of the guests soon followed, the gentlemen all declaring that somebody ought to have a quilting every year, but for some reason the ladies did not echo the sentiment as strongly as they might.

HESAH BROWN.

CANARIES.—Make just half the fuss directed in the bird-book over the matter, and you will have, doubtless, better success in raising birds. Never give them sugar, but all the red pepper they will eat. It is the best thing for them. And if your bird feels hoarse at any time, put a piece of fat salt pork in the cage, and see how the little fellow will enjoy it. Give him flaxseed once in a while, and if he appears dumpy, occasionally give a diet of bread and water, with red pepper sprinkled in.

Household Art.

MY SLEEPING-ROOM.

My sleeping-room has received so many compliments, and so many have asked me how I made the many fancy articles which add so much to the beauty of a room, and which find a prominent place in the room in question, that I will endeavor to describe it in order that the readers of the CABINET may have the benefit of the description.

Blue and white are the predominating colors, but it may be copied in blue and drab, or any colors desired. I bought some turquoise blue paper and papered the wall two and one-half feet above the mop-board; separated it into panels, with strips of white satin paper one and one-half inches wide; I raised the bands with papier-mache, rounding with the finger. I then procured some embossed designs of flowers, pure white, and pasted them on the centre of each panel, raising as the bands. I had the wall above the panels tinted with blue, finished with border of blue and white, the panels being furnished with silver mouldings.

My carpet is blue and white. I made curtains of white Swiss, taking two widths for each window, trimming with fluted ruffle; over these I have curtains of blue brocade. I made lambrequins by cutting a strip of the muslin fifteen inches wide, trimming with fluted ruffle; then I cut a strip of the brocade, the same width, cut in points three inches deep, fastened this over the white and finished with moulding. I fastened the curtains back with fastenings made to match the lambrequins. I fastened my curtains together about fifteen inches from the top, pinned on a small chromo, framed with a wreath of white leaves made by cutting them from white velvet in the shape of ivy leaves. I then cut leaves the same shape from crown muslin, stiffening them with gum arabic; I pasted them to the under side of the other leaves, at the same time fastening a wire through the centre; fastened them to a large wire wound with velvet, brushed the leaves lightly with liquid gum and dusted with glass-dust.

I made a little stand, two and one-half feet high; covered the top with blue cambric, then with white muslin trimmed with fluted ruffle; the sides I covered with blue cambric, then with gathered muslin. I have hangings of white Swiss, fastened above the glass, and one either side of the stand. Under the glass I have a bracket made serviceable as a comb-case; it is made of perforated paper, worked with blue worsted and silver paper placed underneath; half the pasteboard cover is made to lift up; the whole cover is concealed by a moss-mat of blue and white: the top and sides are trimmed with silvered bugles. On either side the glass I have a match receiver, one for used and the other for unused matches. These I made by cutting petals from blue and white velvet like those of a lily; brushed the wrong side of them with gum arabic; fastened together, using white petals for the inside and blue for the outside. For toilet set mats, I cut rounds of blue velvet two inches larger than the bottles, cut the edges in points; made wreaths, as directed above, just large enough to allow the bottles to stand inside and fastened them to the mats. Made a pine cushion of blue silk, put a side-plaited ruffle around the sides, and finished the top with white leaves, made same as before, with exception of the glass-dust.

My handkerchief box I made by cutting two squares, for top and bottom, of pasteboard, also strips for the sides two inches wide; the inside I covered first with

a layer of cotton batting, then with white silk quilted with blue; the outside I covered with blue velvet trimmed with a wreath of white leaves, shaped like maple. My glove-box is made to correspond with handkerchief-box. For hair-pin box I cut a large maple leaf from blue velvet, stiffening it the same as white leaves, brushed it lightly with liquid gum, and dusted it with glass-dust; I also fastened a small pasteboard box to the back of it; this makes a very pretty ornament, as the leaf lying carelessly on the side completely hides the box.

I made a washstand the same height as toilet stand, covered the sides with blue cambric gathered under white Swiss, left open through the centre, the opening being hidden by ruffles. The space under the stand will be found very convenient. The top is covered with white oilcloth, the edge cut in points; a star cut out of each point and blue cambric pasted underneath; for splash cloth I took a square of oilcloth pinked around the edge; covered this with paper, excepting two inches for border and an oval space in the centre in which was placed a group of ferns, spattered with blue-ink and removed the paper. I made mats to correspond for soap-dish, bowl, etc. I also made two barrel chairs. I need not give full directions for those, as they have probably been given many times; one is upholstered with blue, the other with white over blue cambric; made footstools to match. Also a tidy for blue chair of white canvas; worked a wreath of three shades of blue; worked around the edge and fringed out; tidies for the arms to match; and a tidy for the white chair of blue worsted.

I made my pillow-shams of Lonsdale cambric, trimmed with fluted ruffle; cut a piece of bobbinet fourteen inches long by seven wide, darned it with linen floss, and inserted it in the centre of the shams; darned a strip two and a half inches wide, which I inserted in the shams two inches from centre piece; placed blue cambric under the bobbinet, with sheet-shams to match.

Owing to the limited space, I must omit the description of the remaining furniture, pictures, etc., which complete the arrangement of my room.

MRS. NELL C. UPHAM.

AN OLD-FASHIONED ROOM MADE BEAUTIFUL.

I want to tell the readers of the CABINET how to make even an old-fashioned room pleasant; yes, I might say almost beautiful. I am a reader of the CABINET, and as I glance over some of the titles, I see in many, "How to Make Our Homes Pleasant."

I am one of the rather unfortunate ones, as far as Johns and Isaacs are concerned, having neither one nor the other. I also live in one of those old-fashioned houses, so what I write about will be from experience.

I do not remember seeing anything about making straw brackets. I have just finished one, and those that see it say it is beautiful. Take two pieces of pasteboard six inches broad at the top and tapering to a point, for the sides, (this is for a corner) and sew them together at the back, then take another piece for the top, or shelf, five inches long in front or for face; then sew on straws lengthwise, letting them come below the foundation; after covering with straw, brush them over with black-walnut stain and varnish. It looks like ornamental carved work.

We have two south windows filled with flowers, and they are things of beauty. I think you would laugh to see the dishes and pots that hold them, that is, if you saw them as they were originally. They

are what used to be meat cans, neatly painted, and perhaps a picture now and then to brighten them. When I have tinfoil, I paste that on my rusty dishes and immediately they are transformed into silver ones. I had a plant given me one day, but could not find an empty dish to put it in. I searched for a long time, and found nothing but an old coffee pot.

"Oh, dear!" says sister Nettie, "do for pity's sake find something better than that."

But I already had an idea ("a bright idee," as grandpa says). I took the pot—a tin one—made some holes in the bottom, filled it with earth, and then began work in earnest. I painted it drab, with a rim or edge of red; but still there was the spout to be seen sticking out on one side. It did not look right, so putting a small tunnel in the spout, I filled that with earth, and painted it to correspond; then taking an old tin cup, I wired that to the handle and finished with the others. I planted ivy and yellow myrtle in the small dishes and a scarlet geranium in the centre. I have never been ashamed of my novel arrangement in regard to that dish.

But I want to tell you how I treat my ivy. I had one last winter that ran seventy-two feet, which I looped or festooned all around the room. I take hen manure, sand, and good rich earth in equal parts, mix thoroughly. I think there is nothing better.

But I will return to my subject. Did any of my readers ever make husk-mats? I have made two. Take the inner husks of Indian corn, then with a common table fork split the stiff ends as finely as convenient; then braid, leaving the fringed edge out about two inches to form a soft-looking surface. I colored mine blue and red, dipping the ends in dyes made as for ribbons, etc. I used aniline dyes. I have also made a hanging-basket of husks. I think it is quite equal to the phantom-basket. I have in my mind a pretty picture frame made from them. I have not made it yet, but think I can. I have been making some pretty frames of straw which I colored at the same time.

I hope you have all tried the barrel chairs. I think every one ought to make one at least. I often read of some one that has made this thing, and that thing, but such almost always have a John to do the carpentering. Now, I have to do all this myself. I have learned to saw by a mark, and get it straight, too. I have been making a table from a wooden box in the garret. I have not had it on exhibition yet, but think I will for the benefit of the readers of the CABINET. I had a cunning little bracket given me to hold a vase of grasses. I prized my gift, but had no ornamental vase to put there. I did not have a chance to get one, so I had to make one. I took some pasteboard, wet it with warm water, and pressed it on to the sides of a wine glass, that is, so the sides would just meet nicely, and left them to dry. After this was perfectly dry, I covered it with tinfoil and made the standard stiff by pressing some putty on the inside. I have never been ashamed of it, although placed in a room with things of more value. When this is filled with pressed maple leaves, with a few stalks of oats and grass, I think you would say it was pretty enough for anyone.

I found some green moss in a kind of spring or shallow well. I spread it on paper and dried it, and it has kept its color for a whole year. I used mine for a mat for a fern basket. I took common shavings from pine or cedar and braided: then formed into a basket and sewed it.

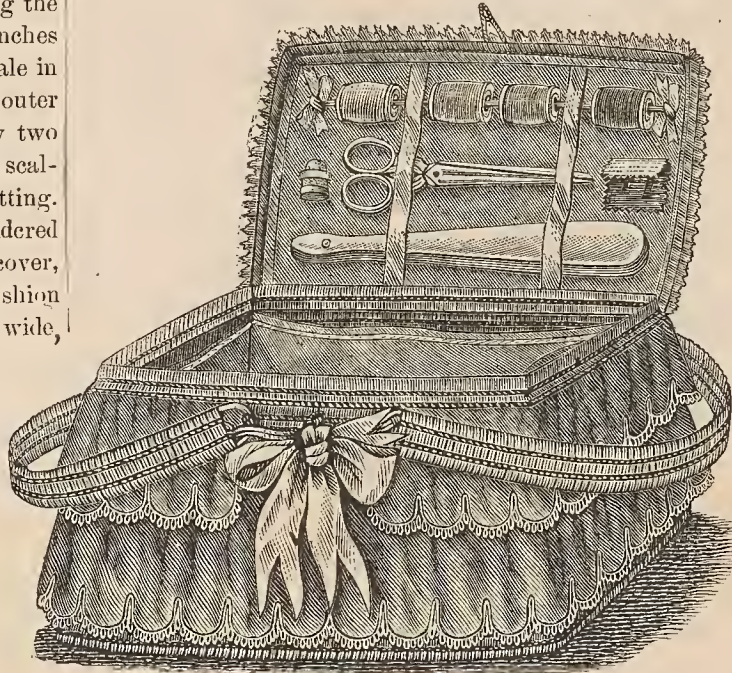
I hope the readers of this paper will try these things. Homely though they may seem, I am sure they will be fully repaid.

AUNT SUS.

Household Elegancies.

GARDEN WORK-BASKET.

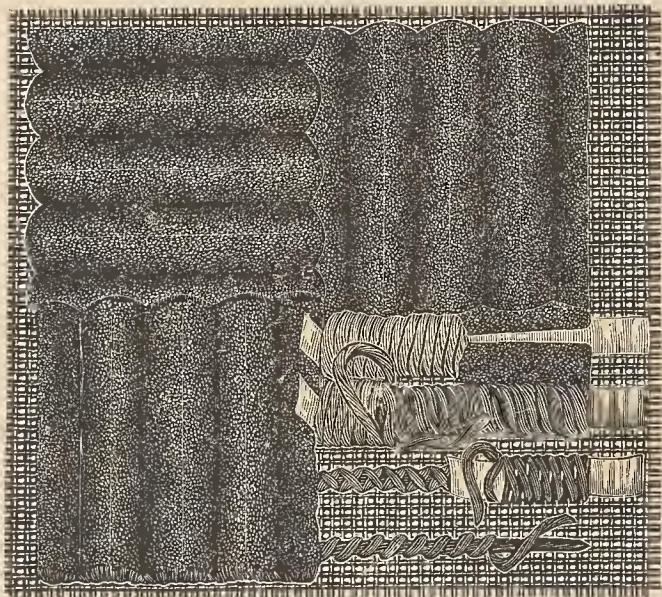
This square basket of white wicker-work, provided with two handles, a cover, and a loop for closing the latter, is seven inches high, eleven and a half inches long, and seven inches wide. Unbleached percale in two shades is used for the trimming. The outer decoration consists of two flounces, respectively two and one-fifth and four and one-fifth inches deep, scalloped at the bottom and edged with white tatting. The flounces would look equally pretty embroidered with button-hole stitch in black or white. The cover, which is provided in the centre with a pin-cushion four and four-fifths inches long and two inches wide, is decorated with ruchings two inches wide, of two shades of percale, scalloped on each side. The two handles are affixed beneath a bow of percale. Line the inside of the basket smoothly with percale, and fasten at each corner a long strip of muslin finished with a gimp at the top, thus providing the basket with four pockets. Affix to the cover, which is one inch thick, a piece of card-board of the same size, covered with percale, and provided with straps of muslin, and cord (as plainly shown in the engraving) for the reception of scissors, fan, thimble, cotton, etc.



GARDEN WORK-BASKET.

FOOT-STOOL OF PLUSH EMBROIDERY, WITH WOODEN FRAME.

Materials, a piece of canvas seventeen inches square, double zephyr in four shades of cherry color, card-board, twisted fringe, etc. This sort of embroidery is very practical, as neither brushing nor pressure will hurt its appearance. According to the following directions and the clear illustration, it is very easily comprehended. The frame consists of four boards, each four inches high and about fourteen inches long.



EMBROIDERED FOOT-STOOL.

Of course it may be made larger or smaller, but then the embroidery must be arranged to correspond. The engraving represents a part of the embroidery full size; the letters *a, b, c, d*, indicate the gradual manner in which each stripe is worked; four of these stripes, each worked of one shade, constitute a square. Our model consists of twenty-five such squares. Various colors may be taken instead of different shades of one color; it is best to choose them to harmonize with the furniture of the room.

broidery. Each stripe is worked over six squares of the canvas. Begin in the centre of the stripe and work a row of twelve cross-stitches, each stitch passing over two squares of canvas; a thread of worsted is inserted beneath the cross-stitches. The manner in which this is done is clearly shown in the engraving at the letter *a*. A strip of card-board, cut as wide as four squares of canvas, is placed over the row of cross-stitches, and over this another row of cross-stitches is worked as shown at the letter *b*. This is succeeded by still another row, worked over the full width of the stripe, as indicated at the letter *c*. Letter *d* represents a completed stripe, and the manner in which it is cut open, the scissors passing beneath the stitches, close to the cardboard, which is then removed. The three remaining stripes of the square are worked in the same manner, each of one shade. The engraving clearly represents the arrangement of the various squares. However, the stripes must not be cut open until the whole embroidery is completed, as otherwise the open threads would be very much in the way, as also liable to be mussed by the constant turning of the work, which is unavoidable while in process of construction.

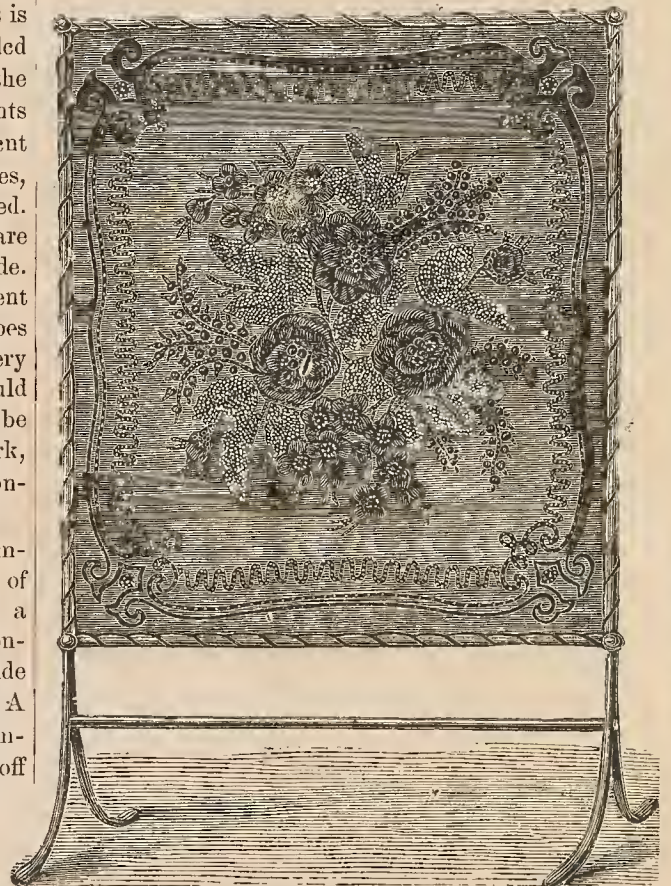
When cut open, hold the work over hot, steaming water, which will cause the open threads of worsted to join evenly, and give the whole a beautiful finished appearance. The frame, consisting of four boards, is crossed over on one side by wide belting, then covered by white muslin. A cushion is affixed at the top, over which the embroidery is stretched. The stool is finished off all around by a heavy twisted fringe about four inches deep. Tassels may be added at the corners. A loop of cord affixed on the sides is extremely convenient for pulling the stool about.

LIGHT SCREEN—EMBROIDERY OF BEADS AND CRAPE.

Materials, a piece of green silk sixteen inches long and fourteen two-fifths inches wide, pieces of black crape, black silk soutache, very fine black woolen

cord, round black beads in two sizes, steel, glass, milk-white and chalk-white beads, etc. This screen is a very practical defence against the sunlight as well as the lamp-light. The stand, very simply constructed of brass, may be ordered of any tinker. It is twenty and four-fifths inches high, and thirteen and three-fifths inches wide. The height of the frame is fifteen and one-fifth inches. The embroidery within the frame, worked of crape and beads on a ground of pale-green silk, has a beautiful effect against the light. It is best to work it in a frame. Stretch the silk in a frame, after having drawn the outlines of the design and lined the silk with thin white gauze. The leaves are filled in with chain stitches of white cotton, and then worked of the various colored white beads. Veins, tendrils, and stems are made of steel beads, and the black beads, which are arranged like bunches of grapes, have each two steel beads attached as calyxes. The petals of the flowers are of crape, and very easy to make. Each consists of a square piece of crape, folded over into a triangle and gathered in at the open sides.

For the large rose three sizes of petals are requisite; the largest two inches square; the next, one and three-fifths inches square, and the smallest, one and one-fifth inches square. The smaller roses have but two rows of petals, and for these the largest size is left out. For the blossoms, only the smallest size of petals is used. Standing loops of steel beads, and several large black beads, constitute the centres of the larger flowers; for the small roses, a large black bead, surrounded by a ring of steel beads, suffices. The arabesque border is worked



LIGHT SCREEN.

with black silk soutache, the inner row decorated with steel beads. A large black bead, enclosed by a ring of steel beads, marks each corner; the winding border all around is made of glass beads. Green silk lining covers the stitches on the wrong side. The lining and embroidered part are connected by means of a fine woolen cord.

Hireside Reading.

DON'T STAY TOO LATE.

BY AUNT JEMIMA.

One of the advantages of being "about thirty" is that one now and then can put in a word of good, motherly advice to the other sex. So I'll begin at once, and say to any single gentleman reader who chooses to listen—Don't stay too late.

At the store or office? No. You know very well I don't mean that. I am not fighting imaginary dangers, but real ones, I mean simply, don't stay too late when you go to spend a quiet evening with a young lady. It is not fair; it is short-sighted, and it is pretty sure to wear out your welcome. Even if the poor thing is eventually to allow you to stop until death doth part, that is no reason why you should bestow too much of your tediousness upon her at the outset. When she really wishes your visits to be longer, you'll know it; even then be chary of the moments after eleven. At any rate, don't suffer yourself to be misled by the usual commonplace forms of detention that, in nine cases out of ten, arise from a sudden consciousness on the lady's part that she may have been betraying her weariness rather too plainly.

It won't hurt you at all to be longed for after you are gone; but beware of ever causing a girl to give a sigh of relief when the hall door closes after you. There is a sandman for the parlor as well as for the nursery; and after a certain hour, except in special cases, whenever he finds the eyes too well drilled to succumb to his attacks, he sprinkles his sand around the hearth. After that, your best efforts to please are wasted. Every word will grate, every winning attempt be met only with the silicate of emotion.

I know all about it. I've received young gentlemen visitors in my day; yes, and enjoyed receiving them, if ever a girl did. I'd think all day that perhaps John, for instance, might come in the evening; and on these occasions I've come down to tea with a rosebud in my hair, and a happy flutter in my heart. Yes, and I've started at the knock at the front door,

and when at last he came in, smiling and bowing, I've looked just as if I didn't care a single bit. There were others, too—not Johns, by any means, but friends who were always welcome, and whom it was right good and pleasant to see. But that fact did not make null and void all somnific law; it didn't make father and mother willing that the house should be open till midnight; it didn't make it desirable that I should feel a rebuke in everybody's "Good morning!" when, with throbbing head, I came down late to breakfast. No, you may be sure it didn't.

Therefore, I learned soon to honor those who knew that it was time to go when half-past ten came; while those who didn't know were the bane of my existence. Now, never think that these friends stayed from kindness to their weary hostess—not at all. They stayed probably because they had not the taste to go. They

So, dear single gentlemen, whoever and wherever you are, the next time you go out to spend a quiet evening with a lady, remember my words. Young girls are human; they require rest and sleep; they are amenable to the benefits of domestic system and order; they have a precious heritage of strength, health, and good looks to guard.

Don't go too late, and don't go by inches. "Good-bye" is the flower of a welcome. If you wish it to retain its aroma, the fewer leaves it sheds the better.

Pretty Speeches.—To be able readily, and without premeditation, to say the right thing is an enviable gift, and may be made a wonderful instrument of conciliation and pacification. Ladies are the fair and proper recipients of pretty speeches. The Duc de Nievernois made an ingenious one to Madame du

Barri, who was endeavoring to persuade him to withdraw his opposition to some measure she had set her heart on.

"It is of no use, Monsieur le Duc," she said, "you are only injuring your influence, for the king has made up his mind, and I myself heard him say that he will never change."

"Ah, madame, he was looking at you," replied the duke. Could any but a Frenchman have ever conveyed determined resistance in so polite a form?

There was an ingenious amount of devotion implied in the remark of a lovesick millionaire, when the object of his affections became ecstatic over the beauty of the evening star.

"Oh, do not praise it like that!" he cried, "I cannot get it for you."

It is no wonder that Tom Moore was such a general favorite, if he often said such charming little things as he wrote. We think the very prettiest, quaintest quip ever penned is in one of his love-songs.

"The lesson of sweet enrapturing lore
I have never forgot. I'll allow;
I have had it *by rote* very often before,
But never *by heart* until now."

Irishmen generally do manage to say prettier things than others can. They have a certain confidence or assurance which enables them to blurt out whatever comes uppermost in their minds; that is why they make bulls. A man who is always shooting must miss sometimes.



GRANDPA'S CHAIR.

liked the warm room, perhaps, and dreaded the cold street; but beyond that they lacked the simple grace of taking themselves off promptly and handsomely. Ah! what a gift that is in a man or woman, to know when to go, and knowing it, to stand not upon the order of going, but go at once. I know a few such persons. They radiate peace and restfulness, or they sparkle and scintillate, or they arouse and inspire you, as the case may be.

An hour glides away, then another, and in the midst of another you are conscious only of a gentle "Good-bye" flash and they are gone. Then a hundred things rush upon you—you wish you had asked them this, or told them that; you think how pleasant it was to meet them, and you long to see them again.

Housekeeping.

PRIZE RECEIPTS FOR COOKING.

BY MRS. J. J. RANDALL.

Hop Yeast—Self-Working.—Boil two ounces of hops in four quarts of water for thirty minutes; strain it, and let the liquor cool down to new milk warmth, then put in a small handful of salt, and one-half pound of sugar; beat up one pound of the best flour with some of the liquor, then mix all well together. The third day, add three pounds of potatoes, boiled and then mashed; let it stand till the next day; then strain and put it into bottles, and it is ready for use. It must be stirred frequently while making and kept near the fire. Before using shake the bottle well. It will keep in a cool place for two months, and grows better with age.

India Pickles.—One oz. West India pepper, one oz. black Spanish pepper, two oz. white pepper, four oz. allspice, four oz. ginger root, four oz. cayenne, and one pound best English Mustard.

Recipe for Making Six Gallons of Pickles.—First cure vegetables in brine about three weeks, cauliflower, small onions and cucumbers; when cured take them out of brine and place in crocks. Boil all of the spices except mustard, in two gallons of vinegar for thirty minutes; mix the mustard in a little cold vinegar and put it in with the boiling vinegar; then pour over the vegetables while hot. The spices should be tied in a small bag before putting in the vinegar, and if you have several crocks they should be divided equally and tied in as many bags, and when boiled a sack left in each crock; use best cider vinegar if you can get it.

Neapolitan Cake.—Black Cake.—One cup butter, two cups brown sugar, one cup molasses, one cup strong coffee, four and a half cups sifted flour, four eggs, two teaspoonfuls of soda, two of cinnamon, two of cloves, one of mace, one pound raisins, one pound currants, and quarter pound citron. **White Cake.**—One cup butter, four cups white sugar, two cups sweet milk, two cups cornstarch mixed with four and a half cups sifted flour, whites of eight eggs, two tablespoonfuls of baking powder, one half teaspoonful extract of bitter almonds. Bake the cakes in round pans with straight edges; the loaves should be one and a half inches in thickness; after baking, when the cake is all cold, each black loaf should be spread with a thick coating of lemon and sugar made as follows: the white of one egg thoroughly beaten, the grated rind of two and the juice of three lemons, and powdered sugar enough to make a thick frosting, then lay a white loaf on each black one, and frost as you would any other one.

Spiced Currants.—One peck of currants carefully picked over; not necessary to strip from the stems. Heat them and strain through a sieve, so as to get juice and pulp; scald the pulp just long enough for the scum to rise; add equal quantities of sugar. Two tablespoonfuls of ground cinnamon; two of ground cloves tied in a muslin bag; four lemons sliced thin and the seeds taken out; boil until reduced one-third; boil slowly; then add two pounds of raisins stoned and stewed tender in a very little water; let it cook a few minutes longer; bottle and seal tight.

Blueberry Cake.—Two cups sugar, one cup sour cream, three eggs, four and a half cups sifted flour, one teaspoonful of soda, half cup melted butter stirred in the last thing; dredge one pint of blueberries with flour; stir in carefully to prevent them from breaking. It can be made of all cream and no butter; or all milk and a half cup of butter. Bake in shallow tins to be eaten warm for breakfast or tea. It is also a good dessert eaten with cream and sugar.

Boiled Icing.—Two-thirds of a cup of granulated sugar; two tablespoonfuls of water. Boil until the syrup begins to thicken or hair a little; while hot beat in the white of an egg beaten to a stiff froth.

Doughnuts.—One cup sugar, one tablespoonful butter, two eggs, one cup sweet milk, one-fourth of a nutmeg, one quart of flour, one tablespoonful of baking powder. Stir the butter and sugar together; beat

the whites and the yolk separately, and add to the butter and sugar; then stir in the milk. Sift the flour and baking powder together, and stir the other ingredients into the flour. Take out on kneading-board; roll out and cut into rounds; make a small hole in the centre of each; let them lie about fifteen minutes and fry in hot lard.

Baked Beans—Without Pork.—Pick over one pint of small white beans and parboil, then turn off the water, and pour boiling water over them; let them steam very slowly on top of the stove all the afternoon; then put in the baking dish—iron is best—and season with pepper and salt, a tablespoonful of syrup and a lump of butter as large as an egg; pour on just enough water to float them, and bake an hour or two; then finish baking them in the morning.

Graham Pudding.—One and a half cups sifted graham flour, half cup molasses, quarter cup butter, half cup sour milk, one egg, half cup raisins, half cup currants, one teaspoonful soda, spiced to taste: steam in a buttered pudding mould two and a half hours.

Corn Starch Cookies.—One half pound sugar, half a pound corn starch, a little less than half a pound butter, one cup sweet milk, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one of essence of lemon.

Stewed Pigeons and Cabbage.—Prepare pigeons for stewing, and put on just enough water to cook them tender. When the water has all boiled away add a large piece of butter, and let them brown a few minutes; have some cabbage shaved fine to lay under the pigeons after they are browned, and pour on just enough water to cook it. When done, add a cup of cream, and season; boil up once and serve. Veal stew is good cooked in the same way.

Roast Goose.—After cleaning rub thoroughly with soda and pour boiling water over it. It takes away any strong taste or smell of goose, and renders it more tender. For the dressing, butter slices of bread and season with salt and pepper; beat up one egg, pour in a little milk, and moisten the bread. Season the goose inside and out, stuff and lay in a baking pan with a little water. When it begins to bake baste very often, first with butter, afterwards with the drippings in the pan.

Lemon Pie.—The juice and grated rind of one lemon, one cup sugar, one cup boiling water, one teaspoonful butter, one teaspoonful corn starch, and one egg; stir the butter and sugar together; beat in the yolk of the egg, wet the corn starch with a very little cold water, and then pour on a cup of boiling water and add to the other ingredients. Cook over a kettle of boiling water; make a nice pie-crust and bake. When both are cold put together and frost with the white of an egg and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Place in the oven a few moments after the frosting is on.

Pudding Sauce.—One-half pint syrup, juice of two lemons; simmer fifteen minutes; add half of a grated nutmeg and half of a cup butter; stir smooth.

German Bread.—One pint of milk, one cup sugar, two tablespoonfuls butter; two-thirds cup yeast; make a rising with the milk, yeast, and a little flour; when light, add the sugar, butter, and flour, enough to make a soft dough. Flour the paste-board well; roll out half an inch thick, put into pans and spread a little butter over the top. Sift over the whole one tablespoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of cinnamon. Let it stand for a second rising, and when perfectly light, bake in a quick oven. To be eaten with coffee.

To Cook Eggs.—Put in a pail, pour boiling water over them and cover; let them stand where they will keep hot, but not boil, for fifteen minutes. They have a rich, creamy taste which cannot be obtained by cooking any other way.

Lemon Snaps.—One large cup sugar, three-fourths cup butter, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of hot water, half a teaspoonful soda. The juice and grated rind of one lemon; flour to make stiff enough to roll. Roll very thin, cut in shape, and bake in a moderately hot oven.

Potatoe Balls.—Mash potatoes in the usual way, make into balls, and dip in beaten egg; lay on a buttered plate and brown in a hot oven. They cook nicely laid around roast beef.

Cream Cakes.—One cup sugar, four eggs, one large cup flour; beat the sugar and yolks together until very light; add the beaten whites and the flour; stir all together for fifteen minutes. Try them dropped on buttered paper, if they do not run; bake a light brown. If not stiff enough, add a little more flour; scrape out a little of the inside of each cake, and fill with whipped cream; then put the two flat sides together.

Cream for the Cakes.—One pint of cream whipped light, half an oz. of gelatine dissolved in one gill of hot milk, whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth, one small teacup of powdered sugar; flavor with lemon; mix the cream, eggs, and sugar together; flavor, and beat in the gelatine and milk last. They should be quite cold before adding.

Beet and Cabbage Salad.—Equal quantities of boiled beets and raw cabbage chopped fine; season with salt and pepper.

Dressing.—One cup vinegar, half a cup sugar, one tablespoonful butter, two eggs; stir the butter and sugar together, add the beaten eggs, stir in the vinegar, boil one minute and turn over the salad.

Graham Muffins.—Two cups sifted graham flour, one cup sifted white flour; rub into the flour a piece of butter the size of an egg; sift in one teaspoonful baking powder, half a cup sugar, one and a half cups sour milk, two eggs, one small teaspoonful soda, dissolved in hot water, add the last thing; bake in iron pans heated smoking hot before you put in the batter.

Corn Meal Muffins.—Two cups sifted corn meal, one cup sifted white flour, piece of butter the size of an egg, one teaspoonful baking powder, half a cup sugar, two eggs, one and a half cups sour milk, one small teaspoonful soda, dissolved in hot water, put in the last thing; bake in iron pans.

Stewed Onions.—Young onions should always be cooked in this way: cut off the tops and skin them; cook in just water enough to cover them until half done; turn off this water, and add enough hot water to cook them tender; salt the last water; when done drain and put on milk enough to float them when the milk is hot; add a tablespoonful of flour, stirred smooth, seasoned with salt and pepper.

Stewed Cabbage.—Chop young cabbage and cook in two waters; when tender, drain and add milk or cream about half a cupful; season, and let stand on back part of stove and stew gently for ten minutes.

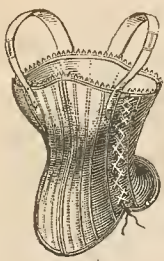
Oyster Soup.—For one can of oysters use one quart of water, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonfuls of rolled crackers, one and a half tablespoonfuls of milk for each person; heat the water and juice of the oysters; when it boils add the oysters, and season with salt, pepper, and butter. When it commences to boil again, count thirty seconds and it is done. Put the milk and crackers in a tureen, and pour the soup over them.

Baked Tomatoes.—To two quarts ripe tomatoes (scalded and peeled) take one pint bread crumbs, one tablespoonful butter, and half a pound sugar; put a layer of tomatoes in an earthen dish, or baking-pan, then sprinkle crumbs and sugar, then tomatoes and crumbs alternately till the dish is filled, and bake well.

Tomatoes for Breakfast.—Have ready boiling water; throw in the ripe tomatoes; let them remain a few minutes, say five, then remove the skins, and season with butter, pepper and salt. Another way of cooking tomatoes is to slice and fry them (dipped in bread crumbs) like apples.

Onion Sauce.—Boil eight large white onions, change the water several times while they are boiling; when done, chop them on a board; to keep them a good color, put them in a sauce-pan with one-fourth pound butter and two tablespoonfuls of rich cream; boil them a little, and serve in a sauce-boat.

Easy Muffins.—One quart flour, two teaspoonfuls (level) of soda; one teaspoonful salt, two well-beaten eggs, one tablespoonful butter; mix with butter, milk, or clabber, and bake quick.



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THE GLAD BY-AND-BYE.

Words by N. T. U.

Music by HENRY P. KEENS.

Andantino.

1. There's a light in the dis-tance we see..... There's a hope that shall beck-on us on..... Till each
2. When the tempt-er no long-er shall wait..... For his vic-tim by night and by day..... When the
3. We will look to the Fa-ther a-bove..... With hearts that are trust-ful and true;..... And while

soul from bond-age is free,..... Till the vic-try no-bly is won..... } In the glad bye and bye, In the glad bye and
golom-y phan-toms of fate, Shall no long-er droop o'er the way.....
ask-ing bless-ings and love,.... We will gird on our ar-mor a-new.....

Chorus.

SOPRO. *ff* bye, We shall fear for our loved ones no more.... In the glad bye and bye.... In the glad bye and
ALTO. *pp* rit. molto.
TENOR. *ff* *pp* rit. molto.

bye, We shall fear for our lov'd ones no more.... In the glad bye and bye, bye and bye
We shall fear for our loved ones no more,..... glad bye and bye.

rit. e dim.

THE LADIES' *Home* Cabinet

BY HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

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No. 66.

PRICE 12 CENTS.

FOUNTAINS IN A SPANISH PARK.

About thirty miles to the south of Madrid, the capital of Spain, lies a princely domain surrounding a magnificent country mansion. This is Aranjuez, the summer residence of the King. It was designed and constructed under the directions of Philip the Second,

Triton fountain, which stands in a shady and secluded spot. The arrangement of the water jets and of the bronze and marble sculpture is exceedingly artistic and effective. Broad double avenues of elms traverse the park, leading to the centre; and the walks are lined with box and laurel hedges. The purple buds of the cactus and aloe stand out against the green of

in a common sitting-room. I have one which measures four feet and five inches from top of soil; the largest leaves are four and one-fourth by three and three-eighths inches. Another measures thirty-eight inches, and has been loaded with buds and blossoms since the first of March. I don't know as they are anything unusual, but I never chanced to see as fine specimens



FOUNTAIN IN THE PARK OF THE KING OF SPAIN.

and is reached by a well-constructed road connecting it with the capital, as well as by the Madrid and Alicante railway. The palace of Aranjuez contains many noble works of art; but the chief attraction to natives as well as visitors is the park, with its ornamental gardens and fountains. Our engraving represents the

the rare shrubs; and the air is filled with the fragrance of the orange blossom.

FUCHSIA.

I want to tell the readers of the CABINET about my Fuchsias, which surpass anything I ever saw grown

grown in one winter in a common room. I have a Begonia that grows finely and looks thrifty, but some of the leaves when about half grown begin to dry at the ends and finally drop. Can you tell me the cause? It has good drainage. It is want of root room?

A SUBSCRIBER.

Floral Contributions.

FLOWER-GARDENING FOR COTTAGE HOMES.

The object of this article is to endeavor to assist that woman who is her own flower-gardener, in order that she may be enabled to make the best and longest display of bloom, with the least amount of trouble, or expenditure of time, energy and money. Without any desire to appear hypercritical, I would say that the many illy-planned, badly-planted gardens scattered over our country, may be attributed to the undertaking too much, and the not doing well what is undertaken.

Whether our "piece of pleasure-ground" be park or court-yard, lawn or garden, the most important points are to arrange it judiciously, and secure, by wise planting, a constant display of verdure and bloom. We will suppose there is a three-foot border running around the hedge of flowering-shrubs which gives such a charming finish to the boundary-line; also that one or several ornamental beds are arranged as jardinettes on the grass-plots. Now we may at once secure a vast amount of bloom and the loveliest verdure by utilizing the edges of both beds and borders, and instead of following the example of Mrs. Golden, and ordering costly tile borders, we will form rustic ones, made of mossy stones, white clinkers, bits of rock, stumps and roots, all artistically arranged and filled in with pockets of light, rich soil, and according to the prescribed form of the terra-cotta jardinettes, we will arrange, in place of the prominent receptacles for conspicuous plants, that number of tubs or kegs, covered tastefully with gnarled roots and branches in the usual "rustic" style. Perhaps some may not be acquainted with the jardinet, and I will therefore describe the manner of forming what I term my "cottage jardinet." First measure off upon the turf a circular or other form of bed, as large as desired, and having dug it to the depth of three or four feet, spread over it a foot of old, well-rotted manure, and again dig it thoroughly, mixing in sand or wood ashes, thoroughly leached, if the soil is not light and pliable; this should give a bed raised about two feet above the surface, around which a wall is built, rising a few inches above the surface of the bed, and with the four rustic tubs securely planted among the stones, one on each side, and ends equidistant, allowing them to project above the wall, and extend out a few inches beyond it.

Though there are numerous elegant and attractive edgings for beds and borders, I have never seen one that exceeded this simple one of "rock and root work," after being covered with

PERMANENT EDGINGS.

To establish attractive borders for our beds, is an important consideration with the "rough-and-ready" gardener, whose time is generally so precious as to be counted by the moments, and to obtain a permanent one that is indeed worthy of attention, the following is the one we will adopt:

Into those pockets and crevices, between the stones and rocks, and in the hollows of stumps, where the nice, light soil has been carefully packed, we will plant all those lovely trailing beauties, which are so dear to the artistic eye of the truly fine in taste; only using care to cover the edge next to a carpet of turf with yellow, white, or deep-colored foliage, while along a bright yellow gravel-walk, silver and gray, or some delicate tints, with rich greens and browns, must be established; here we may use for instance the blue Lobelia, Perilla, Amaranthus (Melancholicus), etc.;

the deep dark tints of which are wondrously effective. I cannot imagine a more chaste, more sparkling, more altogether attractive and classical plant for this purpose, however, than the Ivy, and that prettiest of all Ivies, *Hedera helix marginata* (Silver-leaved Ivy); but the deep green of the *Hedera helix*, and the white and yellow varieties of the variegated Ivies prove equally imposing in proper positions.

For a rich, dense edge of silvery foliage, nothing can excel that treasure *Juniperus Alpina* (Canadian Trailing Juniper), or for a deep rich green, *J. Prostrata*, which by pegging down the shoots, will spread in wide, waving circles, beautiful to behold. These possess, too, the advantage of being evergreens, affording beauty even during winter, while through the summer they may be further beautified by mixing with thin *Sempervivum Californicum*, *Antennaria tomentosa*, *Saxifraga umbrosa* (London Pride), *Sempervivum tectorum*, *Sedum aere*, *S. acre variegata*, and *Stachys lanata*, *Lysimachia nummularia* (Moneywort), *Trostelia orina glauca*, *Tussilago farfara variegata* (Colt's foot), *Vinca major*, *V. minor*, *V. minor variegata*, and *Lonicera brachypoda aurea* (Golden Japan Honey-suckle). Many scores more of lovely creepers might be added, but I give only those which may be relied on, as permanent plants of easiest culture.

Our edgings and borders finished, we fill the four tubs in our jardinet with some imposing plants suited to the season, or establish one of the exquisite dwarf evergreens in each, such as that precious little novelty, the round *Arbor Vitæ*—a chance seedling of peculiar beauty—*Globe Arbor Vitæ*, another treasure of surpassing beauty; the Hedge-hog Juniper, smallest of all conifers, forming a dense ball of glaucous green foliage one foot in diameter. In lieu of these, plunge pot-plants into the soil, commencing with the early Spring bulbs or shrubs, such as the *Dentzia gracilis*, *Spiræa*, etc., etc., vases, baskets, etc.

The center of each jardinet affords a fine position for some prominent adornment, such as a pedestal, made of a section of tree-trunk, or wooden post, covered with rustic work, and surmounted by a vase or basket of corresponding character filled with plants.

No more imposing object can be imagined than a mossy tree trunk, five feet in height, partially covered with some delicate vines, as the *Akebia quinata*, *Adlumia cirrhosa* (Silkvine) or Ivy (all hardy), supporting a rustic basket, made by nailing one or three common peach-baskets on the flat horizontal surface of the trunk, then with pliable wire (taken from discarded broom stumps, perhaps), fastening pieces of crooked, gnarled, and twisted branches over the sides, nailing pieces of mossy bark here and there, and finally twining grape vines around the bottom and across the top in lieu of a handle.

These baskets, grouped as one, present a most tasteful appearance in the early spring, and by sowing seeds of annuals among the bulbs, intermixed with Ivy (which will hang over the sides and twine round the handle), it presents a most attractive appearance, and may be kept in constant bloom throughout the season.

A beautiful effect is given by making a variety of such embellishments, using baskets of different forms, and vases made by covering boxes, pails, and kegs, which will form designs quite artistic in character if carefully manipulated. With a large cheese-box, a good imitation of the Roman vase may be made, that is in form, preserving the rustic character throughout. A Grecian vase, stand on a solid square block of wood (which cover neatly with bark alone), arranging on each face the chaplet of bay leaves, cut four pieces of

mossy bark, and arrange so that the small leaves almost meet at the top, overlapping each other from top to bottom where a knot, made of shavings, tacked firmly on the pedestal, will continue perfect for an entire season. The large projecting handles, extending high above the rim on each side, are best made of curved branches selected with care for the purpose.

Our next step is to stock the borders and beds, so that a continuous bloom is secured, and this I would advise to be effected by means of the "plunging system," so far as bedding plants are concerned, for by raising a good supply of Geraniums, Salvias, Fuchsias, Ageratums, etc., from cuttings, the beds may be kept gay during the entire season; therefore we should first fill our beds with Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissus, Jonquils, Iris, Crocus, Snow-drops and Dracænas, with the dwarfest of the Evergreens and low-growing, blooming shrubs; then the spring flowers passing away, the summer blooms "take up the pleasing tale," and Asters, Campanulas, Balsams, Clarkias, and a host of other beauties give forth their perfume and display their gorgeous colors beneath the summer sky.

A CHEAP DISPLAY OF ANNUALS.

Though large sums are expended each year in the purchase of flower seeds, it must be admitted that we but seldom see the flowers raised therefrom turned to the best advantage. To do justice to this class of plants, the soil must be light and rich, that is, the best of them require such food, and will not do their best without it. After finishing our beds and borders as just advised, there will be found much space, among the bulbs and around the little evergreens and shrubs, for many a clump of annuals, and if well selected, a charming display of color will well repay the cost of seed and slight labor of sowing. My first suggestion is, use a few fine varieties, rather than a mixed host of poor kinds; next plant with a view to fine effects and follow the "clumping" system thus: Red clumps, sow Rose of Heaven (*Agrostemma-rosa*), using seed plentifully, *Crimson Candytuft*, *Clarkia Elegans* (*Dianthus Chinensis*), *Indian Pink*, *Taponaria Calabirena*, *Silene pendula*, and *Viscaria oculata*. These will form bright Magenta-colored clumps: White Candytuft, white; *Malcolmia maritima*, white; Sweet Alyssum, white Verbena; Pyrethrum, dwarf; Phlox Drummondii, white; *Collinsia bicolor*, white; Geraniums, white.

Yellow—*Athanasia auron*, (for a high central clump); *Bartonia aurea*, *Calendula officinalis superba*; *Erysimum Perofskianum*, (the finest yellow flowering annual known) giving its rich golden orange blooms, all the season (sow seed in March) *Echecholtzia Californica*, and *Septosiphon aurea*.

Blue—*Campanula carpatia*, *Eutoca viscida*, *Gilia achilleæfolia* and *G. minima cœrulea*; *Kaulfussia omelloides*, *Lupinus subcarnosus*; *Veronica glauca* and *Myosotis*.

For large masses, use Dwarf Tropæolums Anterhinums, and Scarlet Flax (which is a gorgeous plant for our "rough and ready" garden; make a rich spot and sow seed in March in lines; cover lightly and protect until well established, then let alone, and you will have a rich treat that will dazzle you in June;) Peony-flowered Poppy, Sweet Peas, Portulaccas, *Sanvitalia procumbens*, Stocks in variety "dwarf Bouquet" being best, *Viola Cœnea* and *V. coriuta*; *Nemophila*, *Abrona*, and Pansies, use as medium clumps.

CALLA.

Answers to Correspondents.

Passiflora Cœrulea.—How can I grow *Passiflora Cœrulea*? I have one ten years old which has not yet flowered. ABBIE FRENCH.

Answer.—Very few of the Passion flowers bloom until they are old; then they seldom fail to give an abundance of flowers. We suppose your plant is out of doors, (for this species is hardly worth growing in a greenhouse, as there are so many finer species which occupy no more room), therefore grow it well in rich soil, with plenty of water, and as soon as the plant has a woody stem it will give you plenty of bloom. Prune in early spring. The flower is on the young growth.

Growing Mareschal Niel Rose.—How shall I treat the Mareschal Niel Rose? Mine died last year with my best care. MRS. L. W. F. MANTENE.

Answer.—There is no special treatment required. Give a rich soil, well drained, and the plant will soon grow large. This rose to do well should be planted out, as it is too rampant a grower for pot culture. When it attains size it blooms very freely. If budded on a strong stock it blooms more freely than when on its own root.

Name of Plant. Libonia Floribunda.—Can you give me the name of the plant which I inclose? It began to bloom about Christmas, and will it continue through the winter? MRS. L. S. PAGE.

Woodstock, McHenry County, Ill.

Answer.—It is *Libonia Floribunda*, a very pretty and free-blooming greenhouse plant. If well grown it covers itself with a profusion of bright yellow and red flowers which last well on the plant, but are not of value as cut flowers as they wither rapidly. Common greenhouse culture is all the plant requires.

Where to Obtain Mistletoe.—Can any of your readers inform me where I can get some Mistletoe? At our next "Yule Log" we wish to revive an old-time custom, just to please the young people.

ANNA H. STOREY.

Answer.—The true Mistletoe (*Viseum*) is not a native of America, but about Christmas is often imported from England by florists. The American Mistletoe (*Phorodendron*) is native south of New Jersey, growing usually on elms and hickories. If you have friends at the south you might obtain this. The berries are white, and we suppose the effect of the "young people" passing under it would be the same and as satisfactory as if you had the true mistletoe.

Day Lilies in the Parlor.—Can the Day Lily be grown in pots for the house? I have nice south windows. Please tell me how to treat them, soil, sun, temperature. NELLIE.

Ayer, Mass.

Answer.—There are two species of plants commonly called Day Lily, *Hemerocallis*, with yellow or orange-colored flowers, and *Funkia*, with white or blue flowers. Both are hardy herbaceous plants. We have seen the light yellow *Hemerocallis* forced in a greenhouse, and the flowers were quite as fragrant and more delicate than in the garden. We do not remember having seen *Funkias* forced. We fear under house culture you would not succeed in obtaining early bloom, say April for the *Hemerocallis*, and May for the *Funkia*. The culture would be: Pot the roots from the garden in common soil just before the ground freezes up, choosing the round thick crowns; let the

pots stand in a shed or cellar (if they get frozen it will not injure and may benefit them); after January first bring the pots into the room and give all the light and heat possible. Do not give much water until the plants begin to grow, but keep them moist. When growing do not allow them to become dry. If you try the experiment, the CABINET would be pleased with a report.

Peony Growing.—Two years since I got some fine Peonies, and though I have done all I could to make them flourish, I cannot get them to bloom. They come up every spring, but soon die down without blooming. Can you tell me what to do?

LELA EASTLAND.

Answer.—Your Peonies are in too light a soil. The plants are hard to kill, and will come up year after year, but unless they have a rich soil they do not bloom well. Dig in well rotted manure around your plants in the autumn, and keep the soil rich so the crowns may become strong, and they will bloom every year.

White Worms on Anemones and Lily of the Valley. Treatment of Cactus after blooming.—My Anemones and Lily of the Valley are literally eaten up by small transparent worms whose presence I cannot account for, having baked soil before planting them. Have noticed small black flies around plants this winter.

What treatment does a "Swallow-tail" Cactus require after flowering at Christmas profusely?

Answer.—1. It is easier to suggest a remedy for the worms than to find the cause. The flies may have laid eggs which hatched into worms. Shake out the tubers carefully, wash them with lukewarm water, and repot in fresh soil (which is not improved by baking). If any of the tubers are decayed, cut out the diseased part if desirable to save the plant; but it would be best to throw away your plants and get new ones. Worms seldom attack a healthy bulb or tuber.

2. By "Swallow-tail" Cactus you mean *Epiphyllum truncatum*. After flowering, keep it rather dry till towards spring, then as it begins to grow repot it in sandy loam with good drainage.

Slugs, Snails, and Ants in Ferneries.—My Fernery looks well but will get slugs and snails in it which eat the plants, also small flies and black ants. Can you tell me how to kill them?

Philadelphia.

HARRY W. SIMON.

Answer.—Cut potatoes or yellow turnips in halves, scoop out the pieces and lay them in the Fernery. The slugs and snails will go to them, and are easily caught. Sprinkle a little fine sugar through a dry coarse sponge; the ants will go into the sponge and are easily destroyed by putting the sponge in hot water. We do not think the flies do any injury to your plants.

Destroying White Earth Worms.—Please tell me how to destroy the white earth worms which are killing my plants. I have tried strong lime and tobacco water without success.

Tyrone, Pa.

MRS. J. G.

Peru, Clinton Co., N. Y.

and
H. J. F

Answer.—The best way would be to repot your plants in fresh soil, draining the pots well. The worms do not eat the roots unless they are diseased. Cut off all dead roots; shade the plants for a few days until they recover from the repotting. We wonder "tobacco water" did not kill your plants.

Flowers for Vases.—What flowers shall I plant in vases that have the sun on them from ten in the morning until it sets? MRS. JANE.

Washington, D. C.

Answer.—For the centre, *Canna Adele* Levallois, which is low growing and has dazzling crimson flowers, or *Dracæna ferrea* or *terminalis*, then *Centaurea candidissima* or *Cineraria maritima*, both white foliaged plants; next *Coleus* or *Achyranthus*, this in any variety (both to be kept low by pinching), then edge with *Gazania splendens*, *Othonna crassifolia*, or *Mesembryanthemum cordifolium variegatum*. If more common plants are required, let the centre be *Coleus* and fill in with gay-colored *Petunias*. In any case, give plenty of water; the cause of failure in vase planting is that the plants are allowed to dry up.

The Christmas Rose—*Olea fragrans*.—Can you tell me, through your paper, about the Christmas Rose, and where I can get it? Where can I find *Olea fragrans*? Is it a good house plant?

Alleghany City, Pa. MRS. J. W. ELVERHART.

Answer.—The Christmas Rose is botanically *Helleberus niger*. The leaves are evergreen, the flowers very large white or pinkish, produced in November and December. The plant is hardy, but the flowers are apt to be injured by early snow, therefore it is better to grow the plants in a cold frame. In England it is very generally grown, and plants may be imported from Messrs. Backhouse, of York, for about \$20 per hundred. We do not remember seeing it for sale in this country; perhaps Louis Menand, Albany, N. Y., could supply it. There was formerly plenty at the Botanic Garden, Cambridge, Mass; the gardener might supply it in exchange.

Olea fragrans is a neat, rather tall growing greenhouse plant, with foliage resembling a *Camellia*. The flowers are very small in clusters, while turning yellow as they fade, exquisitely fragrant. It would do well as a parlor plant, but there are many things much more showy. The flowers of the *Olea* only last a short time, in early spring, and the rest of the year there is only foliage. Plants can probably be obtained at any of the large greenhouses, as the plant is not uncommon.

Answers to Correspondents.—The readers of the FLORAL CABINET will realize something of the popularity of this department, when we inform them there are waiting publication over 300 letters, all asking questions. It is not in the bounds of possibility to answer a question the same month received, but every question shall have attention and a reply and be published as soon as we can. There are 20 printed pages full, each as large as this, waiting their turn to be published.

Exchanging Plants.—We discontinued publishing offers of subscribers to exchange plants, bulbs, etc., with each other because in every case the rush of applicants was so far beyond the capacity of the subscriber to supply, that the offer at last became an annoyance, and the offerer always writes to us to stop it. Any one who offers to exchange must expect to receive 200 to 500 replies. Few realize how large our circulation is, or how eager people are to get things free.

Names of Plants.—Many plants are sent to us for names. We regret want of time to answer by personal letter, and think it better to send to nearest florist. Most sent to us come in bad order, and our space is really too limited to be filled up with other than the most necessary information, most agreeable to the largest number of readers.

Flower Gardening.

A GARDEN OF MY OWN.

I always admired flowers, and longed for a flower-bed of my own. I had read many lengthy articles about raising flower seeds—all good no doubt—but they were beyond my reach. Now, a hot bed, or a cold frame is a great help if you can have one, and not very expensive if you have a father, husband, or brother who will make you one; but I am aware of the fact that there are a great many families where the men are always too busy for such things. Do not be discouraged ye lovers of flowers; I have never had a hot bed or cold frame; but I have had beautiful flowers. I found some old boxes, nailed some strips of leather on the ends for handles to move them with. I then filled them nearly full with light sandy soil, which consisted of decayed sod and sand; then sowed the seeds in rows in the boxes, and took an old sieve and sifted some soil to cover them with. My reasons for sifting the soil is, the seeds can be more evenly covered. Many of the smaller seeds when covered with soil that is lumpy spend all of their vitality in trying to reach the light; and when they do reach it their strength is exhausted, and they turn yellow and die; or if they do manage to live, they are sickly-looking plants, and the flowers they produce, if any, are small and stunted.

Some of you may say, "That is all sham, I have just as nice flowers as anybody and I don't sift the soil either."

Remember, friend, that "there are exceptions to all rules." I had reference to the small seeds produced by some of our tender flowers.

After covering the seeds I cover the boxes with glass, and set them on the veranda, which is on the east side of the house. If the nights are very cool I bring them into the house; if the sun shines very hot I raise the glass from the boxes, just a little, to prevent the seeds from scorching. I do not have the boxes quite full, leaving two or three inches so that the plants can get a good start before I have to remove the glass. I have thus been enabled to have good strong, thrifty plants ready for the border as soon as the weather will permit me to transplant them.

I find that I can take better care of the young plants, if I sow seeds that require about the same length of time to germinate in the same base. The Asters, Phlox Drummondii, Nemophila and Coockscomb require from four to ten days in a favorable situation. The Cæcilia, Datura, Verbena, Tropæolum, and others require from twelve to eighteen days. If you are just commencing the culture of flowers do not try to do too much.

A few thrifty plants of the hardier flowers well cared for will give you more pleasure than a garden overstocked with pale sickly plants of the choicer varieties. In order to make a wise selection it is essential to know the habits of the different flowers, and also what place you wish them to occupy. The Sweet Pea will make a beautiful hedge; but if planted in a bed of Asters or Phlox it will only disappoint you. A nice bed of Pansies we all admire; but if they are planted in a hot, dry place they will prove a failure; and we will be no nearer success if we assign the Par-tulacca to some shady place; exchange their positions and you will be surprised with your success.

When preparing a place for your Pansies in some cool shady nook do not forget to leave a corner for the

little Nemophila; for treatment that will secure success with one will prove equally successful with the other. You must have a bed of Phlox Drummondii. I think there is no flower that surpasses it in brilliancy when cultivated for a mass of colors. This little flower is a native of America, and was first discovered forty-one years ago in Texas, by Drummond, a collector sent out by the Glasgow Botanical Society. The bud before opening resembles a flame, hence the name Phlox, or Flame.

If you wish a showy bed on the lawn with but little labor, you may have it by obtaining a few Striped Petunia seeds. Do not leave the Asters out of your collection. I had some beautiful ones this summer. For the background I had the Washington, one of the largest varieties, next the Imbrique Pampan, and then the Dwarf Bouquet.

For baskets, I think the Tropæolums are excellent, T. Peregrinum being my favorite. In making your collection for the garden, do not forget to select a few with which to brighten your home during the winter. Vines are indispensable in this collection. We all know the value of Ivies. The Madeira vines are also excellent, thriving under adverse treatment. The Cobea Scanden is another of my favorites, it grows so rapidly and bears such a profusion of large bell-shaped flowers.

I have often heard people speak of the difficulty in starting these seeds. I will tell you how I start them. Fill a box with light sandy soil; then take the seeds, which are large and flat, and press them edgewise into the soil; cover the box with glass, and do not water them until they start, unless the soil gets very dry. I had a Geranium (General Grant) which I raised from seed; it grew five feet high, and had numerous branches. It continued in bloom all last winter and summer. I also had one which I started from a slip that was over seven feet high.

I think if we had a little more botany in our paper it would benefit many of our readers. Friends, if you want good, reliable instruction about the cultivation of flowers, save your pennies until you get one dollar and thirty cents, and then send for the THE LADIES FLORAL CABINET, which also contains excellent recipes, and many valuable hints for beautifying our homes.

MARY J. SEWARD.

CHURCH FLOWERS.

In a back number of the CABINET, Mitchella Re-pens, in an article on Church flowers, asks what she shall use for green for her bouquets. For the past four or five years I have furnished most of the flowers for the church in our village, and of course anything that is written in regard to bouquet-making is of unusual interest to me. Believing that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well in bouquet-making as much as other things, I have studied and toiled to do it well, and while not pretending to have reached perfection, yet, whereas once it seemed a disagreeable duty, by practice and a more extended knowledge of plants and flowers, it is now a labor of love.

For green, I use Hemlock, Asparagus, and Ground Pine, Lycopodium, which in this section—Central Massachusetts—grows plentifully in the woods. I gather it in handfuls and keep it in the cellar where it will keep for weeks without wilting. There is no plant that I know of that is so useful for keeping flowers from crowding each other and for the borders of bouquets as this.

KALMIA CATIFOLIA.

[Written specially for the LADIES' FLORAL CABINET.]

Winnifred's Will.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

CHAPTER X.

"Oh, yet we trust that some how good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood."

It was a moonless November night with a creeping chill in the air, and hoar frost sparkling on the grass borders. Stars trembled above the bare tree tops in the clear dark, and the wall-clock had just chimed midnight, when a slight, girlish figure crept down the great staircase. She slipped ghost-like along through the shadows, close to the wall of the passage, and noiselessly undid a side door and let herself out into the night. There in the darkness arose the sound of a half-stifled sob, that seemed to come from a breaking heart. She took hold of the porch railing, for her knees were weak from recent illness, and seemed to totter under her. Then suddenly she cast herself down and kissed the threshold, with a heart bursting with sorrow, while she prayed for the dear sleepers under that roof she was leaving forever.

Poor Virginia! there was still great confusion in her ideas. She did not well know how her sickness had come to pass, or how long she had lain unconscious on the floor by little Jake's bed, before they carried her to her own room in the Hall, where she found herself on waking from delirium.

She shrank with terror from the thought of what she had probably revealed in her moments of wandering. All her thoughts were flurried. She tried in vain to get hold of the right end of things, but only two scenes stood out in her memory like points of flame: the interview with Bradley in the boat, and the confession Winnie had made to her in the pine grove seemed burned into her brain.

The doctor had enjoined the most perfect quiet, and for several days and nights she rested with her eyes closed in a dim twilight state, though vaguely conscious of all that was going on about her. She remembered that she had spoken harsh, abrupt words to her friend that fatal night, but what they were it seemed impossible to recall. So she dwelt upon the old, deeply-rooted impression that Winnie would change to her, with the dim consciousness that she had changed.

But Winnie was her constant, untiring nurse, hovering about her bed at all hours of the day and night. As she grew stronger, she strove to repress the impulse to shrink away from her touch and her caresses, but the pale lids quivered while she pressed back hot, hopeless tears.

As memory asserted itself, at moments, the past rushed back upon her with a weight of agony she could not bear. She tried with all her feeble strength to put it by, and set herself toward the resolve to leave the Hall, which had once been thwarted. Now she would go if force was given her to crawl on hands and knees.

For some days she had been convalescent, and a faint relish for gruel and toast was reviving in her. The doctor gave permission for her to get up and walk about a little, and sit well wrapped up in the sunshine. But Virginia feigned a weakness she did not feel, and resisted every effort to remove her from her own room. Winnie was tender and affectionate, but she did not importune her with conversation, for the doctor had given strict orders that the patient must not be excited. But the sick girl saw an unwonted glow of joy and hope in her friend's face, and felt a new magnetic life tingling in the tips of her warm fingers.

It was at night, with scalding tears welling from her eyes, that Virginia perfected her plans for escape. She had no attendance but old Nanna, and was left more and more to herself. All through the burning fever, except in the hours of delirium, she had been conscious of Bradley hovering near her. With her quickened sense she had heard him steal to her door to listen to her breathing. The low, anxious tones of his voice came to her from the hall where he waylaid the doctor, or old Nanna. She knew he had shot the birds which were served up in her sick-room,

and that the consuming trouble of his mind would not let him sleep at night, for she heard him moving restlessly in his own room, or trampling the gravel paths long after the others were asleep. Her mind was filled with pity, and love, and inexpressible dread of what might happen. It was this which had led her to creep out under the stars that still November night.

Virginia held clasped in her hand a scrap of paper which had come to her wrapped around the stalks of a little nosegay of blush roses, borne in on the tray by old Nanna, when she brought her tea.

"Dar's a posey for you, honey," said the old woman, beaming on her with maternal fondness. "Mass'r Bradley sent it. He's a notion you're powerful lonesome; and little Miss says she'll have you toted down stairs to-morrow and took a drive in de kerridge. Don't look so peaked and scart like, honey. I'd be a-thinkin' you was a mighty sight better ef I could see you larf. Your eyes are too big and solemn. 'Twont do to be allus a-thinkin' and a-thinkin', and a-broodin' and a-broodin'," and the great black hand caressed the little wan cheek.

As soon as she had trotted away, Virginia with trembling fingers unwound the thin paper from the flower-stalks, and saw that there were words written upon it. As well as her agitation would allow, she read as follows:

"Dearest, if you do not see and speak to me, I shall break bounds. I cannot longer endure this state of agony and suspense. I dared not speak to W. while you were lying low, but now she must learn that I am yours, body and soul, for life and death. It was like the torture of the doomed to be kept away from you in your delirium. I thought I should go mad, and now I abhor myself for the part I have to play. Oh, my darling! my life! my love! have pity on me. Send me a single word by old Nanna, whom you may trust, and earn my eternal gratitude."

How could she leave him and break his noble, generous heart! But through all the agony of that hour she still meant to be true to herself, and loyal to what seemed her duty to her friend. With heart breaking prayers and sobs, the poor child crept down the avenue under the dark trees, that stretched out menacing arms, and made shadows that frightened her. She carried a little bag too heavy for her feeble strength, and in shifting it from one hand to the other, felt something rough and hairy thrust itself up against her side.

"Hector, is it you, dear old fellow?" He gave a leap and a quick glad bark. She remembered that since the alarm of burglars, he had been let out of the kennel to protect the place at night. "Go back, sir," she said in a firm, low voice, but the creature would not leave her; he leapt to her shoulder and caressed her face, and at last she was fain to let him trot beside her, thinking he would soon turn homeward.

The Finster cottage was there before her with no light in the dark window, for Jake was out again; and had crawled up to the Hall once or twice to inquire after his friend. She thought, with a pang, that this poor boy was the only being who had loved her there she had not harmed. Ill and weak, and out alone in the darkness, oh, how she longed for a haven of rest. Life had been unkind to linger on in her when she yearned for the sleep that knows no waking. Her heart was torn in pieces by pity and love and remorse; her strength was sorely broken, but still she kept on through the ghostly trees, terrified with every sound, but resolute to crawl forward while breath remained.

She could hear the lapping of the waves against the shingle, and once the temptation came to end all by a leap in the dark water; but she put it away with a shudder as she hurried on as rapidly as her feebleness would allow. She felt her knees tottering under her, and there were strange dizzy turns, and flashes of pain through her head, and creeping chills, and tremors in her limbs. Sometimes she laid hold of the bushes by the way, or stopped to pant, and clasp her throbbing side.

There was a little flask of wine in her bag, some of that which the doctor had ordered. She felt for it once or twice, and put it to her lips, hardly conscious that old Hector was still pattering along by her side.

Virginia was no courageous heroine, but a weak, timorous girl, frightened by the moaning of the night wind, and the step of any small woodland creature that came across her path; but as she went forward through the darkness, all fear was taken away, and she seemed walking through the valley of the shadow of death, with her mother's hand clasped in hers. She looked up at the stars that sparkled with frosty brightness, and reassured herself by keeping her face steadily fixed toward Hopedale, the little town on the railroad ten miles distant, where she had told Mrs. Walcott to direct her letter. She had never been to that remote village, but she knew the road that led there. It was a place with which Winnifred had no associations.

The road was not hard to find even in the dark. She took the right hand turn and skirted some fields and fences until the path struck into a little travelled highway partly

grown up to grass. The country was wild and lonely, one of those rough mountain sides that had been run over by a great fire, and had grown up to bushes. Here and there, at long intervals, there was a rude clearing, and the cabiu of a wood-chopper, or an Irish settler. The way was vague and spectral, and dim in the night, and Virginia felt less protected than she had done in the thick wood, but Hector was still trotting cheerfully along beside her, wondering, perhaps, in his canine mind, as to the meaning of this strange, nocturnal excursion, but determined to see it out.

The air freshened as it drew toward morning, but exercise over the hard road brought the blood into her chilly finger tips. She wondered that so much life still remained in her, and at the strength of youth. She was not aware that in the darkness she had made a wrong turning. Her heart felt a little lighter as she tried to forget herself, and to urge her slow steps on, counting the trees, the crooked lines in the brush fences, and the dreary stone heaps. She tried vainly to estimate how many of these would make a mile, but with every device her progress was snail-like, and when the pallid dawn came up over the fields, revealing the dim outlines of this rugged country, she found herself in the edge of a clearing, where stumps and felled trees and piles of brush and corded wood were heaped confusedly together.

A woolly mist began to curl up from the frosty earth, but there were as yet no weak red streaks in the east. Now the heaviness of her limbs, and the faintness in her brain made the thought of creeping in among the timber to rest awhile most grateful. Perhaps in an hour's time some farmer would come along in his wagon, of whom she could beg a ride. If not, she would go over the fields and make a long detour to Hopedale, stopping at the first house to buy a piece of bread and a cup of milk.

Virginia crept in among the timber, and sought among the chips and dead leaves for a dry bit of ground. She folded her gray shawl closely about her, and made a pillow of her little bag. Hector had been drawn away by the scent of some wild creature among the brush. At the moment when an irrepressible drowsiness, deep, sweet and dreamless, like oblivion, began to steal over Virginia, there struck upon her dulled ear the sound of a man running up the hill road with short, quick pants in his breath, his iron heel striking sharp sounds out of the flints. There was something menacing in the sound, and a thrill went through her and brought her to consciousness. She staggered up to her feet, peered around the corner of the timber pile, and saw the man running along the road clearly in the early dawn—she saw what she could never forget to her dying day. His head was bare, and he had pulled off his coat and was carrying it upon his arm. He got over the ground with wonderful celerity. His eyes were blood-shot but watchful and alert, as if ready to stand at bay like a savage beast; but in his dark face there was the sinister, baleful light of triumph. In an instant, almost in the flash of an eye, he had passed.

Virginia stood reeling upon her feet, and raised her hands despairingly to her head, while a stifled cry broke from her heart.

What had she done to leave the Hall unprotected, the door unbarred, to allow the watch-dog to follow her? What had happened down there? Was it robbery, was it murder? Was Bradley wounded, dead perhaps, shot through the heart by that perfidious man, whom she had believed to be in hiding far away, but who like a fiend had waited and watched, and at last had accomplished his fell purpose.

She knew she would be sought for now; there was no getting away. She would be accused and reviled, and must meet those she had wronged. She turned instinctively to go back, but there was a ringing in her ears, a confused throbbing in her brain. She sank to her knees and crept a little way along the ground, and then the blackness of darkness came over her, and she fell forward prone upon her face.

The old Hall did not get up very early of a morning. It was too slow and stately to bestir itself until sometime after sunrise. Winnie loved her luxurious morning nap, but on this November morning, which was sunless and gray, she seemed, in her dreams, to feel an ominous wave of excitement throb through the house. Drowsily she heard the opening and shutting of doors, the sound of hurried footsteps, the whispers of the women servants, and the deeper tones of the coachman and gardener, until suddenly roused to the fact that something had gone wrong, she sprang to her feet, slipped into her dressing-gown, and opening her door confronted a group of terrified faces.

Nanna began wringing her hands and vociferating: "Oh, little Missy, don't scole ole Nanna. I'se dat weak you could knock me ober wid a feder, honey."

"Is Virginia worse?" cried Jinnie. "Why in Heaven's name didn't you call me in the night?"

"Taint Miss Jinny, honey, she's sleepin' like a kitten in wool; but," catching her breath, and turning a peculiar dusky pallor, she half-whispered, "it's de safe in ole mass'r's room."

"The burglars broke in last night," said the gardener, cutting Nanna short, "and they have robbed the safe."

Winnie advanced into the hall without speaking. "Robbed the safe," she repeated at last, "and not a soul of you were awakened by the noise?"

"Must have been de debble in carnal," said Nanna, "come stealin' in wid a stockin' on his cloven huff, for de souf door was wide open, an' I locked it las night, an' put up de chain good an' fast."

Winnie looked about her half-bewildered, and at that moment Bradley hearing the unusual sounds, and anxious about Virginia, descended from his room on the floor above, while Mrs. Braithwaite, with an architectural night-cap on her head and her dress huddled all awry, came hastily out of her bedroom.

"The burglars were here last night," said Winnie, addressing Bradley, with her voice keyed high with excitement, "and they have rifled the safe in papa's room. Only two days ago I got home a considerable sum of money from the bank to pay for the new works at the mine. The place must have been shadowed who knows how long? Poor old Hector, I wonder if they fed him poisoned meat?"

Bradley was stunned even before he could take in the meaning of her words. He grasped the bannisters for support, and for a moment the power of speech seemed absolutely gone.

"Oh, dear," groaned Mrs. Braithwaite, sinking down heavily, like a middle-aged ungrammatical Cassandra, "I always told you things would go wrong if you insisted on keeping strangers in the house, and now they has gone wrong."

"Have you examined the safe to see how much is missing?" Bradley asked, as he at last rallied his voice, though there was a deadly sinking at his heart.

"Come with me," she exclaimed, and then turned and imperiously dismissed the servants: "Go about your business at once; you need not idlo hero; Mr. Halcourt will do all that is necessary."

She ran to her father's room, the long dark hair enveloping her shoulders like a cloud. Mrs. Braithwaite came limping on behind into that chamber which, during her husband's lifetime, she had never entered without dread. The safe door stood open, and only the large package of bank notes was missing; not even a tin box containing some valuable heirlooms of the Halcourt family had been touched, and all the papers remained in their places neatly docketed and tied up with red tape, just as the old judge had left them. Bradley bent down to examine the lock. It was perfect and entire.

"There are no signs of violence," said he, slowly, "neither of detonating powder or prying instruments. The person who opened this safe must have known the combination of the lock. Have you ever confided it to any one, Winnifred?"

"No," and then she started as the scene with Virginia flashed back upon her mind. "Yes," reluctantly, "I did tell Virginia the numbers that she might help me remember."

"It's that girl," shrilled out Mrs. Braithwaite, exultantly. "I shouldn't be a bit surprised, for I never had any kind of confidence in her."

"You are wicked to say so," cried Winnie, turning fiercely round upon her mother. "It is simply infamous to accuse a poor, defenceless, sick girl of a crime like this. I will venture my life upon it that Virginia knows no more of the robbery than I do. I will confront you with her, and prove to you that she is as innocent as an angel of light. If she tells me she has never confided this secret to another, I will believe her against the whole world."

A gleam of adoring gratitude shot from Bradley's eyes. He did justice to his cousin now; she was a noble creature. But he was so sick at heart, so burdened with dread that he could scarcely follow Winnie as she ran to her friend's door, and standing there in the passage with the heavy masses of her hair sweeping in a dark cloud around her, her face pale, and eyes glittering with excitement, she tapped on the panel.

"How soundly she sleeps!" She tapped louder. There was no summons. With a frightened face, glancing back at her cousin, she turned the handle. It yielded; the door opened, but the room was empty. Winnie stood, with Bradley and her mother behind her, as one stupefied, gazing vacantly at the little white bed with its undinted pillows, the small neat table with a few flowers in a glass, the chair where she had sat looking so pale and pretty in her blue wrapper only last night. Then she raised her hands to her head with a groan, wrung out of her very soul, as the truth forced itself upon her.

"Tell me where she has gone," she cried, turning desperately upon Bradley. "You know very well she was sick and weak and could not walk far. She must have wandered off when the delirium came upon her in the night, and we shall find her lying dead perhaps down by the lake, or under the trees. The idea of Virginia robbing me is preposterous"—taking refuge in a burst of scorn. "She knew she could have anything I possess;

she was too scrupulous to take even the price of a gown. I tell you she has wandered away ill, and out of her mind."

Bradley, through this passionate and tender outburst, had not spoken, scarcely breathed, for the shock of Virginia's flight had fallen upon him with stunning force. Now his eyes fell on a piece of folded paper that lay on the table, and he took it up mechanically and placed it in Winnie's hand. As she unfolded the scrap which was traced with weak wavering lines, and literally blistered with tears, she read the following:

"Try to forgive and to forget me. I have not meant to do you wrong, for I have loved you dearly. I have prayed and wept and struggled against temptation, but I am weak, and must fly, for sooner would I die a thousand deaths than harm a hair of your head. You may revile me and scorn me, but my heart will always adore your goodness, and breathe out prayers for your welfare. Farewell forever. VIRGINIE."

Winnie's hands trembled so violently that the paper fluttered down to the floor.

"What does she mean by doing me wrong, and fleeing from temptation?" she asked, with a convulsed face. "What is this mystery that is enveloping me on every side?"

Bradley had turned his face to the wall; he could not speak, and the misery of his weak conduct in paltering with truth planted its fangs deep in his soul. Winnie seemed to tower far above him; he dared not meet her eye; and seeing him thus crushed and beaten down with a secret load of grief and remorse, she cried out passionately:

"Why in Heaven's name don't you speak?"

"I thought it was strange he should want to keep that girl in the house," volunteered Mrs. Braithwaite, filling the doorway with her bulk, "and I told him so, but I suppose he was taken in by her, just as you were, Winnie?"

"Do be still, mamma," cried Winnie, with hopeless impatience. "I won't hear Virginia accused of any crime; but there is something behind all this, and I will know the truth."

Edgar Swayne had come up the stairs unheeded in the excitement of the moment. His face was haggard, and his great coat was splashed with mud, as if he had ridden hard. Now he pushed past Mrs. Braithwaite's form, and presented himself to Winnie.

"Miss Braithwaite," said he, abruptly, "I have just heard of the robbery from the gardener, and I think I can tell you who it was that rifled your safe last night. If it had not been for that man," pointing with undisguised scorn at Bradley Halcourt, "who stepped in to shield a criminal from justice, I should have had him behind prison bars before he found the opportunity to rob you."

"Who are you speaking of?" Bradley asked, facing him with haughty coldness, though pale as ashes.

"Of Walter Freeborn."

"Walter Freeborn?" repeated Winnie, in a dazed, bewildered tone. "Why, that is the name of Virginia's uncle."

"Yes; and do you want to know who Walter Freeborn is?" returned Edgar. "He is an escaped convict who broke prison more than six months ago, and for the past few weeks has been skulking about this place, holding secret interviews with his niece; and now it would appear that she has become an accomplice in his crime. It was doubtless through her aid that he rifled the safe, and then they decamped together."

"You lie in your throat," cried Bradley, turning upon him as if he would rend him.

"Oh, Bradley," cried Winnie, joyfully, springing between them, "how glad I am to hear you defend her. But why," wringing her hands, "did she not tell me the truth about this dreadful uncle? Why did she deceive me? I would have forgiven anything. I never would have thought evil of her. I would have sheltered her in my arms, and saved her from him. Oh, why has she gone away with these terrible suspicious clinging to her skirts?"

"She did not confess to you," said Bradley, "I am as sure of it as I am that I live, because that man terrified her into silence with threats and menaces. I aided his escape because I detected this dreadful secret, and knew that the horror and fear shadowing her life were killing her. I divined it, though she never told me the truth."

The color left Winnie's lips. Something in Bradley's tone had struck an icy foreboding to her heart.

"But why did she go away?" asked Winnie faintly. "Why, if she was innocent of all complicity with this man, as I believe before heaven she was, did she steal out of the house like a culprit in the middle of the night?"

Bradley felt pushed to the edge of the precipice; he must take the fatal leap. He nerved himself for it, and was outwardly almost calm, as he turned and said in a low voice, low but distinct to every one present:

"She went away because I love her with my whole heart, and soul, and strength. I told her of my love when

I knew it at last. I did not mean to tell her," he added, humbly, "and it was a fatal act. It has driven her out of this house, God knows where, when she was ill, and scarce able to drag herself away, because she would not stay here to wrong you, and her conscience was killing her. I am the criminal, but she is guiltless before heaven. If she is found dead in the fields, it is my selfishness that has done it. Oh, my God!"

The burning tears welled up into his eyes, his voice was choked with sobs.

The effect of this revelation on the different faces of the group was a strange study; but everything swam in blackness before Winnie's eyes. A thunderbolt had crashed down on her proud young head, as it falls on the leafy top of a stalwart young oak in the forest. It was such a moment as makes a vigorous creature suddenly old, hurtling a life out of self-satisfaction, and false security and triumph, into an abyss of pain and despair. She covered her face with her hands, and tottered forward to a chair. In a moment she had started to her feet again with a sharp lonely cry of anguish:

"You duped me, you cheated me, oh, fool, fool that I have been! You have carried on a love intrigue with her, my friend, here in this house, while presenting yourself before the world as my affianced husband. And she listened, well pleased, to your love tale, and responded to it, while I betrayed myself, all unconscious, in her bosom. Oh, my God! who would have thought I should live to see this hour? Oh, it was cruel, cruel."

Again she sank down and covered her face, and terrible resistant sobs shook her whole frame.

Bradley stood almost over her, pleading in tones of passionate entreaty.

"When you have calmed yourself, Winnie, you will see all this sad story in a different light. You are noble and generous, and the time will come when you will be just to her, when you will even pity her for the terrible struggle through which she has passed in trying to be true to you. For myself, I expect nothing but your scorn and contempt. I cannot make you understand my cruel position. You have loved her dearly, but there is no such feeling in your heart to plead forgiveness for me."

Winnie was crushed as by a sudden stroke, and she trembled convulsively through her whole body.

"I do not understand you, Bradley," she said, in a strange tone; "my brain seems frozen."

"I mean," he returned with gentle sadness, "that there was no question of love between us. Our union would be merely a marriage of expediency, a thing that nature abhors. I meant to show you my heart that day Virginia was taken ill—to throw myself entirely on your generosity, and to ask you to release me from an artificial bond that would soon gall you as it galled me. I told you when we talked of this that I would release you from your obligation, should you desire it, even were we standing at the altar. I had not waked then to the meaning of my feeling for her. The knowledge came when I saw her suffering. But now I claim your generous forbearance. I ask you with deep contrition for the pain I have caused you, to let me go in search of her, that I may prove to you and to the whole world that she is the innocent victim of a base man, and no less," he added, in a stifled voice, "the victim of my love."

Winnie was stunned and almost incapable of motion. The life had ebbed out of her, and Bradley's words appeared to come from a long distance. But pride and will were still alive. She struggled up to her feet, rigid and erect, looking taller than her wont, her face like marble, and her eyes shooting out terrible glances of scorn.

"Go," said she emphatically. "You have cheated, and tricked, and deceived me; now go to her. I will not detain you longer."

The strength went out of her limbs, and slowly she sank down fainting and almost insensible. The mute signs of suffering were so visible in her, that Bradley paused with a terrible cloud of pain sweeping before his eyes.

"Winnie," said he, in tones of entreaty, "if what I did not dream of is true, if I have wounded more than your woman's pride, I beg your pardon even on my knees. No, it cannot be that you are suffering the pangs of unrequited love. Oh, Winnie, I am all unworthy of you! Hate me! scorn me! revile me!"

The hard sobs again convulsed her bosom. She did not weep easily, and the emotion seemed to rend its way outward.

She made a sign with her hand that he should leave her, and slowly turning with one long, sad look, he went away. Edgar had rushed out of the house the moment of Bradley's declaration of his love for Virginia, and now when the numbness and the sense of shock had a little passed by, Winnie lifted her head and gazed about her. The daylight hurt her eyeballs, and shot sharp darts of pain through her brain. Slowly she got upon her feet, almost groping forward with a sense that all support was gone. The old satisfaction and feeling of predominance, the old triumphant self-confidence had been struck away. She was alone save that her mother still sat there in heavy

silence, with her large helpless hands crossed in her lap, and a bewildered look of stupor, a dim groping kind of distress glimmering in her face.

Winnie looked around. Bradley was gone. Virginia was gone. They were both lost to her forever. As the terrible consciousness swept over her, her eye fell on her mother, and suddenly she tottered forward, and fell on the floor near her, and clasped her knees, and laid her head in her mother's lap. By an instinct long unused, the poor dull-witted woman put her arms around her child, the beautiful, brilliant, triumphant creature, who, after years of indifference, had at last come creeping as a suppliant to her knees! With plaintive murmurs she timidly touched her hair and chafed her cold hands.

"There, don't cry, don't cry, Winnie. I always knew that foreign girl would bring harm. I said so from the first, when you began doting on her. But I am beat about Bradley. He was the best little boy I ever knew; but it did seem strange he should want that girl kept here; and I suppose all along she was using her arts to get him away from you."

"Don't, don't," said Winnie, wincing, as if the blundering speech had stung her. "You can't understand that, mamma, and I cannot explain. But you see how I am beaten down to the earth. Love me a little, and comfort me if you can, mamma. I have been wicked to you, and have neglected and hurt you. This is my punishment. Can you forgive your child? Oh, this trouble is heavier than I can bear."

The poor woman began to sob, and her face worked with unwonted emotion. Some frozen feelings were again softening her poor, lonely old heart.

"You were a pretty baby," said she, simply going back into the dim past. "You were fond of me then; and I often wake nights and think I feel your little soft hand against my face. But when you got old enough to sense things your father took you away from me, and I never had any more comfort. I was your own mother just the same, though," with a pathetic touch of humility. "I never did pretend to be quick about things, but I had human feelings for all that."

"Don't, don't," cried Winnie, moaning out her despair. "All the past has been hideously wrong. I have made you suffer, and I am sorry, but I can't think of it now. Love me a little if you can. Let me feel that all is not taken away, that there is something human to cling to even if I have been wicked."

A new strength and purpose seemed to come into the poor mother's soul, and she lifted up her child, and took her in her arms, and laid her head down on her bosom, where it had not rested for years. Furtively she put her lips to Winnie's forehead, and smoothed the rich dark hair, and an hour passed and still the girl was lying in her mother's arms.

At last she was roused out of her lethargy by the sobs and groans, and loud laments of old Nanna, as she came in hauling Steenie by the arm, though he resisted this violence with all his might. His frightened wool stood more on end than ever, and a pale ashen hue had overspread his face.

"Oh, little Miss, I knowed if dar was mischief goin' dis lim of Satan must be in it shore. I koted him chokin' over his brekfust. He couldn't swaller a mossle, honey, and den I sarched him, as wid de bosom of 'struction, and look here, honey," letting the whites of her eyes go into total eclipse, while she opened her great black hand, and displayed an elegant little lady's watch, enamelled in blue, and with a spray of diamonds on the cover. "I foun' dis on his pusson, honey, and he's got his foot in wid de bug-lums, shore. Git down on your knees to your missus and 'fess," and she pushed the boy down trembling and shivering in every limb, and held him with her strong hands.

Winnie roused herself in a bewildered way, and took the little watch.

"Where did you get this watch, Steenie?"

"He gived it to me," his teeth chattering as if they would fall out of their sockets.

"And who is he?"

"Dat dar stranger man. Oh, you'll have me hunc on de galluses like Gandy says. Oh, oh!"

"Stop crying this minute, and tell me where you got the watch, or I shall send for an officer."

"Oh, don't send for no ossifer. I'll tell, I'll 'fess de livin' truf. Dat man gived it to me in de barn; an' he gived me suffin sweet to drink—rum mebbe; an' he scart Gandy about de spooks; an' he got me to put notes in Miss Jinny's room; an' he coaxed me to tell him dem figgers on de safe. I heard you tellin' 'em over to Miss Jinny, an' I knowed well enuff what dey meant; an' den he gi' me de watch."

Winnie stood holding the watch in her hand.

"Oh, Virginia!" the cry seemed to escape her involuntarily. Then she rallied her forces, and pushed back the long dark hair from her face. "Something must be done," she said, half to herself. "My God where shall I find help?"

(To be continued.)

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VALUABLE NOTES FOR FLOWER GROWERS.

Moist Air for House Plants.—Every florist and plant-grower (says the *American Garden*), will answer the often repeated question, "How can I make my Window Plants flourish?" by saying, "You must keep the air moist." How to do this is, however, a troublesome and unsolved problem. We have found by experience that the simplest solution to the problem is the use of a common whisk-broom. Take a pail of tepid water every evening; dip your broom in it and whisk it over the plants till everything is moist. Your plants will enjoy this bath and the insects will not. Insects dislike nothing so much as abundant dampness. The most troublesome enemy of all—the red spider—will soon leave for dryer quarters.

"But," says some nice housekeeper, "I shall spoil my carpet if I keep up such a daily showering." So you will if you do not protect it, but, with a good sized piece of oil cloth under your plant-stand, as there always should be, you may spatter away as much as you like.

Success with Calla Lilies. "Aunt Addie" in the *New York Tribune* thus tells her success with Calla Lilies:

In almost every collection of house plants may be found the Calla Lilly. Ladies call attention to "my Calla" with affection and pride in their tone. It is justly a favorite with all amateur floriculturists. The little care it needs, its indifference to ordinary atmospheric changes, its large, showy leaves, and the purity and grace of its flowers render it certainly a highly-to-be-desired plant. And then again it never says die. No matter how puny its foliage or how white or spindling it may grow, it presents a pleasing appearance, and gives one some little space for hope. But in very many instances we see thrifty, healthy-looking plants that we are told cannot be made to bloom. They put

forth leaf after leaf of rich dark green, satiny-looking organs, but no bud of promise appears to gladden the eye and the heart of the anxious watcher. I speak feelingly, from experience. I have tested all the many directions which have come under my observation, but all with like results—no buds. Even the entire-rest plan did not succeed with me, for Easter came and not one Lily. Disgusted, I determined to try a little private judgment. Knowing the decided distaste most bulbs have to being removed, I put my Callas in a pot filled two inches up with pieces of broken crocks and charcoal, then used light rich soil, with plenty of sand and black muck, watering with very warm water. I set the pot in a dish three inches deep, poured off the water that drained through, and poured very hot in it so as to get as much bottom heat as possible. This was for winter treatment.

During the summer months I took the pot out of the saucer and set it in the flower bed, on the shady side of my garden. In the winter I stood it on a table by itself, in a sunny window, with these results: My plant is over three feet tall, and thirty-eight leaves on it, one fine lily and two buds. The young bulbs are doing beautifully also. During the last summer I had a lily each month, much to my friends' and my own surprise. The pot is very nearly concealed by luxuriantly growing *Crassifolia*.

Used-up Hyacinths.—A good many persons, says the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, are at a loss to know what to do with the Hyacinths and Narcissi that have gone out of flower. They don't like the idea of throwing them away, and they are disfigurements in the greenhouse.

Two or three courses can be recommended: one is to open a trench in any spare corner of the garden, and plant them in it, turning the bulk of earth out of the pots without disturbing the roots and simply remove the crocks.

Some fine mould should be placed about the bulbs, and the soil put back and firmly pressed about them. Treated in this way, the Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissi, etc., will ripen their bulbs and growth, and come in very useful next autumn for planting out in beds or borders. They will, however, need to be watered in dry, hot weather.

Another good mode is to open holes along the fringe of a shrubbery border, almost beneath the lowermost branches, and plant out for permanent effect. In such a spot they come into flower early in the spring, and they are sufficiently out of the way not to interfere with the summer planting, if the margin of any shrubbery border admits of its being done.

Treatment of Cyclamens.—In answer to the questions how Cyclamens should be treated until they are potted off for flowering, when this should be done, and in what soil, the *Villa Gardener* says:

Cyclamens do not do well because they are badly treated. The neglect begins as soon as they have finished flowering. The idea prevails that the moment the last flower fades the plants should be dried off. If growers would only bear in mind that the chief mode of increasing the number of Cyclamens is by seed, that alone would save the plants from treatment so unreasonable and ruinous to next year's flowers. These flowers are formed by the leaves after the current year's blossoms have faded. Hence, the importance of carefully tending, watering, and, if need be, feeding the foliage till fully grown, or till it begins to fade in course of nature. The best place for completing and maturing growth is a cold frame or a sunny corner out of doors. After the leaves fade, the

Cyclamen will take a period of rest without forcing it by total dryness.

The best plan for resting Cyclameus, is to plunge them in a cold frame, alike sheltered from heavy rains, and the roots kept from being burnt by the sun on the sides. Opinions may also differ as to the best season for potting Cyclamens. Some pot just as the flowers begin to come up; others as the corns manifest symptoms of starting in the autumn or early winter.

The first course is perhaps the best. The soil that suits them best is a mixture of loam, leaf mould, and decomposed manure, freely sanded into openness and grittiness.

The drainage should be perfect, as stagnant water at base of bulb is fatal to Cyclamens. The best season to sow Cyclamens is February. As soon as the plants are up they should be picked off, and then shifted on in succession as soon as they fill the pots with roots. If this is properly attended to, and the young plants are pushed on in a bottom and surface heat of 60 to 65 deg. the plants may be made to flower within the year.

Flowering of Sweet Peas.—A correspondent of Mr. Vick says he meets with extraordinary success as follows:

I prepare a trench eighteen inches deep, and fill with ordinary garden soil enriched with perfectly rotted stable manure. About the first of December I sow the seeds in this trench, eight inches deep—that is, the seeds are eight inches under ground, when the trench is quite filled. Over the trench I place a foot of fresh stable dung, which is removed about the first of April. The plants appear a few days later, having been apparently growing through the winter, and are then treated in the usual manner. My plants bloom in extraordinary abundance, from June until September. My soil is a heavy loam abounding in the various salts of lime, and this, doubtless, accounts in a great measure for my success. But the chief cause, I think, arises from the fact that the roots do not suffer from drought, as they would if nearer to the surface, and also from my diligently picking off every bloom as soon as it begins to fade. Once allow the energy of the plant to expend itself in forming seeds, and the bloom then is comparatively over. I may add that I deluge with water once a week during the hot weather.

A Good Way to Start Tuberoses.—Another correspondent of Mr. Vick says:

I have hit on a good way to start Tuberoses. I plant them in old tomato cans, without punching any holes for drainage, set them on the mantel over the kitchen range, and keep warm and wet. When well started I move them to a cooler place, and at the proper time set them out in the garden. In this way I have raised during the past two years vigorous plants, yielding from twenty to thirty-five blossoms each. Contrary to the teachings of at least some of the books, the Trailing Arbutus (*Epigaea repens*), can be brought into bloom at any time during the winter. I have had beautiful bunches of flowers at Christmas. The simple plan is to take them up late in the fall—December will do if the ground is open—and plant them in a fernery or warden case. They will take care of themselves. The common ferns of the woods, too, will push up, and unroll their fronds, the scarlet berries of the Wintergreen and the Partridge berry will swell, and remain fresh all winter, and the evergreen vines of the woods will grow as if it were spring. I always go to the woods for the contents of my fernery.

BURMESE COURTSHIP.

The Burmese are Buddhists, and Buddhism has nothing to do with marriage. In other words, marriage is contrary to the principles of the Buddhist religion. The true Buddhist is supposed to endeavor to escape from the universe of being; from a succession of transmigration of the soul which would otherwise continue forever. The Buddhist priest not only leads a life of celibacy, but will not sanctify the marriage tie by his presence at a wedding. He has too much pity for those who marry or are given in marriage, and who are thus unable to escape from unending trans-migrations. The result is that the young people have it all their own way, and the parents as little as the priests prevent their thoroughly enjoying themselves after their own ideas of admiring and being admired, loving and being loved. Consequently, Burmese courtships are about the pleasantest things in their way which are to be found in all the semi-civilized world, from Mandalay to May Fair. They have nothing to do with capture, purchase, or dowry; with Welsh bundling or Scotch whistling. They are always nice, generally strictly proper, although not unfrequently accompanied by very serious quarrels, when different gentlemen aspire to the same fair hand.

A Burmese damsel is demure, laughter-loving, and self-reliant. Her manner is graceful and pleasing. She wears a bright silk petticoat, a white jacket, a gold necklace, and has glossy black hair decked with flowers. She often smokes a green cheroot. Of course she has admirers, and she gives them all a fair chance. Every evening she receives a visit from all these young gentlemen; and such is the waywardness of human nature that the same swain will often pay similar visits on the same evening to other young ladies of the same village or township. Thus courtship is always going on, and courting time has been an acknowledged institution from time immemorial.

Here some explanation is necessary. The Burmese evening is divided into three watches—namely, children's bed-time, old folk bed-time, and young folk bed-time. Children's bed-time is sunset, or shortly afterward. Courting time begins soon after children's bed-time, and continues long after old folk bed-time, which is about nine o'clock. Young folk bed-time depends a great deal upon the will and pleasure of the

young people in question; say about eleven o'clock. When the hour of courting approaches, the young lady trims her little lamp, so that it gleams through the window, and takes her seat upon a mat on the floor. Meantime the young gentlemen have been putting on their best bright silk putzoes, a nondescript garment something between a pair of trousers and a petticoat, have donned their clean white jackets, have tied colored silk handkerchiefs on their heads in the most approved style, and have turned out altogether

over. How the lady receives each lover, especially in the presence of other lovers, is more than we can describe. She herself requires considerable attention, and the old people never interfere. Indeed, why should the old folk interfere? The young folk can take care of themselves, and are only doing what they themselves did in the days when they were young.

These evening gatherings are generally very innocent, and the marriages which follow them are generally very happy, although sanctified by no priest, and only held together by the ties of mutual affection or the obligations of civil law.

Jealousy, however, is a master passion in Burnah, and if a damsel is too kind to one of her admirers, the chances are that the offending lover is stabbed, speared, or shot. Indeed, a jealous rival, who suspects that the object of his affections is alone with another rival, will not unfrequently astonish the happy pair by running a spear through the floor of matting on which they may be reposing, and then there is a regular Burmese row, terminating very seriously sometimes.

This courting time in Burnah is nothing more than a relic of the old Hindoo institution known as the swayamvara, or choice of a husband by a maiden. This swayamvara was once practiced by the old military caste in Hindustan, but has long since passed away from the shores of India. No doubt it was one of the Kshatriya customs, which the Buddhists carried with them to Burnah when they were expelled from India by the wars and persecutions of the Brahmans some ten or twelve centuries ago. Thus the world moves on, and doubtless it will be discovered in due time that other old Kshatriya customs may still be found in Burnah. Gambling away a wife, which is often mentioned in Sanskrit tradition, and would be impossible in the India of the present day, has not unfrequently occurred in Burnah.



"I WONDER IF I COULD DANCE?"

in the height of Burmese fashion. They enter, they seat themselves on the mats round the fair one, and then the "chaffing" begins. If a gallant has been unsuccessful in a boat-race, or has tumbled into the water, or has paid too much attention to another damsel, or has been deserted by another damsel, or has made himself ridiculous in any other way, the chances are that his feelings will be hurt before the evening is

He was an applicant for the position of writing teacher in one of the public schools. They gave him a copy-book, and asked him for a specimen of what he could do. He took up the pen, and, in a handwriting that looked like a flash of lightning that had mistaken the direct road, wrote as follows: "Sorrer doesn't kill folkes as fast as green gooseburys."

Household Topics.

"ORDER IS HEAVEN'S FIRST LAW."

"Dear me, there goes the door-bell! Girls, quick, help me put this room to rights. Sarah, take the bread-pan into the kitchen, and Mattie, do arrange the books and papers on that table." So nervous little Mrs. Watson bustled about, trying to do a dozen things in a few minutes, and, as a consequence, the front door was not opened until the visitors had rung twice, and were getting to be impatient. They were two young ladies and their brother from a neighboring house, who, knowing that the Watson's had a young lady visiting them from a distance, had come to call upon her.

It being a cold winter's night, and no fire in the parlor, of course the callers must be shown into the sitting-room, which, it must be confessed, had a decidedly upset appearance. Little Charley, the five year old, had been building houses and then tearing them down, so that his blocks were scattered in every direction about the floor, ready to trip up the unwary. Mr. W. had taken off his boots and set them carefully behind the stove, while he replaced them with his slippers. One of the boys had been whittling, and the chips had flown hither and yon. Some one had brought in a quantity of stockings to be mended, thrown them into a chair, and there they still lay. In fact, the chairs had to be cleared of their contents before there were enough for the use of the company. The sewing machine had almost disappeared underneath an accumulation of unfinished work, an open piano was strewn with sheet music, and so on, *ad infinitum*.

But who does not know how soon even an orderly room will become disarranged after the family has taken possession of it for the evening? And in this case the room could not have been called tidy when they came in from supper. After the callers had been seated, and introductions given to the visitor, Miss Laura Ellison, Mrs. Watson felt called upon to apologize for the disorder by saying it was the family room, and it was impossible to keep it tidy at all times. This created rather an uncomfortable feeling all round, most certainly to the hostess, and to the callers themselves, who could not, most assuredly, in the face of the disorder, make any disclaimer to Mrs. Watson's words.

However, the conversation soon became general, and Mrs. W. having busied herself in picking up one thing and another, took Charley up stairs to bed. Mr. Watson had betaken himself to his newspapers, and before long, the young people had some music. Then the callers took their leave, and, after lingering by the fire a few minutes, Mattie proposed retiring. "For see, girls," said she, "it is after ten o'clock, and I for one am sleepy."

So without doing anything towards righting the still disorderly room, she started upstairs, her sister and their guest soon following. But while preparing for bed, she remarked, "I don't know when I have been so mortified as I was to-night, to think that Louisa Ward and her brother and sister should come in upon us, and find us in such a heap! How do you manage, Laura, at your house to always keep everything in such nice order? If we could only have a fire in the parlor, and use it evenings, we never should be caught so; but father thinks it is a great waste of fuel, and that is why we moved the piano into the sitting-room. Of course, in the evenings we do have a warm parlor, we are sure not to have any callers."

"It used to be just so at our house," replied her friend, "until at last I took the matter in hand out of sheer desperation, and by seeing to things myself, I generally manage to keep the sitting-room ready for company at any time. But it was only by constantly picking up and putting away, and by 'line upon line and precept upon precept' to the boys, that I could get them to look after their own things and put them away when they were through with them."

"Well, to-morrow I will take some lessons from you, if you are willing," said Mattie.

"Certainly," Laura replied, "and, excuse me, Mattie, but I noticed both nights I have been here that you did not close the piano. Now, that is one of the things which mother required of me when we first bought ours, to see that it was closed every night, and at the same time, I put the cover on the sewing machine and lock it down."

"That is a good idea," said Mattie, "and to-morrow I will begin to be orderly. But I am too sleepy to talk or even to think any more."

True to her promise, Mattie began after breakfast the next morning her task of "arranging things." In the first place she attacked the sewing machine, folding up and putting in a large wash-basket in the closet all the unfinished work. After fastening down the cover she looked around to see what to do next.

"If mother did not have to have so many plants," sighed she. "They take up so much room, and there is not a window left to look out of."

Here Laura came to her rescue by saying:

"Why don't you get your father to make a box to fit before one of the windows, and fasten it upon legs like a table; then you can put in a layer of earth, and set the flower-pots in it. You would be surprised to see how many plants could be crowded in. Mother had one made, and we like it better than any plant-stand we ever had."

Mattie doubted if her father could be prevailed upon to make one, but said she would see about it.

Just then Sarah said, coming in from the kitchen with a woful face:

"We shall have heavy bread again to-day. It did not get a good start last night, for it had to be put off in the cold when the company came, and it has not caught up. But I have got to bake it whether or no before dinner, and trust to luck to do better next time."

Mattie looked at Laura, and said:

"That is another objection to turning a sitting-room into a parlor. A bread-pan standing behind the stove is a rather unsightly object, is it not? But when the fire is out in the kitchen, what can we do?"

Laura replied:

"That very thing puzzled me, too, for some time until I invented a crocheted cover for it. Mother mixes her bread in a large wooden bowl, and we draw down the cover, (it is scarlet and black), and then we have a cane-seated stool which we put behind the stove, and after the bread and its cover are placed upon it, it looks quite ornamental. The only trouble is, I have to watch when strangers are present for fear they should mistake it for an ottoman, and sit down on it!"

"Well," exclaimed the girls, "you are a genius. Who would have thought of that but you, Laura?"

"Why," she replied, laughing, "I had so many times been mortified by that dingy looking bread-bowl, that I tried to think of something to hide it. And I made another knitted cover, smaller round, but longer, like a bag, to slip over the jar which mother uses to mix our buckwheat cakes in."

"I will make one for mother for Christmas, if you will show me how, Laura," said Mattie.

"With pleasure," replied Laura, "and if you have any flower-pots that look shabbily, I can show you how to make some pretty covers for them out of bed-ticking and blue or scarlet worsted braid."

So Mattie was fairly started in the good work of keeping things in order. Her sister Sarah was her mother's assistant in the kitchen, but Mattie's health never having been strong, she was spared any heavy work, and had been considered the "young lady of leisure" of the family. But her new object of interest took up much of her time, and she did not rest until she had taught her brothers, what her mother, with all her desire for order, had failed to establish, and that was, that each one was responsible for his own belongings. She looked up a pretty box for Charley's toys and blocks, which she deposited in a corner of the closet, and taught him to put his playthings there when not using them.

Finding she could not prevail upon her father to help her in the matter of a plant-box, she saved up her money for a month, and then had one made to order. Mrs. Watson was much pleased, and in "the new departure" all the family found themselves more comfortable.

Mattie now has a house of her own, and it is as neat and tidy as one could wish to find. MRS. M. H.

HOME-MADE LOUNGES.

Many pretty and useful articles can be made for home comfort and adornment, if one only knows how to go to work. Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, in the *Christian Union*, gives some instructions about making lounges and brackets, which we copy for the benefit of our readers:

Very pretty and comfortable lounges can be manufactured at home with very little trouble or expense. If the husband or sons have any spare hours, or skill with saw, hammer, and nails, they can snatch leisure moments, now and then, and make the frame; or, if they are not skilful, a carpenter, in an hour or two, could make it, and give it a proper shape to suit the part of the room where it will be put. After the slats are nailed on, if there is any place near by where a few springs can be obtained, they will make the lounge much more comfortable. Over the springs cotton batting, hair, or moss, should be laid, then a thick, strong canvas or bagging, that the springs may not wear the outside cover. When this is nailed down smooth and tight, taking care that the stuffing is spread on evenly, without lumps or hard spots, put on the cretonne chintz or woolen outside cover, and nail it down strong. Finish by nailing with brass or black nails, a gimp and fringe plaiting or ruffle to cover the edge, and you have a neat lounge, quite as comfortable as most that you buy. Three large, square pillows, filled with feathers, hair, moss, or "excelsior" (a kind of poplar shaving made expressly to pack furniture in), and covered to match the lounge, are a great convenience for a straight lounge, placed, as it should be, close to the wall.

Pretty and very useful corner brackets can be shaped and made without difficulty, and covered with embroidery, damask, or reps. Round the shelf or bracket a piece of the same material with the furniture cover or lambrequin may be cut in points, or scalloped and finished with heavy fringe. These pieces are often beautifully embroidered on Java canvas, and the brackets, when finished, are quite ornamental as well as useful. Leather work, or pine cones, varnished, are often worked up into very fanciful brackets, and are quite strong and durable.

Housefurnishing.

HINTS FOR HOUSE-FURNISHING.

Perhaps some of the readers of the CABINET have a room which they would like to have furnished, yet they have so little money they think it will be impossible to do it. A room furnished according to the following hints would look home-like and comfortable at very little expense.

If you cannot afford to buy a carpet, oil the floor with good linseed oil, and lay down rugs wherever you can find a place for one. One way to make a pretty rug is to braid rags, sew the braids together in strips, then put a border around this of a contrasting color; or make a round one by sewing the braid round and round in the old-fashioned way until the rug is large enough.

Another way is to take burlap, cut it any size you wish, fringe out the edges, work a border around it with double worsted in some contrasting color; the Roman key or the Grecian braid are pretty patterns for a border. Work a monogram or a figure in the centre, and your rug is completed. Instead of zephyr you can ravel out an old scarf or "cloud;" color it some bright color, and it will be far cheaper than worsted. Then there are rugs made by drawing carpet rags, cut on the bias, through burlap and then shearing. Another way is to take a piece of dark cloth (an old coat will do nicely); cut it any shape you choose and apply figures cut out of bright colored flannel; sew these on in button-hole stitch; or, instead of applying figures, cut circular pieces out of variously colored flannel; have some larger than the others; place a large circle of light-colored cloth on the black, on top of this a smaller one, and then a still smaller one; tack these firmly in place. If carefully made these are very pretty.

Paper or tint the room if you can; if you cannot, do the next best thing, which is to cover the walls as much as possible with pretty things. Wind a rope with cedar, or sew autumn leaves on a strip of cotton; put this up as a cornice; have the same around the window and door casings; make wreaths, crosses, anchors, harps, etc., of cedar and autumn leaves, which are to be put wherever there is a vacant space on the wall.

I made a pretty cross by sewing green moss on stiff paper cut in the shape I wished; on a strip of calico I sewed pressed ferns and autumn leaves; this I twined around the cross gracefully, allowing one end to droop over one arm. I cut letters out of stiff paper and sewed on them the dry moss which grows on the roots of trees in swampy places; these I tacked on the wall over the door. My motto was "Welcome." Sprays of cedar are pretty over doors and windows, as well as bouquets and wreaths of autumn leaves.

You will want a lounge; which may be made by taking a box of the proper size; have a strong cover put on with hinges, as your lounge will be a good receptacle for bedding and articles not in constant use; pad the top well with curled hair, hay, or cotton batting; cover smoothly with calico, put a curtain around it; add one or two large square pillows covered with the same material, and a strong loop to raise the cover by, and your lounge is finished. Several smaller boxes covered in the same way will make nice ottomans. Old chairs which have been put away as too shabby to use, mended and covered to hide defects, are as easy as new chairs. Barrel chairs are made by cutting a barrel into the shape of a chair;

rope is then put across bed-cord fashion to form the seat, the back and sides are padded, and then it is all covered smoothly with enameled cloth, calico or worsted goods; a cushion is made of the same material.

If you have not got an old table which you can spare for your room, "John" can make one, if he is at all handy with tools, which, when varnished and covered with a large table cover, will answer every purpose. I am not much of a carpenter, but I made a toilet table by setting an old shoe-box on end and nailing on the top of this a board of the right length and width. I padded this, put a curtain around it, and it was finished; one or two shelves in the box would be convenient.

If you have pictures which can be framed, your walls need not look bare long; you can make cone frames by gluing cones on a foundation; moss or lichen frames by sewing the moss on stiff pasteboard; rustic frames, by gluing bits of bark, twigs, etc., on a foundation, or by taking wood with the bark left on, cutting the proper length and width and fitting carefully at the corners so they will be true. Then there are frames made of paper stars, of perforated paper worked with worsted, and frames of different kinds of seeds and grain; yellow corn makes a pretty frame, and also rice sprinkled thickly over a frame made of pasteboard; then color with stain varnish; and any one can make straw frames. Many fancy articles can be made of straw by soaking the straw in warm water and then flattening them and gluing them on your foundation.

In this way you can make baskets, letter-cases, wall-pockets, paper-racks, boxes, brush, comb, and card-cases, brackets and many other articles. Of the bark of white birch you can make many fancy articles besides those of which I have just spoken. Twigs of the Norway spruce also make up very prettily. Those fungi which grow on the trunks of trees make nice brackets by simply varnishing them and nailing a strip of leather on the back by which they can be suspended.

For a corner bracket cut a piece of wood in a three-cornered shape, only rounded on the outer edge; nail pieces on the side of this, by which it can be fastened to the wall; stain the top a dark color; make a lambrequin by working a pretty pattern on canvas cut in deep scallops; put on the edge a heavy bead fringe, and tack to the bracket with ornamental tacks. A simple way to make a lambrequin is to cut a piece of rep or flannel in deep scallops, pink the edges, cut leaves out of black velvet or cloth of a contrasting color, and apply them to the rep with button-hole stitch.

Other brackets may be made of very heavy pasteboard cut in fanciful designs, and covered with rice, cones, or almost any kind of seed, glued on in fanciful designs. If you can, get John to make brackets of cigar boxes, and have him put up a mantel-shelf; stain the top; then make a deep lambrequin to hide the supports, which of course will not look as well as they would if made by a professional cabinet-maker.

Then by all means have some flowering plants in the window. By the way, tin fruit cans make nice flower-pots; cover them with lichen, moss, or bark. Crocheted covers are pretty; crochet them the right size and shape; starch very stiff, and dry on the pot they are intended to cover; then varnish with stain varnish.

Much more might be said on this subject of home-furnishing, but I see that this article is long enough. I hope some of you will try these suggestions; if you

do you will be surprised to see how comfortable and home-like your room will look at little expense.

With best wishes for your success in this undertaking, I remain your friend in all matters pertaining to fancy work and home decoration. MARY E. MURRY.

PICTURE FRAMES.

Every one wants picture frames. I scarcely ever go in a house, that some one does not tell me of some picture they have, but can't use them because they cannot afford to buy frames; and such was my trouble for a long time; but now I make them, even for very large pictures, and every one pronounces them beautiful. Some, indeed a great many, have taken them for handsome carved walnut frames.

My method is very simple and easy. I first have a rough wooden frame made, no matter how rough, and cover it with dark brown cambric or calico; when that is dry, lay it flat on a table, and glue on it the sealy bark from the sycamore tree. After you have covered your frame in this way, varnish it with copal varnish. Then cut small slips of wood with the edges rounded off, and cover with gilt paper, to look like the moulding in walnut frames; be sure to cut the pieces to fit exactly, and tack them on your frame. If in glueing on the bark it should curl, tack it on with a small tack.

A pretty ornament for a parlor is very easily made in this way: Have a wooden cross made of timber, one and three-fourths inches square; make the cross eighteen inches high by twelve inches across the arms; then place it on a base formed of two pieces of board about an inch in thickness; the top piece must extend out around the cross some distance. A good size for the proportions above named is one and a half inches by five inches; the second board must be placed under this, and must be one and a half square inches larger, so it will form a base, like two steps, leading to the cross. In the centre of the base cut a hole and fix in the cross firmly; when this is completed, cover it over with white paper without lines; then spatter it over until it is quite dark—almost as dark as granite—with India ink; dissolve some India ink in a saucer, dip an old tooth brush in it, and pass it lightly over a hair-pin; this will cause the ink to fall in tiny spatters on the cross. It takes some time to make it really dark, but if you persevere, your patience will be rewarded. When this is done, take the brightest autumn leaves you can get, and form into a wreath; begin down on the base with quite a cluster, as if it was growing there; place a small tack now and then under the leaves, and use fine wire in forming your wreath. This can be worked over the tacks, and not be seen; commence, as I said before, at the bottom of the base, down low, rather to one side, and bring around the cross, then under the arm, and over the top, falling gracefully over and below the other arm.

You can't think how beautiful it is, and how rich and gorgeous the leaves look. I made one some time ago; it brightened the whole room in which I placed it. If your leaves should curl or fade, you know they can be easily replaced every fall; but they last for months. E. W. H.

Oatmeal for the Complexion.—A writer in the *Household* says that she uses oatmeal twice a day to make her face smooth and rosy. Take the dry meal, a little on a preserve plate, pour on just enough cold water to make thin, strain through a little sieve, and dipping a cloth into the water, wash over the face once or twice and let it dry. The result will be a beautiful complexion.

Household Elegancies.

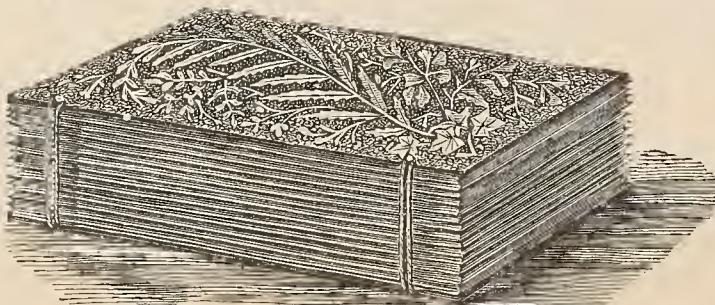
A BEAUTIFUL PORTFOLIO FOR PRESERVING PRESSED LEAVES AND GRASS.

A pretty and substantial method for preserving leaves and grasses is shown in our illustrations:

Cream tinted paper of moderate thickness is cut into as many pages of uniform size as may be desired, and upon one side of each page the leaves and sprays are fastened with floss silk or the narrowest ribbon. The cover is composed of card-board, and ornamented with spatter work; two loops of cord extend from the lower cover at each side, and are caught over buttons upon the upper one, holding the edges firmly and closely together.

Another mode shows the pages arranged in one continuous strip, and then folded to the size of the cover; the method first described, however, will be found preferable.

shape. Sew it on to pasteboard of the same shape; bend this rounding. Cut out a back to fit it, and let the back extend up and form a cross; cover the cross with black velvet; cut a strip of white perforated card-board somewhat narrower than the cross; one for the standard, one for the arm, and one for above the arm; sew these on as they will not stick fast to the velvet with mucilage; then cut strips a little narrower than the first ones, and so on until you fill out the whole cross; these can be fastened on with mucilage. For the front part where it is sewed together, cut a strip of tin foil an inch and a half in width; with small scissors



PORTFOLIO FOR PRESERVING LEAVES, ETC.

sors cut a fringe on both sides, leaving enough in the centre to stick it on by; place five of these strips on, having every one a little narrower than the preceding one; then take a small natural leaf, cut some by it out of the green part of the curtain; vein them with a brown crayon pencil; wind some wire with green zephyr; lay a small pleat in each leaf, sew them on the wire, make a few small flowers to imitate vine flowers, fasten them on, sew the bottom of the wire in each corner of the pocket, and make a small loop to hang it up by.

A handsome card-basket can be made, having the foundation of stiff pasteboard; cut a strip a finger wide and three-quarters of a yard in length; join together and scallop the top; cut a bottom to fit and join together; gather some sweet corn husks, the inside ones are best; color some of them pink with ani-

trim the top of it with husk work, line the under side with white silk, also inside of basket with white silk. Sew a cluster of preserved autumn leaves on top in the centre of the handle. The husks make much richer work than paper does.

A delicate and pretty hanging basket for corner of a room may be made in the following manner:

Make the foundation of pasteboard, in the shape of a bird's nest, only larger and longer. Take a strip of tissue paper, double it four times, having it three or four inches in width after being doubled; cut a fringe on one side, leaving enough on the other side to stick it on by; with a knife crimp the fringe; then pick it apart. Begin at the bottom and paste it on, always fastening one strip a little above the other, and so on until you fill the basket up to the top. As you get near the top make the fringe shorter. Put an artificial rose and leaves in the centre of the basket, on one side, for the front. Make quite a long handle to hang it up by; taking a strip of pasteboard, cover it entirely with the fringe; arrange a few buds and leaves on top of the handle so as to droop forward toward the front of the basket.

Phantom baskets are pretty made of raveled cloth, red, white, and blue.

You can make a rich-looking hanging basket for vines by taking a large cocoa-nut shell and gluing small cones all over the outside surface; glue a strip of grape vine on to hang it up by.

A toilet stand for bed room of simple materials: Plain thin white muslin, over pink cambric, will produce a pretty effect at little cost. Take a box the size of a washstand bureau; set it up lengthwise, with the open side toward the wall; cover it smoothly with the cambric; then with the muslin, laying a box pleat about seven inches apart, letting them extend the length of the box; place small pink bows between the pleats, seven inches apart. Cover the top the same as the sides. Finish the edge with a box pleated ruching. Place a bow on each corner.

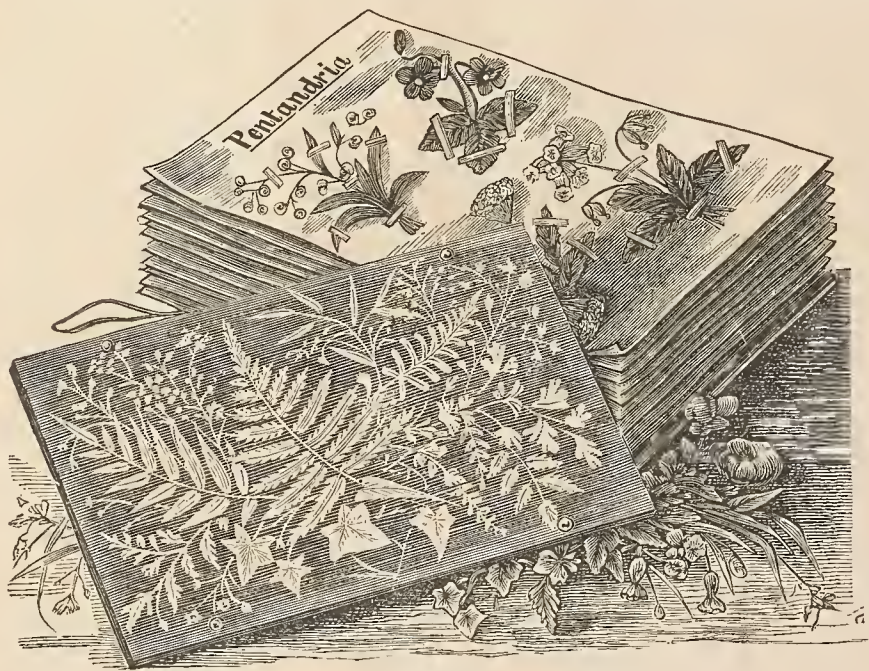
JARDINIERE.

The framework is of bamboo. These frames are sold at most fancy-work shops, with a tin tray to put the flower-pots into. To hide the tray, drapes of embroidered cloth are placed in each division; these are pinked or cut in points at the edges, and ornamented round with simple design in embroidery. A scroll in braid or embroidery ornaments the middle of each drape.

HOME-MADE ARTICLES.

Why not make them? Any one that has any ingenuity can, by saving pieces and bits of this and that, form them into beautiful things which will make any home pleasanter.

A very rich lamp mat can be made by taking a piece of dark red velvet, cut it round, (I prefer it quite



PORTFOLIO FOR PRESERVING LEAVES.

large), scallop it around the edge, sew a red worsted rose, a shade lighter than the velvet, in every other scallop, and in every other one a fringe over an inch wide, knit of green variegated zephyr, to imitate moss.

Wall pockets are pretty made out of soiled oil cloth curtains. Cut out a design in one of the corners, (you will surely find one bright corner), in some fanciful

line, and some green; cut a piece an inch square, double it in the centre, then double again. Enough has been said in the CABINET in regard to paper work to enable any one to know how to make and arrange it.

Always dip them in water so as to make them pliable before cutting them. Sew them on, overlapping each other, in forms you like best. Make a handle,



JARDINIERE.

Make two catchalls, one for the waste matches, one for the others, by taking two goose eggs, or gourds; break at one end, empty out the contents. With sharp scissors cut off three-quarters of an inch. Crochet covers to fit them, out of pink zephyr; run a cord around near the top, fasten a cord on to hang it by, sew a bow on each side and three ball tassels on the bottom.

P. C. W.

Fire-side Reading.

A NEGRO CAMP-MEETING HYMN.

Why don't you do as I eter did,
A-walking on the sea?
He throwed both arms above his head,
Crying, "Good Lord, remember me."
Then remember the rich and remember the poor,
And remember the bound and the free,
And when you are done remembering around,
Then, good Lord, remember me.

If I could stand where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
I'd throw these legs as fast as I could—
And I'd go for the milk-white shore,
Then remember the rich and remember the poor,
And remember the bound and the free,
And when you are done remembering around,
Then, good Lord, remember me.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Lively Butter.—There is an old goat owned in Detroit which has received a great deal of training from the boys. Last Fourth of July they discovered that if they stuck a fire-cracker in the end of a cane and held it at William, he would lower his head and go for them; and they have practiced the trick so much that the goat will tackle any human being who points a stick at him. A few days ago he was loafing near the corner of Third and Lewis streets, when a corpulent citizen came up and stopped to talk with a friend. They happened to speak of sidewalks, when the corpulent citizen pointed his cane just to the left of the goat, and said:

"That's the worst piece of sidewalk in this town."

The goat had been eyeing the cane, and the moment it came up he lowered his head, made six or eight jumps, and his head struck the corpulent citizen just on "the belt." The man went over into a mass of old tin, dilapidated butter kegs and abandoned hoop skirts, and the goat turned a somersault the other way, while slim citizen threw stones at a boy seated on a doorstep, who was laughing tears as big as chestnuts, and crying out:

"Oh, it's 'nuff to kill a feller!"

Preaching Politics.—A worthy deacon hired a journeyman farmer from a neighboring town for the summer, and induced him—although he was unaccustomed to church-going—to accompany the family to church on the first Sabbath of his stay. Upon their return to the deacon's house, he asked his hired man how he liked the sermon. He replied:

"I don't like to hear any man preach politics."

"I am very sure you heard no minister preach politics to-day," said the deacon.

"I am sure that I did," said the man.

"Mention the passage," said the deacon.

"I will," he said. "If the Republicans scarcely are saved, where will the Democrats appear?"

"Ah," said the deacon, "you mistake; these were the words, 'If the righteous scarcely are saved, how will the ungodly and wicked appear?'"

"Oh, yes," said the man, "he might have used those words, but I know mighty well *what he meant.*"

Cyrus, King of Persia, when a boy, was asked what was the first thing that he learned. In reply, he said: "To speak the truth." This is one of the most important lessons of life, and cannot be learned too early. There is no attribute of our being more beautiful than truthfulness; it sheds a glory upon the whole character; it does away with all distrust, inspiring, in its stead, sentiments of faith and confidence.

A story is told of a shrewish Scotchwoman who tried to wean her husband from the public house by employing her brother to act the part of a ghost and

Spoilt his Poetry.—There are few jokes that make better fun than secretly piecing out a friend's unfinished line. The trick is a practical and verbal joke in one, and harmless—unless a sacred beginning is burlesqued by a ridiculous sequel.

It is related of Dr. Mansel that when an undergraduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, he chanced to call at the rooms of a brother Cantab, who was absent, but who had left on his table the opening of a poem, which was in the following lofty strain:—

"The sun's perpendicular rays
Illuminate the depths of the sea,"—

Here the flight of the poet, by some cause, stopped short; but Mansel, who enjoyed a joke, completed the stanza thus:—

"And the fishes, beginning to sweat,
Cried, 'Goodness! how hot we shall be!'"

On the Wrong Lay.—A certain Lincoln county huckster, who deals principally in butter and poultry,

invariably asks a little more for these luxuries than any of his neighbors. When asked his reasons for so doing, he always replies after this fashion:

"Well, sir, that's an extra quality of butter: it was made by my wife's aunt, sir—one of the best housekeepers in the State. Those chickens are a superior article, sir; they were raised by my wife's aunt, sir, and what she doesn't know about raising chickens ain't worth knowing, sir."

This peculiarity has been remarked by his customers, and they are in the habit of commenting on it quite freely behind his back. The other day a very solemn-looking individual entered the store, and, walking up to a basket of eggs, inquired:

"What do you ask for eggs?"

"Fifteen cents a dozen," was the bland reply.

"Fifteen cents?" exclaimed the melancholy customer. "Why, I can buy them anywhere at ten—but, may be your wife's aunt laid these eggs!"

The owner of the hen fruit hung his head, looked thoughtful for a moment, and replied:

"Take 'em along at ten!"

A letter from one tramp to another was picked up in Fair Haven, Vt., the other day, which closed as follows: "u won't ketch me in this stat agin, my advise to u iz to go bak to york stat, ceep clerc of vermont for it iz not a good hum fur a sensativ tramp."

"Skip the hard words, honey, dear," said an Irish school-mistress to one of her pupils; "they are only the names of foreign countries, and you will never be in them."



GRANDMOTHER'S TEA-PARTY.

frighten John on his way home. "Wha are you?" said the guidman, as the apparition rose before him from behind a bush. "I am Auld Nick," was the reply. "Come awa' man," said John, nothing daunted; "gie's a shake o' your hand—I am married tae a sister o' yours."

A learned and eloquent bishop was very anxious to convert a Parsee, who was making some stay in London. "I cannot think," said he, "how any man of intelligence and education, whose mind has been enlarged by travel and association with men of different opinions, can worship a created object, such as the sun." "Oh, my lord bishop," returned the Parsee, who had not been fortunate in the weather since his arrival in England, "you should see it; you have no idea what a glorious object it is."

Housekeeping.

PRIZE RECEIPTS FOR COOKING.

BY MRS. CAROLINE E. COCKS.

Aunt Sophia's Plain Wheat Pudding.—One quart of sweet milk, one pint of flour, five eggs, half a teaspoonful of salt. Wet the flour gradually with the milk, add the salt, then the eggs, beaten very light. Bake in a quick oven three-quarters of an hour. Eat with hard sauce.

Hard Sauce.—One teacup of light brown sugar, half a teacup of butter, one teaspoonful of milk, flavor with lemon or vanilla, cream the butter, add the sugar, milk and essence, and stir until white and frothy.

Aunt Jany's Plum Pudding.—One pint of milk, two eggs, half a pound of beef suet, one pound of currants, one pound of raisins, quarter pound of citron, one teaspoonful of soda, one of cinnamon, one of cloves, one-half of salt; flour sufficient to make a stiff dough; mince the suet very fine; beat the eggs; then rub the flour and suet together; add the other ingredients. It is best to mix it over night. Boil three hours and eat with hard sauce. (See Hard Sauce.)

Breakfast Dish.—Half a pound of smoked beef cut thin, one pint of milk, one egg, sprinkle of pepper; cover beef with cold water; let it simmer five minutes, then pour off most of the water; add the milk and beaten egg; simmer one minute, and you have a fine dish for breakfast or lunch.

Ham Omelette.—Five eggs, one-fourth pound of ham, three-fourths cup of milk, one tablespoonful of flour; first cut the fat of the ham in very small pieces, and put them in the omelette pan; cook a few minutes, then add the lean ham cut in the same way. Be careful not to burn while cooking. Mix the flour and milk together, a little milk at a time; beat the flour and milk together, add the beaten eggs, and pour all on ham in the pan; do not stir it, but let it remain on a moderate fire until nicely brown. Run a knife round the edge, put a plate on the top, and turn it out.

Tomato Soup.—One quart can of tomatoes, one quart of milk, one pint of water, half a teaspoonful of soda, five soda crackers, one tablespoonful of butter; let the tomatoes boil five minutes; season with salt and pepper, add the water and milk, with soda in the milk. After coming to a boil put in crackers rolled very fine, and the soup is finished fifteen minutes from the time commenced. Eaten with crackers the taste is almost equal to oyster stew.

Clam Soup.—Fifty hard clams, one quart of milk, five soda crackers, one tablespoonful of butter; wash the clams well in two or three waters, put in a pot with one quart of water; cover close; when open take out of shells, settle and strain the juice; put it in a pot with the clams; boil ten minutes; add milk, pepper, butter, crackers rolled fine, and boil one minute.

Beefsteak and Onions.—One and a half pounds of beefsteak, one-fourth pound of beef suet, one quart of onions; cut the suet in thin pieces; lay on the bottom of a flat pan; put in the steak cut about three inches square; peel the onions, cut in thin slices and lay on the meat. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, cover tight, and cook over a slow fire for one hour.

Breakfast Dish.—When you have beefsteak left from dinner, cut it in small pieces; to one teacup of this put two teacups of onions cut in slices, three cups of potatoes cut in small chunks; sprinkle with a little

salt and pepper; cover with boiling water, and let it simmer one hour over a moderate fire.

Codfish.—One pound of salt codfish, one egg, one pint of milk, one tablespoonful of butter; pepper; soak codfish twenty-four hours before using; change the water twice; put on fire and let it remain twenty minutes; pick it very fine; add the milk and beaten eggs; sprinkle of pepper; butter, and let it simmer five minutes.

Fresh Mackerel.—Wash the fish clean, dry with a cloth, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and rub a little flour on them, have your pan hot, put in a spoonful of lard, lay the mackerel in, skin up, and fry a nice brown; turn over; when brown on both sides, serve on a dish.

Corn Fritters.—Twenty-five ears of corn grated, one egg, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one cup of milk, one teaspoonful of salt; mix the flour and milk and beaten eggs well together; heat your pan hot and fry in hot lard.

Potatoe Fritters.—Fifteen potatoes, one pint of milk, four eggs; boil your potatoes and mash them fine as possible; then add a lump of butter the size of an egg, a little salt, the milk and eggs and thicken with a little flour; drop with a spoon in boiling lard and brown on both sides.

Strawberry Shortcake.—Five cups of prepared flour, one cup of butter, half a cup of sugar, one pint sweet milk; rub the butter in the flour, making it like tea-biscuit, with the milk after adding the sugar; bake in jelly pans; cut in thin slices; butter each slice; have the strawberries well sugared; put them between and on top; eat with cream and sugar.

Economy Cake.—Three cups of sugar, two cups of sweet milk, four cups of flour, two eggs, four tablespoonfuls of butter, two teaspoonfuls of soda, four of cream of tartar, half a nutmeg.

Ginger Nuts.—One teacup of butter, two of molasses, one tablespoonful of ginger, half a tablespoonful of soda; sufficient flour to mix stiff; cut in cakes and bake quickly.

Corn Bread.—Four cups of Indian meal, two of flour, one-fourth cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of salt, one of soda, one or two eggs; mix well and bake three-quarters of an hour.

Wheat Pancakes.—Three eggs, one pint of milk, one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, one of salt; flour to make a batter; mix well together; have ready a round pan with hot lard; put in four tablespoonfuls of batter; brown on both sides; put on a hot plate; spread with butter, sugar, and a little nutmeg; make another one in the same way and lay on top of first one, and so on till all the batter is used. Cut in pieces as you would a pie.

Buckwheat Cakes.—Five cups of buckwheat, one and a half cups of Indian meal, half a cup of wheat flour, one cup of yeast, one teaspoonful of salt; mix over night with sufficient warm water to make a batter.

Rusk. One pint of sweet milk, half a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter; warm the milk; melt the butter and sugar in it; add two tablespoonfuls of good yeast, a little salt; add flour enough to make it as thick as cake; when light, knead it again a little stiffer; when again light, knead over; cut in cakes; put in your pan; let it rise again, bake about twenty minutes. Take it out, wet the top with a mixture of brown sugar and water, or syrup and water.

Biscuit.—When your bread is light take off a piece of your dough; roll it out, dot it with butter; turn it over and roll the butter in well; let it rise again, make out in cakes and bake in a hot oven fifteen minutes.

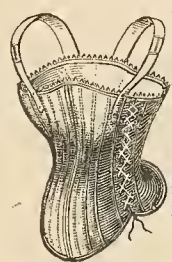
Meat Croquets.—Take any cold waste meat, or beefsteak, cut off all gristle, etc., chop the remainder very fine, add twice as much mashed potatoes, one egg, a little butter, salt, pepper, and a small quantity of allspice; work thoroughly together; make into small cakes and fry in hot lard.

Meringue Pie.—Three lemons, two tablespoonfuls of corn starch, six yolks of eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, two teacups of white sugar; take out the seeds from the lemons, grate the rinds, chop the remainder very fine; wet the corn starch with a little cold water, then pour on to it two teacups of boiling water; let it come to a boil; add the sugar, and when it is cool put in the yolks of the eggs, the chopped lemons, juice, and butter, stirring all together. Line two pie plates with crust; pour in and bake; beat the whites to a froth, adding six tablespoonfuls of sugar; pour over the pies while hot, and bake two or three minutes till a light brown; be careful not to burn.

Pumpkin Pie.—One large cup of cooked pumpkin, one egg, one pint of milk, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of ginger; sweeten to taste; mix thoroughly and bake with an under crust.

Recipe for Mangoes.—Take mangoes, cucumbers, snap-beans, radish pods, and gherkins for the pickles. Cut a slice from the side of each mango and remove every seed. Put them all in a jar, and having boiled as much strong salt and water as will cover them, pour it on them hot, and cover them thickly with grape leaves. Do this every morning till they are quite green, and then every other morning till you are ready to put them in vinegar. They will at first be yellow, but will turn green after repeated scaldings. Make a stuffing for the mangoes as follows: twelve ounces ginger, half a pound garlic, one pound or less of horse-radish, one pound white mustard seed, two ounces cloves, two ounces black pepper, two ounces allspice, two ounces celery seed, the whole mixed into a paste with sweet oil. The ginger should be crushed in a mortar, the horse-radish scraped, and cut into small pieces. After stuffing the mangoes, sew in the slices that were taken out, put them and the other pickles in a jar, sprinkling the stuffing that may be left between them, fill the jar with cold vinegar, and in three weeks pour that from them, and fill the jar again with strong cold vinegar.

To Make Souse of Hogs or Pigs.—Select as many heads and feet as you wish to souse; the whitest are the best; put them in cold water and let them remain a day or night. Then remove and have them nicely cleaned; cut off the ears and have them cleaned also. Put them again in water, sprinkle with salt; shift or change the water twice a day. Let them soak till they look white, but not till they smell in the least, which is likely, unless they are strictly attended to. When sufficiently soaked, remove, clean again nicely, and boil in plenty of water till well cooked. Then remove all the bones from the heads and feet, chop the meat well, season with salt, black pepper, and allspice to your taste, and while hot press it into dishes or pans and place weights on each till cold. When ready for use, slice and eat with vinegar. A very nice way is to slice it, dip into batter and fry. In seasoning the souse, also put in vinegar with pepper and salt, and set the vessel on the fire. Stir the whole well together, and press into cakes as above.



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Brightest roses Fade and Die.

Words by L. T. RUTLEDGE.

Music by H. P. DANKS.

Andante cantabile.

1. Bright - est ros - es fade and with - er,
2. Life is sweet! but not for - ev - er
3. Fraught with Hopes for but to - mor - row,

Flow'rs of beau - ty fall a - way,
Is it strewn with sweet per - fume,
It will be a hap - py day!

Chills of Au - tumn hast - en hith - er,
For some chill - ing frost will sev - er
When it comes it brings but sor - row,

Cloud - ing o'er the sun of
It from beau - ty, peace and
Cast - ing all our hopes a -

May; Fad - ing, sigh - ing, fall - ing, dy - ing,
bloom; Cast - ing it on Time's dark riv - er—
way; In the fu - ture see a gleaming

On the ground they thick - ly lie,—
On Time's dark and roll - ing tide,
Of a hap - py "bye - and - bye,"

Flow'rs of beau - ty soft - ly
Leav - ing it to drift and
When it comes, 'tis but a

Chorus.
SOPRO.
Alto.
TENOR.

sigh - - ing, Bright - est ros - es fade and die.
shiv - - er, Los - ing all its joy and pride.
seem - - ing: Bright - est ros - es fade and die.

Bright - est ros - es fade and with - er,
Ros - es fade and with - er,

Ros - es fade and with - er, they fade and with - er,

In their pride they soft - ly sigh, Soon the Au - tumn hast - ens hith - - er, And the ros - es fade and die.

In their pride they soft - ly sigh, Soon the Au - tumn hast - ens hith - er, And the ros - es fade, they fade and die.

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MISS M. I. MCKINIE

BY HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

VOL. VI.

NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1877.

No. 67.

PRICE 12 CENTS.

PRETTY WINDOW GARDENS.

Upon this and a succeeding page are given illustrations of some very beautiful ways of decorating windows and rooms with the living greenery of our popular window flowers. There is no home but can be vastly improved by the addition of a few plants; and there is no description of furniture that can compare with the delicacy, grace, and refining influence of window vines, blossoms and plant beauties.

It is hardly necessary to describe in detail all these engravings. It will be easily seen that the decoration of the windows on this page are far superior to those on page 116. And this difference is easily explained by the use of so many climbing vines. Figs. 1 and 2 are especially charming for the tasteful arrangement of the vines, and the addition of the vase in the first, and the spray of leaves and ferns, above and before the looking-glass in the second, make an inexpressibly tasteful effect.

In Fig. 3 is a sketch of a simple bracket which any one can make, the rustic fence being purchasable at any florist's at a cheap price. In several of the illustrations will be noticed wall pockets containing plants. This idea can be extended more freely than it usually is, and plants of beautiful foliage put in them in various places against the wall, every one of which will do far more than pictures to brighten a home. One of the most beautiful homes we have ever seen, had under each picture, fastened to the wall, a pretty group of leaves, ferns and moss. And the verdict of

visitors was for the woodland treasures in preference to the costly pictures. These illustrations, we believe, were engraved by Mr. Vick from photographs of the homes of some of his ardent floral admirers.

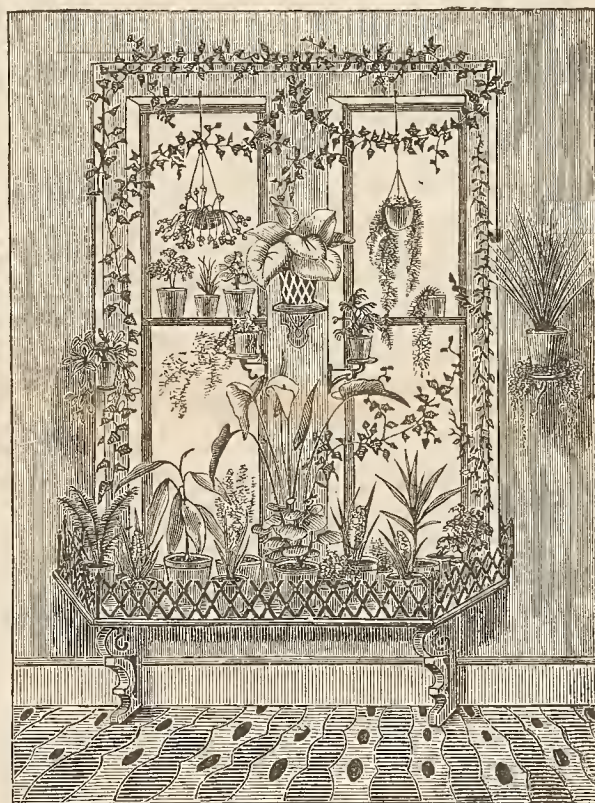


FIG. 3. WINDOW PLANT STANDS AND BRACKETS.

est profusion from the middle of April until the last of August, after which they produce a few scattering ones until frost. These flowers are very fine for bouquets. The seed should be sown from the first of April until the last of May, and from the first until the last of September. For plants to bloom in early spring, in patches where wanted to bloom, as the plant has a tap root and is quite difficult to transplant, cover about one-eighth of an inch in depth, and thin to four or five inches apart before the plants become spindling and weak; at this distance they will make a compact bed and will be a complete blaze of beauty all the summer. Apart from its beautiful flowers, the leaves are very ornamental, being many-parted.

Plants from seed bloom about the middle of August and sometimes in July. Seed should be saved from the first blooms that open, as they are the largest. Allow none to seed except those you wish to save, as it will cause the plant to produce very small flowers, and in time will stop it from blooming entirely, I would advise all who wish something showy to grow this plant. There are several other varieties of *Eschscholtzia*, but this is the only kind I have tried.

W. G. IVY.

A Magnificent Ivy.—A lady in Yardville, N. J., who bought an Ivy last fall, less than six feet in length, took such good care of it during the winter that when it was planted out in June, it had grown three hundred feet, and one of the main branches was forty-five feet long.

ESCHSCHOLTZIA.

Eschscholtzia Californica is one flower that I would recommend to all lovers of hardy plants. It is a hardy perennial of easy culture, blooming the first year from seed. It succeeds in any common soil, the richer the better, however, as it produces larger flowers and deeper colored foliage. The blossoms are of a bright yellow, shaded with deep orange in the centre. They are about one inch in diameter on young plants, on old ones about one and a half and sometimes two inches across, borne on long footstalks thrown well about the foliage, and are produced in the great-

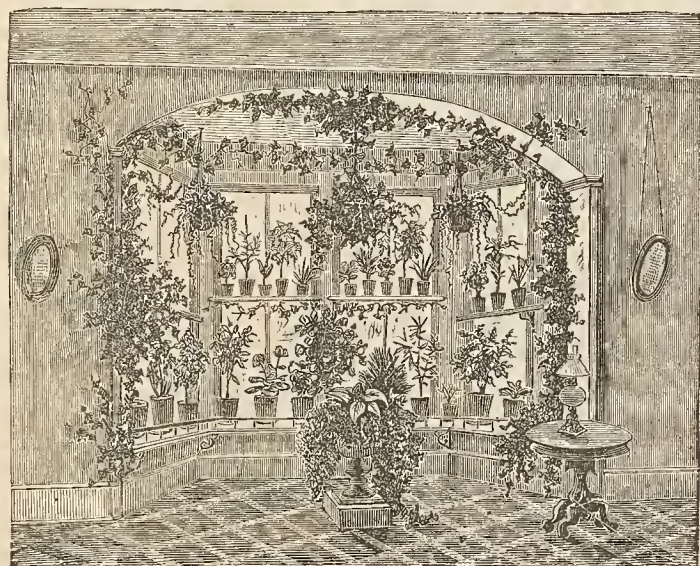


FIG. 1. BAY-WINDOW.

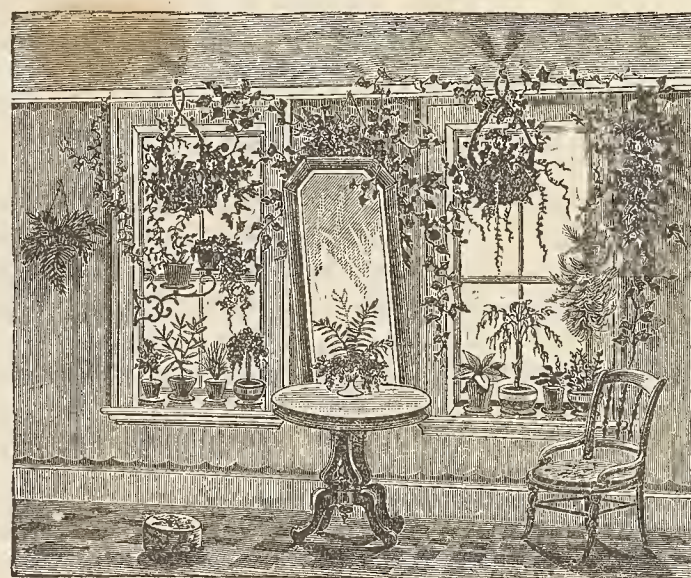


FIG. 2. SITTING-ROOM WINDOW.

Floral Contributions.

SOMETHING ABOUT PLANTS.

Naturally, I have quite a love for plants, and during the last four years circumstances have caused that love to develop into a grand passion. The circumstances were these:

One morning, about four years ago, I realized the fact, which my friends had realized for some time previous, that I had a disease about me which would render me an invalid for life and that my life might stretch over many years. Only those who have been in like distress can even imagine the extreme bitterness which mingled with all my thoughts that morning. At length I resolved that my living should not be wholly disagreeable to others as well as to myself, and that the way to help myself overcome the fretfulness and general disagreeableness incident to sickness was to keep the mind fully occupied with other thoughts than of self. I caused my sick-room to hold as many plants as it had places for, and obtained works upon plant-life, thus studying their individual needs. I soon found that while I ministered to them they gave happiness to me in tenfold measure.

This year I have been able to cultivate them out of doors as well as indoors; and while remembering the days of pain they have helped me so much to bear in a less fretful way, I thank the Giver of all good things that He gave us plants and gave me a sense of appreciation of their wonderful life and beauty.

Very many people who came into my room said to me, "I don't wonder you are sick, with so many plants about you!" How could I explain to such what they were to me? How much of happiness and consequent health they gave me? They ought to have known as well as I that only flowers, stems and leaves which are decaying give out poisonous gases. I was careful to have all such picked off and to keep the plants in a perfect state of health.

I think that vegetation is a sure index of the healthfulness of a room; where that will flourish the human life will flourish, too, and, *vice versa*.

On the stove was always a shallow dish which was kept full of water, thus providing a moist atmosphere; once a week every plant had a bath in warm water. This is very easily accomplished by fitting a damp cloth over the earth to prevent its shattering off; while holding the cloth firmly the pot can be tipped in any position desired. If any should become infested with any of the many plant enemies—which is very seldom—dip them in a strong tea made of tobacco leaves; this will give their foliage a bright, fresh greenness, besides killing insects.

Three years ago I sent to a florist for a small quantity of tobacco seed, and since it has sown itself, and, if let alone, a sufficiency for such purposes will grow and mature. Gathered before the frosts come and placed "up attic," one need never dread the care of plants.

Those which have rough leaves and stems, like Chinese Primroses, showy-leaved Begonias, and some Coleus, do not like "dipping;" so the dust can be blown off such. Just here I must tell you how I succeeded with Chinese Primroses, both plants and seeds. Last spring I sent to a florist and obtained three different varieties, and after potting them, seemed to do well until at the end of two weeks I noticed that they were decaying at the tops. I never had seen anything like it before, so I went to books for information, and I concluded it must be that mildew had attacked them.

I dosed them with sulphur, both plants and earth, but all proved of no avail, and in about two months after getting them they were all dead.

Determined not to be beaten in that way, I then procured a package of seeds containing mixed varieties, and sowed every seed, as I supposed I should probably have only a few plants from all. When I wish to germinate choice seed, I fill a box about six inches deep with soil composed of one-third part each of good garden soil, which has been sifted to free it from all stones, and dirt found in decayed apple trees, and fine cow manure; to this mixture I add enough sand to give it a slight sandy appearance. On this I place my seeds, sift just enough soil over to cover them—they are of quite good size—and water with warm water until the earth is soaked; place a glass over the box, and set it on the top of the sitting-room stove. I did this way with my Primroses, and in a week they began to show their tiny leaflets; the next day I removed them to a sunny window and took off the glass, remembering to replace it evenings to remain over them until the next morning.

Plant after plant showed itself, and as fast as any of them attained their fourth leaf, I transplanted them into the same kind of soil with more sand added. When the weather was warm enough, I put the pots out in the garden under a tree, and there they have lived and flourished all summer; this fall they were transplanted where they were to grow through the winter, and finding I had no room for all, curiosity prompted me to count them, and I found there were sixty-eight.

Many of them have gone into other homes to cheer our northern winter-life, but I took good care that they all went where they would be well cared for. I never had plants of any kind do better, and I found them very tenacious of life under adverse circumstances, have crowded them in among other plants, and have them alone, and either way they do equally well, always remembering, however, that they do not like the full blaze of the sun, are impatient of heat, and do not like water on the leaves or stalks. At present more than two-thirds of mine are budded, and many of them are just ready to expand into full bloom.

I think that the best success is had with all choice plants outside of a greenhouse, when they are raised from seeds, or cuttings rooted in the same house where they are to be grown. Then they have the same air from the commencement of their lives.

Cuttings of Verbenas must be rooted and started in September to insure an abundance of bloom during the winter months. They, too, like a very sandy soil, but little water and all the sun they can possibly get. Fuchsias seldom get as much richness of soil as they like; they are capable of attaining great size, and will grow fast and bloom abundantly eight months of a year if given very rich soil and manure; water as often as once a week, always remembering to provide plenty of water for them to drink.

After the season of bloom is past, they want rest and will provide it for themselves by refusing to put forth new leaves, and look much as sleepy children do when forced to stay awake—very uninteresting. I put mine down cellar—the Fuchsias, not the children—the first of November, and water the earth while they are there only enough to keep them from drying out utterly, and bring them to the light and heat the middle of January.

I wish I could induce every woman to have just a few plants, if no more than a few can be taken care of well. Their growth is a curiosity, and if one cares for them, one notes the minutest and most delicate

changes of leaf, bud and blossom, and thus they not only fill the mind with other cares than those of life's daily routine, but they must elevate the thoughts—lead their owners to think of the Creator's creative power and goodness. Who, other than He, had the skill to plan such variety?

A Fernery, after it is filled, is very little care and trouble. I put a thick layer of dry moss in the bottom of mine for the purpose of absorbing all superfluous moisture; above this, small pieces of wood coal to the depth of an inch, and over this the soil, in which can be planted Achyranthes, Begonias, Ivies, any and all pretty creeping vines from the woods, Coleus, Ferns, and almost all tender kinds of plants.

Have the glass case fit tightly; give air by raising this case about ten minutes each day, and give water only when no moisture gathers on the glass, which latter case will not occur oftener than three or four weeks. If the plants cannot have the sun they do not mind, but keep on flourishing, blooming and thanking their owners for giving them such nice, comfortable quarters during the chilly months when their out-of-door companions are forced to cover up their heads lest Jack Frost should behead them some night.

Another combination of plants, whereby space and care are economized, is to put many in the bowl of a rustic stand, or, having had a tinsmith fit to the top of some old stand a zinc pan, arrange them in that. If easters are on the feet of the stand it can be easily moved to suit the convenience of its owner, and by pushing into the soil four small sticks, each a little taller than the tallest plants, newspapers can be readily placed over the whole on those cold nights when protection is needed. Nothing equals paper for that purpose. If any of my pets are particularly tender, I enfold each separately, then placing all together, enclose them in one immense paper covering.

Glazed pots are the only kinds I use; they are always clean-looking, while the unglazed require much washing to keep them presentable, and those which are painted, however handsome they may be at first, in a year or two become unsightly objects. I think any particular kind of plant-holder is not essential to their well-being.

I always insure good drainage by the use of wood-coal broken into bits, and think it preferable to anything else, as, if too much water should chance to remain in the soil, it corrects any acidity that may occur. All plants need iron in the earth from which they derive their life; a small quantity of refuse iron chips or filings, which any blacksmith will be glad to have taken from his shop, dug into the top soil will assist them much to put forth vigorous, healthy-looking leaves, and will deepen and intensify all the hues of colored flowers.

"Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book."

A. D.

Cypress Seed.—Every person that has ever planted Cypress seed knows that it takes a long time for it to germinate, and it frequently does not come at all, especially if the ground is not kept very moist. My method of sprouting it is a very simple and successful one. I take a large spoonful of cold coffee grounds and put them in a cup, then sprinkle the seed over these grounds, and cover them with coffee grounds, and in from two to four days the seed will all be sprouted, when they can be planted out, and they will grow rapidly. I have used this plan for years.

MARY B. McMILLIN.

Answers to Correspondents.

Black Flies on Plants.—The Best Window for Plants.—Should Plants be Grown in Bed-rooms?—How shall I get rid of the little black flies on my plants? Is it healthy to have plants in a bed-room? Which is best for plants, a western or eastern exposure?

JENNIE ELDREA.

Rome, Mich.

Answer.—Tobacco smoke will kill the flies; put the plants under a barrel and throw some damp plug tobacco on some hot coals. Let the plants remain in the fumes about ten minutes, then syringe or water the branches. The best exposure or window for plants is east. One hour of morning sun is worth two of afternoon. Window plants should have as much sun as possible. It is not unhealthy to have plants in a bed-room, unless they are in such quantity as to produce dampness. Plants exhale oxygen and inhale carbonic acid. Animals do just the reverse.

Begonias for Fernery.—What species of Begonias are best for a Fernery?

Ravenswood, Ill.

MRS. W. VAN HORN.

Answer.—Any of the Begonias with large ornamental foliage do well in a Fernery. Some varieties can be found at any greenhouse. The Fernery should be aired occasionally and not be kept very wet or the Begonias will rot. By ornamental leaved we mean Begonia Rex and its many seedling varieties.

Soil, etc.—What kind of soil is best for Calceolaria? How deep shall I cover the seed? Is Clematis cirrhosa an annual? Will Cobæa scandens sprout in the spring from an old root?

Briseo Run.

MRS. J. P. JOHNSON.

Answer.—Calceolaria seed is very small and should be sown as lightly as possible, on the surface of the ground; if watered afterwards, will often sufficiently cover it. The soil should be very fine sandy loam. Clematis cirrhosa is a perennial. Cobæa scandens will not sprout from the root, but if a portion of stem is left, eyes will break. The plant is not hardy where there is frost.

Jasmine Treatment.—Please tell me whether Jasminum grandiflorum should be put in the cellar after it has finished blooming, or remain where it will continue to grow? I have kept mine on the plant-stand where it will grow, but the leaves and branches dry up.

MRS. J. L. ANDREWS.

Answer.—You would probably lose your plant if you put it in the cellar. The fault in your culture is the air of the room is too dry, and perhaps you do not water enough. The tropical Jasmynes are all ever-green, and do not require drying off.

Begonias.—What can be the trouble with my trailing Begonia? It hung in a wire basket covered with moss, and grew beautifully all summer, but ceased blooming in June. Now (Jan. '77) it is beginning to bloom again; but when the leaves are nearly half grown they are covered with little watery looking spots, and drop off.

Cincinnati, O.

ESTHER W. HENDERSON.

Answer.—You are probably keeping your plant too cold and wet. If grown in heat this species will bear any amount of water, but it requires more heat than most Begonias.

Billbergia fasciata.—Coleus turning black.—When does Billbergia fasciata bloom? Are there

more colors than one? What is the treatment? Why do Coleus begin getting black at the top and continue so downward until they die away?

Galena, Ill.

JOHN F. BRENDEN.

Answer.—All the Billbergias bloom as soon as the crowns are strong; the season is usually summer and autumn, but some remain in perfection a long time. We know only one color of B. fasciata. From your description, we think your Coleus must have been frost-bitten. The Coleus is a very tender plant, originally native of the hot island of Java, and it is not well to plant any of the varieties in the garden before all danger of frost is past.

Temperature for Plants.—Coal Ashes.—What is the temperature for plants in a sitting-room warmed by a coal stove? Of what use are coal ashes?

H. J. F.

Peru, Clinton Co., N. Y.

Answer.—The temperature may rise as high as you would generally keep it, if you keep the air moist. It is dry heat which injures plants. Coal ashes are of no horticultural value.

Turk's Head Cactus, etc.—Why does not my Turk's Head Cactus bloom? It is thirteen years old, six inches high, fourteen inches in circumference? When does it bloom, and what flower does it have? A neighbor has had a Bridal Rose for three years, and an Amaryllis for seven years, which have not bloomed. Why is it?

E. J. L. C.

East Haddam.

Answer.—The Turk's Head Cactus grows to a great size and does not bloom until old; from the size, yours should bloom; but when it does you will be disappointed. The flowers are very small, in a circle near the top, and are pink, red, yellowish, or white. The Bridal Rose is not a rose, but a double flowering Bramble. It should bloom on the young wood very freely. Probably the shoots are too weak; repot it in good soil and give it plenty of sun. The Amaryllis should be dried off in autumn and allowed to rest all winter. Repot it in the spring, and it will probably bloom.

A Rockery.—Our house is on a side hill, and we are obliged to terrace the front. I am anxious to save a large maple tree, the roots of which are somewhat exposed and present a rough appearance, which I think may be improved by a rockery being built under it. Please give me your assistance.

Ottumwa, Iowa.

MRS. J. I. DOUGLASS.

Answer.—By piling up rugged, angular rocks in a rude way under the roots of the tree, it can doubtless be saved and many delicate plants could be grown in the chinks of the rocks. Make the arrangement as natural as possible, that is, avoid all formal arrangement. The effect you should aim to produce is that the rocks appear as if Nature placed them so that the tree sprung from them. Let the chinks between the rocks be deep and filled with good soil. Many plants which seem to grow on bare rocks send their roots far below the surface and feed upon the alluvial deposit in some chink of the rock, where the lower soil is always moist, no matter how dry the surface may be. The maple tree will in time, however, send out roots which will appropriate your whole rockery. The masses of rock or heaps of stone which we often see as "rockeries" have no beauty and only serve more conspicuously to display the misery of the stunted plants placed upon them.

Lily of the Valley.—Keeping Geraniums.—Why cannot I succeed in getting Lily of the Valley to bloom? Out of forty stalks but one has a flower-stem. Can you give me any experience as to keeping Geraniums through the winter tied up in bundles with the dirt removed? What kinds will keep in that way? Would they not do better dried off in the pots? Should the cellar be damp or dry?

Laclede, Ind.

MRS. LUCIE A. SCHROCK.

Answer.—Probably the soil is too poor for your Lily of the Valley. The tubers need to be well grown to bloom. In a garden bed probably not one in ten flowers. Manure the bed well with well rotted manure in autumn or early spring; do not let the ground become very dry, and you will get bloom. The flower is worth all the care you can give it. The Zonale or Horseshoe Geraniums will live shaken out in autumn and hung up in a cool, frost-proof dry cellar; but they do quite as well dried off in the pots. Neither mode is the best for keeping them, for they make very good window plants for winter, and do not require annual rest.

Heliotrope root-bound.—Does the Heliotrope do well when root-bound?

FLOWER LOVER.

Osborn, Green Co., O.

Answer.—It certainly will not succeed. Give it a good soil and repot, as the plant grows large, and the larger the plant the more flowers.

Culture of Hydrangea, etc.—What should be the treatment of Hydrangea? Should it be in sun or shade—in wet or dry soil? Should Lilies be set in the open ground, and how early in the season? What should be done with the bulbs after blooming?

Milwaukee, Wis.

MRS. A. C. ALLEN.

Answer.—If you mean Hydrangea Hortensia, the plants are best grown in large pots or tubs, as they are not hardy. Let the soil be rich, and give the plants an abundance of water. Set the tubs on a piazza or in the garden in the sun; they will bloom all summer. Let the frost kill the foliage, and then keep the plants in the tubs through the winter in the house cellar. Lilies should be planted in a deep, rich, well drained soil in the garden in autumn or as early in the spring as possible. The depth should vary from two to five inches, according to the size of the bulb. They need not be disturbed for years, and will each year grow stronger and give better flowers. Most Lilies are hardy, but all the species are injured by keeping the bulbs out of the ground. If planted in a very exposed situation, a covering of litter over the bed during the winter is advantageous. A Lily bed should be of rich light soil, never very wet or very dry.

Aquariums.—How can I construct an aquarium? Is there any way to prevent the cement detaching itself from the glass?

MRS. J. E. L.

Ada, O.

Answer.—A very simple and pretty aquarium may be made by procuring a large glass confectionery case cover, and fixing it upside down in a stand. The best are made of stone, with the glass glazed in lead or set in an iron frame; but they are expensive. If the cement detaches itself from the glass it was not properly mixed.

Names of Plants.—Answer to Annie E. Syanes, Lynchburg, Texas. The two small white and blue flowers are species of Vetch (vicia). The larger blue flower we cannot name, but it is not an Ageratum or a Forget-me-not (Myosotis).

VERBENAS.

No plant excels the Verbena for planting, either in masses or bedding. Its bright colors contrast finely with the green grass of the lawn. It is a universal favorite with all flower lovers. Indeed, no lawn or flower-garden is complete without its bed of Verbenas. They are beautiful both in foliage and flower. Although they are but half hardy perennials, they bloom the first season. And they are so easily grown. The seed falling on the ground, will, if not picked up by the little birds, remain unimpaired through the entire winter, coming up quite thickly the following spring. I get the earliest and strongest plants from self-sown seed; but I always save seed from selected colors, as they range in colors from the brightest red, and a dark blue and purple, to a pure white; and then we have them with such a variety of markings.

Two years ago I procured a variety of striped Verbena plants; and from a particularly choice one, I saved the seed for the next year's planting, and from those seed I had quite a variety. Some were self-colored, and some were striped, and some were speckled and mottled in various ways. Some plants would have a truss all of a color and another one with a single floweret of another color in the same truss. The contrast was quite pleasing. While some are delightfully fragrant, others are entirely devoid of any fragrance whatever. I find the light colored ones the most fragrant.

The original plant from which the seed was saved, was white, striped with red. The Verbena has some enemies. The aphid or green lice sometimes attack it, and there is a kind of white lice that work on the roots, sometimes causing the plant to wither and die. For the first named pest, I make use of the dirty suds in washing. Give them a good showering in the evening. It not only rids the plants of the pest, but it is beneficial in the growth of the Verbena. For the ones on the roots a preventive is a little lime or wood ashes mixed in the soil before setting the plants, as they are somewhat hard to get rid of after planting. Occasionally there will be a plant diseased, which can always be told by its puny growth. Better pull it up and give the vigorous ones more room.

The Verbena delights in the bright sunshine. And I have better success with it of a dry season than almost any other bedding plants unless it is the Portulacas. Like Purslane, it will flourish wet or dry. The Verbena does best in a sandy soil. I mix one-fourth sand, an equal amount of well rotted hot-bed manure and soil from the woods, or sods rotted. The ground should be spaded one foot deep and then set the plants two feet apart. Keep the ground loose and peg down the straggling shoots, which will cause them to root at the joints where they come in contact with the soil, and the bed will soon become a perfect mat of bloom. And the more you pluck of the flowers, the more they bloom.

We have one kind of Verbena that is entirely hardy here with us, in latitude thirty-nine degrees north. It is called Verbena Montana in the florists' catalogues. Young plants of it will bloom all the summer. The older ones bloom earlier. They bloom along with the Tulips. The color is a red, changing to a rosy purple. The foliage is of a lighter green than the tender varieties. It is said to be a native of the Rocky Mountains. I don't know of more than the one kind that is hardy here. I don't know whether the tender kinds will mix with the hardy one. I have grown in the same bed, side by side with each other, the two kinds, and saved seed from both, but never could get but the one color.

The Verbena, although a favorite, is not a good house plant in an ordinary dwelling. It is a little "miffy" about being kept in the heated atmosphere of a room.

The Verbena is propagated either by layering, rooting in a saucer of wet sand, or from fresh slips in water. I have grown them frequently from slips in bouquets. I have seen them grown as basket plants, and as pot plants, but they are not at home outside of a bed or mound, where they can roam at will.

[Written specially for the LADIES' FLORAL CABINET.]

Winnifred's Will.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

CHAPTER XI.

"What God hath joined let not man put asunder."

"She's coming to," said the man in a half whisper, as he bent down over the unconscious burden on the earth. "Look to the dorg, Ben. If he hadn't howled so distressed like, we might ha' passed her by on the road."

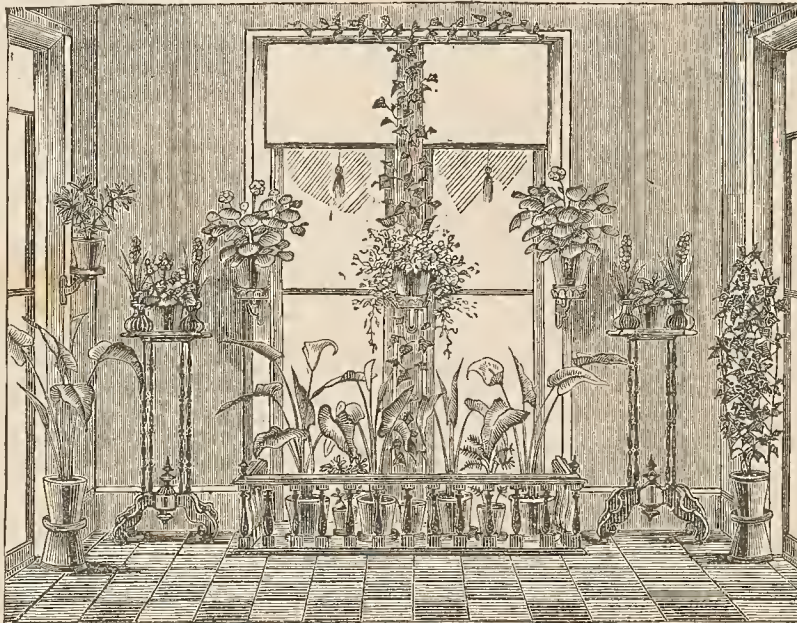
The speaker stripped off his miner's jacket, and rolled it in a bundle to support the girl's head.



GROUP OF WINDOW PLANTS.

"Run down to you spring under the edge of the hill," again addressing the lad, "and fetch some water in yer cap. I wish we had a drop o' whiskey to put in it; 'twould bring her to quicker nor anything."

The boy, who was no other than Sharp Ben, ran down the hill like a squirrel, and was back again in a moment with his cap half full of water.



A HALL WINDOW.

"She's a comely, pale young thing," said the man in a not un pitying tone, though his voice was rough, "and her clothes shows she comes of good folks. I wonder what took her out wandering in the night time."

"There! she's give a big sigh," said Ben, as he helped sprinkle the water with a vigorous hand. "When I tuk a close squint I knowd that dorg, and now I know the young

'ooman. She's the young 'ooman as com'd up to the mine with the new missis, old Boss's darter. I seed her a-ridin' in the coach, and first I disremembered her yaller hair."

"Hoot!" said the man, drawing himself up straight with astonishment. "That would be a nice fix if you're dead shore you've seen her with the missis. Summats gone wroug at the big house. She's out o' her head, poor thiug, for she looks weakly, and they'll be sore perplexed to know what has happened. You're spry in the heels, Ben; and if you take the dorg and carry the news to the young missis, beliko she'll warm your pocket with summat handsome. But lend a hand first, Ben, to get the gal into the cart."

Virginie opened her bewildered and unseeing eyes.

"Come, miss," said he in an encouraging tone of voice, "you're a bit faintish, but bear up now, and we'll lift you into the cart."

She gazed at him with woeful, blank, blue eyes, devoid of any sign of consciousness, though she did feebly strive to struggle up into a sitting posture, and was lifted into the cart that stood near, by the man and boy. They moved the cans of explosive material which they had brought up from below for blasting the new works, into the farthest corner, and laying the sick girl on a horse-blanket, placed the folded jacket under her head. The man was deliberate in his movements. He took out a black cutty pipe and proceeded to fill it.

"Here's a bag," sung out Ben, who had been exploring the bushes, "and here's the gall's hat."

"Gie me the hat," returned the man, reaching down for it from where he was perched; "you take the bag back to the big house. It's all you want to prove you true. I've a bit of twine here in my breeches pocket. You can make a noose round yon dorg's neck, so that he don't give you the slip. Tell the missis she'll find the young 'ooman at Mary Smithers's."

This was indeed Mary Smithers's husband, a reticent man and slow of speech.

Old Hector had been sitting on his haunches looking with sad and solemn eye at the proceedings just narrated. When Ben tried to put the string around his neck, he haughtily refused the indignity, but, as if he knew what belonged to a reasonable being, turned and followed the boy down the mountain.

There was a sharp climb over the brow, and then a rough and broken descent of a mile, down which the cart slowly jolted. Smithers puffed away at his pipe, turning now and then to glance at the motionless form that lay as still and pale as a corpse, though even under the gray shawl he could detect a slight heaving of the chest. The day was joyless, and gray, and very still. "Fixing for a snow storm," thought Bob, as he puffed away at his pipe and let the lean cart horse scramble in his own fashion over the rugged ground.

When the slow vehicle did at last approach the hamlet Bob made a short circuit by a side lane in order to enter the little zig-zag street of miners' cabins without attracting all the eyes in the place. But the precaution was needless, for the street was empty. Nearly every door stood open, and a few hens were picking about, but men, women, and children had all run to the mine. Bob could see the crowd huddled about the shaft's mouth, and at once divined disaster and death.

"Beliko someon's tumbled down the pit," he thought, "or the old south gallery has caved. There's been danger ever since the digging commenced, and engineer said a man's foot might bring down the timber work." But Bob was a phlegmatic man, and the suspicion that the timberwork of the abandoned gallery had fallen and buried a dozen of his comrades did not quicken his motions. He had stopped the cart in front of his own cottage, which was tidier than the rest, as could be seen through the open door, which afforded a good view of the interior. There was a high bed made up with a neat patched quilt, and white pillows; at the foot stood the empty cradle which his wife could not yet put away out of her sight. Bob let down the end piece of his cart, and taking the unconscious girl in his arms, laid her down gently on the bed, and drew the quilt over her.

Then he softly shut the door, and, taking his horse by the head, led him over toward the group of people at the works. The women, with children clinging to them, were vociferating and talking loud, especially one little, wiry, black-eyed woman with a lame boy in her arms, who had worked her way to the inner circle. The men stood mainly sullen and silent. They were clad in their grimy working clothes, some of them with lamps in their caps, and picks in their hands. The young engineer was talking to one or two of the men apart from the others. Unfortunately,

the superintendent had been called away on business, and was now absent.

"We won't go down inter no death-trap like that," broke out a fierce little man, with flaming red whiskers, "no, not for no stranger as ventured where he'd no business. I was the first as see him, and I sung out at the top of my lungs, but he kep' right ou, and then come the dull heavy sound as if a mountain had slid down the pit's mouth."

"'Twas only the side wall as fell," remarked another. "I went in as far as I could crawl on hands and knees, and the roof was hanging by a hair; a sneeze would bring it down."

"It didn't cove reg'ler," remarked he of the burning whiskers, "and I call it the meanest kind of a death-trap; but if it was a miner in the way of getting bread for wife and weans, as was ketched in a hole like a rat, ropes couldn't hold us back from digging him out, if we knowed we'd be buried forty miles deep in the bowhills of the arth."

A murmur of approval ran through the crowd, that held its ground more doggedly than ever. The pit's mouth had an awful fascination when a human being was walled up or perishing in its black depths.

"He had no belongings with us," said another mau, gloomily. "He was suspicioned for a thief, and was likely hiding away from the sheriff and poss, as they call it. But Smoky Duff was his friend, and Smoky's the man to git him out of yon hole."

Smoky had kept himself in the background with his cap slouched over his eyes.

"He wern't no friend o' mine," he muttered. "My woman took him in to lodge and feed for pay, and I knowed nought about it."

Nancy Duff had wisely absented herself from the scene.

"I wouldn't have thought, men, you were all cowards," said the engineer, coming toward the larger group, "you whose trade it is to look death in the face every day in the year, and yet you will let a fellow-being perish down there without putting forth one effort to save him."

The swart faces, begrimed with coal-dust, looked only the more dark, and sullen, and glum at these words; but one great giant of a man, known as Long Bill, visibly winced under the imputation of cowardice.

"It's wife and weans as makes a man hang back," he muttered. "The feel of their arms round your neck when you're going down the man-lines, takes the spirit out of you."

"You shan't stir one step," cried the giant's wife, the same little wiry, black-eyed woman who had been stirring up the others to resistance. She thought she had discerned signs of weakening in Long Bill's voice, and now thrust the pale-faced, deformed little boy into his arms. "Have you a spark of human feeling," she cried, turning fiercely upon the others, "to be persuadin' my mon into danger, when he has got a ricketty baby, and me with only one pair of hands, and three others under ten year old to support? Why don't you go yoursel'?" addressing the young engineer, "and you no chick or child to lave behind. Let the boss go!" raising her shrill voice and looking around triumphantly.

It was now the young engineer's turn to wince. He had no "chick or child," as the woman had said, but there was a six months' bride waiting for him down in a lowland city. He was no craven, but he, too, might feel a pair of arms clinging to his neck as he went down to probable death.

"What good would it do for me to risk my life alone," he said, in a low voice, "when the men refuse to follow?"

"Try us and see," was the ready response from more than one surly throat. "If the Boss leads, we're not so slow to go arter him. When he resks his bones, and thinks they're no better than our necks, tain't in us to hang back."

A glance of dismay shot out of the black eye of Long Bill's wife. She had miscalculated the effect of her eloquence. But the engineer roused himself, and looking about with a business air, said in a brisk tone:

"Come, come my men, you are not going to let a fellow-creature perish without one effort to save him, even if he is a doubtful character. Of course you don't mean to go down there without a reward; but I will promise a hundred dollars in Miss Braithwaite's name to the first man that offers."

"Hoot!" cried Long Bill, thrusting his hands more doggedly than before into his breeches pockets. "You don't ketch us with mouldy cheese. Old Boss was tight as glue. How can we be shore the young missis don't take arter him? Don't offer other folks' money; offer yourself, mon, your own blood and bones, and see if we don't foller where you lead, if it's down to hell."

The engineer turned slightly pale and stood silent with his eyes cast down.

"Who's a coward now?" cried Bill's wife, with a taunting laugh, in which the others grimly joined.

Bob, leading his cart, had approached the edge of the

crowd where his wife stood with her apron flung over her head.

"Is't the choke damp?" he asked, jerking his thumb forward.

She shook her head.

"The old gallery they've been undermining. A strange mon got down there, and the old rotten timber-work gave way, so he's buried alive, and the rest of the timber only hangs by a hair. They say a whisper will bring it down." Bob took off his cap, and scratched his head.

"What 'casion had a strange mon for to go into the gallery?" he asked.

"They say he was trying to hide," she returned in a whisper. "There's officers out searching for him."

Bob nodded slowly, "I knows him, Smoky Duff's chicken. But go to the house, Mary. I brought company home wid me."

"Company!"

"A gall I picked up by the roadside. She was laying in a swoond, white and limp as a wet linen rag. I brought her in the cart and laid her on the bed in the house."

"Poor thing! how comed she faintin' by the roadside?"

"Dunno. Passes me. Ben Harding, as I had wid me in the cart, says it's the young miss that old Judge's darter had wid her last summer, when she comed to the mino."

"Oh, no," cried Mary, putting up her hands. "It can't be the pretty, pale-faced, yellow-haired young leddy that spoke to me so kind, and took such notice of the baby. 'Twas she, Bob, as made the little frocks—the very one my lamb was laid out in."

Mary turned to furtively wipe away the tears with her apron, and then ran hastily down the path toward her own house.

Bradley had rushed out of the Hall half maddened by the crisis of his fate. His brain was confused, and his face ghastly in its desperate misery. A wild tumult raged within him, and nothing was clear but the determination to search for Virginia. An insane notion had full possession of his mind that he should find her dead in the grounds, lying pale and stark under some tree or hedge, with her golden hair dabbled by the night dews.

He sought with feverish eagerness through the shrubbery; he rushed along the borders of the lake, gazing with despair into the clear waters, and looking with sick dread for small footprints in the sand. He found himself in among the dense forest trees, not knowing where he was, or how he came there; but the terrible agonizing quest went on, while his heart tortured itself with reproaches. He had killed her. He was worse than a murderer. He had driven her out to suffering, and privation, perhaps to death.

Hours seemed to have passed in a ghastly dream, when accident guided his footsteps not far from the highway that led to the little hamlet of Halcourt Centre. He knew where he was, and a clear rational thought struck like a sunbeam through the confusion of his ideas. He had been a fool, a madman, not to go at once to the telegraph office, and dispatch to Deanport for aid in rousing the country. He could have cursed himself for the precious time he had wasted. At that moment an impulse seized him to cry aloud for help; but the place was very lonely. The crows were cawing drearily overhead in the sunless, windless morning air. Though an age seemed to have elapsed since he first heard of Virginia's flight, when he looked at his watch he was surprised to find that it was not yet eight o'clock.

The autumn stillness was profound and solemn, and the gray vaporous curtain of the atmosphere transmitted sound from a great distance. As he paused for an instant on the other side of the screen of trees that divided him from the highway, the rhythmic beat of a horse's hoofs, galloping down the road, struck his ear. Here, perhaps, were tidings. In that unreasoning state of mind he leaped over the brush fence, and, taking his hat off, waved it at the advancing horseman. His pale face, blood-shot eyes, and dishevelled dress gave him the air of a madman.

"Stop!" he shouted as the rider came on at full speed. "Have you any news?"

"Yes, I have news," yelled the youth on horseback, without slackening his pace, "I am taking it down to Halcourt Hall."

"Where is she?" cried Bradley, making a spring at the bridle rein, and almost unseating the rider, who was no other than the superintendent's clerk, mounted on his master's horse.

"Where's who? D— you, let go the rein. You must be crazy. Who are you talking about?"

"Miss Duval, the young lady who escaped last night from the Hall in a fit of delirium."

"Oh," returned the youth, unbending with a swift gleam of recognition. "You are Mr. Halcourt. Excuse me, I did not recognize you at first, it was all so sudden. I had not heard of the young lady's disappearance. I was going to the Hall to carry the news of an accident at the mine. There is a man buried in one of the old disused galleries,

that has caved, and the men refuse to go down and dig him out, partly because it is a dangerous piece of work, and partly because he is a stranger of doubtful reputation."

"Who is he?"

"He is called Dr. Walters, but that is not his real name. According to report he is a desperate character, the leader of a gang of burglars. He doubtless took refuge in the old south gallery as a hiding-place, and not knowing the kind of trap he was to fall into."

Bradley stood for a moment silent and immovable, capable now of reflection, for a new turn had been given to all his ideas. This man must not die. He must snatch him out of the pit to wring from him a confession of Virginia's innocence. He must vindicate the honor of the woman he loved whether alive or dead.

"Get off your horse," at last Bradley spoke with authority, and I will take him and go to the mine, while you make your way across to the Hall on foot. But stop a moment; you must first leave this message at the telegraph office at Halcourt Centre, and he hastily wrote a few lines in his pocket diary, and tore out the leaf and folded it.

The young man obeyed meekly; he knew the person before him would one day be master of Halcourt, and deemed it best to conciliate the coming man. Bradley sprang into the saddle, and the horse darted away up the road like a flash of lightning.

The men were still hanging in groups about the shaft, half-ashamed and thoroughly sulky. Some had lighted pipes and seated themselves on the timber piles and heaps of debris, and were smoking in sullen silence. Most of the women had gone back to their houses, but Long Bill's wife was still mounting guard over her son of Anak.

"Why, there's him," she exclaimed, turning round at the clatter of a horse's hoofs. "There's the young missis intended, and he looks stern as a meat-axe. There'll be some big orderin' now, I'll warrant. Bill, don't you put down Charley; don't you dare stir one step."

Bradley sprang from his panting horse, flected about the nostrils with foam, and looked at the group of miners with bitter contempt.

"Are you men," said he, "to let a fellow-being perish down in that black murder-hole without raising a finger to save him?"

A hoarse, guttural murmur, unintelligible in words, ran through the crowd as it shifted and swayed.

"I shall not stay here to reason with you, or try to persuade you into mere decency," he added with biting scorn. "You are not human beings, but heartless brutes." He flung off his coat. "Give me a lamp and pick," he cried, and his feet were already on the descent.

"Stop! for Heaven's sake!" cried the engineer, who had laid hold of his arm. "An attempt must be made to prop the roof with timbers, or the whole thing will give way and crush you like a worm. One man can do nothing alone; and any attempt will be perilous, but it may perhaps succeed."

"Then, why in God's name don't you come along?" shouted Bradley. "Why do you hang back like a miserable poltroon?"

"I'm coming, sir," said the young man, with a blush of shame on his face. "God knows I'm willing to risk my life if you are."

The dark crowd of miners hustled and shouldered each other, and then made a simultaneous rush forward. Long Bill set the little deformed boy down by his mother's feet, though she screeched out after him in vain.

"We are ready to go with you," cried the hoarse voices, touched with some new and genuine emotion, "we'll go willing as water, but we didn't want to be druv into no slaughter pen like so many dumb critters."

"I'm glad if you have waked up to your duty," Bradley cried out to them. "It may not yet be too late to save life. I shall take the lead here, and I expect to be obeyed."

"Ay, sir, ay, sir," sounded from all sides, and in a moment more the perilous work had begun.

The women all ran back to the pit's mouth and set up a doleful wailing; most of them had babies in their arms, and older bairns clinging to their skirts. Long Bill's wife was dry-eyed and vociferous, but the others only wept, and moaned, and finally settled down into patient dumb endurance.

Into the midst of this group Winnifred suddenly came spurring on the back of Thunderbolt. She had not waited to put on her habit, but had thrown the great furred cloak over her morning attire. The proud young face, so beautiful in its bloom and glow, so assured in its glance, so self-possessed in its authority, was familiar enough to the miners' women. They had watched her at a distance with a wondering awe; they had criticised her, too, in their own rude fashion. She seldom went into their cabins, or conciliated them with familiar, kindly chat; even when she wished to do them a favor, which in their ignorance they resisted, as in the case of the school, she carried it with a high hand, and by the force of an imperious will. She

was not a favorite, but she was always an object of interest.

But now her ashy pale face, with the lips apart, and eyes so full of misery, woke their compassion.

"She looks quite beat down from her grand airs," whispered one to another, as Winnie alighted, and gave Thunderbolt into the care of a lad. "And him such a handsome young man. I wonder if she knows?"

"What are you whispering about?" Winnie cried. "Tell me what they are doing in the mine."

The women with dull, sad faces looked askance and nudged each other.

"You tell," muttered one. "She don't know he's gone down."

"No, you tell."

At last Long Bill's wife spoke up:

"Does seem as if you ought to know, miss. That young man, your sweetheart, so they say, has gone down to help dig out the man that's buried under part of the old gallery. And the roof is like to fall and crush him, and the hands as has gone down along with him. No more than a chance if they ever crawl out alive."

Winnie did not cry out. She put her hand to her side, and bent over as if a sharp pain had gone through it.

"Poor thing!" murmured one of the women, "she'll take it hard if worse comes to worst."

"Tain't no worse for her nor the rest of us," responded another under her breath.

"Nothing like so bad," was the speedy answer. "She's rollin' in money, and there's as good fish in the sea as ever was ketch'd, but wo and our childers will be left to starve if any ill chance befalls the men."

Low as the words were spoken, they came to Winnie's ears.

"What is that you are saying?—that you and your children will be left to starve if your husbands die along with him? God avert the calamity, but if anything happens down there, you shall be to me as my sisters."

Long Bill's wife had begun to sob now in a hard, dry way.

"That's fine to say, miss, but a grand young leddy like you can't be expected to remember all her words."

"So you doubt me?" with a kind of pitying vehemence, while a rush of emotion brought a cool flood against her burning eyeballs, and imparted a sense of relief. "You think I shall forget you, and what has happened to-day? If I do, may God forget me in my need."

She sat down on the end of a stick of timber, and joined the heart-sick, weary vigil of the other women. Little Charley, the deformed boy, attracted by the grand-looking, pale lady, hitched himself along the ground, and began furtively feeling of the fur on her cloak.

"Come here; she don't want you," his mother cried sharply, but Winnie took him up in her lap and nursed him, and the touch of his tiny hand, and the little, pallid, pinched face smiling shyly up in hers, helped her to bear the agony of that hour. At last word came up the shaft that the danger was still great, but not so great as it had been. The men were all at work under Mr. Halcourt's directions; and he was doing wonders.

Winnifred felt a glow of pride warm her heart. Bradley was a hero after all, and worthy of any woman's love. She was glad even if she had lost him forever, and soul and flesh quivered with the agony of that loss.

Time went by uncounted while the work progressed down in the darkness, and life and death hung on a thread. Little Charley had gone to sleep in her arms, and was nestled in the warm folds of the cloak. Winnie sat dry-eyed, but with her face marble-pale, every sense strained in the agonized intensity of waiting and watching and listening for tidings from below. The poor women forgot their own trouble to cast pitying glances at her.

"Poor thing! she can't cry," one whispered to another. "It will break her heart if anything happens him."

At length something came and touched Winnie's shoulder, where she was seated on the timber, a little apart from the others. She turned mechanically and saw a decent, mild-faced young woman standing near her.

"I thought I must come and tell you, miss, that the young leddy is very bad, and quite gone out of her mind."

Winnie roused herself by an effort, and looked in the woman's face.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, the young leddy, your friend. My mon found her lying 'long side the road, and first off he thought she was clean gone. But she come to a little, and he brought her in the cart to my cabin. There she lies just sensin' nothing at all, and 'twould move a stone to hear her piteous talk. She calls on you, miss, and," sinking her voice, "on the young man down yon with the miners."

Winnifred experienced a great shock, for recollection came rushing back upon her like a boiling torrent through the bed of a dried up river. She had forgotten that Virginia was lost, for her whole being hung on Bradley's fate. Now the terrible past was revealed as by a sheet of lightning, and her heart seemed torn in two. How could she

leave that spot while his life still hung in the balance? and yet she must go.

She raised her hands to her head and moaned. Then she slowly rose, put down the sleeping child in its mother's lap, and mechanically dragged her steps to Mary Smither's door. Pushing it open, the bed was before her where the poor girl lay with wild dilated eyes, her bosom heaving with thick pants, and the bale fires of fever burning in her face. Instantly she rushed forward and took the sick girl in her arms. Virginia crept and clung convulsively to her bosom, as before she had cowered away. She seemed to devour her face, pressing hot kisses on her hands, and calling her sometimes mother, sometimes by her own name, with every term of passionate endearment.

Winnifred held her close, and the tears that had so long refused to come rained down in a hot shower. Along with the capacity to suffer, a great well of tenderness had opened in her nature. Indescribable thoughts and feelings rushed over her, and years of intense life seemed compressed into a moment of time. The familiar presence acted like a sedative on Virginia's excited brain, and soothed and quieted, with her head on Winnie's shoulder, she sank into a half lethargic sleep, in which old memories were mingled with murmurs of Bradley's name, and broken accounts of her wanderings. She slept for half an hour and then her eyes opened with a saner look. Winnie bent down and put her lips to her ear.

"Hush, my darling," she whispered; "be quiet, and I will find Bradley and bring him to you."

The words were a powerful charm. Virginia's weary, flower-like head fell back upon the coarse pillow, her lips parted in a sweet smile, and some lovely vision seemed to float before her half-closed eyes.

Winnifred shuddered at the thought of what she had promised. Would it be her cruel task to lay Bradley, maimed and dying, at the feet of his love? A great pang shot through her, for even in death he would belong to another. And then Virginia would escape out of life like a bird with both wings broken; and the future opened before the young girl's lovely eyes like a vast desert tract where no green thing could ever grow.

Now that Virginia was sleeping, she stole out of the cabin into the fresh air. Off at the pit's mouth she could discern a group of dusky miners. Others were coming out, and women and children were running wildly about. Winnie's heart beat thick as if it would burst through her side. She began to run, but stumbled and almost fell. Still she kept on, and when she reached the shaft, quite pale and breathless, the miners made way respectfully.

The cage was coming up, and Bradley with it. She was startled at the sight of him, for he was like a spectre. His coat and hat were off, and his white shirt and other clothes were torn, and grimed with clay, and bloody from a wound in the temple, of which he seemed unconscious. In the bottom of the cage lay something huddled together, a mere mass crushed and disfigured out of all semblance to a human form. One of the men had considerably thrown his jacket over the bruised face.

Winnie pressed toward her cousin.

"Are you hurt, Bradley?" she asked, noticing the wound on his temple.

"No," said he, and then he raised his hand; "or if I am, it is a mere scratch. The men maintained a respectful silence. "We found that poor creature dead," he added, as he turned and pointed to the cage. "He had been dead for hours." Then he approached Winnie, with a look of dumb entreaty and dread.

"For God's sake tell me what you know about her. Is she alive? Do not fear to let me know the worst."

"She is alive," said Winnie, controlling and steadying her voice. "She is here waiting for you."

Bradley could have covered her feet with kisses. At that moment the young engineer, who had done yeoman's service in the dangerous work of digging out, drew near and saluted Winnifred politely.

"You know, Miss Braithwaite," said he, "that these remains must lie where they are until the coroner can be fetched from Deanport."

Winnifred drew herself up to her full height. A haughty light shot from her eye, and her tone had its old assured ring. "I know, Mr. Eliott, that these remains will not stay where they are. I am sole mistress of Halcourt mine, and shall have the body removed immediately to the school-house and prepared for burial."

"But pardon me, Miss Braithwaite, you will be amenable to the law. A lady might not understand what is required in such cases."

"Some ladies might be grateful for your instructions, but I am not," returned Winnie defiantly. "Nobody but myself can suffer. I am full and complete owner of this place, and what is done is done by my orders. Look here, my men," turning to the group of miners, "prepare a litter of some sort, as soon as possible, and take up this body and carry it to the school-house."

"Yes, mum, we'll do it," returned Long Bill and Smithers almost simultaneously, "that is," added Bill, turning toward Bradley, "if his honor says so."

Bradley nodded his head, and in less than five minutes the litter was prepared, and the mangled remains laid upon it, and the little cortege began to move slowly toward the school-house with Winnifred and Bradley at its head, and the miners and their wives and children straggling on behind.

"Lay it here," said Winnie, when she had improvised a sort of bier with two or three of the school benches. They obeyed her orders in silence. The tattered jacket was still over the face, and when the body had been put down, she turned and said resolutely to the men:

"That will do; now you may go out; I will take charge here myself."

A puzzled, surprised look came into the rough faces. The men hesitated and hung back.

"Do you hear me?" Winnie cried, with an imperious gesture. "Now begone."

"Tain't fit for the likes of you, miss, to be left here with such a one as him, if I may make bold to say so, is it your Honor?" Long Bill ventured to say, humbly appealing to Bradley for a confirmation of his opinion.

But Bradley motioned him to go out, and followed himself and shut the door behind him.

Then Winnie was left alone with that thing, lying still and stark upon the rude bier. She walked to the door and locked it, for the key remained on the inside, and then turned with a shudder. Could she approach, could she look on that face ghastly and livid in death, which she had never seen in life, the face of one so strangely mingled with her fate?

She thought of all poor Virginia had suffered, and in spite of her own pangs, her own terrible sense of bereavement, she was glad the stricken girl had been spared this hour. Cowering for a moment, she hid her face, for it was a ghastly, an almost loathsome task she had set herself to do. But Winnifred was a brave girl.

The struggle ended, she went forward and raised the jacket and looked steadily at the dead, discolored countenance with all semblance of humanity crushed out of it. An awful and swift doom had fallen upon the sinner. One long glance sufficed, and then she dropped the covering and went forward with her work.

For the sake of the living, it was her duty to see that no damning evidence of guilt remained on the dead body. Close hidden in the breast she found what she was in search of, and at the end of five minutes opened the school-house door holding a small packet in her hand.

Bradley was awaiting her outside. He had tied a handkerchief about his head to stanch the bleeding of his wound. Mr. Eliott, the young engineer, had joined him with a dissatisfied countenance. He was kicking a bit of turf with the toe of his boot. Winnifred's defiance of law and order still weighed upon his mind.

"Smoky Duff and his wife ought to be made to testify," he was saying just as Winnie approached them.

"Mr. Eliott," Winnie returned with some asperity, "I beg you not to concern yourself about Smoky Duff and his wife. If an investigation is necessary, be sure I shall do all in my power to further it. Meantime, I must request you to distribute to the miners this packet of money, reserving for yourself one-quarter of the whole sum. I give it to them and to you as a reward for your brave conduct."

The young man was almost stunned by the magnitude of the sum which he saw Winnifred had thrust into his hand.

"Why, Miss Braithwaite, this is a great deal of money. You cannot mean to give the whole."

"Every penny of it," she replied and turned her back.

Bradley motioned her one side with his hand.

"Don't you mean to tell me where she is? I am suffering the tortures of the damned."

"I will take you to her now," she answered, "but first there was a duty to perform."

They walked together through the little dirty lane of cabins in silence, but with hearts beating tumultuously. The women had collected about their doors, and were gossiping in groups. When they approached the Smithers cottage, Mary ran out to meet them with a tremulous ray of joy in her face.

"Oh, miss, I think she's a little better, 'deed, I do. She's quieted down wonderful and ain't near so wild. But the doctor you sent for, he couldn't be found, miss. He was off Basset way tending a man in a fit."

"No matter," said Winnie, with a grave smile, "I have brought a better physician along with me."

She paused an instant, for a rush of wings seemed to up-bear her like a strong inspiration. She was no longer an actor in the scene, but an observer of a strange and beautiful drama. Her heart was melted within her; for the first time the meaning of life, and the blessedness of sacrifice came over her to lift her out of self up to some higher level. Softly she opened the cabin door and whispered to Bradley as she gently pushed him forward.

"Go in and save her, for you belong to each other, and she is as innocent as an angel."

(To be continued.)

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NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1877.

BOUQUETS.

Any one can make a bouquet; but by our own observation we know that not every one can make pretty ones, and to a lover of flowers, what is more annoying than to see flowers, which are in themselves beautiful, so grouped together that all harmony of color is lost, and their beauty, form, and symmetry destroyed.

A few general hints before taking up particular kinds of bouquets:

I find that many fail in making bouquets from a lack of green and white, the two essentials of a handsome bouquet. How often have I seen friends gather their flowers—beautiful ones, too—and then say, "Oh, dear! I must get a little green," pick half-a-dozen Geranium leaves, or a few sprigs of some other green, make their bouquet and fuss over it half an hour, and then wonder why their bouquet was not prettier.

Plenty of green must be your first requisite, and I would recommend a variety. Geraniums, that is, sweet-scented of all kinds, of course; then nothing is prettier than the young Rose shoots, common Asparagus is not to be despised; pretty grass is also a great ornament; parsley is exquisite, the bright green contrasting so well with the darker green of Rose leaves; then always try to have sprays of some kind of vine. Among what we call weeds, wild buckwheat is extremely pretty for bouquets for brackets or where it can be trained up in picture cords. Now I will proceed to particular kinds of bouquets.

First, taking those for large vases, or anything requiring more than two or three flowers. How your bouquet shall be made must depend on the number and kind of your flowers. If you have but very few, I would recommend placing sprays of green in your vase and then disposing of your flowers to suit your own taste. If you have a moderate number of flowers a loose bouquet is prettiest, placing your flowers and green so that they will not have an inclination to lop this way and that, but will stay in place. Any flowers of moderate size look well made in this kind of a bouquet, and it is much easier made than elaborate ones.

Nothing is handsomer than a large vase filled with handsome sprays of green of different shades, and one Lily, whether the common white, the Auratum or any of the more rare Lilies. It makes "a thing of beauty." If something more is wanted, say with a common white Lily place a row of scarlet Geraniums around, and the effect cannot fail to please.

Now for the style of bouquet known as pyramidal. To make these satisfactorily, you need a slim stick the same length as from the bottom of your vase to the top of your bouquet. Good taste, an abundance of flowers, and plenty of string, and some time are needed. The first consideration is, what to begin with, few flowers being appropriate, many giving a flattened appearance to the top. Spirea is one of the prettiest, as that nearly always comes to a pretty point; Snap-Dragon and Sweet Peas, also among common flowers, do very well. The next step is to surround the top with some delicate feathery green, and then work downward, mixing in flowers and green as they look best, winding them firmly around the stick, but being careful not to wind the stems too tightly, as that makes them droop very soon.

Care should be taken that none of the flowers are crowded, as that entirely spoils the effect; the last thing, a row of Geranium leaves should be placed around. Many prefer to make their whole bouquet of alternate rows of flowers and green; I have seen a few handsome bouquets made so; for instance, one began with a scarlet Salvia with a row of delicate green, then white Candytuft, next green, then scarlet Geranium, etc.

But of all varieties of bouquets, my favorite is that made in some flat dish or in some out-of-the-way thing that one would not mistrust you could put to such a use. I take a common coffee cup and saucer, fill the saucer with moss or sand, place flowers and green loosely in the cup and a few flowers in the moss, or if you have sand, it must be entirely covered with them and green; then you have a lovely little mound. A glass sauce dish placed on a large deep plate furnishes another splendid receptacle for flowers, while no lovelier place can be found for our floral treasures than a wire basket lined with moss with a bowl set in and filled in around with moss until firm, then bowl and moss filled with vines and flowers.

Some flowers are suitable for nothing but flat bouquets; Balsams may be so arranged beautifully, and in no other way do Pansies show their lovely faces to such advantage. Button-hole bouquets are prettiest when most simple; my favorite is one dark rich Pansy encircled with the light purple Heliotrope, the whole framed in with rich green; or if that is too sober, break off two or three separate flowers from a truss of double pink or scarlet Geranium; wind each one separately on a piece of broom-straw and then arrange in a bouquet.

Well, I fear our kind Editor will weary of my commonplace remarks, which will probably all be old stories, so I will stop with one last general bit of advice: Have flowers somewhere or somehow; if you can't have them in Sevres china, cut-glass, majolica, or silver, nor yet in our common vases, put them in a teacup, or a bottle, but have them somewhere and you will be the happier and better for it.

MRS. W. C. HOLMES.

THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

Among the numberless flowers of the wildwood, the Epigaea, or Trailing Arbutus, is acknowledged by all to bear off the palm for beauty and fragrance. So modest and unpretending, infinitely more so than the

oft-praised Violet, for the Violet presents its bright face fearlessly to the gaze of men, while the modest, shrinking Arbutus hides its charms in chaste obscurity under a covering of forest leaves.

But it does not remain long "unseen by man's disturbing eye," for its admirers "watch and wait" for April to come so they can gather these fragrant and beautiful blossoms, and transfer them to their homes to charm the eye of loved ones. It is only the blossoms that can be coaxed into our homes, the plant refusing to live with our garden favorites. No instance is known, I believe, of the Arbutus being cultivated successfully. It has been tried repeatedly, but without success.

An old farmer in Chester Valley, who loved flowers with a species of idolatry, and had a garden stored with plants rich, rare, and beautiful, an humble, conscientious follower of George Fox, but who, like our charming Quaker poet, Whittier, is full and fond of the beautiful in Nature, informed me that he had tried for years to coax the Arbutus from its woodland home; had taken it up in late autumn, with an abundance of its own soil, and planted it with a covering of leaves, but when spring came no flowers appeared; tried it in spring-time, placing it in a great variety of situations, but failure attended every attempt, and, to use his quaint words, as he once apostrophized a basket of blossoms, "Thou art a winsome, but wilful beauty, scorning all my proffers of love and kindness!" If any of the readers of the FLORAL CABINET have had a different experience, I should like to know of it, and the method they adopted.

The season of the flowering of the Trailing Arbutus is almost a festival in our family, and many an excursion is gotten up to gather these sweet flowerets to gladden the æsthetic tastes of friends. Does not God teach us a lesson in these blossoms—a lesson of love and tenderness to earth's humble ones? How often have we moralized over this, as, in brushing aside the crisp, dried, faded leaves, the starry-eyed, "incense breathing" flower was disclosed in all its loveliness. How many beautiful souls surround our pathway in life, so covered with earthly mould, and the faded, tattered garments of poverty and want, that we fail to recognize their value. Nevertheless, it is there, and if we could remove the outside covering we would find souls so pure and true, spirits so humble and loving, looking heavenward for a crown that never fades, despite the unfriendliness and neglect of earth. How often the beautiful flowers might teach us lessons of love and wisdom if we obeyed Christ's injunction to "Consider the lilies of the field." C. M. T.

Tradescantia.—Perhaps some of the readers of the CABINET will be interested to know that the common green Tradescantia—commonly known about here by the names of Inch Plant, Joint Plant, Wandering Jew, Jacob's Ladder, etc.—bears a pretty white flower, in shape and size similar to that of the striped variety, T. Zebrina. After cultivating the plant for years, I was surprised last winter to find it in bloom. M. P. G.

One of Nature's Handiworks.—In the doorway of an up-town pharmacy, on the evening of the 22d of July, a plant reared its single flower which had just bloomed and was of singular beauty and at least six inches in diameter. The sepals were of a delicate pink which in the petals faded into the purest white. Within, the pistil and stamens almost cast a halo with their rich golden color. The plant is a variety of the *Cereus triangularis*, but its real name is not known.

JAPANESE FANS.

In Japan the fan which opens and shuts, called the *agi*, belongs exclusively to the men; and the flat fan, called *uchiwa*, is used only by women. For a Japanese gentleman to carry an *uchiwa* in the street would be such a dire breach of etiquette that I doubt whether any sane one ever did such a thing. Moreover, it is exceedingly impolite to use a flat fan in the presence of a Japanese gentleman, and neither by man nor woman must a flat fan be taken out-of-doors. The masculine native of the "Land of the Gods" invariably carries a fan in his girdle or in the bosom of his flowing dress in hot weather; and not a few carry them all the year round. Among the lower classes the fan is stuck in the back or over the neck under the collar, and is even safely stowed under the projecting cue of hair which lies like a gun-barrel on the smooth-shaven scalp. Formerly, all Japanese gentlemen wore two swords in their girdle. The custom was abolished in 1872; but not a few of them, being long used to their swords, and feeling the absolute need of something to thrust in their place, bought fans on purpose to have one always in their belt.

It is very probable that at least sixty million fans are made in Japan every year. They have now become an article of export to many countries. They are cheap editions of Japanese works of art for the rich and poor of all the world to look at. Some people have an idea that the pictures on them are exaggerations or mere imagination. This is not so. In general, the representations are strictly true to life. The Japanese have no immense manufactories employing hundreds of operatives; no centralized capital; and the division-of-labor principle is hardly known among them. Hence, fans are made by thousands of independent workers all over the country, in hundreds of cities and villages. The place most noted for its production in this line, however, is Nagoya, in the province of Owari. Most of those which come to England are from this fourth largest city in Japan. Kyoto is famous for very fine fans, and her artists excel in delicacy of tints and richness of coloring. Tokio (formerly called Yeddo) also produces several millions annually. Ivory boned and handled fans, made for foreign ladies, and richly adorned with gold lacquer, mosaic, silk, cord, etc., are especially made in Tokio.

There are a great many varieties of fans, and they are put to a great many and curious uses. Besides those in common use, the umpire at wrestling and fencing matches uses a heavy one, shaped like a huge butterfly, the handle being the body, and rendered imposing by heavy cords of silk. The various motions of this fan constitute a language which the wrestlers—fat fellows, who look as though stuffed with blubber by means of a sausage-blower—fully understand and appreciate. Formerly, in time of war, the Japanese army-commanders used a large fan, having a frame of

made of waterproof paper, which can be dipped in water, and which creates greater coolness by evaporation, without wetting the clothes. The *uchiwa*, or flat fan, is frequently made of feathers, leaves, or fine silk. It is oftener made of rough paper, and used as a grain-winnow, to blow the charcoal fires, and as a dust-pan. Probably it is on this account that it holds the lowest grade in the caste of fashion.

The Japanese gentleman—I mean one of the old school—who never wears a hat, uses his fan to shield his eyes from the sun. His head, bare from childhood, hardly needs shade, and when it does he spreads an umbrella. With his fan he directs his servants, and saves talking. Within-doors the graces of the Japanese maiden, and the dignity of the wife, are enhanced by the fan. To the Japanese actor the fan is indispensable, and he brings down the house by the deftness displayed in opening or shutting it. The Japanese dancing-girl makes the fan a very part of herself, and most graceful motions being performed by its help. To the juggler the fan is a necessity, many of his cleverest tricks, including that in which he makes a butterfly hover up and down the edge of a sword, being performed with bits of paper and a fan.

In Japan, people are continually making presents to each other, though the gifts are usually very small. A fan is always a proper gift. In nearly every house are one or more fan-cases leaning or hung against the wall. They are of all kinds, from the cheap tube of bamboo and lacquered wood up to the splendidly-gilt and inlaid case, costing many dollars. In these cases are holes, in which the handles of the fans are put, or silver hooks, between which they hang. On marriage occasions, friends offer costly gifts; those who are acquaintances merely, usually send a fan, on

which are written congratulations. They are often used as cards by proxy callers on New Year's Day.

When a young man attains to office, or an officer is promoted, a fan with a line or two of writing sent him is the equivalent for congratulations in person. It is the custom to ask friends or distinguished persons to write their names, or some original poetry, or classic quotation, on fans, thus filling the place occupied by our mother's, or father's, or our own youthful "albums."



ENJOYING THEIR LETTERS.

iron covered with thick paper. In the centre of the fan was a red ball, on a golden or silvery field. The red ball represented the sun, the martial symbol of the Japanese nation. The fans of the present day, having a large, red, silver, or golden ball on a colored or white field, are in imitation of the old war-fan with which the Japanese hero used to signal in the field. In cases of danger it could be shut, and a blow from its iron bones was no light affair.

All the varieties of fans known among us have been made for centuries in Japan. One notable variety is

Household Topics.

LITTLE THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

Some things I have learned during my twelve years experience of housekeeping, that I think may be of some service to my sisters of the CABINET, and, with our Editor's permission, I shall try to help others over some of the hard places over which I have been helped. Mrs. Cræsus and Mrs. Dives can know nothing of the trial it is to find the beauty, if not the usefulness of some long coveted article, obtained by many little self-denials, and after long and patient waiting, apparently ruined by some untoward accident, while it is still fresh and new to us; nor with what joy we, who are obliged to count not only our dimes but our pennies, hail a remedy for our mishaps.

For a long time I had wished for a new carpet for our sitting-room to replace one robbed, by years of faithful service, of its beauty. At last my desire was gratified, and a new one whose scarlet ground, covered with brown and mossy-green figures, delighted my eyes, replaced the old. Alas, in its first freshness, an awkward hand upset an inkstand, and streams of Stygian blackness rolled over its bright colors. Then how to remedy it.

Instantly I recalled reading of a similar accident, and the remedy, which I had never had occasion to use before. I at once applied it. Hastily getting a saucer and silver spoon, I at once took up from the carpet all ink possible in that way. Then mixing, in equal quantities, salt and black pepper, I covered all the inked portion with it with a liberal hand. Waiting for a few moments for it to absorb all it would, I then brushed the mixture lightly off, and again applied more, this time rubbing it faithfully in; again waited and brushed it off thoroughly, when to my joy not a vestige of the ink appeared.

Since then, I have had need to use it, till now fresh ink, ink I mean before it has had time to dry, on woolen articles of any description, has no terrors for me if I can only get at my remedy. After it has dried it would not answer. And the remedy is one at every body's ready command.

Brightly polished furniture and picture frames add such an inviting look to the house that the little additional labor required to secure them is well expended. Give all black walnut furniture, whether varnished or oiled, an annual rubbing with linseed oil and a flannel rag, polishing off with another and clean flannel, and if you have not tried it, the new look it will assume will both surprise and delight you. Put but little oil at a time on the rag, and rub till the wood seems moistened with it, then rub well with the clean flannel and there will be no oiliness perceptible. For picture frames, and indeed all except French polished furniture, if marred by fly-specks, I wash them well first with cold tea, dry them, and then treat as above with the oil. Care must be taken to avoid touching the gilt bands near the picture, as they would be spoiled. And after you finish rubbing the furniture, be sure to burn the oiled flannels. Chemists say many a fire supposed to have been the work of an incendiary, owed its origin to the leaving about of oiled woolen cloths; as they will often burn spontaneously. Very inferior walnut frames thus treated, darken and become quite presentable.

I spoke of using cold tea for removing specks from the frames of pictures. I also wish to speak of its good qualities in cleansing all kinds of varnished and grained woodwork, not only from fly-specks, but all kinds of soil. It seems to possess the cleansing power

of soap without its injurious effects. I learned its use from an English publication, and I would not be without a knowledge of its good properties for more than the cost of the whole book. I have used it on all but my piano (that is French polished, and all the rest I have is either oiled or varnished wood) as need required, with good effects, nothing receiving injury from it. Soap is ruinous to varnish, and the tea seems to have for it all the good effects without any bad ones. In cleaning it is always much better, it seems to me, to rub the way of the grain of the wood; to wet a small portion at a time and dry with another cloth at once.

In washing mirrors, be sure to use only a damp cloth, at least one that will not by pressure let drops of water run down, getting under the frame and causing dampness, as that will affect the quicksilver all mirrors are coated with on the backs, and discolored spots and sneaky, cloudy glass will be the result. I have often seen coarse cloths used to clean them. Nothing but fine soft ones are fit. I like to clean them first with a damp cloth, followed by another moistened with alcohol, finishing off with chamois. It gives them a nice polish. With them, as with wood, I like to rub in straight lines. The direct rays of the sun, and the heat from lamps striking on them is said to be injurious to them, as it is for oil paintings and ehromos.

Possessed of very little strength, and liking my table to be well appointed, it was a trial to me to know how to attain the desired end. To clean the silver was out of my power; not to make the table pretty with it was a constant eyesore. Tarnished silver was worse than none, and to trust it to be cleaned to the ordinary Irish girl seemed to be the ready way to unfit it for use, sure. Gradually pieces were withdrawn to be used occasionally only, when I could get them properly cared for. Then I read of a way to cleanse it easily and rapidly by the use of a solution of cyanide of potassium. Believe me, I would not even mention it here, did I not fear others might see it as I did without a word of caution as to its dangerous nature. So I want to say it is one of the deadliest poisons, and to be kept with as much care as dynamite. And for the safety of the public, to prevent accidents of a heartrending nature, I do wish that all publishers would always make an explicit statement of the dangerous nature of the various chemicals one often sees recommended for various domestic purposes, when they are so, as many might use them ignorantly or unthinkingly.

To return from this digression. I did send for some, intending to use it only myself, and with all possible precautions. The very gentlemanly druggist of whom I ordered it, sent it to me, at the same time sending me a box of a preparation used by himself in keeping articles bright, with the wish that I would try it. I did so, and have used it with satisfaction from that day to this—more than a year—and do not know as there is anything objectionable about it. It cleanses easily and quickly the silver, giving it a good polish. Its name is Oriental Polish, and a very good thing I have found it. I run no risks with the other, and I can now gratify my love of bright silver, not being obliged to call in aid other than my own.

From silver to table cutlery, is but a step. Those who use silver-plated cutlery will not need to know that finely sifted wood ashes sprinkled over carefully polished and thoroughly dried steel knives will keep them from rust, which is so apt to mar cutlery not in daily use; others will value the knowledge. My way is to give them all a thorough wiping, expose them

to the sun's rays or gentle heat, to be sure every bit of moisture is absent, then avoiding breathing on the blades, or touching aught but the handles, to wrap them separately in thick brown paper, as when they came from the store, sprinkling ashes over each. Then put in a knife box in a dry closet. I have kept them months free from rust and tarnish, as I could not previously. A wipe on a towel when wanted and they are fit for the table.

Straw mattings are commonly used in many chambers, and I prefer it in summer for my dining room, it is so easily kept clean. The white seems most desirable to me, as the colored soon fades. Sweep clean; have ready a pail of warm water with a handful of fine salt dissolved in it, and a plate of Indian meal, no soap, as that turns the straw yellow. With a moderately wet cloth covered with the meal, scour well the matting, rinsing it up with the salt water, and even a very dirty matting will look quite fresh. Do but a small piece at a time; use a small quantity of water at a time so as not to soak through, and wipe dry, and your carpet will look almost like new. The little meal left on will sweep off when dry. That takes the place of soap, and the salt restores the green color seen in new mattings.

I wish to say that I have kept for more than a year in fine condition, without once scalding, preserves and jellies put up in this way: I put them in small bottles, like horseradish and pickle bottles, have ready cut from soft, white paper two covers for each bottle; also the whites of eggs, observing to use only the thin, watery part of the white. Fill the bottles hot from the kettle as you would for canning fruit; as soon as one is filled, moisten one of the covers, which should be cut to fit, on the under side with the white of the egg. Cover the top of the bottle with it smoothly and tightly, holding it in position for a moment, when the heat will dry it; then do the other and larger cover in the same way; apply on top of the other, and at once, for greater security, with fine soft cord; tie tightly to the bottle's neck. It is hard on the fingers, the bottles are so very hot, but the end justifies the slight pain. The preserves are air-tight and will keep good any reasonable length of time. All preserves should be kept in a dry, cool place, and if dark, so much the better.

The above is not written for Mrs. Notable and her model daughters, but hoping the hints may be of some service to those like myself, who have had to pick up their knowledge of housekeeping under many difficulties and discouragements, I am, theirs and the CABINET's warm friend. COUSIN MADELEINE.

Foot Mats.—Cut all your woolen scraps of cloth and flannel into pieces half an inch wide and three inches long. Black, white, and colored—a great many. Get a ball of jute twine for ten cents, and set up on strong steel knitting needles, five stitches, and knit one row. Knit the first stitch on the second row, and between the needles, at right angles with the stitch, put a piece of your cloth, and knit another stitch. Then turn the end of the cloth that points toward you out between the needles, leaving both ends of the cloth sticking from you, and so all the way across, two stitches for every tuft of cloth. Having knit one row of tufts, knit one plain row of the twine to get back again to the side of the mat where you began. The ends of the cloth must be from you as you put them in.

My mat is one yard square. The centre is of black and the border of bright colors, knit in strips, nineteen inches and nine tufts, one hundred rows of tufts in length. It is inexpensive, all it costs being the twine. Be sure you ask for jute string. ANNA.

Household Art.

ON HOUSEHOLD SUBJECTS.

If you wish to have your walls tinted, put indigo or Barlow's blueing in your prepared whitewash; if blue tint is wished, a few cents' worth of glue dissolved in water, and salt added to the whitewash, will prevent it rubbing off. A bright pretty border will add very much to the looks of your room.

A SLEEPY HOLLOW CHAIR

will add very much to the comfort and looks. Take a barrel and draw with chalk or pencil the shape desired for your chair; then bore holes to admit a fine saw, and saw around, following the marks. Bore holes one foot and six inches from the bottom for the seat and draw strong wire or rope through as many times as you think necessary to hold the cushions. An old bed-quilt will do to cover it first; cover it all over. An old Dolly Varden dress will be pretty to cover it, or pretty chintz; and blue cambric is nice. For economy, two partly worn sheets, bleached nice and white, and blue considerably; starch and iron nicely; then measure off the length of your chair, and pleat all one way about two inches between pleats, or closer if desired, and pleat in this way around the chair. Sew on the quilt that has been previously tacked on. A pleating or ruffle around the seat, and a fold of the cambric or cord, will furnish it nicely.

TO MAKE SHELVES OR WHAT-NOTS.

Saw shelves the desired size and bore holes in the corners; take wire or strong cord and fasten your lower shelf on first by fastening large buttons with strong eyes on the wire first to prevent the wire drawing through; then string empty spools on, the largest on the bottom; then put on your second shelf, and you may in that way have as many as you wish. Suspend it with spools or cord, and you have shelves strong enough to hold books or any other articles. Spools can be had of dressmakers, or have friends save them for you.

If you wish lambrequins for your shelves, the embroidered ones are very nice, or spatterwork on green, blue, or white velveteen, is beautiful, pinked or fringed around. A more economical way is to take old pieces of black broadcloth, cut in scallops or points, the longest in the centre; then notch or pink around the edge; some pretty embroidery pattern can be traced with chalk or pencil in vines and flowers; then cut out in long notches or round holes, following the pattern traced; longer slits for flowers, leaves, etc. Put blue or red cambric under it, and the pattern will show off nicely; any color is nice under it, or leaves, vines and flowers can be cut out of bright colored velveteen and chain-stitched on the broadcloth or ladies' cloth. Spatterwork lambrequins are nice made of buff silesia, such as is used to line coat-sleeves, and the delicate buff harmonizes beautifully with blue.

A WASHSTAND OR DRESSING-TABLE

can be made of a common dry goods box the right size, or a half oval pine table. I have seen one made of a barrel set on end and a board two feet wide by three feet long placed on it and covered with cambric, or a sheet can be used. Gather or pleat it, then tack it on the edge of the stand; on the bottom put a ruffle. You can get for thirty or forty cents enough marbled oil-cloth for the top of your stand or table. It is wide enough to cover your table and make a splash mat to put against the wall to protect it. A half yard will

be enough for both, as it is wide. The upper corner of the mat is to be rounded off, and pink it all around, if you cannot paint flowers, vines, etc. on it. The pretty decalcomonie pictures are very nice transferred on the mat. The oil cloth is much nicer than anything else, as it is so easily cleaned when soiled. A shelf, if a box is used, is very handy to place rubbers, shoes, soiled clothes, etc., on.

An ottoman can be made of a tea chest or box; if a tea chest is used, cut strips of leather from old boot tops or shoes and tack on the cover, then to the chest, and the inside of the chest serves for a receptacle for soiled clothes, or shoes, slippers, etc. Pad the top with cotton or pieces of bed-quilts that are too much worn for use; then cover over that a pieced top of bits of silk or velvet. A pretty cover is made of black cloth, and take nicely shaped oak leaves and cut out leaves of velvet on any bright colored material; then chain-stitch them on the black with gold-colored silk, and the veins of brown silk; for the sides you can take the best breadths of an old black dress, or color some if you have no black; then pleat it, and fasten the pleats at the bottom. A cord could be put around the box about an inch from the bottom and it will form a pretty edge, a piece about two or three inches wide to be kilt-pleated and tacked to the cover. A nice ottoman can be made of a small tobacco caddy, which can be had of any grocer. Made same as the chest, except the kilt-pleating on the cover; in place of the pleating make a puff by making reverse pleating about three inches wide. The covering can be made of the best parts of old coats or pants.

A KNITTED CARPET.

Knit on strong wooden needles, or it could be crocheted in breadths half a yard wide and sewed together; it makes quite a pretty carpet for a bed-room. The cost is trifling to make and have wove a rag carpet with bright pretty colors; old calico dresses can be colored a pretty tan color, with blue and twisted stripe of black and white, or any color fancy may dictate. Three or four dollars will cover all the expense for a bed-room carpet.

MATS FOR THE FLOOR

are nice made of coffee sacks; one sack is large enough for two; get scarlet or blue, or clouded Germantown yarn, and work a Grecian pattern for the border; in the centre is the word "Welcome." Some have large initials worked. Take four threads in working same as for Java canvas. A nice rug is made by piecing blocks, same as for the log cabin bed-quilt. Sew enough together for a nice sized rug; then sew all around on canvas, or something heavy, for a lining and to hold it in place; a strip of red flannel about three inches wide is pinked both edges, and a narrower piece of black cloth is pinked the same, and stitched on the red around the rug. Another rug is made of odd pieces of cloth cut octagon shape and sewed together. Ball-stitch with coarse Germantown yarn, and a pleated border around the rug of any color desired.

A WORK-BASKET

is very pretty made of strong wire; take four pieces from two and a half to three feet long; string spools, the largest at the bottom, until the wire is covered; then from the bottom curve the wire nicely in and then out large enough to admit a work-basket; if a pretty basket is not attainable, take a small sized peach basket, cover it inside and out with a bright, pretty color; make pockets outside and small ones inside for thread, buttons, balls, etc.; pleat braid around

the bottom and top, and you will be surprised to see what a pretty work-basket you will have, with your nice standard of spools; paint with burnt umber and varnish.

A WALL-POCKET

for combs and brushes is made of pasteboard from old boxes; cover it smooth with blue or pink cambric; pleat muslin in fine pleats and put over the cambric; finish top and bottom of the pocket with a ruffle two inches wide, each edge rolled and overcast with blue or pink zephyr, in quite long stitches, then gather half an inch from the top and sew it around; have pieces of the same to hang it by; finish it with bows at the corners and where it hangs on the nail.

A TOILET SET.

A very nice toilet set can be made of marbled oil-cloth. Cut out a piece large enough for the wash-bowl, and a piece for soap-tray and other articles; pink all around or bind with ribbon or braid stitched on; then with water colors, or oil paints, paint a vine with flowers around; it makes a nicer set for a wash-stand than crochet ones, as it saves washing; when soiled it can be wiped off.

A great many things can be made of marbled oil cloth that are useful as well as ornamental. I covered a wash-stand which was very much soiled, the varnish was rubbed off, and it was scratched badly. I cut the oil-cloth large enough to tack under the edge, and it looks much better than before. It is nice cut and fitted on pantry shelves; also to spread on the table for children. Take four pieces, ten inches long by three inches wide, cut one end of each to a point; bind around with bright ribbon, and paint some pretty autumn leaves, vines, or flowers in each one; then sew all together; the pointed ends for the bottom, and you have an elegant scrap-bag. It also makes an elegant portfolio cover, painted in delicate colors, either a head or flowers, vines and leaves, lined with silk and bound all around; or if preferred, black can be used instead of white oil-cloth, and painted the same.

MATCH RECEIVERS, ETC.

Tin spice boxes make very pretty hanging receptacles for burnt matches; crochet covers for them, with crochet cord and tassels to hang by. Another pretty way is to take a piece of perforated cardboard, enough to cover the tin box, and work a pretty pattern on and crochet a bottom to the cardboard and slip the box in; they are very pretty indeed and so little work; the bright tin shines through and gives it a pretty effect. They make pretty hair-pin boxes made just the same, except they are covered on the top; fill with curled hair or combings; crochet a ruffle around the top and bottom. Hair receivers can be made of the large sized baking powder cans, with crochet covers, or covered with cardboard worked with border and initials, or "Hair Receiver" worked on it. Take a square piece of perforated cardboard, work a neat border around and fasten a piece of sand paper a little smaller on the back to scratch matches on; then on the cardboard work the sentence, "Scratch My Back," or work the figure of an old man with the same words; crochet of the color used a cord to hang it up; hang it under your lamp. Photo-holders to hang on the wall made of perforated cardboard, and picture frames also, are very nice. A nice photo-frame is made by cutting four strips of cardboard to fit the photo and an inch longer; then cut eight pieces three times as long as the strips are wide, and cross the pieces on with a long stitch, in any colored zephyr; cross the corners just the same, with a long stitch; it makes a very pretty frame.

Household Elegancies.

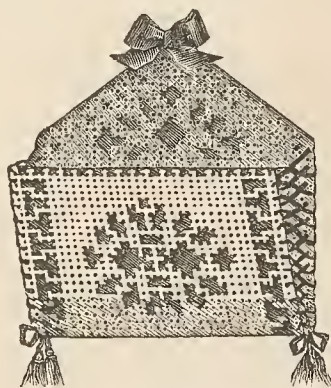
WALL-POCKET—NETTING, AND BRAIDING.

Materials: stout gray twisted cotton; black, green, and gray leather; lining; green worsted braid an inch in width; narrow green braid. This wall-pocket is netted of gray yarn and thickly intertwined with strips of colored leather. It requires a piece twenty-three inches long and eleven and a half inches wide, and two small side parts. The network is done of stout gray twisted cotton over a flat stick two-fifths of an inch wide. Begin with two loops and increase one in each row by knotting two into the last loop of each preceding row until a width of thirty loops is attained. Continue then to increase one loop in each row, but only on one side of the work, at the same time dropping one loop on the opposite side—by knotting two together—so that the width of thirty loops is uniformly retained. When fifty rows have been netted in this manner, the missing corner is finally added by dropping the stitches on the requisite side. The two side parts consist of strips each five loops in width and sixteen in length, worked in like manner.

The netted foundation is now ready, and is intertwined by strips of gray, black, and green leather, one-third of an inch wide. The strips are first drawn through lengthwise, a gray and green alternately, and then across, a gray and black alternately. As shown in the illustration, the cross-strips lie on top. After the parts have been provided with a thin black lining they are placed together in the manner indicated by the illustration. The upper part is turned over to the right side far enough to reach the pocket, and fastened to the lining at the back by means of narrow green braid. The pocket is decorated by ruchings of green worsted braid an inch wide, and tassels of gray yarn. It is hung up by means of narrow green braid.

WALL-POCKET FOR DOLL-HOUSE, OF PERFORATED CARDBOARD.

For the construction of this pocket cut a piece of perforated cardboard three and three-fifths inches long

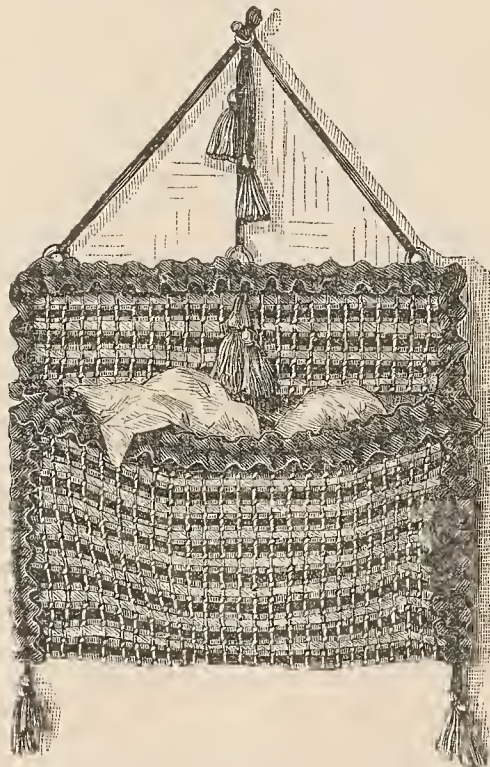


WALL-POCKET FOR DOLL-HOUSE.

and two inches wide, taper to a point at one end, and break over the opposite end to a depth of one and one-fifth of an inch, thus shaping the pocket out of one piece. Now cut out on both parts, front and back, with a sharp penknife, the neat little pattern indicated in the illustration, to which a fine effect is given by colored silk lining. As plainly shown in the illustration, front and back parts are connected by means of loose stitches of floss silk, tassels of which serve to finish off the lower ends.

NEEDLE-BOOK OF PERFORATED CARDBOARD.

The covers of this book consist of two equal strips of cardboard, each three and one-fifth inches long and two and two-fifths inches wide. These are decorated in the centre with a bouquet of violets painted or em-



WALL-POCKET; NETTING AND BRAIDING.

broidered in the requisite colors with silk. A cretonne flower or decalcomanie may be used instead. A neat little border of purple sewing silk decorates the edge, and the parts are lined with purple silk. The book to be inserted, and which serves for the reception of needles, and is provided with leaves of white flannel, consists of two parts of perforated cardboard, each two and two-fifths inches long and two inches wide, lined with white flannel, finished off at the edges with button-hole stitches of purple silk, and joined together by overhand stitches. Bows of narrow purple satin ribbon complete the book.

FISH-SCALE JEWELRY AND ORNAMENTS.

It was my good fortune to spend a part of last winter in Jacksonville, Florida. Going into one of the large jewelry establishments one day, my attention was attracted to a show-case, lined with blue satin, which contained what I supposed to be a fine collection of white wax flowers.

I asked permission to examine some of them, and was surprised to learn that they were not wax, but were made of fish scales.

They were made up into sets of jewelry, wreaths, and sprays for the hair. Wishing to carry some little "curiosity" home to some of my lady friends, and knowing how abundantly we were supplied with fish, I thought now here is something that cannot be expensive, and yet they are very beautiful. I decided to make some purchases. I selected a set of jewelry composed of rose leaves and buds, and asked the price. Seven dollars was the price named. I told the obliging clerk he might put them back, I thought I would not take them.

After reaching my boarding-place, I kept thinking how much they resembled wax flowers, and understanding the art of making them, I decided to try the fish scales. Going in search of Edmund, the colored

man, whose duty I knew it was each morning to prepare the fish for breakfast. I explained my errand and got the promise of the scales, which I found just outside my door the next morning. I washed them two or three times in warm water; then wiped each scale dry on a clean cloth. This removed all the sticky substance adhering to them.

While they were drying, I went back to the jewelry store and purchased a spool of No. 16 silver wire, and the mountings for a set of jewelry, which consisted of a silver pin, resembling somewhat a common safety pin, and the wires for the ear-rings. Paid fifty cents for the set. I will now tell the readers of the CABINET how to make a few of the flowers. Gather natural flowers and pick them to pieces to get patterns, and cut the scales as near like them as possible. For a rose, after cutting the leaves, bend them over the finger to shape them. With a sharp-pointed awl or needle make a hole in each leaf near its base. Cut some of the silver wire in pieces an inch or two long, and wire each one. A little notch cut in the leaf where the wire is twisted together will keep it from slipping back and forth.

After preparing enough for a rose, commence putting it together. Taking three or four leaves, place them properly and wind them tightly with fine white thread or silk; add more leaves and continue to fasten in the same way. Use wire long enough for a stem in three or four of the outside leaves. Twist all the wires together and wind them smoothly with white embroidery silk, which can be split and untwisted for the purpose.

For a bud use leaves same as for rose, cut the calyx, wire, and bend over the finger to shape; put four of these on each bud. To make rose leaves, cut out the leaf, then nicely notch the edges. Make a hole near the base and another near the point. Take a piece of wire three or four inches long, put it through the hole at the base and bring the end up the back of the leaf and put it through the hole near the point; bring it down the front and put it back through the first hole. The wire forms a vein for the centre of the leaf. Take the same wire and again bring it up the back of the leaf; when half way up the leaf, bring it over to the front between two of the notches on the edge, and then put it back through the same hole. This gives you a side vein. Wire the other side of the leaf to match. Twist the two wires together for a stem.



NEEDLE-BOOK OF PERFORATED CARDBOARD.

A pansy is easily made, and is one of the prettiest of the collection. In each leaf make three holes; the centre one about two-thirds of the way up the leaf, and one each side a little lower down. Put a wire through each of these holes, and twist all together at the base. This forms a veining. If you can get small rice shells, wire one for the centre of the flower. If they cannot be had, a glass bead wired will answer the purpose. Place the leaves around this in their proper order; hold firmly and wind tightly.

K.

Fireside Reading.

Whittier Telling at School.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* tells this anecdote of the poet Whittier's success in aiding a little girl at a school examination:

You know Whittier's love for children. The aged poet this winter has renewed his youth, like the eagle's, in a handsome overcoat of the purest Ulster pattern, clad upon with which he attended last week's school examination up among the Berkshire hills, so dear to him. He was standing beside the teacher, who was catechising a dimpled little dot in geography.

"What are the provinces of Ireland?" asked the teacher.

"Potatoes, whiskey, aldermen, patriotism, and—" began the child.

"No, no," interrupted the teacher; "I didn't mean products; I said provinces."

"Oh," said the girl, "Connaught, Leinster, Munster, and—and—" Here she stuck, put her chubby finger in her rosebud mouth, and sought inspiration successively in her toes, the corner of her apron, the ceiling and the poet. All children love the dear old Quaker poet's kindly face. He smiled; her face brightened sympathetically. The *entente cordiale* had been established between them. He patted his coat significantly; she looked at him inquiringly; he nodded, and she burst out—

"Oh, Miss Simmons, I know now. They are Connaught, Leinster, Munster, and Overcoat!"

The first time that General Custer set his handsome eyes upon his future wife was when he was fifteen years old, and going to school in Monroe, Mich. Going along the street one day, the rough, flaxen-headed, freckled-faced boy passed a little black-eyed, eight-year-old girl swinging on a gate. She was a pretty little creature, her father's pet, an only child, and naturally spoiled. She said archly, her little face dimpling with smiles:

"Hello! you Custer boy!"

Then, frightened at her own temerity, turned and fled into the house. It was love at first sight with the wild young savage of fifteen, and he then and there vowed that some day that small girl should be his wife. And so she was, but only after many lovers' woes; for Judge Bacon, pretty Lizzie's father, was for a long time obdurate toward the young man who he feared was fickle and unstable, and his daughter and her suitor submitted most patiently to his will until at last he relented.

A friar, when preaching in a nunnery, observed to his females auditors: "Be not too proud that our blessed Lord paid your sex the distinguished honor of

appearing first to a female after the resurrection, for it was done that the glad tidings might spread the sooner."

There was a young lady from the city, and he asked her if she would partake of an ice-cream. She gently answered: "If it's good, square confectioner's cream, I'm there; but if it's picnic or strawberry-festival slush, count me out!"

A clerical candidate for a lectureship somewhere in England was called upon to deliver a discourse before the trustees of the endowment, and in order to show his cleverness he took for his text the single word "but." He thereupon proceeded to show that no po-

that pass for cherubs in painting and sculpture. Going out a-gunning together, one of them shot a bird, and the other ran to secure the trophy. Coming near where it had fallen, he found a white owl so sprawled in the grass, as to present to his view only a head with staring eyes and a pair of wings attached. Instantly he shouted in dismay: "Ye're in for it now, Jock, ye've shot a cherubim!"

A gentleman had occasion to correct his daughter, aged four, recently. After it was over, and she had sat awhile, she went to her mother and inquired:—"Don't you think it would do papa good to go out-doors?"

"You politicians are queer people," said an old business man to an impecunious partisan. "How so?" asked the politician. "Why, because you trouble yourselves more about the payment of the debts of the State than you do about your own!"

An Irishman to whom some wonderful story was told on the authority of a penny paper, declined to believe it, saying he distrusted all he saw in the "cheap prints." "Why shouldn't you believe the cheap papers," he was asked, "as soon as any other?" "Because," was his ready answer, "I don't think they can afford to speak the truth for the money."

A stout German in the beer industry to an unprofitable customer: "Here, now, you took dose doors und walk owet mid your ears, eh?" (He doesn't.) "Hein, you don't got out? Vell, you waits a minute und I gets a man dot vill!"

"Oh, heavens, save my wife!" shouted a man whose wife had fallen overboard in the Hudson river, recently. They succeeded in rescuing her. And her husband tenderly embraced her, saying, "My dear, if you'd been drowned, what should I have done? I ain't going to let you earry the pocketbook again."

A Chinese laundry man died of starvation at Louisville, the other day, with these pathetic and expressive words on his lips: "Bes' thing Chinaman do in

Keutuekee he die—flee weekee—only washee lun shirtee—him get no payee—heap stlarve on nothling."

Junior, translating the passage from the modern German comedy: "*Als ich meine eleganteste Shawl aus der Wasche ziehe*—" looks at the notes, and finding "*shawl*: anglicism," renders: "When I took my most elegant anglicism out of the wardrobe."

A young gentleman who moves in the best society of San Antonio, said the other evening to a young lady, "The foliage is much more exuberant this year than usual." "Yes," she answered, thoughtfully, "All them imported fruits is cheaper than they used to be."



"WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY."

sition in life is without corresponding cross or opposite trial, and illustrated his text by many passages of Scripture. Naaman was a mighty man of valor, but he was a leper. The five cities of the plain were fruitful, but the men of Sodom were awful sinners. I called, but you answered not, and etc. When the candidate came down from the pulpit and entered the vestry, the senior trustee politely remarked, "Sir, you gave us a most ingenious discourse, and we are much obliged to you; but we don't think you are the preacher for us."

There is a story told of two Scotch lads who knew little of gunnery and natural history, but were familiar with King James's Bible and with the winged heads

Housekeeping.

RECEIPTS FROM CHLOE'S COOK-BOOK.

Tomato Soup.—Two quarts of sweet milk and two quarts of water; when boiling add one quart of cooked tomatoes, into which has first been well stirred one-half teaspoonful soda. Add pulverized crackers and butter; salt and pepper to taste.

Veal Loaf.—Three pounds of veal off the ham; three slices salt pork, chopped fine, add three eggs well beaten, one-half cup sweet cream, one tablespoonful each of sage, salt, and pepper. Stir well together, and bake one and a half hours. Best when cold.

Bouilli Beef.—Put a part of a brisket of beef, weighing six pounds, into a sauce-pan, and cold water enough to cover it. Let it boil until the seam rises, and skin it nicely; add two carrots, two turnips and one onion, cut in dice form; one-half can tomatoes; stick an onion full of cloves. Let all simmer three hours. Add one tumbler full of red wine, two teaspoonfuls mixed mustard, one tablespoonful of salt. Let it simmer one hour. When done sprinkle over it some pickled cucumber cut very fine. Stir a little flour into the gravy; give one boil; turn it into the dish with the meat and send to table very hot.

Fried Chicken.—Cut up young chickens; put them in a pan with a very little water; cover closely and put them in a hot oven; let them cook until tender; then remove; roll them well in flour, and brown nicely in butter in frying pan on top of stove.

Fried Oysters.—Take large oysters drained well. Roll some crackers fine, season them with pepper and salt. Have ready some boiling lard and some beaten eggs. Dip the oysters first in the cracker then in the egg, and then into the cracker again; drop them in the hot lard; let them brown, and skim out in a colander to drain. Should be served hot.

Chicken Salad.—Take the meat of a boiled chicken, mince and add an equal quantity of chopped celery. Prepare the following dressing and pour over it. Yolks of two hard boiled eggs, two teaspoonfuls of mustard, two of salt, a little pepper; yolk of a raw egg and a little sugar, one pint of cream, and vinegar to the taste.

Potatoe Puff.—Two cupfuls cold mashed potatoe, two tablespoonfuls melted butter beaten together till light; beat in two eggs, one cupful of milk and a little salt; turn into a buttered dish and bake in a quick oven till well browned.

Escaloped Tomatoes.—Skin some tomatoes; take a baking dish and put in the bottom a layer of rolled cracker and small pieces of butter; then a layer of tomatoes sliced; add another layer of cracker and butter, with pepper and salt to the taste; then a layer of green corn cut from the cob. Repeat until the dish is filled. Bake three-quarters of an hour.

Mince Meat.—Four pounds round of beef, boiled tender and chopped fine, twice the quantity of chopped apple, three pints of boiled cider, one quart of the water the meat was boiled in, three cups of molasses; stir well together and boil half an hour; let cool and add two pounds chopped raisins, one pound of currants, one pint brandy, four cups of sugar, half a pound of melted butter, four tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, two of cloves, two grated nutmegs, and a little pepper.

Pie Plant Custard Pie.—To one cup stewed pie-plant use one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of flour, yolks of three eggs and a small piece of butter, bake with only an under crust, and when done put on the top the three whites beaten to a foam with three tablespoonfuls powdered sugar; place in an oven for a few minutes to stiffen.

Plum Pudding.—Soak over night ten crackers in three pints of milk. In the morning add five eggs, one cup of sugar, two cups of raisins, one pint of milk, a little salt and nutmeg; bake four or five hours; stir twice while baking.

Amherst Pudding.—Three cups of flour, one cup of suet chopped fine, one cup of milk, one cup of molasses, one cup of raisins chopped, one egg, half a teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves; boil or steam three hours.

Orange Custard.—Pare and slice six oranges and lay in a deep dish. Take one pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls corn starch, yolks of three eggs, a little piece of butter and half a cup of sugar, and make a boiled custard; put one cup pulverized sugar over the sliced oranges and then pour over them the custard. Make a meringue of the whites and place over the custard; place in the oven for a few moments.

Lemon Cream.—Into one and a half cups of boiling water stir two tablespoonfuls of corn starch wet with water and the juice of one large lemon, beaten yolks of three eggs and one cup of sugar; boil five minutes, then stir in the whites beaten stiff; pour in small glasses and serve cold, with whipped cream on top of each glass.

Fried Cakes.—Three eggs, one coffee cup sugar, one cup of milk, three tablespoonfuls melted butter, five teaspoonfuls baking powder. Flour enough to roll out soft.

Molasses Cookies.—One cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, one cup of butter, two eggs, one tablespoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of grated alum. Dissolve both soda and alum in half a cup of boiling water and pour into the molasses. Use flour enough to mix very stiff, and knead well.

Sugar Cookies.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, four eggs, flavor to taste; soften the butter and pour it on two cups of flour; beat the eggs up light and then beat the sugar into them and pour that in with the butter. Dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in two tablespoonfuls of milk, and pour that over the rest; mix up lightly with the hand and then mix in a little flour with two teaspoonfuls cream tartar stirred in it; roll out very soft and bake very quick.

Boston Brown Bread.—One quart sour milk, one cup molasses, two cups rye flour, four cups Indian meal, two even teaspoonfuls soda. Steam three hours and then bake half an hour in a hot oven.

Yeast Biscuit.—At noon boil three medium sized potatoes; wash them, add three tablespoonfuls flour, and one each of salt and sugar; over the whole pour one pint of boiling water; when cool add half a cup yeast; home-made preferred. At night stir in about half a cup of lard, a little salt and flour to make a stiff batter. In the morning knead well and put in all the flour needed; let it rise again, and knead lightly, using as little flour as possible; make into biscuits; let them rise well, and bake in a very hot, quick oven.

Baking Powder Muffins.—One-half cup sugar, half a cup butter, one cup milk, three cups flour, three teaspoonfuls baking powder, and three eggs. Put the materials together the same as for cake; bake quick and well, and place them on the table hot.

Hickory Nut Cake.—One cup of butter, two cups sugar, half a cup milk, three cups flour, four eggs, one teaspoonful cream tartar, half a teaspoonful soda, one cup dried currants, and one and a half cups hickory nut meats.

Almond Cake.—Two and a half cups of sugar, one and one-eighth cups butter, one cup milk, four cups flour, whites of ten eggs, four teaspoonfuls baking powder, one pound blanched almonds.

Sweet Tomato Pickles.—Slice six or eight onions, and one peck of green tomatoes and scatter over them one cup of salt; let stand twelve hours, then boil them fifteen minutes in two quarts water and one quart vinegar. Skim out the pickles and put them with four quarts fresh vinegar, two pounds sugar, two large spoonfuls each of allspice, cloves, and cinnamon, and half a pound of white mustard seed. Simmer all together for fifteen minutes.

Yeast that Will Keep a Month.—One quart water in porcelain kettle, six good sized potatoes grated raw and stirred in the boiling water, then add half a cup each of salt and sugar and the water in which a handful of hops has been steeped. Remove from the fire and when cool add half a cup of yeast. Use a large spoonful to a loaf.

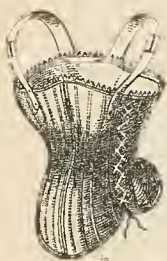
Canned Corn.—Dissolve one and one-quarter ounces of tartaric acid in half a pint of water. Cut the corn from the cob and boil half an hour in plenty water; add to each quart of corn, as cut from the cob, two tablespoonfuls of the acid solution; boil a few minutes and can in glass cans. When used put half a teaspoonful of soda to one quart of corn; let it stand for three hours before using, and cook well. I have tried canning in this way for three years and guarantee it.

Tomato Catsup.—One gallon of tomatoes cooked and strained, two large tablespoonfuls of salt, one teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, two of mace, two of cloves, one tablespoonful of allspice, one quart of vinegar; put the tomatoes and ground spices together; let them boil one hour; add the vinegar; let it cool, and bottle; cork well.

Mrs. B. N. W.

Chicken Croquets.—Take an ordinary sized chicken; let it be tender; boil in as little water as possible until done; reduce the broth to about a cup full, after you have taken up the fowl. Mince the meat of the fowl very fine, rejecting all the skin. Chop very fine one very small onion and fry in two ounces of butter and a tablespoonful of flour; stir three minutes, add the meat, broth, one teaspoonful fine chopped parsley, half a chopped sweet bread, or as much calf's brains, previously boiled, salt, pepper, twenty drops of extract of nutmeg; stir all together three minutes over the fire. Take up and stir in the yolks of three raw eggs until it is a gelatinous mass. Spread out in a dish and when entirely cold mold into forms, using one tablespoonful for each. You may form them like a sausage, a small biscuit, or a tiny sugar loaf. Dip them into beaten egg and roll into very fine bread crumbs. Drop carefully into boiling lard. Be very sure the lard is at the very boiling point, and be cautious not to let them stay in only until they are a light brown; then they will be crisp outside and soft inside. Serve on a white napkin garnished with sprigs of parsley.

The Ladies' Floral Cabinet and Pictorial Home Companion.



Madame FOY'S CORSET SKIRT SUPPORTER

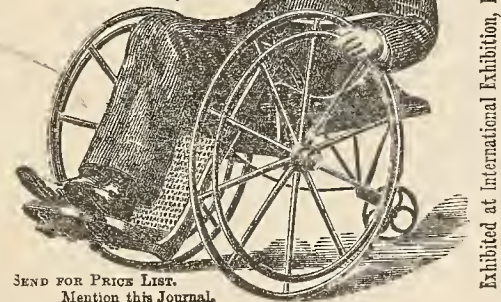
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Words by ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

Music by H. P. DANKS.

Andante cantabile.

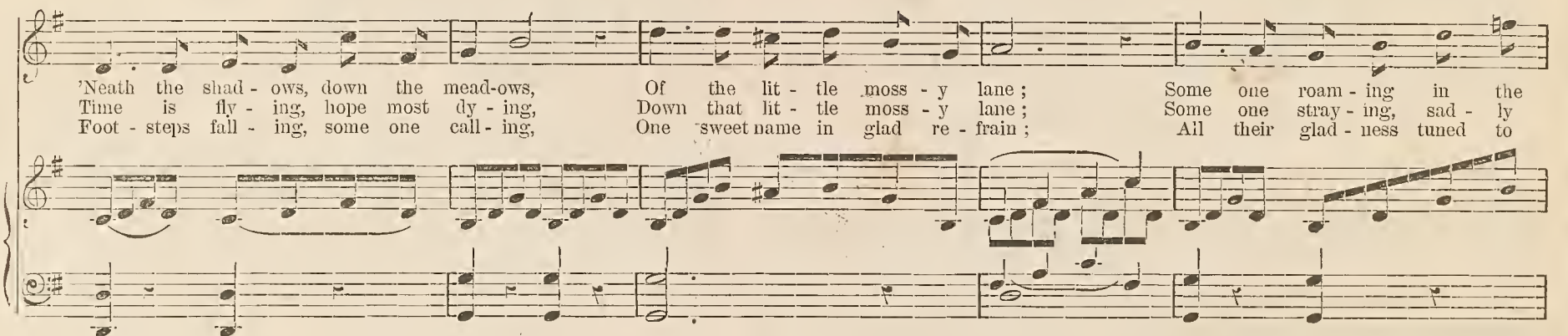


1. Sum - mer's fin - gers soft - ly lin - ger
2. Moon - light o - ver fields of clo - ver,
3. Some one part - ed, hap - py - heart - ed,

On the mead - ows far and wide,
Gold - en tint - ed dew im - pearl'd,
Yes - ter eve, in joy and bliss,

Breez - es sigh - ing, day - light dy - ing,
Bird - lets sleep - ing, bright stars keep - ing,
I will meet you, I will greet you,

In the hush of e - ven - tide;
Watch and ward a - bove the world;
Some one whispered with a kiss;

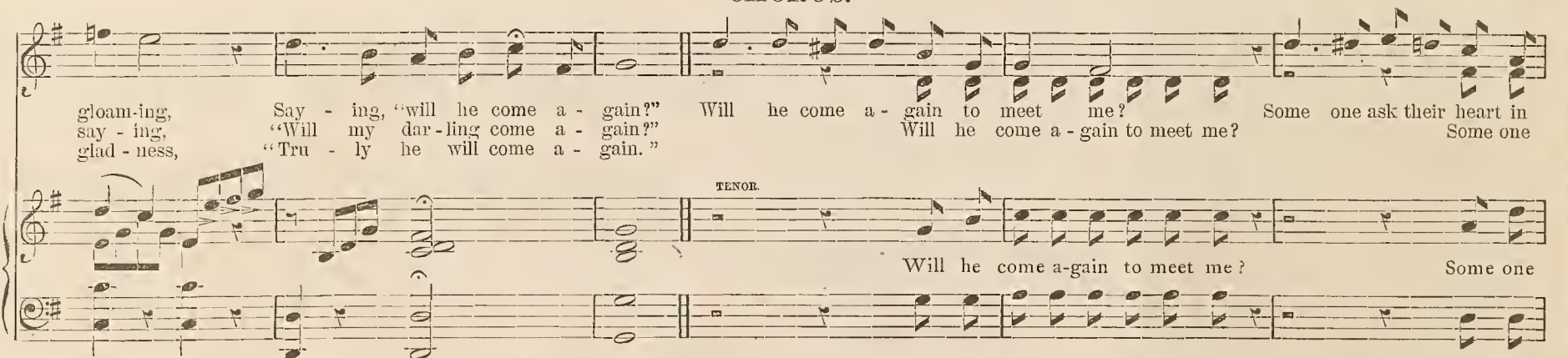


'Neath the shad - ows, down the mead - ows,
Time is fly - ing, hope most dy - ing,
Foot - steps fall - ing, some one call - ing,

Of the lit - tle moss - y lane;
Down that lit - tle moss - y lane;
One sweet name in glad re - frain;

Some one roam - ing in the
Some one stray - ing, sad - ly
All their glad - ness tuned to

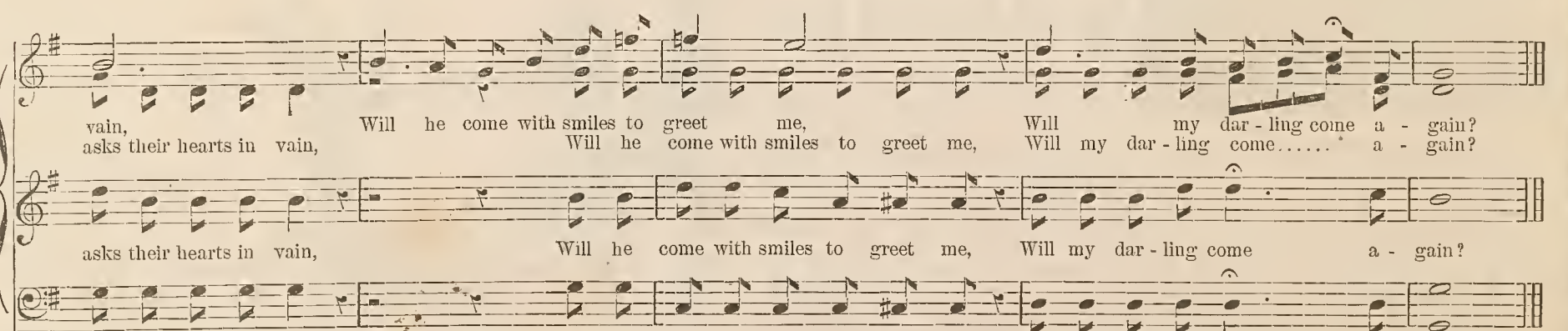
CHORUS.



gloom - ing, Say - ing, "will he come a - gain?" Will he come a - gain to meet me? Some one ask their heart in
say - ing, "Will my dar - ling come a - gain?" Will he come a - gain to meet me? Some one
glad - ness, "Tru - ly he will come a - gain."

TENOR

Will he come a - gain to meet me? Some one



vain, Will he come with smiles to greet me, Will my dar - ling come a - gain?
asks their hearts in vain, Will he come with smiles to greet me, Will my dar - ling come a - gain?

asks their hearts in vain, Will he come with smiles to greet me, Will my dar - ling come a - gain?

THE LADIES' **Home** Companion

Mrs E I McKie

J. M. TROY-DES. 1877
J. C. WARREN FL-DEL.

BY HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

VOL. VI.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1877.

No. 68.

PRICE 12 CENTS.

WINDOW, FIRE-PLACE AND MIRROR DECORATIONS.

Upon this page we illustrate several very charming devices for ornamenting windows and rooms. The flower stand and hanging baskets are made of an article called virgin cork, which any one can take and construct into a hundred beautiful forms. By the use of the knife, and cementing the pieces together, floral ornaments of an inconceivable variety can be made, which are elegant in appearance and of great durability. This article, virgin cork, is hardly known yet in the United States, and yet has been very popular for years in England.

During the summer time, when our fire-places are not in use, it is the taste of many ladies to decorate them with floral and woodland treasures. The wicker basket seen in this illustration is filled with moss, having at bottom a large pan with abundance of earth, and in it are placed a great variety of plants, which do well in the shade.



FLORAL STAND.



HANGING-BASKET.

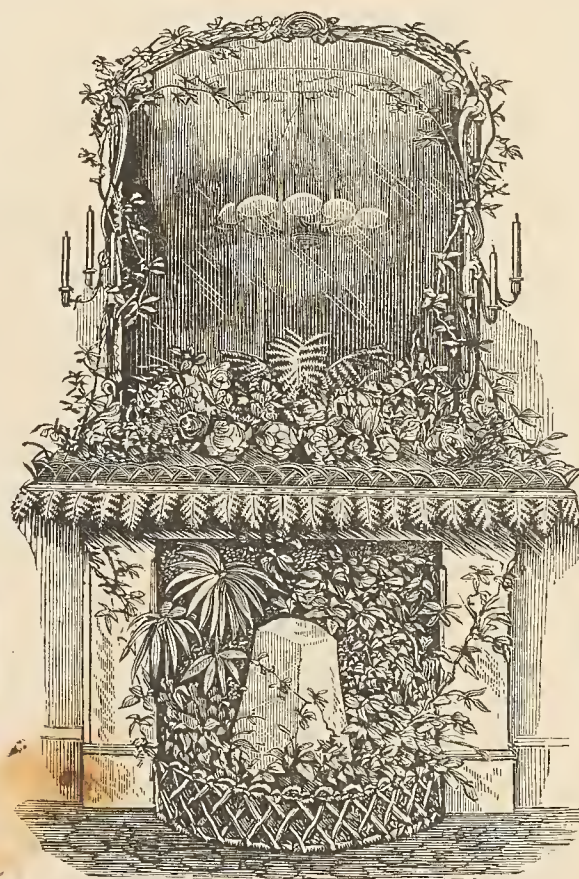
Another long basket or tray is put on the mantle, wherein are growing flowering plants, with vines at either end, and ferns at the back next to the glass. A beautiful way to finish the decorations of such a mantle is to take the tips of fern leaves, and, sticking their stems into the wicker basket, let them point outward and hang down. It gives a finish far beyond anything of artificial manufacture.

FLOWERS IN WINTER IN THE SIERRAS.

I will tell you a little about the winter of the Sierras. It is very dull here in consequence of the deep snows that fall during the wet season. It snowed fourteen days at one time in January; the snow was twelve feet deep when the storm was over; but it has settled down to ten feet. The sun is so hot, that the snow is soon packed down solid. When we want to go out, we have to go on snow-shoes; they are from four to fourteen feet long, arranged to suit the size of the person. Boys and girls from five to seven, wear them from four to five feet long; twelve and fourteen years old, from seven to nine feet, etc. They are made of very light wood, and painted; nice leather slippers in the centre to place your foot, and a pole with a wooden button on the lower end to support or help your progress up hill. Every afternoon the boys and girls have a splendid time snow-shoeing. We sometimes

go head over heels; but we do not hurt ourselves as the snow is soft. My shoes are seven feet and a half long.

Well, away up here, in this isolated region, we try to have flowers. At the east window we have a table filled with beauties. The Oleander is just bursting, a delicate pink flower and very double. Black-eyed Susie is full of flowers, orange color. A daily Rose, with eight roses of very delicate shade of pink; after white we expect the Red Rose. Fuchsia has grown eight feet and a half high, scarlet, and is very beautiful when drooping with flowers. A Mauranda vine runs over a trellis frame, then up a cord ten feet. We train it up to the ceiling, then around a picture called Faith and Hope, which hangs over the organ. We have three varieties of Pinks; some are in bud. Geraniums are doing well. Petunia is just putting out buds. Pepper-tree five feet high; leaves are handsome. Two hanging baskets, one of Wandering Jew, the other of Ivy Geranium, and the grass found on the hill-sides. ARABELLA M. STORER.



FIRE-PLACE AND MIRROR DECORATION.

Floral Contributions.

A PRETTY PLANT STAND.

Among the many tables and stands for plants described in the CABINET, I find my own is decidedly unique. It was designed by our house architect for a bay window eight feet in width, and as plants and stands can be more easily attended by leaving space to walk around them, I resolved, like those people in cities who are compelled to build upward in order to obtain room, to have an addition to its height; so I have a two-story stand.

Its depth at the bottom, from front to back, is two feet, and the width of the whole about five. The lower part consists of four steps or shelves reaching by graduated distances from the front to the back of the stand, and occupying nearly two-thirds of its height. Then oblique braces from the upper shelf of the lower tier support the lower shelf of the upper tier very nearly in a line above the second shelf from the floor, thus giving room to the plants on the shelf forming the upper part of the lower story, to grow between this last shelf and the window. Above this are two more shelves, the upper one six inches wide, placed on the vertical supports at the back, and forming the top of the stand, which reaches within one foot of the upper casing to the window. The whole is painted a stone gray, and though made of wood, has a light, airy look, the sides being open consisting of two parts each, the front oblique, the back vertical, and the shelves kept in place by cleats fastened to the centre and outside supports. Reaching the upper shelves necessitates the use of a step ladder, which is the only inconvenience.

In the centre of the lower shelf, which is wider and stronger than the others, I keep my Calla, and on either side the plants requiring the largest pots. The shelves of the upper tier being designed for smaller pots and those plants which luxuriate in a warm atmosphere. The top shelf being specially devoted to Cacti, bottles of water containing cuttings, and the Hoya Carnosa, which roots sparingly and thrives with tropical vitality in the heated space, sending its ivy-like tendrils in every direction.

When preparing autumn leaves for room decoration, I am careful to leave them on the twigs or boughs as Nature placed them, where each leaf is ironed separately, and a thin coating of gum arabic spread over those naturally glossy. These, mingled with others, form bright hanging bouquets for walls and ceilings. Lambrequins of richly tinted leaves are tastefully made by taking glue prepared with whiskey for ready use, and lightly glueing the stem of each leaf, point downward, to the lower edge of thick paper cut any desired shape. Above this place successive rows, and finish with a border of pressed gray, brown or green moss. When the colors are arranged artistically, the effect is very pleasing.

Some autumn leaves, especially the Woodbine and Sumac, must be gathered after the first frost or as soon as their tints have deepened, as they drop early. The oak and maple will be found much later in perfection. The delicate creeping mosses with fern-like fronds, when separated carefully and picked free from tiny sticks, roots, and lumps of earth, and pressed, make wreaths more exquisite even than ferns.

June is usually considered the fern-gathering month, because then they press easily and retain their colors; but some of the loveliest I ever saw were gathered in Eastern woods in October. Going one day to get some

blossoms of the Hamamelis or Witch Hazel, I came upon a bed of maiden-hair Ferns bleached by the frost to the softest Naples yellow. When pressed they were formed into a wreath on black paper such as artists use for panel painting, and are the admiration of all who see them. Black velvet makes a rich background for a wreath of this description, and a nice frame can be made by cutting strips of stiff pasteboard about an inch wide the desired length, clipping the ends to a point, and covering with black broadcloth or fine casimere; then lap the ends at the corners of the frame and fasten with a white or gilt button, or with a convenient carpet tack, covering the head of the tack with a small sea shell.

Bind the wreath and glass together with strips of gummed paper and glue to the frame. Hang against a white wall. Similar strips of pasteboard can be covered with gilt or bronze paper, and are sometimes preferable to black frames. Another way is to take thin strips of smooth pine wood of any desired length and width, and after joining the corners neatly, spread a coating of putty over the whole upper side, on which designs in leaves, vines, tendrils, or geometrical figures can be stamped to imitate carving. When dry, paint the whole any shade of wood color desired.

The same frame is more effective when the wood alone is stained black or dark walnut, and the putty then moulded into graceful forms to please the taste, placed on the frame, dried, and covered with bronze. This is fine for engravings.

As all true lovers of the CABINET like to have it a floral and art journal, I will say a few words in regard to pictures. When making purchases do not select immediately one that is conspicuous with bright color, but wait until the eye becomes accustomed to the glare and is able to take in details without excitement. You may then discover it becomes tiresome after a few minutes' scrutiny, and turn with relief to one you had overlooked, where the subdued neutral tints of blending grays and browns combined with lively bits of color, produce a quieting, resting effect. We need something for our homes that can be seen often and studied without weariness. Something full of the charm of repose. When placed in position on the wall, let colored pictures hang by themselves, while engravings, photographs, and all black and white drawings can be hung separately or in groups.

AVIS FAY.

CULTURE OF THE VERBENA.

The Verbena is a very popular bedding plant, and is of numberless colors and shades, among which is to be found the brightest colors, the most intense scarlet and deepest blue, with striped, variegated, etc. Auriculiflora is a most desirable variety, comprising various shades, with a large distinct eye of white or yellow. Lovers of this fine plant will be pleased to learn that it can be raised from seed with very little trouble; in fact, it requires very little more care to raise it from seed than it does from cuttings. Seedlings are more robust and healthy than cuttings, and are not as liable to rust.

A pleasing feature about seedlings is that they are for the most part fragrant, whereas old plants are not. Seed should be soaked in tepid water for twenty-four hours before planting. Sow in a hot-bed the first of March in drills four inches apart, and cover with a scant quarter of an inch of rich soil pulverized fine. (I use an old sifter to sift the soil through.) Keep the soil damp, but never wet, and never allow it to become dry; either case would result disastrously to the seeds. In about ten days they will begin to appear.

When the young plants have formed their third or fourth leaves, transplant to the garden. In removing the plants from the seed-bed, disturb the soil as little as possible, as the seed is very uneven in germinating, some not having sprouted when the first are large enough to transplant. In transplanting be sure to select a spot fully exposed to the sun; if anyways shaded they will produce an abundance of foliage, but not a single flower.

Set plants about a foot apart; if too close they will be apt to mildew. Make the soil as rich as possible, using well rotted cow manure. A light porous soil is best suited for Verbena culture. A good bed of Verbena is a sight that will dazzle the eye with its brilliancy, it being "a brilliant carpet of unnumbered dyes."

Some writers contend that a bed of Verbenas grown two or three years in the same place will be diseased with rust, but I have no trouble with it. In a bed of Verbenas from seed you will find new colors every spring. I have noticed in a bed of dark varieties only the first year, white and other new colors the succeeding spring, among which was a white one with a light green centre, a very novel color, and also very pretty.

The inexperienced are in the habit of thinking that this plant is more easily grown than it really is; no plant will sooner show neglect than this. It will succeed very poorly in a stiff soil that bakes. The plant is a half hardy perennial, blooming soon after sown. There is a variety called Montana that is perfectly hardy, surviving the coldest winters without harm and literally covers itself with its rose-colored flowers from the middle of April until winter sets in. It is altogether a most desirable variety, and one that I would advise all to have. If you have any doubts as to your ability to grow it from seed, I would say buy plants from the florists, some of whom sell as many as twenty plants for one dollar. If you possess not a hot-bed, seed may be sown in shallow boxes the latter part of March and placed in a sunny window on the south side of the house, and kept covered with a pane of glass or a board; the glass is best.

Seed do not require light to germinate, but it is absolutely necessary after germination takes place or the seedlings will be spindling and never will produce good flowers. Do not fall in the common error of sowing seed too thick, as besides drawing them up spindling, it interferes with transplanting. To all who have not tried this plant, I would say give it a trial. You will not be disappointed. Always buy mixed papers of seed, unless you wish a particular variety.

Hampton, Va.

W. G. JOY.

Othonna.—Has anybody tried Othonna as a water plant? I experimented a little last winter with it, and am much pleased with the result. The foliage is more graceful than our old standby, Tradescantia. Last December I put some short sprays in a hanging-basket made of a broken goblet covered with scarlet worsted and silver cardboard; filled it with soft water, and put in a little charcoal. It soon put out roots and grew and blossomed, and in April it hung down a foot, and the roots filled the goblet. I was so pleased with this, I filled a tall white vase with wet sand and put some in that on the mantle. This soon reached the mantle and lay on the mat on which the vase stood. Then I put some in a glass stand for cut flowers, in wet sand. It looks well all the time, and makes a pretty draping when the stand is filled with cut flowers.

M. J. P.

Answers to Correspondents.

Cyclamen from Seed.—Will you tell me how to treat Cyclamen raised from seed, and how old they must be before they blossom?

Cornwall, Vt. MRS. E. A. WARREN.

Answer.—The little seedling bulbs as soon as large enough to handle, should be potted off and grown rapidly without drying off. If well tended they will soon form bulbs which will flower in from nine to eighteen months from the time the seed was sown. Under the old treatment of drying off and resting, it usually took three years to bring the bulb to a blooming state.

Wax Plant Seeding.—Can Hoya Carnosa (Wax Plant) be raised from seed? I have a large plant which has seeded several times. Do they often seed?

Guilford. MRS. H. N. DAVIS.

Answer.—The Wax Plant does not often seed with us. If planted in bottom heat the seed would vegetate, but it is not worth planting when increase is so easily effected by cuttings.

Calla Lily leaves turning yellow.—I have a Calla Lily which I keep well watered, but the leaves turn yellow as soon as half grown. What is the cause?

MRS. SALLIE J. HUNT.

Mayfield, Ky.

Answer.—Perhaps poor, sodden, sour soil; perhaps want of light, or both. Repot your plant in good light soil, and give it all the sun you can.

Roses Sickly, etc.—My Roses in pots grew well for two months then began to look sickly, and the leaves dropped off. How shall I treat Tritoma? Let me suggest the culture of the wild Collinsia; it makes a beautiful bed of blue. Can you name the enclosed Geranium?

MRS. M. F. BOOTH.

Bardolph, Ill.

Answer.—Your Roses were probably badly potted, the soil became sour and the roots died. Roses need a rich soil, but it should be open and well drained.

The Tritomas are bulbs from the Cape of Good Hope. Pot them in October in sandy loam, grow them in a sunny window and they will bloom about February; then diminish the supply of water, and when the foliage dies put the bulbs in the pots away to rest until the season for repotting.

The pretty blue flower you enclose as a Collinsia is Polemonium reptans. You probably have Collinsia verna, a very handsome plant with blue and white flowers, in the woods, and have confounded the names.

Your "Geranium" is Arbutum, the best of the low-growing varieties for bedding.

Akebia quinata, etc.—Please let me know when Akebia quinata blooms. What is the cause of Oleander buds falling off?

HATTIE SHERMAN.

Ohio.

Answer.—Akebia quinata blooms about the twentieth of May. The flowers are very curious, the male and female looking very unlike. Your Oleander has been kept too dry, or you have changed the temperature too rapidly. Either of these causes would make it drop the buds.

Fernery doing Badly.—Can you tell me what to do with my Fern case? I have bought Ferns and got them from the woods; they do well for a time and then rot.

Andulasia, Ill.

Answer.—You have kept them too wet, or if under a glass shade, given too little air. When ferneries are moist they need no water, and they should always be well drained.

Variegated Ivy Geranium turning green.

—**Passion Flowers.**—I have a beautiful Ivy-leaved Geranium. When it was small the green leaves were bordered with white, tinged with pink. How shall I restore the color? Where can I obtain a plant of Passion Flower?

F. E. HUSELTON.

Westford, Vt.

Answer.—You have grown your Geranium too well and in the shade. Variegated plants often revert to the green state. Let the plant become a little pot-bound and expose to full sun, and the colors will return.

You can procure plants of Passion Flowers from any greenhouse, but they are rather large for house plants. P. Empress Eugenie is the best purple.

Names of Plants.—**Ipomeas.**—How should Ipomeas be planted?

MRS. JENNIE MCKEE.

Chevanse, Ill.

Answer.—Sow Ipomeas in the garden, and treat like the common Morning Glory. Your Fuchsia is F. speciosa. The tall ever-blooming shrubby plant with bright red upright flowers is Achania Malva-viscus, one of the best house plants.

Ivy and Oak Leaved Geraniums not blooming.—Can you tell me how to make my Ivy Geranium bloom? Does the Oak-leaved Geraniums ever bloom?

MRS. L. L. PHILLIPS.

Scranton, Pa.

Answer.—Both the Ivy and Oak-leaved Geraniums usually flower when stunted in growth. Let your plants become pot-bound and you will get bloom, but the foliage is far better than the flowers.

Double Zinnias coming single.—How can my Zinnias be made to produce double bloom when seed is gathered from double flowers? The tendency is to come single and we lose many beautiful ones.

Accotank, Va.

JAMES HUNTER, JR.

Answer.—Your question would puzzle any one to answer. The rules of the production of double flowers are yet a mystery, and we all take chances in trying. Save only the seeds on the outer rows of the flowers, and you may get better flowers.

Cape Jasmine Culture.—I have a Cape Jasmine two years old which I long to see bloom. Will you tell me how to treat it?

New Loudon, Ct.

MRS. J. T. WILLIAMS.

Answer.—The Cape Jasmine is botanically a Gardenia. Grow it in a warm room. Give it plenty of sun and it should bloom from May into the summer. In summer set it on a piazza or plunge the pot in the garden. It grows in summer setting buds which open from February onward according to heat given.

Roses in the Parlor.—**Heavy Dew on Ivy.**

—My Ivy grows well and looks thrifty, but there is a sticky substance on the leaves. I wash them but it comes again. What will make Roses bloom in the window in winter?

L. P.

Chicago, Ill.

Answer.—The sticky substance on your Ivy is "heavy dew;" its cause is yet a disputed question; it does no injury, and your treatment is correct.

Very few Roses do well as window plants. The old-fashioned Monthly Roses are the best for house culture. None of the newer varieties will give half

the satisfaction that one may get from a plant of the old. Sanguinea agrippina (red) usually does well. Adam (pink) and safrana (buff) will usually bloom, but the large double Roses are useless for house culture.

Name of Plant.—Can you tell me the name of the enclosed? It was given me as a wild flower from Massachusetts.

MYRA A. PRICE.

Mendola, Ill.

Answer.—The plant is Epigaea repens, called also New England May Flower, Ground Laurel, and Trailing Arbutus. It is found from Maine to Virginia, and is the first flower of spring. Its delicate beauty and delicious fragrance make it a universal favorite.

Spots upon Foliage of House Plants.—I am much troubled by a disease upon my plants. I enclose two leaves, an Ivy and Abutilon. It shows itself in large discolored spots upon the leaves, appearing in a few hours.

E. B. F.

Beloit, Wis.

Answer.—The leaves sent are evidently sun-burned, and you must look to the glass under which your plants are kept for the cause. You say it did not appear in winter nor until the sun grew strong. It is very common in greenhouses, and care has to be used in selecting glass. A minute dot in the glass may form a burning glass, and if the focus falls on a leaf it is burned. Your treatment of your plants is right in every respect. Your only remedy for burning is to find the lights of glass which do the mischief and replace them with others.

Names of Clematis.—**Shape of Flower-bed.**

—Please give names and colors of four of the choice varieties of Clematis. Please give me an idea for shape of a flower-bed.

MRS. DAVIS.

Upper Alton, Ill.

Answer.—Supposing you want hardy Clematis, we reply Azarea grandiflora, large, blue; Juchmani, deep purple; Sophia, light-blue; Standishii, whitish. The last is a little tender.

An oval flower-bed shows off plants to great advantage.

Name of Plant.—Enclosed I send root of a plant purchased of a Frenchman in Richmond five years ago. It comes up in the spring and every year there is added about ten new roots like the one sent. How can I make it bloom? What is it?

Wilson, N. C.

JAS. S. WIGGINS.

Answer.—It is very difficult to name a plant from a root, and the plants sold by Frenchmen in our cities every spring are generally not worth either planting or naming. The root appears to be a Dahlia or perhaps a Dioscorea if the plant is a vine? In either case it should have bloomed. Send us leaves and we will try to assist you further. It may also possibly be Erythrina herbacea.

Lemon Geranium.—Please tell me what Lemon Geranium needs. I have given mine all attention and have been unsuccessful.

L. P. H.

Austin.

Answer.—Do you mean Lemon Geranium or Lemon Verbena? If the former, pot in common garden soil and grow in a sunny window. Be careful not to over water. If the latter, plant out during the summer in any common garden soil, and store in a cellar free from frost in winter.

A LITTLE WINDOW GARDEN.

A few years ago I had quite a pretty window garden, not many flowers, but green and growing all winter, under many disadvantages. The window I used faced nearly north; it had a little sunshine, however; no shutters to the window and only an ordinary white blind. It was a very cold winter, and we kept a fire in the room day and night.

We were living in a small town, and wire baskets were scarce and dear, so I went to a tinner's, bought some wire and borrowed a pair of pliers, and made a basket for myself at very trifling cost; I lined it with moss from the woods; filled it with ground from the same place; planted in it a German or parlor Ivy, a Kenilworth-Ivy, and a Wandering Jew. They all grew very well; the parlor Ivy was inclined to be rather delicate, but by pinching it back, and only letting it grow up the handles, kept it in good condition, having to give it close attention, however, for it was much troubled with green bugs, which I had to pick off nearly every day.

The Kenilworth Ivy grew and bloomed nearly all the time without any trouble, except pinching off the ends when they grew too long, to keep it full on top. The Wandering Jew had such very fine leaves on it, threw out a great many of its pretty red threads and clusters of leaves, and in the spring, much to my surprise, a tall flower stalk, which remained in bloom for some weeks. But I must tell you how my window was arranged. It looked so pretty that I made a little sketch of it.

In the middle hung my canary bird on one side the basket I have just mentioned; on the other, a common cigar box, suspended with twine, completely filled with *Tradescantia zebrina*, so that no box was seen. It grew so fast and bloomed so freely its beautiful wee purple flowers were a delight the whole winter. As the ends grew too long, I pinched them off and put them in the box to keep it full, or any place where there was room for them.

In the fall I put a piece of *Nasturtium* into a jar of water; it sent out plenty of roots, and bloomed until nearly Christmas, when it looked so delicate I threw it away. I had also a white *Petunia* in a cigar box; it bloomed very late, then looked so green and pretty all winter and began to bloom again in April.

I found cigar boxes very good for planting in; they stand well close together, and do not dry out like crocks. On cold nights I put a newspaper between the plants and the glass, and if very cold pinned up my bird cage and each of my hanging-baskets in a separate paper, and they were never touched by the cold the whole winter. I had a *Rose Geranium* and a box of *Ground Ivy*, which delighted me by blooming early in February, and some *Ferns* which are always interesting, the different shaped leaves, and their curious way of coming up, like hairy caterpillars more than anything else.

In the fall I took in some pretty *Chrysanthemums*; after they were done blooming, cut them down and kept them on account of the pretty fresh shoots that came up. I had also a little *Cactus*, a thick, flat oval, leaf with clusters of prickles on it. The buds all came out of the edges; some were leaf-buds, and two or three were bright yellow flowers, lemon-scented. Through some carelessness it died, and I have never been able to get another, not knowing its name; had also a little orange tree, which I bought in bloom; about a dozen oranges formed, but they fell off one after another. I could not keep it warm enough; the rest by care in watering and turning them round, kept very pretty all winter.

E. H. E.

[Written specially for the LADIES' FLORAL CABINET.]

Winnifred's Will.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

CHAPTER XII.

"When Pandora allowed unnumbered evils to escape into the world she left hope at the bottom of the casket."

It was a sunny May-day at Halcourt Hall—a warm, bright, genial day for the season. The noble trees in the oak avenue were budding, and the waters of Glenmere shone blue and benignant under a soft spring haze. The gray stone of the old Hall was softened by a curtain of vines, and the whole place had been transformed as if by magic, since we first saw it five years ago. The borders were trimmed and neat, and glowing with blossomed shrubs and clusters of rich flowers. The turf was like three-ply velvet, and beautifully kept drives and gravel paths stretched in all directions where new vistas had been cut to afford glimpses of the mountains and lake. Two noble century plants in carved stone pots fronted the entrance, and there a fountain was tossing up its crystal jet in the sunshine.

A hound of noble size, but very old, and almost blind and toothless, lay stretched on a rug where the sun streaked across the threshold, and now and then he lifted his head to snap at an imaginary insect. The gardener was setting his green-house plants outside in the sun, while his assistant cut the thick sweet grass with a lawn-mower. The delicate scent of lilacs was in the air, mingled with odors of new-mown hay, and the garden and orchard were one broad sheet of blossoms. It was the same old orchard where five years before two young girls, one dark, the other sunny-haired, had sat together in loving confidence. Now the blue birds and robins were singing with distracting sweetness in among the fragrant branches, and the old place had renewed itself, and put on an air of stately, dignified age.

As the lawn-mower clicked over the greensward, laying down little swathes of odorous grass, a tall, erect young woman in a broad-brimmed black hat that shaded her face, and a close clinging black gown just relieved by a bit of white linen at the throat, came through the door. Old Hector gave a feeble whine of pleasure as he got upon his tottering feet to receive a pat from the hand of his mistress. For a moment she paused on the broad stone step looking out on the glorious blossomed earth, and drinking in the sweets of this incomparable morning.

From the first glance it was plain that Winnifred Braithwaite had grown older, had matured and ripened since we last saw her. Her form had lost the meagreness and angularity of girlhood, and was beautifully rounded. The noble head sat easily on fine shapely shoulders. The complexion, dark and warm, had a rich glow of health, and abundant glossy hair rippled over the low broad forehead. Her expression was no longer fitful and capricious, but the clear gray eyes looked out with calm, steady, decisive glances. She was a woman self-poised and complete.

As Winnie stood there, in graceful posture, looking out over her domain, a bath-chair was wheeled around an angle of the house by a colored lad who had his mouth made up to whistle, but refrained out of respect to the inmate. Though his slender legs and arms had elongated since we last saw him, the crisp locks under the velvet cap, the jaunty figure, the expression of light-hearted carelessness unmistakably belonged to the Steenie of old. The chair contained a large, inert woman with but a feeble gleam of intelligence in the dull face, but still with a look which seemed to indicate that the motion of the vehicle gave her a degree of pleasure.

"Are you going away again, Winnifred?" she asked in a dissatisfied tone. "I have scarcely seen anything of you for two whole days."

"No, mamma, I am not going away," and Winnie

stooped down and took the nerveless hand in hers and patted it. "I have been a bad girl to neglect you so long; but you must try and pardon me, because I have been overrun with business and company."

"You never tell me anything," said Mrs. Braithwaite, unwilling to show that she was appeased, though it did please her to let her hand rest in Winnie's, and be gently patted, "but I have a way of finding out things for myself, and I know who has been here."

"I am willing to tell you all that will interest you, mamma, except those little trifles that are of no consequence, and might fret your mind."

"There's a deal goes on," returned Mrs. Braithwaite in the tone of a peevish child, "that never comes to my knowledge, but I happened to spy Charles Fortescue going away from the house after he had been here a good three hours."

"He ought to have known better than to come," said Winnifred, with an amused smile, and the air of being used to her mother's little scenes, and bearing them with the utmost patience and good humor. "Wheel mamma down into the oak avenue, Steenie, and bring me a camp-chair from the house, and then you may leave us."

When they were seated under the great spreading boughs with patches of soft blue sky interspersed, Mrs. Braithwaite began again on her grievance.

"You are not frank with me, Winnifred, though for a long time you have tried to be good and considerate. But you are not frank. I don't suppose it belongs to the Braithwaites to be frank, but I know what Charles Fortescue's errand was, and all about the doings of his mother, and those nasty, sly, designing girls."

Winnifred leaned forward and smoothed her mother's gray hair with a light soothing touch.

"He has gone away, mamma, on a long leave of absence. He has had his walking papers; now don't worry about him."

"But you are not frank, Winnifred, you know you are not," and the pathetic wrinkles deepened in Mrs. Braithwaite's forehead. "Some day, I suppose, I shall suddenly have it told me you are going to be married, and I don't know how in my feeble state, with this weakness in my knees, I shall bear the shock."

The amusement broke out more brightly than ever in Winnie's face and dimpled it all over.

"No," said she, printing a light kiss on the corrugated brow. "It is quite needless for you to borrow trouble about anything so very unlikely. I haven't the remotest idea of taking unto myself a husband, and if such an idea should ever seriously enter my head, I will tell you at once, as I am in duty bound. You shall not have a son-in-law sprung upon you, mamma."

Mrs. Braithwaite looked at her for a moment with a puzzled face, for nothing ever threw her into such mazes of perplexity as Winnie's light, bantering tone.

"Do you mean to say that you have made up your mind not to marry at all, that you are going to live and die single?"

"I couldn't positively affirm it if I were put upon oath," looking at her with a half roguish, half perverse expression. "We never know what folly we may be blindly led into, but at present I look upon myself as doomed to the awful fate of a spinster."

Mrs. Braithwaite heaved a great sigh and shook her head dismally. She was as little pleased with this alternative as the other.

"It's unnatural that a great heiress and a beauty like you, with dozens and dozens of offers, should dry away into an old maid. You don't confide in me, Winnifred, but I know who comes here. There's Colonel Peasley, and Judge Barber, and that young lawyer from New York, and Charles Fortescue."

"Don't take the trouble to name them over," cried Winnie, gaily, "they are all on the condemned list, and no hope of a reprieve."

Mrs. Braithwaite looked at her with a bewildered and disapproving face.

"I don't understand you," she said mournfully. "Per-

haps I haven't the wit to understand things. Your father often said so. But if you had married your Cousin Bradley—

"Don't," returned Winnie, in a low voice, while her whole manner changed. She rose to her feet, and half averted her face.

"I know you always try to turn me away from that subject," the mother resumed with the dull persistency which belongs to such a nature.

"Yes, I do, mamma, because it pains me, and I am sure you cannot wish to make me suffer needlessly."

"But if it pains you, Winnifred, how can you pardon that sly, bad girl, and say you love her still? I always predicted that she would bring harm as soon as she was let into the house, and she did do mischief of the worst kind. She got Bradley away from you with her underhand maneuvering, and bewitched the poor boy nobody knows how. She contrived it so slyly that she carried him right off from under your very eyes, and though I'm naturally easy going, it does put me out to have you say you forgive her."

Winnie grew rigid, and her face showed that patience was taxed to its extreme limits, while her mother went mauling along with her head put back on the pillow of the Bath chair, and her eyes closed in remonstrance against her daughter's course.

"I know you can't understand it," returned Winnie, with a desperate sense of her own helplessness, in view of the opacity of her mother's mental perceptions, "but I am a very obstinate and self-willed girl, mamma. My feelings will never change, and if you love me, you will let this subject drop."

"Well, I shall always call that girl a sly trollop," sighed Mrs. Braithwaite, who took a certain pleasure in standing out against her daughter. "You have always been called high-strung, and how you could bear to have that pale-faced, hypocritical thing carry off your lover, and then persist in doting on her, is a mystery; and, to cap all, the impudent creature has gone and called her first baby after you, Winnifred Braithwaite Halcourt."

Winnie drew in her breath hard to prevent an impatient, perhaps violent outburst. For a long time she had tried to discipline herself in forbearance toward this mother, who was shut out from most of the interests and feelings of her life.

"Mamma," she said at last, with deliberate calmness, "Bradley never was my lover."

"But you were engaged to be married."

"I have explained that over and over."

"Yes, about the property. And then you would go and divide the estate, and settle half on that woman."

Winnie felt the tension slacken round her heart now that Mrs. Braithwaite had begun harping on the other string of her grievance.

"I did it, mamma, because it was just and right. My Uncle Harold was defrauded of his share of the property, and I only gave back what belonged to his family; but you know very well that Bradley has never touched one penny. He refused it absolutely, and it has been settled on Aunt Edith for life, and is then to go to Bradley's children."

"And they say she is living like a queen on the other side of the water. I wouldn't have minded if she had come down a good many pegs in the world. But she hasn't forgiven Bradley for marrying that chit, and I can't blame her. I never liked Edith Halcourt, for she did not appear to know when I was in the room; and the old Judge hated her like poison. But where did you say Bradley was living? In some dirty back street in the city?"

"Yes, mamma. They live, I am told, in a little, plain cheap house in not a very nice neighborhood, and Bradley works hard in his profession."

"And what do they call him?"

"A journalist. He has done himself great credit, and his name will one day be spoken with honor."

"Well, Winnifred," heaving a deep, disapproving sigh, "I never had much opinion of them writers for newspapers. They say it ain't a respectable business, and no Halcourt has ever gone quite so low before."

"Note on poor Uncle Edwin," returned Winnie, sarcastically, "who broke his wife's heart, and ended his days in a gambling house. You are mistaken, mamma. Bradley has ennobled himself by marrying the woman he loved, and doing honest work. He has lifted himself infinitely above all the idle, spendthrift Halcourts that ever lived. If he had married me he would probably have gone to the bad like my great uncle, Edwin."

"Because you have such strange, independent notions, and such a strong will of your own. They say the husband ought always to be first, but you must rule wherever you are. Now, I suppose that poor little weak thing Bradley has married, would put her hand in the fire if he told her to. She ought to be ashamed to let him slave his life out to support her."

Winnie's impatience could not be restrained.

"Oh, mamma, how cruel, how unjust you are to her! Virginia is a perfect wife. All these years she has lived

with only one servant, and her house is a gem of neatness. She has trained her little children beautifully, and, oh, mamma" (the tears sprang into Winnie's eyes), "she has taught them to love me, and to lip a little prayer for Aunt Winnie, as they call me, night and morning. My heart often yearns for those children. I must have them here when they are old enough to come in the care of a nurse."

"Well, now, that caps the climax!" exclaimed Mrs. Braithwaite, lifting her hands. "I'll warrant the boy is as artful as his mother, and he will worm himself into your good graces, and the next news will be that you are going to make him your heir. You are a strange girl, Winnifred; anybody else would have got married long ago to spite Bradley after his shameful treatment."

The amused look came back into Winnie's face.

"I suppose I am a strange creature. You tell me so often, mamma, and I am bound to believe you. But now you have put it into my head about making little Bradley my heir, who knows but I may adopt the idea? There would then be Halcourts of Halcourt."

Mrs. Braithwaite gave her a really frightened glance.

"Oh, you couldn't be in earnest about that," she said, rousing herself with unusual energy. "It would just kill me, and if I could see your own children about you, I should die happy. Why don't you take that nice Colonel Peasley. I know I should always like him. He is so kind and attentive, and seems to enjoy my conversation."

Winnie laughed merrily, and again stooped down to pat her mother's hand.

"Have you never heard, mamma, of the mother being courted for the daughter's sake? I am sorry I cannot regard Colonel Peasley as warmly as you do, but I happen to know that he is a tyrannical, despot man who hides a cruel, cold nature under a set smile, and who would find the addition of my fortune to his own small property a comfortable arrangement."

Mrs. Braithwaite sat still a moment with a hopelessly blank expression.

"You never like the people I like; you are always seeing something in them I can't make out. And now for three nights running I have had a bad dream, and I suppose you will be vexed if I tell you how it has worried me. I dreamed that you were married to Edgar Swayne, and I would rather be laid out cold in my coffin than have that happen."

A shade of annoyance passed quickly over Winnie's face.

"Why will you torment yourself, mamma, about things never likely to happen? It would be cruel to me if you were to drive away Mr. Swayne, who is my friend and helper, and who has worked nobly among our poor people for small reward."

"But he means to get his reward," broke forth Mrs. Braithwaite, for the spirit of prophecy was now upon her. "He is slow and sure and is doing it all for pay. He would wait twenty years and never give up the hope of winning you in the end. It makes me feel just ready to fly when I see him come and coax you off to the school, and to nurse those dirty miners and their children. I see what his aim is, if I am a poor, old, lame creature glued into my chair, and never to take a step again as long as I live. When that catching fever broke out on the mountain, wasn't you away for days tending the sick people; and I expected nothing but what you would bring it home in your clothes, and we should all come down. I lay awake nights and fretted the flesh off my bones for fear you would get sick yourself."

"Poor mamma," returned Winnie in a softened voice. "did you fret like that about your troublesome girl? You ought to have been thankful that I was able to help Mr. Swayne and poor old Father Dooley, who were real heroes. When I saw how self-sacrificing and tender and devoted that old priest could be to the sick, in spite of his dirty hands and disagreeable habits, I was ashamed of having disliked him all my life. Then he took the fever and died, and everybody was loud in his praises. I think if poor papa had lived until now he would have been sorry for his harshness toward the old priest. Now that the young priest from Clovernook comes to see you as often as you wish, I am sure you ought not to begrudge me the help and friendship of Mr. Swayne, who takes so many burdens off my shoulders. His advice is invaluable to me, and when I follow it I am pretty sure to go right, and when I stand out against it I find I have made a sad blunder. He is such a true friend, so utterly unselfish and good, I wish I could teach you to think kindly of him, and drop all foolish suspicions. I will never do anything, mamma, to make you unhappy. I have been hard, and unloving, and cruel, in times past, but now I will always think of you first, and if I am impatient sometimes you will try and forgive your girl, who is so imperfect, and so self-willed by nature that she can attain but slowly and painfully to the virtues that belong to gentle woman."

The tears came into the mother's faded eyes, and she took Winnie's hand that was resting on the chair, and pulled her down to kiss her face.

"Don't talk like that, Winnie. You are as good as ever you can be, and I know I fret you, being so bright and quick, because I am dull. Your father always was fretted by my dullness, but how could I help it, if it wasn't given me to understand quick? I won't fret any more about anything if it troubles you, dear. There, I am tired now. Let Steenie come and take me in."

Winnie still lingered in the avenue after her mother had been wheeled away. The invitations of the blue weather, the sweet scents, and bird songs of spring-time were irresistible. And yet she was not thinking of these, that May-day as she stood there under the budding boughs of her ancestral trees, but of the past, and of how deeply old memories and old loves were rooted within her. The breeze seemed to whisper the names of Virginia and Bradley, but the bitterness, the fever, the anguish were gone from her heart forever. Her eyes had cleared their vision, and were now steady and calm. She could dimly discern the meaning of her life discipline, and her great sorrow. As she stood there erect, and tall, and self-sustaining, with a certain majesty of form revealed by the clinging folds of her black dress, with her hat off, and the sunshine playing over her hair, she did not know that interested and curious eyes were watching her from the porch of Finster's cottage. Now there was a porch to the fisherman's abode very prettily embowered in vines and trees. A few gay flowers peeped out from the garden borders, and the whole place had put on an unwonted air of neatness and comfort. Mrs. Finster's children were "out of the way." The family prospects had brightened, and she was a better housewife, although her gown still showed an inclination to slip off her helpless form. At that moment the humpish baby, a flaxen-headed boy of six, was calmly fishing in the lake for gudgeons, with a pin hook, while his mother sat on the porch gossiping with black Nanna, who, old and unwieldy now, and long exempt from service, and a privileged member of the family at the Hall, would toddle down in sunny weather to wear away an hour with the "pore white trash," not bating, however, one jot of the grand air of condescension with which she conferred her favors. Her teeth were gone; the "rheumatiz" had racked her joints, but she was always "tanking de Lord" because she could "sense" things as good as she ever could. The high colored turban still kept its perch on top of her crown, and she was wagging it now impressively as she turned up the whites of her eyes, and said with great fervor:

"Dunno but ole Nanna's hars would had gone down in sorrier to de grave, ef dat dar chile had been sent to lock-up. But ef you b'leve it was little Missy as save him from dat. She talk and talk so solemn and awful, like de day of judgmens, dat dar chile went down on his knees and cried fit to break his heart, and she forgived him den, and has nebber flung it up agin him, and dat dar chile would be cut up into little pieces, ef his missus ordered, widout ever so much as winkin'. Some folks can only be kep' straight, in dis world, by lovin'. It's the same wid brack folks as wid white folks; and ef it hadn't been for little Missy holdin' on, and beleevin', and forgivin' wid all her might, dat boy would be a son of perdition, a by-word, and a hissin', as de Bible says."

The old creature stopped to wipe the grateful tears from her eyes.

"I used to think she was mighty high feelin' and stuck up," remarked Mrs. Finster, "and would as soon step on poor folks as not. But something come along to change her. I 'spose it was her disappointment. Some folks a disappointment kills, and some it cures. She never carried her head a bit lower, but her voice had a different ring, and she got ho'd of Finster, and showed him she was willing to help him if he would help himself; and she sent Malviny to school, and fixed up the place; and the two oldest boys has got good situations on a farm, and Jake is learning the printer's trade down in York. Finster is a changed man. He gives the rum-shop a wide berth, and we get along a sight better than we used to. He's that tender-hearted, Finster is, misfortune keels him right over, but there never was a better man when things go straight, and there's clear sailin'."

Mrs. Finster shut her eyes and rocked pensively to and fro in the sunshine.

"Bress her heart!" returned Nanna, "ef dese blin' ole eyes could see her married to a good husband, wid children growin' up like plants in de Lord's vineyard, den would she say 'now let d'y servant part in peace.' But shore, honey, dar's plenty ob gemmeus dat come a-ridin' and a-prancin' to de door; an', bress your heart, she's gran' and high as do Queen ob Sheby wid dem all. 'Twould do your eyes good to see her a-setting at de table in her brack velvets, a-helpin' out of do silver dishes to knunel dis, and jedge dat. But she wou'd take none of 'em, and dey knows it, shore's you're alive, honey."

"Folks do say she was dreadfully cut up about her cousin," remarked Mrs. Finster. "Who'd a thought all the time he had his heart sot on Miss Jinny? And that day he came and took her out in the boat, I never mistrusted there was anything underhand going on; and I

can't think no harm of Miss Jinny now, she was so good to my Jake, and most saved his life. He sees her every week in the city, and is always writing home about the baby and little Winnie, and is just ready to break his neck for them all. I can't think no harm of Miss Jinny; but folks did talk hard of him; and mebbe if she had married him, they'd have said he took her for her money, for it ain't easy suitin' all round."

"Folks had better hole deir tongues," responded Nanna, with withering scorn. "De Halcourts wouldn't wipe deir ole shoes on dem gabblers. I've nussed Halcourts, and brung up Halcourts, an' I can speak and tell folks dat my missis didn't marry Mass'r Bradley cause why she didn't want him; an' she was willin' he should have Miss Jinny, willin' as water."

This was a theory of the case which had that moment popped into the old woman's head, but having once propounded it she was ready to swear to its truth on the lids of the Bible.

"Well," responded Mrs. Finster, shutting her eyes with a misunderstood air, "mebbe I had no call to speak, but folks will talk unless you cut their tongues out, and I guess the Halcourts couldn't go that length. It was all in the papers at the time, and now folks do say she's going to marry Mr. Swayne."

"Ef de debble keeps dem tongues runnin', old Nanna won't hearken. She'll stuff her ears wid cotton. Marry Mass'r Edgar! De Lord hab massy on us!" and the old creature arose in a high state of indignation and hobbled away homeward.

Winnie, meantime, had strayed down the avenue in meditative mood, and almost before she was aware had struck into the mossy wood path along the border of the lake, where shining glimpses of water were framed in the arching boughs of aromatic hemlocks and larches. The ground was starred with pale anemones, and the fragile wood sorrel, and clusters of the little smiling spring beauty. She stooped to gather a handful of the blossoms, and a footfall came behind her, so softly that she was unaware of its approach until by accident she turned and discovered Edgar Swayne, who had been watching her for a moment in silence. Winnie went forward and shook hands with frank friendliness.

Five years spent mainly in the open air, in that healthy hill country, had strengthened the slight, nervous, student form. He had left his books to deal with men and things, and his frame had expanded, his delicate forehead had browned, and the slightly consumptive bend of the shoulders had almost disappeared.

"You dropped down upon my path like a brownie," said Winnie, laughing. "and just at the moment, too, when I was thinking of you."

The young man, for Edgar Swayne was still young, looked at her with an air of pleased surprise.

"Were you, indeed, wasting any thoughts on me, Miss Braithwaite?"

"I will tell you my thoughts," she answered, looking down to fasten the cluster of wild geranium she held, in the front of her dress, "and I think you will say they were not idle or unprofitable, such as a woman's thoughts are usually supposed to be. I was reflecting upon the fact that I have been very selfish to wish you to remain in this place, where your work among the poor people has been noble but obscure; where, indeed, your fine talents have been hidden in a napkin. You now have it in your power to secure a congenial position where your ability and scholarship will at once be recognized. I feel that it is my duty to urge you to accept the professorship in the new college at Hillsdale, which I know has been offered you within the past week. Your success is assured, and no one will rejoice in it more heartily than I shall."

The glow died out of Edgar's face, and when he spoke his voice was constrained and unnatural.

"Miss Braithwaite, I will go away immediately if you wish it. Your will shall be my law. But I had come here to tell you that I have declined the professorship at Hillsdale, that I have no earthly ambition higher than to be called schoolmaster at the mines, and teacher and preacher at large among these scattered mountain villages. But if you have other views, Miss Braithwaite, of course I will retire at once."

There was some difficulty to be overcome in his speech, and he paused abruptly as if from inability to go on.

A generous flush overspread Winnie's face, and she spoke out with her usual impulsiveness.

"Mr. Swayne, you do me injustice, and it is not kind. My motives ought to be as clear to you as the noonday. You have no right to misunderstand me. For the sake of the poor people who love and honor you so religiously, I could wish you to remain here always. Without cant, or a show of superior virtue, you have by the weight of personal character gained an influence over these rude folk that is simply astonishing. I should not know where to turn for helper or friend," she added, her voice giving way a little, "if you were to leave us; but it has seemed too costly a sacrifice to ask you to remain."

"It is no sacrifice, Miss Braithwaite." Edgar had half

averted his face and was trying to maintain a cool, even tone of voice, but knowing nothing, seeing nothing but the beautiful woman before him. "You think better of me than I deserve, for my motives have not been lofty, my aims have not been noble. I am no hero and no saint, but a poor enough creature; and all the inspiration has come from you. You planned the new cottages, and built the school, and gathered the library. You instructed yourself in the rudiments of medical science that you might teach the women how to nurse their sick babies. I am willing to confess to you, Miss Braithwaite, that I have not had an eye single to God's glory. There has been much of human weakness and infirmity mingled with my work."

Winnie would have been glad to raise her eyes clearly and steadily to his, but somehow she could not.

"Mr. Swayne," said she, rather brusquely, "it is always your aim to underrate yourself and your doings, and that I consider almost as great a fault as an excess of egotism. I know how you have spent yourself to save the weak and help the needy—how nobly you have worked to reclaim the drunkard, how you have watched by sick beds night after night, and made your presence a joy and blessing in those poor cabins. Oh, Mr. Swayne, I have no thanks, for they are poor, meaningless phrases. Such a life as yours must be its own reward. I never loved philanthropy for its own sake. I can work by fits and starts, but am destitute of a steady aim. I am not disciplined to continued effort, for there are wild, untamed impulses within me, and at times a passionate spirit of rebellion against my lot in life, though it seems a favored one to the world. When the fever broke out in the cottages I desperately needed something to do, and if I hadn't worked hard in those days, tiring myself prodigiously, to put the past behind me, I should surely have done some evil. But unconsciously, almost to myself, you have led me to higher ground. I know now if I had gone unchecked through life, with full sway for my imperious will, I should have turned out a kind of monster, something abhorrent to nature. Though I curvet and rebel, and prance in the harness often enough, as it is, in my better moments I am willing to bend my neck to the yoke. If to any one, I shall owe it to you if those better impulses ever gain complete ascendancy."

A thousand emotions swept over Edgar, as he listened to this naive, frank confession, so characteristic of Winnie. He felt instinctively that he must put himself behind a barrier of reserve or his defences would be swept away.

"Miss Braithwaite," he said, coldly, "you honor me by your confidence, but you will excuse me from implicitly accepting your self-estimate. And, by the way, I had almost forgotten to tell you that the great event, the school festival, takes place to-morrow. Know then, as a profound secret, that you are to be crowned as lady patroness and presiding genius of the occasion. Polly Duff is to perform the ceremony of coronation, and little Lane Charley, Long Bill's boy, is to make a speech in your honor. Since Charley has turned out such a prodigy of learning, his father has grown ashamed of his ignorance, and now he comes sneaking into the night-school to learn to read. You would be amused to see the great giant, who could fell me with a blow of his fist, sitting with a primer before him puzzling over words of one syllable. Sharp Ben Harding, who is my right hand now in the night-school, is dressing the walls with greens, and Nancy Duff is so mollified by Polly's promotion that she has offered to scrub the school-room out gratis. Mary Smithers is to bake the tea-cakes, and prepare the collation, for we are to have a little feast after the exercises, at which it is expected the lady patroness will preside; and I am sure it will do her heart good to see the many, many people she has made happier, and to be greeted on all sides with the good will and admiration and gratitude of those poor people, her faithful subjects and devoted friends."

"Oh, Mr. Swayne!" Winnie's voice choked and her eyes were full of tears, "how much I owe you that I can never repay! It is needless to try and tell you how grateful I am, but I know I have wounded you often, and I can ask you to forgive me."

Edgar Swayne was still young, and the blood had not grown sluggish or old in his veins. It was spring-time, and the birds were singing to their mates, and the wild flowers blooming at his feet. Suddenly he found himself whirled along by an irresistible tide. Something of whose power he was unconscious had gained control, and before he knew what he was doing he had seized Winnie's hand and was covering it with impassioned kisses. So tumultuous was the feeling that had mastered him the words came forth broken and disjointed.

"Oh, you must know how I love you, Miss Braithwaite. I love you now as years ago, only more fervently and irrationally. I loved you the first moment I heard the tones of your voice, and I shall carry that deep, undying love to the grave."

Winnie drew her hand away not abruptly, but gently, with an air of mild remonstrance and surprise.

"I hoped," she said, half sobbing, "that the wild, impracticable dream of those early years had vanished and been forgotten. I had relied on your generosity and great-

ness of soul, and had trusted that a deeper acquaintance with my defects of character would break the fatal spell. If I had it in my power to love any man I am not worthy to be loved by you, who are the noblest and the best of men."

"Do not drive me to despair with those sad, hopeless words," he cried, as if he were pleading for his life. "You do not know me or the abysses that have at times opened within my nature. There have been moments when I would have committed a crime to win your love. I shudder at my own self-abandonment when I think how conscience and duty might have shrivelled in the flame of an earthly passion. What acceptance can my acts have with God when I have thought first of serving and pleasing you? When I would willingly have toiled as a menial in your house for the one glance a day which was to keep me from perishing?"

"These are wild words," said Winnie, plaintively. "You are excited and know not what you say."

"No, I am not excited," and his face was almost stern in its white misery. "I have lived this over too many times; too long I have been slowly eating my heart, and striving to break the very spring of my life. Adoring you day by day with a stronger and more irrational love, I have said to myself no hope, no hope; but at the bottom of my heart some faint gleam has lingered. Oh, Winnie!" he cried, lifting his eyes to her face with an imploring prayer in them, "I could wait years and years, and make no sign. I can be obedient and docile as a dog that comes when you call, and goes at your bidding. I can live on the smallest crumb of comfort and consolation, but do not tell me that your heart still fatally clings to its love for that man, who has wronged you so cruelly. Do not command me not to hope," and his voice fell to a low thrilling whisper, "for if you do it will kill me."

Winnie turned away silently with a deep shade of thought on her face. The romance of her life had seemed so long past, that she was startled and awed by this passionate outbreak from one whose daily walk had been calm and tranquil during long years of constant intercourse with the family at the Hall. She stood so long quite silent, communing with herself, that Edgar's impatience could not be controlled.

"Do you bid me not to hope, Winnie? Do you quench the last gleam and bid me go away and hide my grief in the grave?"

Slowly she turned around and put out her hand.

"No, I do not tell you not to hope, but the task I am obliged to impose is perhaps too great for your strength. That which you wish can never take place while my mother lives, but if you are infinitely patient, and infinitely self-sacrificing, I will not command you not to hope."

Edgar sank upon his knees at her feet and his eyes were blinded by grateful tears.

THE END.

KEEP ON CHURNING.

After the battle of Long Island, which was fought Aug. 27, one hundred years ago, and after the capture of New York city by the British, Gen. Howe made his headquarters in New York, leaving Staten Island in command of Col. Dalrymple. The wounded from the bloody Brooklyn field were taken to the island and billeted upon the farm-houses. It was Howe's custom to visit the temporary hospitals regularly, in order to satisfy himself that his men were receiving proper care. On one occasion, during a heavy storm, he and his staff took shelter under a farm-house shed. Farmer Cole, seeing the party outside, approached them with a hearty invitation to enter the house and rest till the storm should subside. Mrs. Cole was churning in the kitchen, and the guests occupied the sitting-room. "We are very hungry," said a member of the staff; "can you give us something to eat?"

"I can't leave my churn," said the practical housewife.

"I'll churn for you," said a splendidly-uniformed officer. Forthwith he was set to work, Mrs. Cole having taught him how to use the dasher.

As she proceeded with the culinary work, ever and anon she glanced at the toiling officer. "Well," said she to his brother officers, "if he can't use the sword better than the churn dasher, he must be a mighty poor soldier."

This sally raised a hearty laugh, in which the volunteer churner joined heartily. He kept on gallantly, the perspiration streaming from every pore. It was the hardest work he had ever done in his life.

"That's right," said Mrs. Cole, encouragingly; "keep on long enough and you'll fetch butter."

When the storm had ceased the military gentlemen took their leave, first offering to pay for their entertainment. "We don't keep tavern," said Mrs. Cole, with the short and decisive snap of the independent farmer's wife; and the officers rode away.

"Keep on long enough and you'll fetch butter," became a household expression in the British army, and was taken to the other side of the water, where it was uttered many a time to encourage those who were striving to accomplish results under difficulties.

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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1877.

VARIOUS HOUSEHOLD SUBJECTS.

Flowers are always appropriate for house decoration. Within the reach of all, they never "go out of style," and are always beautiful. I say within the reach of all, because to make a pretty bouquet does not require a great variety of flowers, or the petted darlings of the green-house. A few violets and leaves in a tiny vase are lovely, and many other wild flowers not so well known as the violets, are as delicate and pretty as some of the rare exotics. A little search in the woods, or on the cliffs, will reveal hundreds of them. The children, if once shown how to find them, will keep the vase always full. Nature's great flower-garden is free to all.

I differ with many persons as to what is a "pretty bouquet;" not the stiff bunches of flowers of all colors we so often see, surely. Two kinds of flowers, one of them white, with plenty of delicate green leaves, will always make a pretty dish bouquet; and in every bouquet a good deal of white and green is necessary; they soften and harmonize the whole. White and variegated Balsams make a pretty saucer bouquet, using short moss or curled parsley for green. Geranium leaves are not a necessity either; small Rose leaves, Myrtle, any delicate leaf will do, and the mosses of the Lycopodium family are most beautiful of all. Small glass vases with a rosebud, a spray of Heliotrope and two or three Fern leaves in it, is "a thing of beauty," which, they tell us, "is a joy forever." A pretty jelly glass will answer equally as well. Scarlet Sage and Wild Parsley make an exquisite bunch. Wild Parsley is a treasure. Once planted, it "volunteers" to an amazing extent, and blooms from June to September. The flowers are white and lace-like in appearance, and give a refined look to any bouquet.

Flat shells, filled with sand, are pretty bouquet-holders; fringe the edge with green, fill with purple and pink Verbenas, with Wild Parsley between them. Don't laugh at the combination of purple, pink and white, till you try it.

The broken goblets, with scarlet covers, are pretty filled entirely with green; twine Geranium Ivy round the handle, fill up with Ferns, Dusty Miller and Coleus. If hung by a long cord in a window, twine long sprays of Madeira vine up the cord, putting in short ones to droop. German and English Ivy and Madeira vine keep fresh in water a long time. Fill a vase with them; put it on a bracket under a picture, and train them up the long cords. English Ivy in pots grows wonderfully if the top of the earth is sprinkled with bone-dust, and the cold coffee poured on it once a week.

When the vines are all gone, the ferns, leaves, and grasses are a pretty substitute. Ferns will grow in shady, damp corners where nothing else will. They should be cut when well matured; the young, tender ones are too juicy, if I may use the expression, to press well. They should be kept in a warm room; a sudden change of temperature will make them curl. Arrange them in graceful bunches on the wall in the space where something is needed to "fill up" over or under a picture; wire them like autumn leaves, and put them round the picture frames. A few grasses improve these Fern bunches. Fasten them up with small pins. Fasten Ivies to the wall with double-pointed stick.

My experience is in favor of waxed leaves; they retain their colors better, and are less apt to curl. Put a piece of wax the size of a pea on each leaf, and iron with a warm iron till the coating of wax is smooth and very thin. Common beeswax will do. The Lycopodiums pressed retain their color better than Ferns and never curl.

Grasses should be gathered before they get dry; and, if possible, arranged as they are to remain; if not, hang them in their natural position, not heads downwards; they never recover their drooping spirits after such treatment. To crystallize them, dissolve alum in boiling water, a pound to a pint; take it off the fire and put the grasses in, a few at a time; the solution is so strong it begins to deposit the instant it stops boiling; leave the grasses in a few seconds. In this way the most delicate grasses will take a fine frosting of crystals that will not weigh them down. Leave coarse grass in longer. Another way is to wet them and dip them in flour.

Don't make grass bouquets too large and stiff; make the effect as airy as possible. Put in a few bright berries and leaves. Asparagus berries are pretty and stay fresh all winter. A few grasses dyed scarlet may be put in, but not many. Heads of wheat and other grains are pretty.

By exercising a little forethought all these things may be secured in their season, and the pleasure they give more than repays the trouble, if trouble it is considered. Let me conclude with an account of my Centennial bouquet. I bought a handsome bunch of grasses in the Florida department of Agricultural Hall. The tall plumes attracted much attention, and, before I left the grounds, eighteen ladies asked me where I got "those beautiful grasses." WILD PARSLEY.

MOSESSES, LICHENS, AND FUNGI.

In this article I shall mainly treat of mosses, lichens and fungi, for the reason that, if prepared as they should be, in them lies a mine of floral wealth. They answer a purpose that flowers cannot reach, except everlastings. With them I shall combine some kind of grasses. They will make ornaments suitable to adorn a palace, or make the humblest cottage glad with beauty.

When at the Centennial, in the Horticultural Hall, I saw in some of the departments bouquets and bouquet-holders made up so pretty that you would almost imagine that you were in Paradise. The bouquets were of immortelles, that is, everlasting flowers, and grasses.

In the season of flowers I have a great variety, and make many bouquets for home, friends, church, and fairs. It is often remarked, "Your flower-stand is as pretty as your flowers." I will tell you first of the stand, then its making up. It was first made to hold water for flowers. I trimmed and filled it with flowers, and carried it to fairs. It was much admired, but it took so many, and they lasted so short a time, that I concluded to change the programme. I trimmed with moss not colored and running pine; it was quite pretty, but faded before the year was out.

In coloring fancy dyes, I experimented with mosses, fungi, and lichens. I brought out as nice colors as could be made on wool or silk; blue, black, green, orange, purple, scarlet, pink, all colors and shades of all colors that can be colored.

The stand is three or four inches higher than a common stand. The top is a good sized cheese-box cover. The standard is round; to the bottom is a square box about two inches high. If to hold water they should be puttied. It stands on four legs. I tacked on flour-sack paper to sew the moss on. From the top of the standard to the bottom of the legs I sewed on green twirl moss. I tied up the moss in bunches before sewing on. Then I made small bouquets, roses; the roses I made from the fungus; took yellow everlastings for the yellow in the centre of the rose; the colored mosses and lichens make beautiful bouquets. The paper from the rim of the top of the stand is nearly three-quarters of a yard long, cut at the bottom pointed, the points four inches. The first row is green; that is placed so it will stand up around the rim; then fill in as fancy dictates, but have the main body green.

I have five varieties of moss, besides a large leaf moss that grows on trees. I could hardly do without it for trimming. Have the top rounding. I first fill it with dry moss, the shape as I wish; make it quite high. At the end of each point make flowers that will hang from the point. I use grasses in the bouquets. The variety I use the most is Briza maxima. Don't forget the white. I use white everlasting; some fungi are white underside; those I turn the white side out; one kind of lichen is white, also one kind of moss.

If you wish to make your floral designs cheap, you can color annatto for orange, set with saleratus; also use soft soap; also aniline; then purchase a few of the fifteen cent fancy packages of dyes. I make crosses, wreaths, baskets, anything that fancy dictates. I have a fancy article I took to the fair and got a premium. I called it an ottoman. I have had it two years. It has not faded.

I will say here, next fall, if any one wishes samples of those fungi, mosses, and lichens, send a two cent stamp, and I will send them. While writing this, a lady came here. When she saw the stand she exclaimed, "Oh, how beautiful, how did you make it so pretty?"

One word for the moss stand. I am too choice of it to put it on exhibition. To make nice fall bouquets of flowers, get a good variety of Gladiolus. You will not want much more. I have three autumns got the first premium on them over other bouquets of flowers.

MRS. C. MYERS.



FIXED.

Household Topics.

KITCHENS.

Out of the large number of housekeepers—I mean those who really do their own housekeeping, and not those who have an upper servant for that purpose—but few are the delighted possessors of a kitchen that realizes their wishes; a kitchen that is so large that extra work does not make it inconveniently small, and so small that cleaning it is not the bugbear of the whole week.

City houses, from those of moderate expense up, generally have excellent kitchens, finished with hard woods, all conveniences of faucets, sinks, ranges, and other desiderata.

Farmhouse kitchens are always supposed to be vast rooms that will permit an unlimited number of "hands" to dine therein, and still room for the necessary work of preparing the meals, cleaning the "milk dishes," and all the hard work that is incumbent on the occupier of a farmhouse and farm kitchen.

But it is to neither of these varieties that this sketch is addressed. No; it is to the large number of wives and mothers who live in villages and small cities that have not outgrown and outworn the houses that were built when the places were in their youth. A large proportion of these housekeepers live in ten to twenty year old houses that the head of the family has had a chance to buy much cheaper than they could possibly hope to build as good a one, and though the hall be narrow, the upper rooms with a sloping ceiling that barely permits one to stand erect, the spare bedroom opening from the parlor, the dining-room small and dingy, and last, though first to the door of her own housework, the kitchen, an abominably inconvenient little hole, the family move in and are thankful that, come what will, at least they have a home.

The whole family help to settle the house. Kate brightens up her own chamber with all sorts of crocheted and embroidered fancy things, because her particular girl friends will run up there to talk over the last dance or discuss dresses for the next one. She and the others feel an interest in parlor and dining-room, and while brother John is making brackets or a box for a window-garden, Kate is collecting slips from her floral friends, from which her imagination pictures untold wealth of clambering vines and fragrant flowers.

But at the kitchen door they all stop. All, did I say? There is one who feels that even that room might be brightened and still be in harmony with its purpose, so that the six to ten hours daily that she passes there—a large share of her lifetime—might not be spent in discomfort and vexation. Perhaps she has a husband who is handy with hammer and saw, and who is willing to try his skill at whatever will cheer and lighten the household labors. It is of this busy housekeeper and her impromptu carpenter that I will tell the story of the kitchen that I once saw—first, as the family were moving in, and then after they had tried to make it both pleasant and convenient. The room was small, with one window—the wood-work had been painted a very dark shade, which was badly worn; the whitewashed walls were dark with smoke, and badly bruised and crumbling; the floor was of soft wood, in which were sink-grease and stains, never to be eradicated, and in a jog, at one side of the room, stood a rough wooden sink with pumps for well and soft water.

This was the room from which the quick eye and

willing hand finally evolved a kitchen that was of necessity small, but bright, convenient and thoroughly homelike.

Of all the little improvements I could not find room to describe even in the whole of our prized CABINET, but I will try to give a few hints from which any one can work out their own ideas, for who wishes even a kitchen an exact copy of some other one. The rough sink was replaced with a neat frame of narrow matched boards, enclosing a handy closet for iron ware, and on this was put an iron sink, which has no crevices for grease and dirt to hide in, and back of which was fastened to the wall a wide one-inch board with the upper edge beveled.

This closet only partially filled the jog before alluded to, and as there was no convenient place for a wood-box elsewhere, the closet was apparently continued to the end of it, and formed a capital corner in which to store one or two days' stock of fire wood. From the baseboard up to the height of the closet, the wall was covered with thick boards to protect the plastering, and the wide board previously alluded to as back of the sink, was also carried around the back and side of the wood-box, so that the two formed a continuous whole. At the back of the box two thick cleats were nailed, one on each side, and a board sawed to just the right length for a shelf (which was only laid on, so it could be easily removed whenever one wished the whole of the top open), and so furnished a nice place for the two water-pails, where they would not be rotted by the water constantly in the sink from the dripping of the pumps or emptying of the hand-basin.

Back of the stove and above the sink, at convenient height, were put up nicely planed strips on which, after painting, were screwed japanned hooks for the numberless cloths and towels that are in constant requisition in a kitchen. A neat little shelf was put up, in a conspicuous place, on which to stand the clock, and to my mind there is no more necessary piece of kitchen furniture. After these preliminaries all the wood-work was painted a light tint of ochre, which is a much stronger color than the drabs and browns of common use, and unlike them looks clean when it is clean. The ceiling was then whitened, and after carefully washing the side walls with glue-water, the innumerable breaks were smoothly pasted over with old cotton cloth, and a neat cheap paper of a medium shade of brown put on. The floor was treated to three coats of a dark paint, each coat being mixed entirely with oil, put on thin, and allowed time to thoroughly dry.

Back of the kitchen table were tacked up two large sheets of manilla paper that could be easily replaced when soiled, and a couple of braided rag-mats were on the floor where wintry weather would make them very acceptable to cold feet.

The room, as metamorphosed, looked really inviting, and the patient Marthas of that household need never fear to take a morning caller in the kitchen while they finish kneading bread or watching the baking of a cake.

It is pleasant, and it is capable of standing hard usage, and best of all, carpentering, painting, papering and all were the handiwork of the dwellers therein, and, being well done, will last for many years.

Let us, my sisters, take an example from this, and in the settling of a house save enough from the furnishing of the front room that the kitchen may be made cheerful, and the work that we do therein be raised above the level of drudgery.

CHLOE.

HOME CONVENIENCES.

A contributor to the CABINET would be informed how to furnish the "spare chamber," with only white-washed walls, a black walnut bedstead, two chairs, a basin, a pitcher, no washstand, no carpet, and only a few dimes in our pockets. For years the washstand in my own room has been a sewing machine crate, curtained and covered with old white muslin, which serves every purpose of a washstand, and a peep behind the curtain reveals a most cosy boot closet, with shelf above for rubbers, etc. I could not recommend an elaborate ornamental washstand, the materials for which would cost as much as the price of a plain stand at the furniture dealers.

Next, I would make a dressing-table by taking a barrel, preparing it with waste papers on the inside, so as to exclude insects, as this is to be a receptacle in summer for winter bedding and clothing, and *visa versa*. Then have a board cover, either semicircular or straight, extending two or three inches over the barrel. Perhaps you may find among your treasures some old thin white muslin which will be pretty over colored cambric, for curtains and cover.

Then, if the room is large, a box also covered and curtained with something bright, may serve to contain necessary articles in place of a bureau. A shoe-bag inside the closet or bedroom door, with several pockets for shoes and stockings, is also a convenience.

Next, the bed should be neat and inviting. If you have a feather bed, be sure the tick is clean. It may be washed by emptying out the feathers. The feathers also, if old, can be washed and much improved if you have a vacant room for drying them. If you have no feather bed, corn husks make a very good mattress. The pillows should be large, and in the event of your not having feathers, finely shred corn husks or chaff make a passable pillow. In summer I cannot do without my chaff pillow, as feathers cause the head to perspire. Make a comforter or two of the best parts of old sheets; make them a pure white and tie with scarlet or blue worsted. The skirts of worn light colored dresses make good comforters for those who are a little dainty about their bedding, and will wear for many years if carefully used, without looking soiled. A white spread is indispensable, though it be only plain cotton cloth, knotted with candlewicking in simple designs.

Then with regard to the "home-made sofa." I will describe a couch made entirely by a delicate woman with only a saw, hatchet and hammer. It was made and proportioned exactly like those at the furniture dealers. Slats running across, forming an elevation for the head; over these a tick was nailed, which, when stuffed with prairie hay, gave the desired form. The whole covered with some nice rep goods and finished with furniture gimp and fancy-headed nails.

The crown of an old straw hat can be made to form a basket, with a braid or two of straw for the handle, and another turned outward for the bottom. This, filled with sprigs of evergreen, autumn leaves and dry flowers, will be very pretty tacked against your white-washed walls. I make box frames for anything I wish to frame in a deep frame. For a small frame take a letter paper box that is lined with white paper. Cut the bottom of the box diagonally, from corner to corner, and turn the points outward. Place a picture mat over this, then a pane of glass the size of the mat, and bind with a strip of black cambric, using good glue. Then arrange your flowers, or whatever you wish to frame, in the corner of the box, put on the cover, and your picture is framed. AUNT MARY.

Household Art.

HOUSEHOLD ART.

Something very beautiful in this line are silk flowers. Procure various shades of silk, as nearly the color of the natural flowers you wish to imitate as possible, and some silver wire, about as fine as horse hair, and a very fine knitting needle.

Coil a piece of the wire by winding it around the needle, evenly and closely. Take it out and take hold of both ends and draw it out a little to separate the coils somewhat.

Take any flower you wish to imitate and bend the wire in the shape of the petals. Take silk the color of the flower and wind the end around the wire you have left on the petal for a stem. Then put it over the centre of the leaf, letting it fall in the coil at the end of the leaf, then back to the stem again and over, winding first on one side then on the other. When the petals are all made, proceed to put the flowers together, after the pattern furnished by the natural flowers, and wind the stem with silk the color of the natural stem. Make a spray of leaves as near the shape and color of the leaves of the plant that the flower has been taken from as possible, and twine it with the flower. Roses and Pansies, Eshescholtzias, and Dahlias, are all nice to imitate.

When it is necessary to have the color go only half way over the petal, work the inner color in with a needle. Pansies and many others have to be treated in this manner.

When the flowers are all made they may be formed in a wreath and framed, or a bouquet, and put in a vase under a bell glass.

Use saddler's silk, and split it, using only a strand at a time. They are very dainty and beautiful. The usual price for teaching this work is six dollars, but one can make it just as successfully by following these directions as if they had a teacher.

MAKING HAIR WATCHGUARDS.

Many a lady desires to present her husband or some friend with a keepsake, which shall awake sentiments of love and recall her devotion whenever seen. Many of us have tresses of the hair of some dear departed friend, which we would be glad to preserve in some nice way, but the great expense of having hair watchguards made, have deterred many from procuring them.

The price of learning the secret of their manufacture has also been very high—\$15. But like many other things after we once know how, it seems very easy; indeed, only needing a little patience and perseverance for its accomplishment.

The first thing is to construct the apparatus which is needed. Procure a smooth circular board, eight or ten inches in diameter. Divide this by pencil marks into sixteen equal parts. Begin at any one of these divisions, and near the edge mark 1, in the next division 4, then 7—2—5—8—3—6—1, and repeat to 6, when all the spaces will be filled. Place this board on a support which is of less diameter than it is. If nothing better presents, a tall can or jar.

Procure seventeen equal weights; the little screws which can be found at any hardware store will do very well, and you can pass a coarse thread through them. Perhaps a large wooden needle, such as ladies sometimes use for worsted knitting, is as good as anything to use for weaving the hair around. Attach one of the

weights to the end of this needle, after first covering the needle with cloth.

Then take the hair and hold it tightly in one hand, while with the other you draw out a strand the size you need for weaving. You can count the hairs in the first strand, and guess at the rest. Put twelve in the first.

Tie a knot at each end of each strand, being careful to tie every hair in. Prepare sixteen of these strands, and tie the string attached to each weight to one of them, one for each. Then sew the other end of these strands to the cloth, near the weight, which has been attached to the needle, placing the ends towards the end of the needle.

The circular board must have a hole in the centre, and the end of the needle, and the weight must be put through that at this stage of the work, and the strands of hair, with the weights, are arranged to drop over the outside of the board. The weights should keep it so that the needle stands erect; perhaps it will have to be held, and the place where the strands of hair are sewed on, is just at the opening in the board.

Place the strands so that each one of them will come directly over one of the numbers on the board and the weights will swing clear of all obstructions. The strings attached to the weights should be five or six inches long.

When we have finished these preparations we are prepared to begin the chain. Take up the strands at each place marked No 1, and carefully raising them so the attached weights shall swing clear of all the others, exchange the two, dropping each in the other's place. Then take those at 2 and exchange in the same manner; then at 3 and so on, until you reach 8, after which you begin at 1 again. Keep on in this way until the hair is all used up; then tie the ends carefully while you clip the ends off; remove the weight and rip the sewing from the other part of the work.

Braid together three strands of rubber cord or tie them together with a thread of silk. Draw these in as you remove the needle.

The work must first be boiled in water for twenty minutes and thoroughly dried.

Fasten the ends of the hair and the elastic cord with a drop of wax. It is then ready to send to the jeweler's for the gold settings.

The pattern in this chain is spiral. Another kind has the appearance of links, and is made in the following way:

When the board is divided into sixteen divisions mark only every other one, beginning with first, then third, then second, then fourth, then first, third, second, and fourth. Arrange the strands so that one comes at each side of each number. Begin with the opposite strands at number one and exchange them; then take those on the other side of the same number, then proceed with figure two in the same manner, and so on.

SPATTER WORK.

Almost all the directions for making spatter work say take a tooth-brush and comb, but a larger brush, such as are used for blacking brushes, and a fine sieve are much better. But very little ink should be put on the brush at a time, so the spatters will be smooth and uniform. The fern work is much nicer when fine ferns, arranged in a tasteful manner, are used than large ones.

A quite large picture can be made in this way in an hour. Common good black ink is as good as anything for it.

A HANDKERCHIEF CASE.

Take a piece of velvet, black or dark brown or navy blue is very pretty, and ornament each corner with a pretty little bouquet in silk embroidery. Embroider an edge in small scallops; button-hole stitch around it. Cut a piece of enameled cloth eleven inches square, and a pale blue silk lining of the same size. This lining should be quilted with white silk upon wadding in some handsome pattern, then laid upon the enameled cloth, and the edges bound with blue ribbon.

The embroidered velvet should be just large enough so the edge will come beyond this binding. Fasten it on with blind stitches. Turn each corner down to the middle. Fasten two of them and sew white ribbon on the other two to tie them together. White ribbon less than an inch in width may be quilted and sewed around the edge instead of the button-hole embroidery. This makes a very pretty present for a friend, and is nice to hang up in a room. A loop of ribbon should be sewed on one corner for this purpose.

DIRECTIONS FOR STAMPING.

Very pretty patterns, already perforated, come for using in this way, but if you happen to have a pretty pattern which you wish to use, perforate it with a pin, following the design. Place the cloth which is to be stamped beneath the pattern, and rub a mixture of powdered borax, starch, and Prussian blue, well mixed, over the pattern. It will penetrate the perforations and produce the pattern upon the cloth. The pattern must be carefully removed, and the cloth pressed with a hot iron. If the stamping seems to be wearing off at any time, iron it again and it will set it. This process has been kept secret, or sold at a great price, and probably has never been publicly published.

A beautiful table or piano spread may be made of the fashionable brown velvet embroidered with silk or a contrasting color or colors. A wreath of leaves, in shaded green and autumn colors, is about as lovely as anything. A large group or wreath in the centre, and a spray in each corner are required. Two wreaths united and each containing an initial of the owner's name, is very handsome.

The work can be done quite expeditiously, and they are so beautiful that it is very satisfactory to make them, and it is an excellent way of displaying one's artistic skill.

WHAT-NOTS.

Very beautiful what-nots may be made, with hanging shelves and embroidered lambrequins. The shelves can be ordered of any carpenter, and are simply plain black walnut cut in the right shape and highly varnished.

The lambrequins may be made on a velvet foundation, or filled in on canvas. Beads in different colors make the handsomest embroidery.

A pattern should be chosen, such as can be obtained at any fancy store, and the work done after it. When beads of the right colors cannot be got, zephyr may be used with very good effect, and the two are often combined in the same work. The lower edge of the lambrequin should be cut in large scallops, say three or five, and a twisted fringe of beads put around it. Perhaps black beads are the most suitable for this part of the work. When the embroidery is finished the upper part of the lambrequin must be tacked to the board shelf, and a band heavily embroidered with beads put on the edge to cover it.

Household Elegancies.

WALL-BASKET.

This is a pretty wall-basket of cane-work, ornamented with drapes, which we illustrate herewith:

Drape No. 1 has a foundation of scarlet cloth, picked at the edges and ornamented with blue silk braid, and an embroidered design in gold, green and blue purse silk.

Drape No. 2 may have its foundation of pale blue cloth or silk. The edge is straight, and is button-holed round with silk. The design may be worked in chain-stitch, or with braid in gold colors. A few gold or steel beads are needed, and the long stitches are in two shades of crimson silk. The edge is of fine lacet work. The basket is lined with bright-colored silk. When the drapes are worked and fixed in their places, a leaf-trimming of satin ribbon is put on. A silk tassel is placed between each drape, and bows of ribbon are put on as in the design.

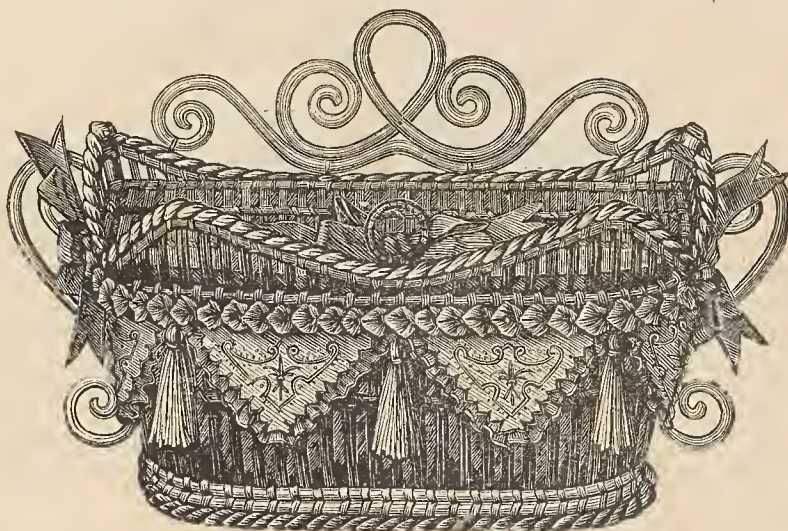
Straw makes beautiful little frames for small pictures. When well made, they look very much like gilt frames. Five straws is a pretty width; fasten the corners together carefully with fine thread. Make several and suspend them in clusters with blue cord. Nothing is prettier for photographs. To make a pretty card-basket, take a piece of cardboard and cut in a circle about seven inches in diameter; cover with blue silk; take a strip of the cardboard three inches wide, and long enough to go around the circle; cut long points in the strip and cover with silk and bind

and loop back. Tie them together about middle way with a colored ribbon. Suspend it by three long raveled strips in the centre of your room, and fill with grasses, ferns, and bright leaves. In the absence of these, artificial flowers make it look beautiful.

One of the prettiest ornaments I ever saw, was a feather cross. The foundation was cardboard; length of cross twelve inches, by three wide—arms in proportion. The feathers were of the pure white, downy kind, and sewed on in rows so that they lap over each preceding row, and these hide the stitches and bony part of the feathers. Fasten it in a gilt frame. To make a hanging-basket for leaves and dry flowers, gather a quantity of warhoo berries and string them; interlace them the same as you would beads; it closely resembles coral, and is very attractive. These berries can be used many ways; they look pretty strung and looped about pictures. They make beautiful crosses, anchors, etc.

Kind Nature furnishes us abundant means to decorate our rooms, if we will only gather the gifts that are lavished upon us.

VICKIE BLUE.



WALL-BASKET.

FANCY ARTICLES.

The little articles I am going to describe, are all inexpensive, and all who make use of their leisure moments can have them. Very pretty ornaments are made of straw, such as frames, baskets, brackets, etc. To make a bracket, take a piece of cardboard a foot square and cut it in half from one corner to the other. Cut large scallops on the bias edge of both pieces. Make small holes with an awl, about a half inch apart, around the edge of all the scallops. Select nice straws that are not broken and put them through the holes of both pieces; hold the two pieces about three inches apart; cut the ends of the straws in scallops size of those in the cardboard. Take narrow blue ribbon—skirt-braid can be substituted—and wind alternately between the straws until the space between the pieces of cardboard is filled. Three long pieces of the ribbon is required for sus-

the edges with silk or narrow ribbon a shade darker. Join this piece to the circle and bend the points downward. This gives it a pretty drooping look.

A very pretty lamp-mat is made by crocheting a centre with tidy cotton No. 10, then a round of blue zephyr, another of cotton, and so on until you get it the size you wish; finish it with a heavy blue fringe. Crochet a tidy for your rocking-chair to match. Of course, any other color can be used in making these ornaments that is preferred.

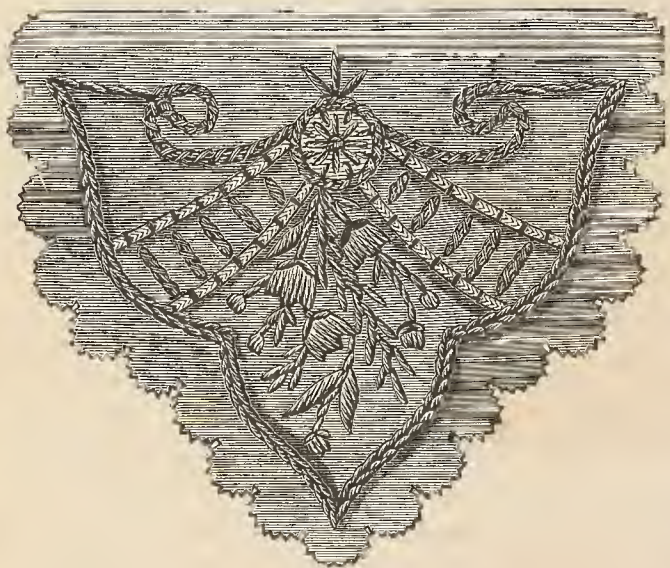
Now, I am going to tell of a nice and easy way to make mats for floors. Take small worsted pieces—the smaller the better—and cut them about two inches in length, and as narrow as you can cut them without pulling apart. Take a circular piece of old good-for-nothing-cloth, and begin tacking them on in the centre; arrange them in alternate rows of light and dark colors, each row about three inches wide; when done, it presents a motley, fuzzy appearance which is very pleasing to the eye. Save all the little scraps that cannot be used for anything else, and make these mats. They are both useful and ornamental.

Pretty toilet sets are made of netting and zephyr. Take a piece of netting ten inches long by eight wide; commence with blue zephyr and run a "fence row" through the piece lengthwise; then five rows of brown zephyr; then blue, until the piece of netting is filled. A mixed

fringe of brown and blue finishes them. You can vary the colors according to taste. Tidies made on this order look well.

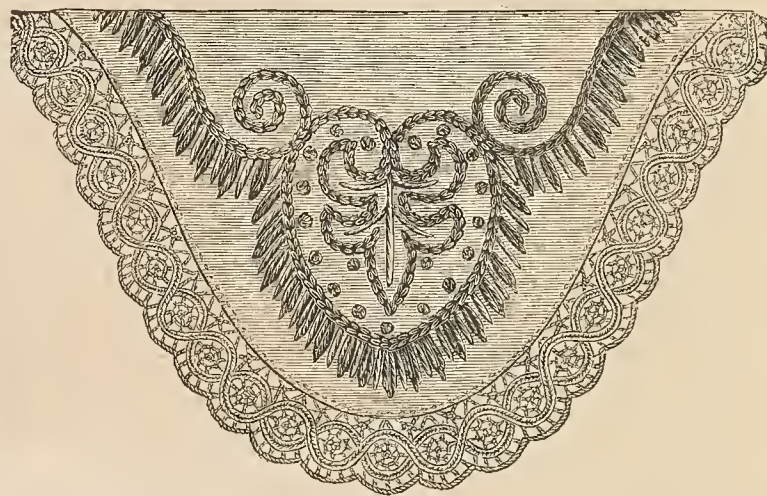
The phantom-basket has been described before, but there are various ways of making them, and my way, I think, is the prettiest of all. Tear the cotton in strips an inch wide; ravel all out but three or four threads. Make the foundation of the basket to slope toward the bottom. Fasten the ends of the raveled strips all around the top of the basket, twist them,

Take coarse tidy cotton No. 8, and crochet a round mat, thick, that is, not to put over the thread; have the mat the size of a two-quart dish, or if you wish for a small basket, take a pint dish, which is a pretty size; then crochet six times round without widening, then crochet round three times the shell pattern, with which every one is familiar; one ball of cotton will make one basket over the pint dish, one over a two-quart dish; then make a handle of two shell rows long enough to go over it to look as you please; then make a stiff starch of flour, put in a lot of glue, say half a pound to a pint and a half of starch; put in the crochet basket while boiling hot; have it thoroughly wet; take and wring out a little; stretch it over the dish intended, and let them dry; the quicker the better; serve the handle in



NO. 1.—DRAPE: EMBROIDERY.

pending it. Fasten one on the lower piece of the bracket, next to the wall, and draw through a hole, which should previously be made in the upper piece. The other two ribbons are fastened on the corners of the upper piece and all brought together and tied in a bow. Suspend in a corner and fill with grasses and scarlet berries from the woods. You will be surprised at the beauty of this, and all the work of your own hands.



NO. 2.—DRAPE: EMBROIDERY WITH LACET EDGE.

the same way. When dry, take a paint brush and varnish over with brown shellac, which you will find at any paint shop. Let it dry; when thoroughly dry they will be stiff like a board; then take and line them, and thread in bright colored ribbon in through the meshes of the shell-work, tying a bow now and then on the basket, and you will have a pretty basket at a trifling expense.

Fasten the handle to the basket with a bow of ribbon.

Hireside Reading.

Olive Logan revives a pleasant little domestic story of Queen Victoria when she was at once one of the best sovereigns and devoted wives that ever graced the English throne: Long years ago—but this is a bit of exclusive reminiscence known only to a few—the Queen, in the early days of her wedded life, had one of those squabbles with her husband of the sort which will come about between the most loving married couples. Chagrined and vexed, the Prince retired to his room and locked the door. The Queen took the matter quietly for awhile, but after the lapse of an hour she went to the door and rapped. "Albert," said she, "come out." "No, I will not!" answered the Prince within. "Come, go away; leave me alone." The royal temper waxed hot at this. "Sir," she cried, "come out at once; the Queen, whose subject you are, commands you!" He obeyed immediately. Entering the room she designated, he sat down in silence. For a long time nothing was said. The Queen was first to break the silence. "Albert," she said, "speak to me." "Does the Queen command it?" he asked. "No," she answered, throwing her arms about his neck, "your wife begs it."

"Where's the refrigerator?" asked an old lady, after vainly trying to find the elevator to a store with all the modern improvements. "We've no refrigerator, but there's an ice cooler over in that corner," said one of the girls in attendance. "None of your impudence, young woman, or I'll report you to your employer and have you discharged," retorted the old lady in great wrath.

James Russell Lowell tells a good story about his butcher. One morning the man expatiated upon the loveliness of the moonlight of the night before, and just as the poet was thinking that he had done him an injustice in never having given him credit for refinement of soul, the butcher said, "Last night was so fine I just couldn't sleep, and had to get up and go to killin'."

A Pennsylvania Dutchman, who married his second wife soon after the funeral of the first, was visited with a two hours' sereuade in token of disapproval. He expostulated pathetically thus: "I say, poys, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to be making all dis nois ven dar vas a funeral here so soon."

An old hunter in Michigan, when the country was new, got lost in the woods several times. He was told to buy a pocket compass, which he did, and a friend explained its use. He soon got lost, and laid out as usual. When found he was asked why he did not travel by the compass. He stated that he did not dare to. He wished to go north, and he "tried hard

to make the thing go north, but 'twas no use; 'twould diddle, diddle, diddle right round, and point southeast every time."

While the English excursionists were on the Capitol Square in Richmond, Va., the other day, a fine-looking Englishman pointed to a squirrel some distance off, and inquired of a citizen, "Can you tell me, sir, what 'hiusect' that is hover there?" Citizen: "That's a squirrel, sir." John Bull: "Oh! ah! Thanks."

An old pioneer, who believed that "what was to be would be," lived in a region infested by Indians. He always took his gun with him, and once, finding

weep?" was asked. "Alas, things are not as they used to be!" answered the devoted son. "The poor woman's arm grows feebler every day."

A gentleman had a board put up on a part of his land, on which was written, "I will give this field to any one who is really contented;" and when an applicant came, he asked, "Are you contented?" The general answer was, "I am;" and his reply invariably was, "Then what do you want with my field?"

A young clergyman seems to have compressed the whole body of his sermon on "deceit" into the following: "Oh! my brethren, the snowiest shirt-front may conceal an aching bosom and the stiffest of all-rounders encircle a throat that has many a bitter pill to swallow."

A fast youth asked at a San Francisco restaurant: "What have you got?" "Almost everything," was the reply. "Almost everything? Well, give me a plate of that." "Certainly. One plate of hash!" yelled the waiter.

The laziest man is on a Western paper. He spells photograph "4-tograph." There has only been three worse than he. One lived out in Kansas, and dated his letters "11worth," another spelled Tennessee, "10aC," and the other wrote Wyandotte, "Y&."

An old Scotchwoman, whose favorite son was in the habit of swearing occasionally, was censured by her minister for not correcting him. "It's very wrong, minister," she admitted, "but ye maun aloo that it sets aff conversation mightily."

The Middletown (Conn.) cemetery contains this epitaph:
Beautiful flowers of Middletown,
How art thou cutted down! cutted down!

Charles Mathews, the comedian, was served by a greengrocer named Berry, and generally settled his bill once a quarter. At one time the account was sent in before it was due, and Mathews, laboring under an idea that his credit was doubted, said: "Here's a pretty mull, Berry. You have sent in your bill, Berry, before it was due, Berry. Your father, the elder Berry, would not have been such a goose, Berry. But you need not look so black, Berry, for I don't care a straw, Berry, and shan't pay you till Christmas, Berry."

An English clergyman was "turned down" at a fashionable spelling-bee for spelling drunkenness with one "n." Shortly afterward he returned to his parish, and found himself very coldly received by his parishioners. He sent for the parish clerk and asked him what was the cause. "Well, sir," replied the man, "a report has come down here that you was turned out of a great lady's house in London for drunkenness."

A member of a country choir had his hair cut very closely, and when he had to sing on the following Sunday, "Cover my defenceless head," there was a general titter and a smiling from behind the fans.



THE TRUANT'S RETURN.

that some one of his family had borrowed it, he would not go without it. His friends rallied him, saying that there was no danger of the Indians, as, anyhow, he would not die till his time came. "Yes," said old Leather-stocking, "but suppose I was to meet an Indian, and his time was come, it wouldn't do not to have my gun."

The extensive authority of parents under the Chinese laws is well known. A Chinaman of forty years, whose aged mother flogged him every day, shed tears in the company of one of his friends. "Why do you

Housekeeping.

PRIZE RECEIPTS FOR COOKING.

Virginia Mode of Curing Hams.—Rub the fleshy side of each ham, long and well, with salt. To every ham allow an even tablespoonful of powdered saltpetre, which must next be rubbed on the meat; then add sugar and red pepper beaten small; lastly, rub on more salt mixed with a small quantity of molasses. Let the hams remain packed for about five or six weeks; then hang them up and smoke with hickory chips for a month. Take them down and rub with hickory ashes; sun them, after which hang them up in a dry place, occasionally smoking them on dry days. Never smoke bacon on rainy days.

To Boil a Ham.—Wash the ham, wipe dry, and put it to sun from ten to twelve hours. Soak it all night in cold water; next morning put it on the stove, in a pot of cold water, to simmer for four or five hours. Take it off the fire and let it remain in the same water in which it was boiled until the ham is perfectly cold. Take it out of the water, let it dry off and skin it. Sprinkle with black pepper and grated cracker, browned; garnish the dish with curled parsley.

Waffles.—Boil a cup of rice to consistency of soup; when properly boiled, especially for waffles, it should fill a quart cup. Add two teaspoonfuls salt and one large spoonful butter or lard. Fill a quart measure with flour, add to it two teaspoonfuls cream of tartar, two-thirds of a teaspoon of carbonate of soda. Beat up two eggs light; stir in the rice, then the flour, with sweet milk enough to make a tolerably stiff batter. Have the fire very bright and the waffle irons hot and well greased with lard. Bake to a tolerably dark brown.

Yeast.—Boil twelve large Irish potatoes, together with a small quantity of hops, tied up in a bag, in a gallon of water; when the potatoes are perfectly done, peel and mash them, and add to them one cup of sugar and one cup of salt; pour over the mixture the boiling water in which the potatoes were cooked. Let stand till it gets cool, when add one cup of good yeast. After keeping it open one night, bottle and cork lightly.

Italian Soup, (Never Printed in America).—Put into three pints of boiling water the remains of a cold fowl, or a piece of cold roast beef, or a ham bone; add one handful of Lima beans; half a gallon of tomatoes with the skins taken off; one teacup of rice; and two onions sliced and then fried a good brown; one large spoonful of butter; pepper and salt to the taste. Let the soup boil about twenty minutes, and then cut off corn from three ears and add to the soup. This soup requires about three-fourths of an hour to make, and is very nice. The fried onion is absolutely necessary. A few sliced Irish potatoes can be added to the other vegetables.

Rich Beef Soup.—Put in a beef shank before breakfast, so that the meat will have time to cook to pieces, in a kettle of water, with salt to taste. Add one-half gallon ripe tomatoes, peeled and chopped up, or, if in winter, one quart canned tomatoes. About twelve o'clock put into the soup half a small head of cabbage, one onion, one turnip, four or five large potatoes, one carrot, two pods oehra, all chopped fine, half a pint butter beans, cut off corn from two ears. Keep all boiling till dinner is ready to serve; make a thin paste of a small quantity of flour mixed with cold water, which must be put in half an hour before serving.

Batter Bread, Virginia Mode.—Beat up four eggs light, add meal to the proper consistency, about one and a half pints after it is sifted, one large teaspoonful salt, one tablespoonful melted butter, and sweet milk to make a tolerably thin batter. Bake in a batter bread skillet, or very small oval iron moulds well greased with lard so that a rich crust may be formed.

Green Grape Jelly.—Gather the grapes before they have turned, choosing only good sound ones; pick them from the stem, wash and put them into a stone jar. Set the jar in a kettle of cold water over a brisk fire; when the juice rises to the top, take them off the fire and squeeze through a coarse towel or jelly-bag, and to each pint of juice allow one pound best loaf sugar; put on the fire and boil twenty minutes. When a little cool pour into jelly-glasses or moulds and cover tightly.

Crab Apple Jelly.—Wait until after frost has touched the apples; pick, wash, and cut in half; put in a kettle, filling it with water if it is half full of fruit, using warm water. Boil until the apples are perfectly soft; then take off the fire and squeeze, and add one pound of loaf sugar to every pint of juice. The juice looks very cloudy when first squeezed, but clears beautifully after boiling ten minutes. Cook twenty minutes. Cover tightly after putting in glass.

Sweet Meats of Watermelon Rind.—Cut the rind in any shape fancied, grape and grape leaves and fish, also bunches of roses. Put it in brine to keep; when you wish to make the sweet meats, soak out the brine by putting it in fresh water and changing it every day. Put three or four tablespoonfuls pulverized alum in one gallon water; as soon as dissolved, lay in the rind and cover closely with cabbage leaves; simmer until the rind becomes a bright green. Soak out the alum water; while it is soaking pour boiling water to half a pound white ginger and let it stand long enough to soften sufficiently to slice easily in thin pieces (retaining the shape of the races as much as possible), then boil it in water an hour to extract the strength; add two or three dozen blades of mace and more water and two pounds of best white sugar; make a thin syrup and boil the rind gently for half an hour; then set it away for a day or two, when boil again as before, adding more water and sugar at each boiling till the syrup is thick and rich and sufficient to cover the rind. Repeat these boilings six or seven times at intervals of three or four days. The quantity of seasoning given is for three gallons rind, two pounds sugar for one pound rind. This sweet meats keeps indefinitely and never ferments.

Blackberry Cordial.—Let the fruit simmer awhile and then press out juice; to each pint of the same, put nearly equal quantities of white sugar; boil and skim and when a thick jelly, put in bottles, filling half way; when cold, fill up with good whiskey or French brandy. It tastes as if highly spiced, and is splendid for medicinal purposes.

Lemon Sherbet.—Dissolve one and a half pounds sugar (loaf is best) in one quart of water; add the juice of ten lemons, pressing the lemons so as to extract not only the juice, but the oil of the rind. Let the peel remain awhile in the oil and sugar. Strain through a sieve and freeze like ice cream.

Hyden Salad.—To one gallon cabbage finely chopped, add one and a half gallons green tomatoes; half a pint green peppers; one pint of onions, all chopped fine. Sprinkle salt on them to extract the

juice; next morning pour boiling water over it, then squeeze it dry. Put four tablespoonfuls ginger, one of cloves, two of turmeric, one of celery seed, two pounds sugar, and two spoonfuls salt. Mix all with half a gallon vinegar and boil a few minutes.

Chicken Salad.—One large chicken boiled; when cold, remove the skin and chop the flesh into a dish, over which throw a towel slightly dipped in cold water; one pint celery, chopped, put between cloths to dry; one tablespoonful best mustard; one yolk of raw egg, dropped into a dish large enough to hold all of the dressing, beat it well for ten minutes; slowly add the mustard and one teaspoonful vinegar; when this is well mixed add three-eighths of a bottle of oil, a drop at a time, always stirring the same way. Rub the yolks of six hard boiled eggs very smooth and stir in half a cup of vinegar. Pour this mixture slowly into the first, stirring them together as lightly as possible. Take the chopped chicken, half a loaf of stale bread crumbs, the celery, a little celery seed, yellow pickle, also chopped, pepper and salt to taste, also the oil from the chicken, skimmed from top of water in which it is boiled. Set this aside and pour on the dressing just before serving. It will curdle if kept too cool.

Cabbage Pudding.—Chop up a head of cabbage, scald in salt water until tender; drain off, add half a cup butter, four eggs, one pint bread crumbs, pepper, salt and mustard to taste; milk enough to make a stiff batter. Bake in a deep dish.

Sultana Pudding.—One pint bread crumbs, one quart milk, one cup sugar, the yolks of four eggs beaten; the grated rind of a lemon, a piece of butter the size of an egg. Mix up and bake till done, but not watery. Whip the whites of the eggs stiff, beat in one teacup white sugar, in which has been strained the juice of a lemon; spread over the pudding a layer of jelly; pour over this the whites and replace in the oven and bake a light brown. To be eaten cold with cream.

Ginger Bread.—Six cups flour; half a pound lard rubbed into two cups molasses, one cup buttermilk, two heaping spoonfuls pearl ash dissolved in the milk; six tablespoonfuls ginger, one teaspoonful alum dissolved in one teacup of boiling water and poured over hot.

Icing for Cake.—One pound sugar; whites of eight eggs; put the sugar into a bowl and pour the whites over it. Take half an ounce gum arabic, beat and sift it in; mix all together and beat it up.

Cocoanut Drops.—One pound grated cocoanut; one pound sifted white sugar, whites of six eggs. Drop them in buttered plates and bake at once.

Mince Meat.—Boil a beef heart very tender; take out the veins and gristle; shred it fine. Add three pounds suet cut very fine, one teaspoonful salt, three pounds currants, after they are washed; three pounds raisins shred and cut fine, three pounds brown sugar, twelve ounces citrou, one tablespoonful mace, one of cloves, two of allspice, one nutmeg. Beat all fine and mix together, adding half a tumblerful lemon juice or vinegar, two tumblers French brandy and three of wine.

Oil Mangoes.—One quart mustard seed; one ounce mace, one ounce cloves, four ounces grated horse-radish, four ounces ground ginger, four ounces garlic, and a little turmeric. Beat them together in a mortar and make into a paste with oil, fill the mangoes and scald once in strong vinegar.

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Gathering Autumn Leaves.

Words and Music by H. T. MARTIN.



1. Don't call them "mel - an - chol - y days, — The sad - dest of the year,"..... Tho' they may change the bright green woods To
2. Down in the dell the moss - es grow, With fern - leaves o - ver - spread,..... Up - on the brown hill - side we found The
2. 'Twas in those mel - low Au - tumn days, Down in the wood - y dell,..... Where our first tales of love were told, As

The piano accompaniment for the first verse continues with a steady rhythm, supporting the vocal melody.

yel - low leaf and sere:..... To me those days pos - sess a charm Which mem' - ry round them weaves,..... Re -
dog - wood ber - ries red;..... The Spring may boast of blos - soms rare, The Sum - mer, gold - en sheaves..... But
on - ly lov - ers tell;..... 'Twas there you gave your prom - ise true, Be - neath the Ma - ple trees,..... As

The piano accompaniment continues, with some chords held longer to provide a sense of continuity.

CHORUS.

call - ing hap - py days we spent, Gath - er - ing Au - tumn leaves.
bright - est days were those we spent, Gath - er - ing Au - tumn leaves. Gath - er - ing, gath - er - ing, gath - er - ing, gath - er - ing,
hand in hand we wan - dered on, Gath - er - ing Au - tumn leaves.

The piano accompaniment for the chorus features a more active melody in the right hand, with frequent chords.

Gath - er - ing Au - tumn leaves, hur - rah! What hap - py days we used to spend, Gath - er - ing Au - tumn leaves!.....

The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord and a few lingering notes.

THE LADIES' DOMESTIC COLUMN

BY HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

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HINTS ON WINDOW GARDENING.

If we who are healthy and strong rejoice in these winter pets, how much more delightful must they be to the invalid who is deprived of the fresh, invigorating air of out-door exercise, whose amusements are limited within four walls, whose days drag, whose hours are all too long. To these afflicted ones we cannot bestow more cheerful pleasures than by giving them a window shelf or box filled with Chinese Primroses, Oxalis, Sweet Alyssum, Mignonette, Dicentra, Ten weeks stock, Abutilon, Adjuratum, Carnations, Bouvardia, Salvias, Vineas, etc.; also some vines, Smilax, Maurandya, Cobœa scandens, the ivies, and Morning glories.

You thus give diversified, gentle occupation to the hands, consequently varied entertainment to the mind. Each day brings out new attractions, an unfolding leaf here, an incipient bud there—the sign of a yellow tinge telling of wrong somewhere. Calla leaves must be freed from dust, Rose bushes cleansed from those little pests, green flies. This pot must have a bath to free it from rising green mold, that adventurous vine needs training. Where are the dull hours, the lonely moments that were spent in sad thoughts, in painful retrospective, unprofitable repinings—all, all absorbed by the beautiful flowers which give back only exhilarations and smiles.

But to bring about these happy results we must be thoughtful and far-seeing; like the proverbial ant and provident bee, use our summer hours in preparation for winter days. When wandering through our gardens, admiring and drinking in beauty and sweetness, gathering bouquets for vases or friends, for the hospital patient, or the sick, unprovided-for poor, take off any

fine slips you may see, prepare your dish of sand, just covered with water, in which place your slips, and give all the sunshine possible. When the water has evaporated, or generally in five days, you can raise one slip, and I think you will be rewarded by finding white fibrous roots all ready for transplanting to a good soil. In this way you can raise quantities of

In taking slips keep those only that break off the parent stem crisp, and short; they will be almost sure to live; but those that are stringy and soft, reject. As the summer advances, and your beds are getting crowded, pot any plants that you wish to take in for winter blooming. This will give them the required rest they must have, and they will be in fresh leaf and

bud for your windows. Bring in the house all plants at least two weeks before your fires are lighted, so that the change will not be so great for them. When your house is heated leave your room doors open at night so that the temperature will be lowered considerably. When the weather grows colder place every evening newspapers between your plants and the windows. This will protect them from serious injury from a sudden falling of the thermometer. Do not let the cold frosty air blow directly on them, but manage some other way to have the air pure. Use very warm water for moistening them and keep them damp. Sprinkle your boxes with your hand. Give all a watering just before the sun comes on them during very cold weather.

In potting, be sure to scald your soil with boiling water after you have sifted it through a coal-sieve. Powder with white hellebore, Scotch snuff, or flower of sulphur, to destroy insects; also use a soft old tooth brush, and wash off these little troublesome creatures into a pan of water, and beg your

gentlemen friends to puff their tobacco smoke freely among your plants. Be sure to keep the soil well pressed down about the roots, leaving the edges loose. When the earth cakes in the pots, turn it up with an old knife.

I have tested the value of these directions and know they will insure success to every amateur window gardener who will follow them. AUNT ADDIE.



HOME, SWEET HOME.

plants for friends, or the impecunious ones loving plants but not being able to spend money for them.

Should you wish to carry slips or keep them four or five days, as soon as broken from the plant, sprinkle with a little warm water and wrap up in paper, folding up the corners carefully, and tie with a string; they will come out most satisfactorily.

Floral Contributions.

MY SHADY WINDOWS.

The windows of my sitting-room, one north and two west ones, used to be a great trial to me. I tried to keep house plants, but they would not grow and flourish they only dragged out a lingering, miserable existence, making the gloomy winter days yet more gloomy by their forlorn presence.

At length, however, I have succeeded in obtaining a few that will thrive without the direct rays of the sun, and will write a description of my three shady windows for the benefit of those who have no sunny south nor cheerful east ones.

I will begin with the north one, which is more shaded than the others, for there is a wide verandah outside. First, I had a shelf made, about eight inches wide, and long enough to reach across the window and a few inches further each side. This was placed close to the bottom of the sash and supported by iron brackets. On each end of this shelf I put a large flower-pot containing English Ivy. I find that this accommodating plant does equally well in sun or shade, only care must be taken not to give it too much water when it is not in the sunshine.

The soil was composed of two parts leaf mould, one part thoroughly decomposed manure from an old hotbed, and one part coarse sand; and though the English Ivy has the name of being a plant of slow growth, it was not long before it reached the top of the window and crossed it. Since then it has rambled around pictures and cornice at will.

There are no curtains to my window, only common roller-shades that are drawn up to the top every morning, and lowered at night to protect the plants from the cool air around the glass.

Then I had a box made just long enough to fill the space between the flower-pots, and nearly as wide as the shelf. This box was filled with soil from the woods, mixed with a little sand, and then I planted pretty Ferns therein, and between the Ferns numerous slips of Tradescantia Zebrina, then carefully covered the surface of the box (also the pots each side), with green moss.

By a course of judicious pinching-back treatment, the Tradescantia soon covered the sides of the box and the shelf with a thick mat of beautiful green and brown. The only attention this plant requires is plenty of water. I had a unique hanging-basket in the centre of this window—the bark off an immense hemlock knot. The tree from which it was taken had been cut in the summer time, so the bark came off the old knot in one entire piece, and when suspended by scarlet cords looked very pretty. I filled it with common garden soil and planted German Ivy therein. A cocoanut shell hung on each side of the central basket: one filled with Partridge Vine, and the other with Moneywort. That completed the north window, and though there were no flowers, the different shades of green among the Ferns and Ivies were very pretty.

For my west windows I had shelves made similar to the one in the north window. On one of these were seven six-inch flower-pots, placed side by side in a box that extended the length of the shelf. After being careful to provide good drainage in the bottom of these flower-pots, I filled them with the richest soil I could find, and in each one, planted a cutting of Pansy previously rooted in wet sand. These cuttings were taken from the most beautiful plants in my Pansy bed the first week in September, and in the middle of Decem-

ber they began to blossom, lifting up their bright faces and peerless colors, as much at home as if in their own shady bed under the apple-trees.

Once a week I gave them a liberal supply of liquid manure, and, at the same time, turned each pot half way around to keep the little plants in good shape. The spaces between the pots I filled with common garden soil, and planted in it numerous tiny slips of German Ivy and the green and white striped variety of Tradescantia.

I had only one hanging-basket in this window, made thus: eight little beech sticks, about six inches long, and less than half an inch in diameter, were cut (each of them had tiny projecting branches) and holes burned in them an inch and a half from each end. Then pieces of strong wire were passed through these holes and drawn into circles and securely fastened, the upper circle being a little larger than the under one. The sticks were then arranged at equal distances apart on the wires, and the whole lined with a sheet of the long green moss found in low, swampy grounds. A flower-pot was placed inside, filled with soil from the woods, and a Maiden Hair Fern planted therein. I was very much pleased with this window, and during our long winter picked handful after handful of the beautiful Pansies, for the more we picked the better they blossomed.

On the shelf in front of the other west window, I had three winter-blooming varieties of Fuchsias. So much has been written about the culture of these beautiful plants, that it is needless for me to add anything, so I will describe the covers I made for the flower-pots containing them.

These were made of strong pasteboard, and were large enough to slip over the pots easily. I covered the pasteboard with dark brown silesia (such as is used for lining dresses), and around the top and bottom placed a little vine of bright-hued autumn leaves, principally blackberry and strawberry; and in the centre, a pretty cluster of brilliant maple and glossy beech. These were fastened on with thin glue and the covers afterwards received two coats of varnish.

At the end of this window I had a pot of Madeira Vine. I took the tubers up from the open ground early in the fall, planted them in good-sized pots, put them in the shade, and gave scarcely any water for about six weeks. Then I gave them a liberal supply, placed them in the window, and by the end of January, the beautiful glossy leaves had covered the cords up each side of the window and across the top. Before winter was over, they had crossed and recrossed the window several times.

The hanging-basket in this window was made like the one I have already described, filled with good rich earth, and then oats were sowed therein. Don't laugh: oats are very pretty in a hanging-basket. They grew healthy and strong; some of the stalks stood nearly upright, and others drooped over the side, their light green leaves contrasting well with the dark rich moss. They need to be sowed rather deep or they turn yellow soon after coming up.

In front of this window my Fernery stood. The foundation of this Fernery was an old cheese-box; the outside covered with gray lichen, pasted on with thick flour paste. This box was placed on an old light-stand, and in the bottom of it, I put a large soup plate. Then an old tin pan, with a good-sized hole in the bottom, was set in the box, resting on the plate.

The pan was filled with leaf-mould, and in it were planted Ferns, Wild Mignonette, Wood Sorrel, Partridge Vines, and moss. It was like a little bit of the woods transplanted to the house, and was fresh and

beautiful all winter long. Of course, there was no glass over it, but regularly twice a week, I sprinkled it, as well as the rest of the plants in the room, with warm water.

I ought to have said that this is for a winter garden only; but the preparations must be made in summer, or, at least, in early fall. Of course, fresh cuttings of the Pansies have to be taken every year, and fresh slips of German Ivy and Tradescantia. The English Ivies and Fuchsias I place on the verandah, and the Madeira Vines in the open ground. The Tradescantias and German Ivy are carefully removed to the rock-work in the garden, where they grow with renewed vigor.

So, in the hot July days, I have only the memory of the cool green leaves and Ferns, the glowing Pansies, and brilliant drooping Fuchsia bells, that made so many exclaim, "How beautiful!" when, in the depth of winter, they looked upon my shady windows.

MARGARET SUTHERLAND.

FLORAL NOTES.

While visiting a large floral establishment in the vicinity of New York city, I was much pleased with the large collection of variegated Caladiums. I think these are the most gorgeous and beautiful colored leaved plants I ever saw. Some are elegantly traced, veined and tinted with delicate colors, others are richly mottled, spotted and marked.

On questioning the polite attendant, we learned that they were easily grown, but should be kept out of the direct rays of the sun, which causes their colors to fade.

They are easily propagated by cutting the bulbs up into small pieces, leaving an eye in each; these are then placed in sand and kept rather dry until they have well started, when they are potted in rich, light soil, and plentifully supplied with water while growing. In the fall they are gradually dried off and put in sand and kept in a warm room, like Tuberoses.

If they can be started late, so as to be kept in the window garden or conservatory during the winter, they would give it a charming effect. And I do not see why they cannot. I noticed that many of the varieties resembled each other very closely, so I selected the following as the most distinct, and, in my humble opinion, the most beautiful: Meyerbeer, Keteleeri, Wrightii, Chantenii, Splendidum, Argyrites-Refulgens, Max Kalb, Phorphyrophyllum.

While viewing a lot of Poinsettias, I was reminded of one I had last winter, the leaves of which although it was treated according to the most approved method, which had previously been very successful, turned yellow and dropped off. It bloomed, however, but the flower-bracts were inferior in size and of a dull color. I wondered what was the matter, so I asked our wonderfully patient attendant (who still survived our flood of questions), and he told us to use manure water moderately, which would induce them to hold their leaves, and make them more healthy and large, which is necessary to bring the flowers to perfection, as they will be in proportion to the leaf-power the plants possess.

We saw an operator syringing a bed of Tuberoses, in full bud, with pure water, and were told that the flowers did not open well, but turned yellow and dropped off, on account of the hot dry weather, and that this would cause them to open freely. I was very happy to learn this, as I—and perhaps others—have often experienced this difficulty, and never knew of a remedy.

AMATEUR.

Answers to Correspondents.

Blue Glass, etc.—I have painted every other pane of my sash blue; my seeds come up in about one-fourth of the usual time, and my plants seemed immediately infused with new life. Do Lantanas and Chinese Primroses bloom the first season from seed, and does it take two or three years to produce flowering bulbs from Gladiolus seed? How late do Cannas and Centaurea Candidissima (Dusty Miller) grow the first season from seed? What sort of a flower does the Cinnamon Vine have? Is it of rapid growth, and does it require to be taken up in the winter? I hope Mr. Drew will not forget that he has promised to tell us more about the treatment of Lilies.

VIOLET VORIES.

Answer.—Your seeds may have come up more quickly under blue glass, as darkness promotes germination, but it is probably more of our imagination when we say our plants grow better. Plants need light to grow, and the whole blue glass theory of Gen. Pleasanton is an absurdity unsustained by facts or experiment. Lantana and Chinese Primroses will bloom within a year from sowing the seed if well grown. Flowering bulbs of Gladiolus may by growing the plants continuously be obtained in about a year, but the leaf must never be allowed to die down. The size of your seedling Cannas and Centaureas will depend wholly upon how you grow them; in rich soil they grow large in one season. The Cinnamon Vine is of very rapid growth. The root need not be taken up in winter. The flower is white and small, little larger than a pea.

Hyacinths.—I write to ask how I can improve Hyacinths. I have a great many, but they are all single. How can I make them double?

Campbella, S. C. MRS. C. M. LANDRUM.

Answer.—Single varieties cannot be changed to double. Your only way is to buy some double varieties; they are quite as cheap as the single. Any seedman can furnish them from October to January.

Golden Banded Lily.—Should *Lilium auratum* and *excelesum* be treated as Gladiolus, or are they perfectly hardy if left in the ground during our northern winters?

F. A. W.

Bowdoinham, Me.

Answer.—They are both hardy, the latter very hardy; but we should advise covering the bed of *L. auratum* with stable litter during the winter to keep the ground from freezing very deep.

Cactus Seed.—Please tell me when to plant Cactus seed, in what kind of soil, and how soon it will come up.

HANNAH OWEN.

Mieleton, N. J.

Answer.—Sow at any season in a pot in fine sand; it comes up very easily. When the young plants are large enough to handle pot them off in sandy loam.

Difference between Clematis and Madeira Vine.—Please tell me the difference between Clematis and Madeira vine.

M. A. WILKES.

San Saba, Texas.

Answer.—They are as different as a live oak and a palmetto. The Clematis is a woody vine, usually native of temperate regions, belonging to natural order, Ranunculaceae. The Madeira vine is an herba-

ceous South American plant, botanically, *Boussingaultia vaselloides*.

Crown Imperial not Blooming.—How shall I treat my Crown Imperial? It grows fast until a foot high, then turns yellow and dies away. The soil is sandy.

MRS. H. SURTON.

North Bend, Neb.

Answer.—You cannot make the soil too rich for Crown Imperials, and they must be kept moist. Manure heavily, plant deeper, and water, if dry.

Hyacinths.—Would Hyacinths do well in an outdoor window garden, with a southern exposure, planted in the fall for early spring blooming? What varieties would be best? Hyacinths bloom here in February and March.

MRS. ANNIE C. GALLAGHER.

Meridian, Lauderdale Co., Miss.

Answer.—They would do perfectly well. The selection of varieties is a matter of taste. We prefer single to double varieties. Get in October any seedman's catalogue, which will describe varieties. Charles Dickens, Norma, Grand Lilas, Harriett Beecher Stowe, Argus, Miss Kitty, Grand Vidette, La Tour d'Auvergne, Bouquet Tendre, Grootvorst, Blohsberg, Goethe, Homerus, L'Ami du Color, Tubiflora, Elfrida, Vesta Emicus, Orondates, Heroine, and La Plecis d'Or, are very good free-blooming varieties.

Acacia.—Please tell me about the Acacia. Is it hardy? Will it bloom, and what is the flower? I have one from seed last spring; it is about three feet high, straight stem with leaves like a Sensitive Plant.

AMIE.

Answer.—There are many species of Acacia, mostly natives of New Holland, and none are hardy in the Northern States. The one you have is doubtless *A. lophantha*; the flower is greenish-yellow, not handsome or sweet-smelling. For its graceful foliage the plant is worth growing, but not otherwise.

Spotted Leaved Calla.—Please tell me how to take care of my Spotted Leaved Calla (*Richardia albo maculata*) after removing from the border in the fall.

Marlboro, Mass. MRS. GEO. A. BRIGHAM.

Answer.—This species is deciduous. The leaves die away after the plant has bloomed. Keep it dry as you would a Dahlia or Gladiolus; that is, free from frost, but do not allow it to shrivel. If it starts into growth before spring, pot it.

Roses not Doing Well.—Pruning.—What shall I do with a Rose which has not been doing well for some years? Some one says pour soot tea around the roots. There is a bug that destroys the bloom every year. How can I destroy him? When is the best time to prune Rose bushes?

Cave City, Ky.

LUTITIA WATERS.

Answer.—Dig around your Rose some well rotted stable manure, and keep the surface soil loose during the summer. "Soot tea" would probably kill the plant. Soot is a very powerful manure and should be used with caution and well diluted. The bug can only be destroyed by hand picking. Roses should be pruned in early spring.

Night-Blooming Cereus not Blooming.—What shall I do with a Night-blooming Cereus, four years old, to make it bloom? Please tell me the soil and treatment required.

M. A. H

Ereildown, Pa.

Answer.—The Night-blooming Cereus does not

bloom until large and old. Your plant is probably too young. Give it a sandy loam in summer; give plenty of sun and heat, watering moderately to induce growth; in winter keep the plant almost dry. The blooming season is from May to October.

Ever-blooming Geranium.—Do you know of an ever-blooming Geranium? MARY J. HORTON.

Silver Creek, Ky.

Answer.—We know of none which will flower all the year. Some of the Robinson's unique class bloom more continuously than any others. The Scarlet Geraniums are very free blooming, and if grown in pots flower most of the time.

Slugs Eating Jessamine.—Fuchsias.—I have a beautiful Jessamine which is being entirely destroyed by slugs. Can you tell me how to get rid of them? Do Fuchsias need sun or shade?

E. T. COE.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Answer.—Lay cabbage leaves around the plant; the slugs will go under them and can be easily caught and destroyed. Raw potatoes hollowed out serve the same purpose. Fuchsias need moderate shade in summer, they rest in winter; unless winter-blooming varieties, which need full sunlight all winter.

To Make and Plant a Ribbon Bed.—What class of flowers are best for a ribbon bed? Please give me diameter of bed, colors and arrangement.

Niles, Mich.

W. M. G.

Answer.—You can make a ribbon bed any size to suit the ground and the number of plants you have. A good showy bed of fifteen feet diameter would be, centre, Castor Oil Bean, surrounded by *Salvia splendens*, then *Abutilon Thompsoni*, edged with *Coleus Verschoffeltii*. One of ten feet diameter, Canna Marechal Vaillant, or diseolor, then *Coleus Verschoffeltii*, edged with *Cineraria maritima*.

Plants for North Window.—What plants will live and grow in a north window in winter? I have but one window and that is north.

Wellington, Me.

MRS. A. S. MARGNE.

Answer.—No flowering plants will bloom in winter without sun. You might make a pretty effect by having some small evergreens in pots. The variegated *Retinosporas* would be pretty. Some of the small succulents, such as Sedums, small Cactus, Echeverias, Haworthias, etc., are very interesting and would do well.

Begonia Glaucophylla.—Will Begonia Glaucophylla scandens bear manure-water or guano as a stimulant? I have a beautiful one in a wire basket, but it keeps dropping its leaves as soon as one-fourth grown. I cannot give fresh soil without injuring the plant.

ESTHER W. HUDELSON FAIRMOUNT.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Answer.—Your plant probably suffers from not being kept warm enough or from too dry heat. The plant needs a moist bed. All liquid fertilizers should be used on pot plants with great caution, guano especially. If used make them very weak.

Sealing Wax Paint.—How can I prepare sealing wax paint? What are the proportions of sealing wax and alcohol used in making brackets?

North Branch.

M. AUGUSTA FIELD.

Answer.—Dissolve enough to make the required consistency. Will any of our readers be kind enough to answer this? We suppose a thick coating is used on the required article; if so, dissolve as above.

Flower Gardening.

TREATMENT OF PLANTS.

Of course, plants in different localities, and under different circumstances, require treatment according to their several situations; but, as every lover of flowers has probably experimented until they have made some discovery, the following may not be amiss.

One cannot expect tropical growth in a dwelling-house in Massachusetts, where the mercury skips from 40 deg. to zero in one night; still, by care and midnight saunterings up and down stairs, they may be induced to blossom and thrive. For the winter accommodation of my plants, I have a bay-window with direct southern exposure, so that one side light has the benefit of the morning, the other of the afternoon sun. It is arranged with two sets of shelves, one resting on the window-stool, the other about the middle of the window; on these shelves are placed the smaller plants, also those requiring the fullest amount of the sun's rays, such as the Heliotrope, Sun Pink, and Petunias; then I have a table made to fit exactly into the window recess, said table on castors. On it are placed all of the larger plants. In summer it is removed out on a north piazza, where those plants not intended for the open border stand; these have the sun's rays for an hour or two in the morning and a good shower-bath at night.

For soil, I generally appropriate anything that I think they will luxuriate in, such as decayed leaf-mold beside stone-walls—we have a few of them here—at the edge of woods, the rich black mold under the surface of an old chip-yard, good garden soil, some well decayed manure (if I can find any), hen manure, old and well pulverized, and last, but always, some of the fine road dust that can be scraped up from country roads after a long dry time. I consider this most excellent, and vary these ingredients according to the nature of the plant.

By the way, in winter my plants are in my kitchen, where they have an abundance of steam and the benefit of a wood fire. I have not much faith in gas-heated rooms for plants; then on Mondays I just roll out the table, and give them first a shower-bath of suds, then of clear water. For bottom heat, nothing easier; just turn those shelves, which most housewives have on their stoves for bread-raising, etc., so

there will not be too strong a heat, and you have it; or if the aforesaid shelves are otherwise occupied, and all at once you are inspired with the idea that some of their toes are cold, just set them in a saucer of hot water. I generally take it when boiling, and have never killed any yet, and let them suck up all they want, then after a while throw out what is left. Never let them stand in water for a long time.

Whenever bottom heat is mentioned in this article, just imagine them either on the shelves or standing ankle deep in hot water. If any one is skeptical about the hot water, just try it first on some poor specimen that wouldn't be a great loss, and see how it works.

Some eight years ago, I had a present of a Calla then some five or six years of age, with which the owner was disgusted, declaring it would never blossom, because, forsooth, it never had; sound reasoning, but I was skeptical. Years before I had seen the magical effect of hot water on a Calla; so I raised the dirt around the stems of the plant and began pouring

hurries" hunting for some special object. But to return to the Heliotrope. I had always started a slip in summer for the winter, but that book said, "the older the plant the more profuse are its flowers." It never had deceived me, so I just cut around an old one I had stored in the cellar for several winters, and one damp day, about a week afterward, I lifted and potted it for the house, using considerable of my precious road dust. For a wonder, not a leaf fell, nor bud blasted, and for the last two winters it had from eight to twelve open clusters all the time, besides all the buds.

In summer I set the pot into the ground, turning it once a week to break off any straggling roots, then lift it the last of August, pick out most of the old dirt, and put in fresh. If the season is dry, it must be kept watered, else the leaves will blast.

An Azalea is a plant that should never be allowed to get dry, neither must it be water-soaked; if it does get dry, especially when budded, you must wait another whole year before any blossoms will reward your care. "Eternal vigilance," etc., is for plants as

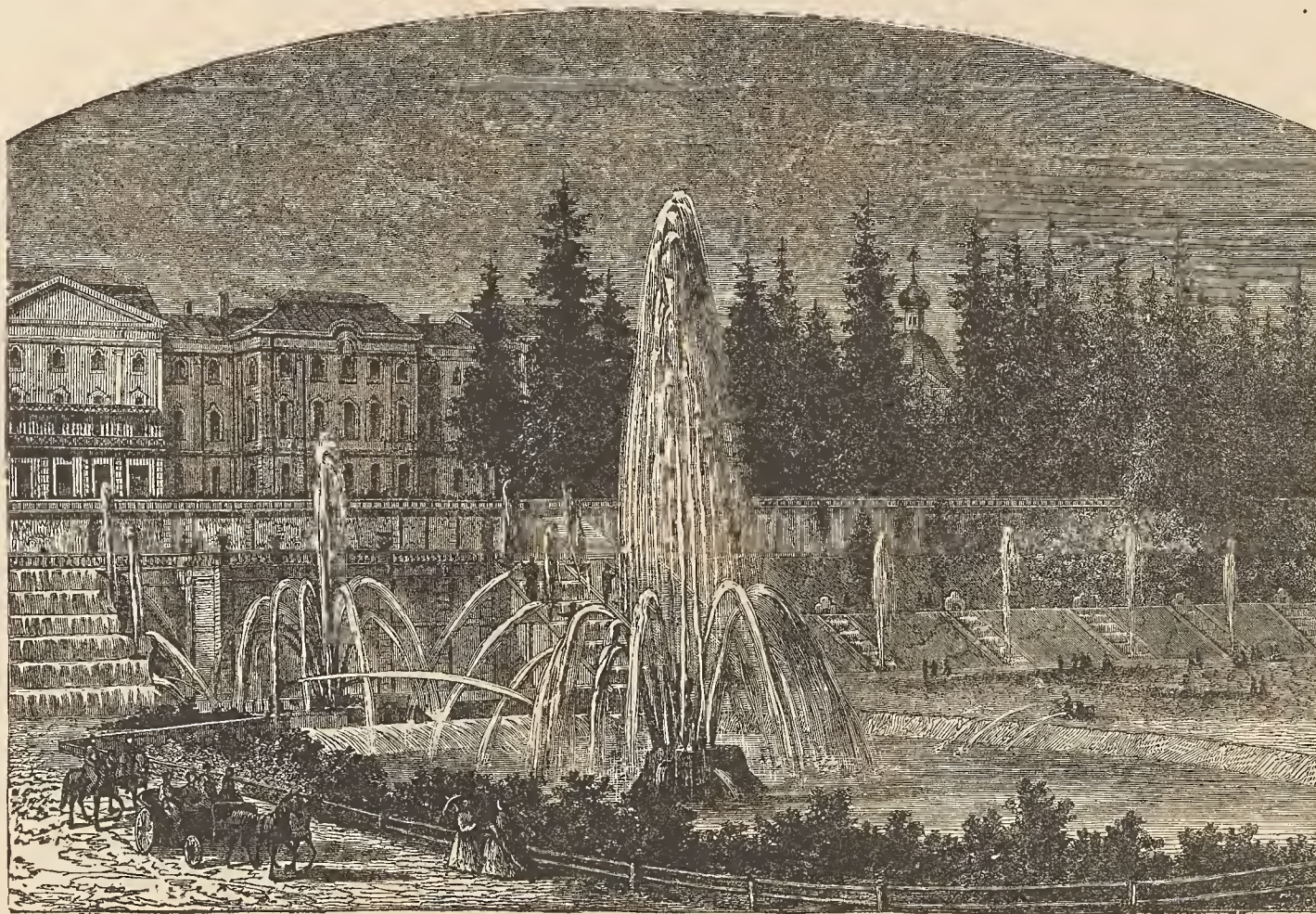
well as liberty. I have a white Azalea that has blossomed very early—last winter in January. This September it was well budded, but, alas! the wonders of the Exposition could not be studied, and the Azalea at home kept watched at the same time. I felt suspicious how it would act, from its looks; so I never moved the pot, nor even touched leaf, but poured the water into the saucer. How the poor, thirst-famished treasure drank? But it was too late; one by one

the leaves fell, then the buds followed. I have discovered a few signs of new growth, but no blossoms this year; and any one owing a marked Azalea can appreciate its beauty.

Another of my treasures is a Pineapple. Just take one of the leaf cones you twist out of the crown of the pineapple, and insert it in mellow soil, and it will grow. I have one two years old this last August, with its narrow leaves, some of them measuring eighteen and twenty inches in length; and I see no reason why it will not fruit. Just try one; only when it is growing, don't exhibit it at any fair. Some one of an inquiring or incredulous turn of mind, twisted mine so violently as to sever the roots in two. It is recovering by careful nursing, but in future will only be exhibited at home.

Once more I would advise plant-growers to try the hot-water baths. I am no Thomsonian when sick, but my plants are.

MRS. A. K.



FOUNTAINS IN GROUNDS OF CHATEAU DE PETERHOF, RUSSIA.

on boiling water—never let it stand around the stems, or touch them, only on the dirt—and lo! soon a bud appeared, and since then it has scarcely been without bud or blossom.

I allow from four to six stalks to grow in a butter firkin eleven inches in height by some twelve inches diameter. As to resting it in summer, I rest mine by setting it in a sink-drain—unpoetical, but true—and it enjoys it, and has not dried yet from overwork; when it does, I shall get another and force it the same way. Mondays I set it in a tub part full of hot suds. I believe in watering all plants with very warm water, always remembering never to let it touch the stalk or stem of the plant.

Now for the Heliotrope; and here let me advise every one to obtain a copy of "Window Gardening," edited by Henry T. Williams. There is only one grand fault to it, and that is the index, or rather want of it. Only think of a woman in one of her "awful

The Home Circle.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS, AND GOSSIP ABOUT HOME AFFAIRS.

A month or two since we commenced a department which all our subscribers welcomed warmly, especially a poor young housekeeper who needed a great deal of good advice, and again comes to ask some questions about things of which she is anxious to learn. We shall now continue this department of answers to household questions permanently.

1. What is the very best way to can tomatoes, fruit, and berries?

2. Will some one give me a receipt for a nice fruit-cake, plainer than "black cake?"

3. Please inform me how many pieces of china constitute a set, and the price of the fine American chinaware.

DIRECTIONS FOR CANNING.

Fruit for canning should be fresh and perfect, and berries require careful examination to discover any that are decayed, dried or green.

To each pound of fruit allow a half pound of sugar, unless barberries, gooseberries, or other unusually acid fruit is used, when three-quarters, or even pound for pound, will not be too much, as it is much better to allow the fruit to become completely impregnated with sweetness, than to be obliged to add it at time of using the preserves, as a far richer syrup is thus made.

Having pared or culled over the fruit, put a teacupful of water in the bottom of the kettle (unless you can drain off juice enough to substitute for it), then put in a layer of fruit, on it sugar, and so alternately using fruit and sugar, use all the materials; place the kettle on the stove and bring slowly to a boil; allow to boil one minute, to insure every piece or berry being heated through. Have all the glass, jars or cans perfectly clean, and, (if self-sealing) the rubber rings adjusted so that they rest firmly down on the glass; have the lids arranged beside each can, and sure that each one will screw down snugly, and that no crack or nick will allow the air to enter, or if cement of any kind is used, have it prepared in a vessel of sufficient size, with an old spoon or little tin cup, with spout and handle, with which to dip up and pour the hot liquid into the groove, or if plaster is preferred, mix sufficient at once for all the cans, and pour it quickly round.

If tin cans are used, place them conveniently near; if glass jars, wet a long towel or thick strip of old table-cloth, and, placing it on the table, set each jar on it, so that they do not touch each other; turn the edges, (well saturated) up around the bottoms of the jars, as they stand in line; then, having a wide-mouthed "canning funnel;" and a dipper or pitcher for dipping up the fruit, fill each jar or can as rapidly as possible, and up to the very edge; clap on the cover and screw down the lid as closely as you can, and as the cooling goes on continue to screw down to fit the contraction of jar and lid.

If tin cans or glass jars, for cement, are used, put the lid in place, and hold it down with some instrument, such as a spoon, and quickly pour round the cement; place a lath or other long strip of wood on

the top of the row of cans, or jars, and lay flat-irons or any heavy weight upon it, which will keep all the lids in place. Watch closely, and if any air-holes or bubbles appear, at once add more cement and work it into the hole by pressing with a match or pointed stick. For these cans, however, I greatly prefer calcined-plaster (plaster of Paris), which should be of the consistency of syrup, and of the best quality. This is clean, safe, and not only obviates the necessity of heating the sticky, disagreeable cement, but precludes the possibility of scalding the fingers. (I prefer tin cans for tomatoes.)

As I never break a single glass jar, and always find the fruit and vegetables I put up quite sweet, I feel safe in recommending this course to all who do their own canning. The wet cloth beneath the glass cools the boiling liquor so rapidly that there is not the slightest fear of breaking, and jelly tumblers, pots of

Coarser varieties should be parboiled in clear water until tender, then dropped into boiling syrup, boiled fifteen minutes and canned. Ginger; cinnamon, mace, and lemon are added at pleasure.

There is no difficulty in canning corn: Cut the grains from the cob, scraping the same to extract the juice; pack each can until solid, using a little wooden mallet; pack above the rim, place on the lid, and, holding it firmly down, run solder over so as to seal hermetically; place the cans in a boiler of cold water with a little straw or piece of wood between each can to prevent their touching each other; heat slowly, and continue to boil for one and a half hours, then puncture each lid to allow the gases to escape; then seal immediately; continue to boil for two hours and a half, and the work is effectually done. This is Mr. Winslow's receipt, taken from the decision in the Supreme Court.

I have packed the cans tightly, as described, then put into cold water, boil for three hours and seal. Some sprinkle a pinch of soda on the top of each can; others fill the cans tightly and pour acid water, made by dissolving one ounce of tartaric acid in one pint of water, until all the interstices are filled, then boiling for three hours and sealing. When used the acid water is poured off, the corn well washed, and a little soda added while cooking. I like this plan least of any, but the corn is very white, plump, and quite sweet.

FRUIT AND FEATHER CAKE.

Six eggs, two scant cupfuls of sugar, butter twice the size of an egg, two cupfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda. Mix as usual, and take out one half, or rather less; into this stir half a pound currants, half a pound raisins, seeded and chopped, two tablespoonfuls of sliced citron, and half as much candied orange or lemon; one teaspoonful powdered nutmeg, one of cinnamon, half a glass of brandy, one teacupful of molasses, and two teacupfuls of flour; bake in jelly cake pans, first the plain, then the fruit cakes. Cover each with jelly, then pile one on another alternately and ice the outside. A beautiful and delicious cake.

A china tea set consists of tea and water pots, sugar bowl, cream-pitcher, slop-bowl, one dozen plates, two bread do., and one dozen cups and saucers. Cost in white American china about \$10.

PRETTY ROOMS.

"The editor of THE LADIES' FLORAL CABINET in a back number promised that "Aunt Carrie," or some one else, would answer questions on household matters, and as I am a young housekeeper, I should be very glad to learn some things, for instance:

"How shall I go about making my six rooms look pretty at a small expense? I have a small hall. What shall I put in it? I like curtains, but they are so expensive. I have heard of various kinds made of common materials, even muslin; but I cannot conceive them looking pretty, and I do not know how to make them, if they are. Could I do well by going to auction sales? We shall move into our little home in the fall, and I can spend five, or perhaps, six hundred dollars in furnishing, but when I think that here at home we spent that sum on the parlors alone, I am dismayed.



DESIGN FOR RUSTIC STAND AND AQUARIUM.

marmalade, etc., treated in the same manner, will be equally safe. Thus all trouble of heating gradually, by placing in boilers of cold water, is obviated, and the process is carried entirely through without undue labor or inconvenience.

Peaches, apples, pears, etc., should be dropped into cold water as soon as pared, to prevent discoloration. Plums, tomatoes, and other thin-skinned fruit, must be first pricked with a needle, to prevent the skin from cracking open.

Grapes must be pulped, the pulp scalded and poured through a sieve, (which will leave all the seed behind), then added to the skins, and sugar, and all cooked together until sufficiently thick. Bartlett, Seckel, and other delicate pears, should be dropped into a syrup made of one-quarter of a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit, and one gill of water to each pound of sugar, boiling until a syrup is formed.

"You may think it strange that my own mother cannot tell me what I ask you, but she has never known what it was to economize, and, though we have lived up to all my father made, it has all been spent to live handsomely, and I am much censured for marrying a poor young architect. I have my piano (given me by an aunt for whom I was named), and two fine but not large oil paintings. I bought a CABINET one day in a village store, and at once subscribed for it. I feel as if it took me into a new atmosphere and among a new set of friends who would help me to make my new life a happy one."

"BUNNY."

Answer.—To help such an earnest and anxious young beginner, is the most pleasant of tasks. For her little nest of which she is to make a home, we can at this time only give a few general hints and suggestions, promising to add particulars from time to time, because so many others, like her, are, and have been, waiting for answers to questions. In the first place it is always best to begin by first considering those parts of the furnishing which offer the least room for choice, and upon which, after all, the most depends, viz.: the color of walls and wood-work and the carpets.

White paint is very trying, especially where the walls also are one dazzling glow of light. It is always the best economy to use wall paper, either tinted and with a very small figure, or entirely plain, and here we have a vast variety from which to select; but when time is not an object, the most artistic walls are secured by means of paint; hand-work and true artist's coloring, if practicable; if not, by means of the "transfers" or decalomanie art. And here we have a means of embellishing at once so exquisite and inexpensive that the poor-and-artistic soul may well cry "Eureka," as they behold the work accomplished by its agency. For instance, we send for a few dozen sheets of any design preferred—say apple-blossoms, or sprays of Convolvuli, or Wild Roses, with a wall quite smooth with "hard finish," or even papered with shilling paper turned "wrong side out"—these may be arranged and transferred with the most charming effect.

Always bear in mind, however, that unless a wall contains a number of pictures in conspicuous frames, it should never be divided into a sort of panel-work, and should have a frieze and dado. Where a striped pattern of paper can be procured, which corresponds with or prettily contrasts with that of the wall, it may be made to do service as a dado by using it horizontally, putting the entire width just above the base-board. A narrower strip of the same, or one of the usual "bordering" paper hangings, will make the frieze, running below the cornice, or ceiling, as may be. By such means you may decorate your walls at small cost, and if you learn to be as good a hand with paint and paste-brush as circumstances once made me, you will be as proud as you will thankful. It will not injure any woman to either paint or paper a room, if she works judiciously. "Make haste slowly" is a good maxim here.

For your "little hall": Paint the floor in two colors, imitating oak and walnut, or you may lay it off in blocks like encaustic tiles. In winter, a few rugs will impart an air of comfort.

As regards furniture, do not use the stereotyped hat and umbrella stand, but fasten up a pair of the simple "adjustable racks" sold on the streets or in stores for fifty cents to one dollar, and below these place a plain table for hats or wraps, screwing a pair of curved iron clothes-hooks against the back legs to hold umbrellas, canes, etc. One of the most sensible of all hall-tables is made with a back, six feet high, the one-half arranged with outstretched hooks or arms, the other containing a mirror three feet long; below these a horizontal slab forming the table, supported by two side pieces, sawed out notches, thus forming supports for canes, umbrellas, etc., the whole resting on a bottom slab furnished with casters. Here is a hall-stand that would amply satisfy even Sir Charles Eastlake's æsthetic simplicity of design; yet it is pretty beyond measure, even though it only cost five dollars. I have a great fancy, too, for quaint little eupboards against the walls, supported on brackets; such a one in a hall is useful for holding gloves, veils, etc.

In selecting your carpets, be careful not to use too striking contrasts in colors, or conspicuous or unnatural designs. Avoid all picture-work here, whether of floral or animal subjects, and better, incline to warm, dark-toned shades of color. In choosing furniture, bear in mind the tints of wood-work and walls, and,

as a usual thing, use no wood lighter than oak; in a pretty chamber or light morning room, delicate furniture is admissible, but never in parlors, dining-room, or library.

The hall gives the first impressions of a dwelling, and it is good sense, as well as good taste, to make all things speak for themselves here. One class of adornment is always in place, that is, the natural; boxes of some pretty wood, arranged as wall-pockets, stocked with Ivy, which is trained around the walls, forming a natural frieze, and arched over the doors, or across the staircase. One or more sets of cutlers, or any hunting or gunning accoutrements, suggesting the storied halls of "ye olden day." A clock—the more ancient in form the better—is always in place in the corner, or on the landing of the staircase. Stair-rod are a useless and ugly superfluity. Here a picture or two, such as the engravings of Landseer's animals, hunting scenes, or similar works of art; while a statuette, upon a pedestal or corner bracket, will always appear elegant, even though it only be a good east from some fine work of art.

As regards the parlor, or drawing room, after a neat carpet and delicate walls, with the two "fine oil paintings," accompanied by a few really good engravings, let the furniture be simple, but really good, even though a part of it may be home-made; for instance, one or two divans—the simple frames for which your "young architect," or any carpenter, will make—should be only one foot and a half high, with a raised and rounded cushion at one end, and two or three against the back, for nothing imparts a greater air of cosy comfort than cushions. I make such divans of four one-foot boards, with slats laid on cleats nailed across each end board; these are furnished with a dozen or more spiral springs, on which I first place a common straw mattress, then a moss one, covered with any material convenient. A very pretty effect is given by using furniture gimp and brass-headed tacks, putting a deep woollen fringe along the lower edge. The trouble with most parlors is this, there is too much wood and too little cushion; too great an exhibition of light and glass and none of the soft glamour which is so appreciated by the artistic eye; too extensive an attempt to make this a "company room," and too great a fear that family comforts will give an air of confusion.

Now, instead of this, a parlor should present an aspect of cosy comfort, that is enjoyed by the family at large, and without making it either a sitting-room, dining-saloon, or nursery, it may testify slightly to being used indirectly for any of the purposes to which these apartments themselves are devoted. Thus, a child's chair, a few books, not new, but with the appearance of being under present examination or reading, a recent newspaper or periodical, a china plate or basket with fruit, or a basket of needle work, instead of detracting from, add greatly to the tasteful appearance of a parlor, and, being suggestive of occupation by the family, imply that they are of the class who enjoy all the prettiness and extra care supposed to belong to this special apartment.

Of tables, I would say, a really sensible one is a hard thing to find. As much as possible use a number of small stands or "tete-a-tete" tables, now so popular in England at the "five o'clock tea." These are simply made of pine wood, cost but fifty cents each, and when tastefully painted in imitation of papier-mache, or Japanese lacquer-work, or inlaid ivory, would appear to have cost twenty dollars a-piece, and yet easily made thus:

For a larger table for sitting-room or back-parlor use a square, with four simply turned legs and a broad shelf across the bottom only, six inches or a foot from the floor, with horizontal and perpendicular rods or "rounds" bracing the legs above it, then handsomely painted and adorned with fine "transfers," a "costly" jar on the shelf and a handsome lamp on the slab, and you have a table that any connoisseur would pronounce "good." As for the jar the new James, gutta percha enamel, or even the imitations of china, will afford elegant specimens, and for the lamp, a glass shade with Diaphenie plates, or other transparencies, and a little bronze powder in crimson or green, and gold for the stem and base, and there we have a chaste and pretty thing, despite Mr. Eastlake "on imitations."

In the dining-room use great care, for there is no surer criterion of refined taste than the relation this apartment bears to the rest of the house. The side-

board or buffet is the chief piece of furniture here, and here too, a very inexpensive affair may be made quite imposing. No marble! no carving! yet appropriate and elegant. The back rising in one plain slab of pine above a high eupboard table, furnished with two drawers on one side, a single eupboard door on the other, equally divided, the drawers furnished with plain round knobs, and the door with heavy hinges, which varnish and bronze. Below this four long legs finished with a bottom forming a shelf. Against the top of the back fasten two large brass brackets and on them place a slab, thus making a quaint hood over the lower part and furnishing a shelf for some tasteful ornament, as a basket of wax fruit, etc. Cover the shelf with an embroidered and fringed linen spread, and it is ready for the furniture of china or silver. Ornament all the wood-work in two shades of amber, and you have a quaint and striking piece of furniture.

Let your table napery be of the best you can afford, and here is where you may safely spend a good portion of your hundreds, for no one thing tells as does the table furniture. Fine white or tinted linen, sparkling glass, clean bright plate, and above all, flowers, cut ones, if you may; in any case the tasteful stand with living Ivy and Ferns, the Japanese Climbing Fern and Smilax, with many other gems, cheap as pretty, and only requiring a daily sprinkle and a little good-natured watching. The case for them will be always ready, and these add so wonderfully to the table beauty. No matter how luxuriant they become, never remove them to the parlor for show-specimens, but keep them sacred for the "cheerful household ceremony," which each meal should be in a true home. Make dining-room chairs comfortable, but let them be plain, and in one corner a "dinner wagon" will be found of vast comfort. This is nothing more than a set of plain shelves, from four to ten in number, arranged from twelve to twenty inches apart, and more useful than a side table for various dishes and removed plates, etc. The table is but little seen, and should be plain.

The tasteful sets of bedroom furniture reader it almost superfluous for me to speak of these apartments, but I would use in a simple home the pretty and inexpensive cottage sets. In cities you can obtain these from the manufacturers, in unpainted pine and ornament them to suit your own taste, for it is this decoration which is so costly. I have procured a full set of such for ten dollars, consisting of bedstead, dressing-bureau, with mirror, washstand, towel-rack, candle-stand, commode, rocker, and three chairs.

Here a bolt of pretty chintz will form the chief feature, for by making a simple frame for canopy over the head of the bedstead and covering it with tester and drapes, arranging a dressing table, hour-glass stands, lambrequins for windows and mantel, brackets and shelves, covering chairs, ottomans, and cushions, a charming effect and distinctive character may be given to each room; and here I would say a word in high recommendation of the popular spray or spatter-work for this class of hangings. Its beauty can scarcely be conceived, unless seen. By obtaining Leamon's aniline dyes, every color and shade may be secured; then large designs are cut from paper and fastened in place, one set answering for all; a few ferns and sprays for fine tracery outside, and as the work is voluminous, purchase a low-priced Atomizer for casting the spray.

As regards your purchasing auction furniture, it is a matter requiring a vast deal of sound judgment and discretion, for if not very careful the fact of articles apparently good "going cheap," leads to a wider expenditure than was contemplated. Beds, bedding, carpets and upholstered furniture might better always be purchased new and from reliable dealers.

Glass, cutlery, and china may also be procured very low at sales, but for all kitchen ware go to a regular house-furnishing establishment and purchase new beauties, the delight of every ambitious (and may I say it?) conscientious housekeeper's heart. Examine all auction goods before the sale commences, and mark your outside price on the catalogue, then never go beyond it, for in the excitement of bidding you are apt to forget the "dummies" nearly every auctioneer has among his audience, and who are quick to notice if you set your heart on a certain piece of goods.

These are only hints and suggestions which "Aunt Carrie" trusts every reader of the CABINET will feel bound to enlarge upon, yet which are offered with a hope of doing good.

Strong Pot Plants, suitable for immediate flowering, sent safely by mail, postpaid, **splendid varieties**, *your choice*, all labeled, for \$1; 12 for \$2; 19 for \$3; 26 for \$4; 35 for \$5. For 10 cents each additional, one **Magnificent Premium Rose** to every dollar's worth ordered. Send for our **NEW GUIDE TO ROSE CULTURE**, and choose from over 300 fine sorts. *We make **Roses a Great Specialty**, and are the *largest Rose-growers in America*. Refer to 100,000 customers in the United States and Canada. **THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., ROSE GROWERS** West Grove, Chester Co., Pa.



NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1877.

FLORAL ROCKERY.

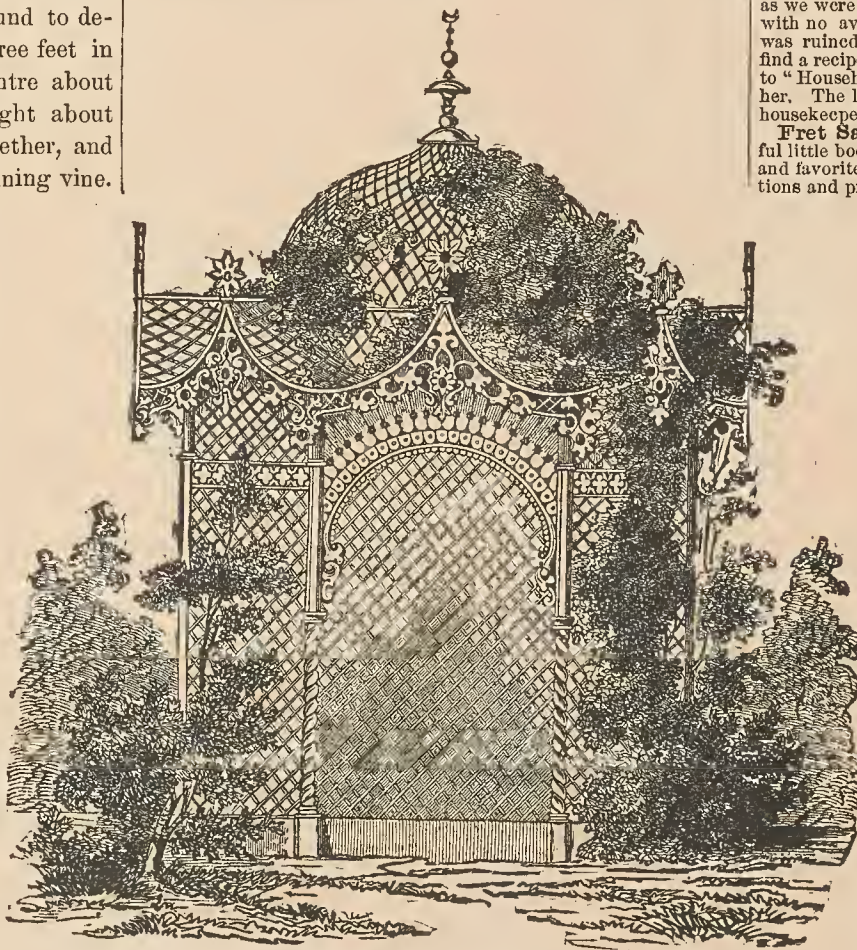
One lovely afternoon in October, while riding out, I saw a beautiful rockery, which I feel bound to describe. The design was a circle about three feet in diameter, with an open space left in the centre about eighteen or twenty inches in diameter; height about two feet. The stones were neatly laid together, and in all the orifices was growing a small running vine. In the centre was a tall, growing plant with bright blossoms. It makes a striking ornament for the lawn, and all who think it worthy of a trial, I am sure will feel rewarded for their trouble.

Now, I am going to tell about an ornamental stump that I saw while visiting a friend last summer. Being in the front yard, it would have been an ugly feature had it not been converted into "a thing of beauty" by the fair hand of a real lover of nature. The interstices in this rough specimen were all filled with rich soil, and vines of easy culture were running over the sides, with a Dusty Miller here and there peeping through the green foliage. Around the bottom of the stump were crocks of Geraniums, their bright scarlet blossoms making a brilliant contrast with the dark green above them. The top of the stump was crowned with tall, feathery ferns nodding with graceful ease in every direction.

The beauty of this can better be imagined than described. This design could be varied according to the taste of the individual, as there are no two alike; but the above arrangement suits my taste exactly; but we all do not fall heir to convenient stumps to decorate, so we must be content with what we have, unless we can prevail upon our handy "big brother" to import one from that mine of wealth, the woods.

A pretty little ornament for the yard is made this way: Take a stake about four feet long and drive it firmly in the ground—opposite a window is the best place—then fasten on a square piece of board and place a round box on it a foot deep. Fill it with rich soil from the woods, and start a Smilax vine in it, and you will soon have a circular mass of living green, with its long arms reaching downward for support. It will gladden you through the summer months, and when the weather grows cold, you can bring the box, as it is portable, in your sitting-room, and it will brighten a corner all the winter long. I have seen small boxes of Smilax hung by a strong cord on door-knobs; the vine would cover the cords so as none of it could be seen, and it puzzles the beholder to know by what power the box is held in its place. It is an odd but pretty way to suspend floral ornaments, while the more careless you arrange them, the better the effect.

Smilax, of all vines, is my favorite; and anywhere, and in any form, I think it is pretty. One window, at least, in every sitting-room, should be decorated with it. Take a shallow box the width of your window and paint it white; place it on a level with the window-sill and fill it with leaf mould from the woods. In September start slips of Smilax. When old enough to commence running, guide them upward by means of strong twine attached to the box and fastened to the top of the window. In a surprisingly short time they will run up where you have secured the strings and turn back as if surveying the distance they have come. Is it not strange? Train them in any direction you wish; but if not watched carefully and cut back, will just take possession of the room. There is no vine



DESIGN FOR SUMMER HOUSE.

more suitable than this for ornamentation; a party-dress, decorated with it, looks superb, but for the dining-room and our parlors, during the holidays, there is nothing to equal it. Dried grasses of different kinds assist in making beautiful winter bouquets. I always tie them in loose bunches, and put them in a dark closet.

VICKIE BLUE.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Price Reduced—The subscription price of THE FLORAL CABINET for the year 1878 will be reduced to only

\$1.20 Per Year.

This is without any premium whatever. But we shall issue a handsome chromo frontispiece of flowers, etc., and the subscription price, including the frontispiece, will be 10 cents additional, or \$1.30 per year, the same as in the past.

Get up a Club, Price Reduced.—Where any person will raise a club of 5 subscribers at \$1.20 each, with \$6.00, a 6th copy extra will be sent free to club agent, or a club of 6 may join together and the 6 copies sent to one address for \$6.00. Members of clubs desiring the Floral frontispiece, will each remit 10 cents additional.

To any one raising a club of 4 at \$1.20 or \$1.30, will be given one of the following: Pocket-Book, with your name engraved in gold; "The Ladies' Guide to Needle Work, Embroidery, Knitting," etc.; "Every Woman Her Own Flower Gardener;" "Household Hints and Recipes;" "The Home of Washington," steel plate engraving; "Fret Sawing for Pleasure and Profit."

A club of 10 will entitle club agent to both extra copy of paper free, and one of the above books, or engraving.

A club of 15 will entitle club agent to both extra copy of paper free, and one of the following books: "Beautiful Homes, or Hints in House-Furnishing;" "Household Elegancies;" "Ladies' Fancy Work;" "Window Gardening;" or a Pocket-book, with your name in gold, worth \$1.50; The Cabinet Collection of Balsams, worth \$2.00; The Cabinet Collection of Gladiolus, worth \$15.00.

Treasures of Garden and Woodland.—This is the title of our illuminated Floral Chromo and Frontispiece for 1878. It is the most perfect specimen of floral illustration ever produced in the United States. It is of the same size as "Gems of the Flower Garden," but while that contained flowers in profusion, this is more artistic in its collection of brilliant Autumn Leaves, Ferns, Roses, etc. Subscribers will find it well worthy of appreciation. Club agents will find it a decided help in obtaining subscribers for THE FLORAL CABINET, and an advance proof will be sent for agents purposes for 25 cents, which can be deducted when club is made up.

New Books.—Our lovers of beautiful household books will be delighted with the announcements we make on our last page of some splendid additions to our series of household books. They are really charming, and full of multitudes of hints how to improve your homes.

Beautiful Homes is the most practical and complete volume on Housefurnishing which this country has ever seen. It is written by our favorite country editor and contributor, Mrs. C. S. Jones, who is the author of "Ladies' Fancy Work," and associated with us in "Household Elegancies." Being a companion volume to this it should be warmly welcomed and perused by all lady housekeepers.

The Ladies' Guide to Needle Work, Embroidery, etc., is written by S. Annie Frost, the editress of Godey's Magazine. This is a guarantee of its excellence, and as it covers all the field of Crochet Work, Canvas Work, Embroidery of all kinds, Knitting, and innumerable ways in which the needle of our ladies is laid put to use, it is a book which should be found on every table.

Household Hints and Recipes is written by "Daisy Eyebright," and is a model collection of the most practical and invaluable recipes which ever were tried. They surpass any collection we know. They relate to all parts of the house except cooking, and the pages are full of hints no housekeeper can do without, each one of which will save her many hours of time and dollars in money. Just as we were writing this, a lady who had written to all the best sources with no avail, wrote to us that her linen, and elegant table-cloth, was ruined from mould, and would be utterly lost unless she could find a recipe for it, and she was willing to pay any price. We turned to "Household Hints and Recipes," found a capital one, and sent it to her. The little book is so full of these items of useful experience, no housekeeper should be without it.

Fret Sawing for Pleasure and Profit.—This is a beautiful little book, which describes in its beauty and in practice the new and favorite art of Fret Sawing. It contains many beautiful illustrations and practical directions how to become successful in the art.

Designs.—Fret Sawing.—We have just published two new and beautiful books of designs, containing Easels, Picture Frames, Brackets, Match Boxes, etc., in profusion. Part 6, price 30 cents. Part 7, price 60 cents.

The Home of Washington.—Our description in the advertisement is not more enthusiastic than its honest worth. It is far beyond all the steel plate engravings ever offered by any journal, and it is a treasure to any family. Our offer is again renewed to all our subscribers to obtain it, and no one should lose the opportunity.

NEW AND NOVEL PRIZES.

Desirous of encouraging the beautiful in household art and home life, we offer this fall a series of Prizes which have never been offered before in this country.

1. The Prettiest Flower Garden.—To any one forwarding us best sketch, or view, or photograph of their flower garden, or garden decorations, we will give, 1st prize, \$15; 2d prize, \$10; 3d prize, \$5. The sketch to be accompanied with description.

2. Prettiest Window Garden.—For prettiest sketch or view of the interior of a house, with window garden, will be given 1st prize, \$15; 2d prize, \$10; 3d prize, \$5.

3. Prettiest Floral Decorations.—To any one sending prettiest sketch of floral design, decoration, or ornaments, will be given, 1st prize, \$15; 2d prize, \$10; 3d prize, \$5.

4. Prettiest View of House and Grounds, exterior.—To any one sending best sketches of pretty house, its exterior, and surrounding lawn, vines, arbors, etc. 1st prize, \$15; 2d prize, \$10; 3d prize, \$5.

5. Prettiest Home, interior.—We desire pretty sketches or views of the interiors of charming houses, parlors, sitting-rooms, bedrooms, halls, and the various ways to ornament and decorate them. 1st prize, \$15; 2d prize, \$10; 3d prize, \$5.

These sketches, views, or photographs, to be sent to us before December 25th, when the prizes will be awarded in January, and the Prize Illustrations will be published in THE CABINET for the coming year, making, we believe, the most attractive volume ever published.

Ladies who cannot draw, can find some friend who can, or they can get photographer to visit the house, and photograph it freely. The sketch should be accompanied with description, and we will welcome all sketches of any kind which relate to the decoration of the home in any way, out-doors or in-doors.

Prizes for Household and Floral Articles.—These will be renewed again very soon, as we have not space at present for full mention.

HINTS FOR HOME ADORNMENT.

Although it would seem that the subject of home adornment must be almost exhausted, yet I have several original devices which have been greatly admired.

A CORNER BRACKET.

Procure the pattern of any carved black walnut design you choose. Mine is the grape leaf, and a simple design is best for the first trial. Cut the entire pattern out of stiff brown pasteboard, one for each side, as though it were the walnut. Make of pine, or some other soft wood, two strips about an inch wide and as long as the pattern. Bevel two edges of these together to fit the corner, and fasten two other strips at right angles to these, by which the shelf must be supported. Carve the edges of these in simple curves to imitate grapevines, and paint brown. Tack the pasteboard to the back of these and you are ready for the artistic part of the job. Take thick pieces of pine bark (if just cut from the tree it will be easier worked), and with a case-knife split them to a regular thickness, similar to that of the walnut you are to imitate. Mark a portion of your pasteboard foundation on the bark and with a pen-knife or fret saw, carve the bark as near like the walnut as possible. Of course the piece will be small, but continue this process, making each piece to fit the preceding, taking care to make the joints where the shading comes in the walnut. Have ready a needle and brown or black thread, and as you complete the pieces, sew them to the pasteboard where they belong. Press slow and steadily

and you will find the needle will go through half an inch of bark very readily.

You will soon discover that the complete affair will be almost equal to a genuine walnut bracket. When finished, varnish with copal, and place in a rather shaded corner, and no one will ever discover the trick.

and used for various decorative purposes. I have a diamond-shaped frame with a circular flower at each corner, with a long notched leaf on each side of the flower. The points of the leaves almost meet on the sides of the frames, which are about two inches wide, and are filled in with the scales of pine cones, or the folded paper points, so often alluded to, may be used with similar effect. The scales are first sewed around the edges of the pasteboard foundation, and filled in towards the centre, leaving space for the carved leaves and flowers, which are also sewed on, and the whole varnished with copal, or if you desire a black frame, with Japan varnish.

Oval frames are made with a continuous row of leaves and flowers through the centre, or clustered groups, just as fancy dictates.

A small oval photograph frame has a foundation of pasteboard wrapped with pale green moss, with overlapping row of the beautifully shaded, shell-like lichens, through the centre, leaving an edge of the moss on each side. Another pretty photograph frame is made by taking some of the upper joints of broom-corn, uniform size, cut in suitable lengths, and split in halves so they will lie flat. Lay three side by side for the width of the frame, and cross at the corners as directed for straw frames. Fasten a carved leaf or flower of bark on the corners, and varnish with Japan. When it is dry, arrange a border of two bright yellow straws around the inner edge to imitate a gilt band.

Mrs. M. C. McCurdy.



LOVE IN SPANISH.

Edging and background for spool whatnots, and various other devices may be executed in the same way.

PICTURE FRAMES.

Leaves and flowers can also be carved of the bark

Household Topics.

CHEAP CARPETS.

In a late number of the FLORAL CABINET I noticed an inquiry for a cheap carpet for a chamber floor. I will describe one I made a few years ago. I took cheap unbleached muslin, printing cloth I think it was; measured breadths the size of the room, sewed them together, and tacked them firmly along the edges to the floor. I procured a pattern of wall-paper similar to oil-cloth, cut in lengths and papered the cloth as you would the walls of a room, being careful to press out every wrinkle with a clean cloth. When thoroughly dry I gave the whole a coat of varnish, and it made a beautiful covering for the floor and lasted a number of years.

I tried another room, putting the paper directly on the floor, but the result was not satisfactory. A pattern of paper in diamonds or small figures, well covering the paper, is most suitable. This same correspondent, I think, asks some directions for making a home-made lounge. We took a packing box, three feet wide by six in length and eighteen inches in depth, covered the ends and one side with striped goods—making the stripes run from top to bottom. On the lid, which we hung with hinges, we laid old barrel staves, the rounding side uppermost, which gives a spring to the seat, tacking them firmly to the edges of the lid, crosswise. Then made a mattress of straw, with a layer of cotton on top, covered with the striped material, the stripes running from back to front, which with two square pillows, the width of the lounge, made of the same covering, completed a most comfortable lounge by day, and, when necessary, a very comfortable bed by night, keeping the covers to be used in making up the bed, in the box, which proved a most convenient receptacle in a small house poorly furnished with closets.

My old-fashioned bureau I cut off at the bottom, almost even with the lowest drawer, and with a chisel, screw-driver, and a determined will, I took off the little square drawers on the top which had always been such an eye-sore to me, because they left no room for anything on the bureau. After smoothing off the old nail-holes and any roughness my amateur carpentering had left, I covered the whole top with white marbled oil-cloth drawn tightly to the under edge and held by upholsterers' tacks.

An old oval table, and a rickety washstand I covered in the same way, and with a coat of varnish over the wood work of all. I had a very pretty marble top chamber set. Any furniture of common wood, or such as has been badly defaced by hard usage, is very easily converted into black walnut furniture by using black walnut stain, which costs but a trifle, is easily put on with a common varnish brush, and after burnishing can scarcely be told from the real wood. If you wish to match rosewood furniture, even pine articles, rubbed first with Venetian red, moistened with vinegar, and when dry, coated with the stain, will deceive critical eyes.

My lambrequin for the one low window of this room, I feel quite proud of. I got at the carpenter shop a piece of pine O. G. moulding for a cornice, about three inches wide. The strip was forty inches long and three inches at the ends, the top projecting outwards. After staining and varnishing it, I cut a narrow strip of gold paper and pasted along the bottom of the strip, and my black walnut and gilt cor-

nice was complete. I nailed it to pieces of lath that I nailed to the window casing near the top, making my window on the inside to appear at least fourteen inches higher. I bought some red and white striped cotton goods, folded it in the middle and cut a scallop, which was eighteen inches deep in the centre and twelve inches at the selvages; then twenty-two inches along the selvedge; cut the goods straight across; sewed the short sides together which gave me a piece of cloth, forty-six inches wide, with one scallop in the middle and a half one on each side. One and one-quarter yards of cloth will cut it for an ordinary window. I lined it with a worn-out sheet, trimmed the lower edge with cotton cord fringe, and tacked it on the inside of my walnut (?) cornice, and it was a handsome ornament to the room. I took six yards of coarse dotted muslin, cut it in two pieces three yards long, put a ruffle of plain book muslin three inches wide on one selvedge and bottom of each, gathered the top, and also tacked that inside the cornice, and my window was finished.

I covered my entire sitting-room furniture with green terry, which is quite inexpensive, as it is a yard and a half wide, and can be procured in good quality for two dollars a yard. I found very little difficulty in doing it, as I did not attempt to tie it down, and a few yards of upholstery gimp and a paper of fine tacks, will cover a great many discrepancies. I cut paper patterns of the old covers after removing them, and so was able to cut my goods more economically. When these covers got shabby, I made brown linen ones to slip over the old ones, bound with scarlet braid, and with window curtains to match, with scarlet covers and tassels, the room looked quite fresh again, and I felt really repaid for my labor when visitors would exclaim, "How cosy you look!"

I have just been making a lot of bureau mats for Christmas, that are simple and pretty. I took white Java canvas, eight inches square, and worked a border of daisies with red split zephyr, filling in the centre with yellow stitches. Cut strips of Victoria muslin two and a half inches wide, rolled a hem on one side, and overcast with red split zephyr; gathered the other edge and sewed to the edge of the canvas, fulling slightly. Cut another strip, rolled hem and overcast both edges; gathered one-half an inch from one edge, sewed around the canvas so the first ruffle showed three-fourths of an inch; twisted a cord of the zephyr, and laid on the gathers with loops of the cord at the corners.

I also made two smaller mats in the same way for the toilet bottles. For tidies for the room just described, I took red Java canvas, and worked a border of daisies in white split zephyr with yellow centres, and fringed the canvas. I made wall-pockets of white pasteboard, ornamented them with spatter work, enlivened with bright embossed pictures, and tied with scarlet ribbon bows.

I have just made some mats, suitable for the piano, of gold perforated cardboard. Took the kind with round holes, cut a circle, six inches in diameter, cut out pieces of the card, an inch and a half long in shape of leaves, worked vines with black split zephyr, basted them around the edge of the circle, so their points projected a little, and put a row of cross stitches where the leaves joined the cardboard. They are quite elegant, and I think by far the prettiest way to use gold cardboard.

Last Christmas I made pretty little court plaster cases for my gentlemen friends. I cut a piece of pasteboard an inch and a half wide by six long, doubled it in the middle, across, basted brown silk on

one side, and orange kid on the other, bound the edges with very narrow brown ribbon, stitched on the machine with gold colored silk, sewed up the sides neatly with brown silk; cut a piece of pasteboard one inch wide and five inches long, covered smoothly on both sides with brown silk, folded in middle, across, and laid inside pieces of court-plaster, tied in with narrow brown ribbon with bow on top, and slipped open ends into the open ends of the first case. They are neat and durable, and I hope my friends will try them. They are also lovely for a lady's work basket made of silver cardboard, lined and trimmed with blue or scarlet, or gold paper, with brown trimmings.

I will also describe a lovely note-case for the wall. A piece of tinted cardboard (not perforated) cut in some handsome shape, with pocket piece for front, select some little sprays—such as are used for embroidery—transfer them to tissue paper, and place in position in the corners, and on the pocket a wreath perhaps, or a handsome initial; fasten the tissue paper with just a touch of flour paste, or fold it over the corners. Cover a piece of pasteboard with canton flannel, on which lay the cardboard, with the prepared designs, and with a No. 7 needle fasten in a piece of wood for a handle; carefully prick the outlines, making the holes as evenly as possible. When finished, remove the tissue paper, turn the paper over and perforate thickly the leaves and flowers, using a No. 9 needle. The effect is very beautiful, the right side presenting an embossed surface that is lovely. Patterns of tidies and cap crowns in application work, embossed on dark brown or gray cardboard with the edge pinked, make lovely vase mats, and are a pleasant change from the worsted ones now in use.

MRS. H. M. CLYDE.

Match Scraper.—Materials: white perforated cardboard, sand paper, a yard of pink ribbon, pink zephyr. Cut your cardboard four by five inches, your sand paper the same; work with pink zephyr on the cardboard these words, "Scratch My Back;" fasten the sand paper and cardboard together and bind the edge with pink ribbon; place a small bow on each corner; complete with a loop to hang it up by; place it up lengthwise, hanging it between the catchalls, with "Scratch My Back" facing you; hang these on one side of the looking-glass; on the other side hang a comb-case made of pasteboard, cutting it diamond shape; make a pocket in the centre for combs, and one at the bottom for combings; cover the whole front with fish scales colored pink.

A Beautiful Hanging Basket.—First take a round board nine inches across; paint it dark brown, tie some netting of red yarn, two inches wide and long enough to extend around the board; tie a tassel in every other loop of the netting on the last edge of the work. Fasten netting on with small tacks; find a strawberry box, paint it brown, tie a piece of netting wide enough to go around it, tack it on top edge of box, draw a string in the lower edge, and draw it under the box and tie; fasten the box in the centre of the board by placing two nails through the bottom of the box into the board (this will not make it very strong as the box generally splits a little), then tack a brad on each side of the box on the outside; you can pull the netting over the brads so they will not show much. Make some cord out of red yarn; with a ginlet bore three holes near the edge of the board; in these suspend cord to hang it up by. Fill it with earth, put your plants in, letting some droop over the box, and some run up the cord.

P. C. W.

Household Art.

WORK-BOXES, PINCUSHIONS, ETC.

Of course, I, with every other neat housekeeper, have a work-basket large enough to hold any article of work that I have on hand, and I have also a treasure in the shape of a work-box, in which I keep scissors, buttons, needles, pins, tape-measure, and any and every other small article that I have occasion to use about my work. These boxes—there are a pair of them—were made from two cedar cigar boxes, carefully selected, so as to have them smooth and perfect. If not entirely smooth, they were rubbed with sand-paper and then varnished on the outside with furniture varnish. I think I only gave them one coat, but any one could judge for themselves if more was needed. Then a strip of new muslin was pasted along on the inside, as a hinge for the lid. The inside of both was papered with light glazed paper, and in one, the corners, edges, and the edge of the lid was trimmed with narrow strips of brown paper, and the other was trimmed with blue. A picture was pasted on the inside of both lids.

A small cushion, about an inch smaller each way than the lid, was made and stuffed with wool and glued to the top of the lid. A piece of black cloth a little larger than the cushion was braided and bound with narrow ribbon and fastened over the cushion. It would be better to fasten the cloth to the cushion before glueing it to the lid; but if this is done, great care must be taken not to touch or stain the cloth or ribbon with the glue. These boxes are easily made, and are both ornamental and useful, as we have found from several years' constant use.

When a pincushion is intended to stand on a large bureau or dressing-case, the most suitable ones are large, plain, substantial-looking ones. I have two in mind that I saw several years ago, and have ever since intended to imitate. They were the same size, about eight inches by twelve, made just like a small pillow, and stuffed with bran. One was covered, top and bottom, with scarlet merino and trimmed around the seam with a quilling that may be either scarlet skirt-braid or a satin ribbon.

The other was covered with blue silk, and the trimming around it was thick blue chenille, with loops at the corners. Of course, such cushions must never be used for needles. If a cushion is used for needles at all, it should be one small enough that if needles get drawn into it, they can be worked out again.

A pagoda-like pincushion, that I made some years ago, has been very much admired. It is curious, and not difficult to make. Cut twenty pieces of pasteboard in the shape of a triangle, with concave sides. The pasteboard must be stiff and strong, but not too thick, so as to be clumsy. Then cover one side of every piece carefully with a piece of silk, which must be cut half an inch larger all round than the pasteboard. Draw the threads across the wrong side tight enough to make the silk smooth, and secure the ends neatly and carefully. In mine every piece of silk is different.

After the pieces are all covered so that they can be arranged with the proper colors together, begin joining them by sewing five pieces together, with an over and over seam, so as to have a point in the middle, somewhat the shape of a raised umbrella. Then join another five in the same way, taking care to contrast the colors well. The ten remaining pieces are sewed one to another, so as to make a straight strip, and the ends joined; then the two fives are sewed one to each

side. When ready to close the last seams, fill the cushion with bran. There will be twelve points, and to finish these off, you must get twelve large jet headed pins, and put one into each point. Then fill every seam with common pins. It will hold three or four papers, and unless you are very lavish with them, you will probably have pins at hand for the toilet table all the rest of your life.

We have a small bottle of black varnish that is a household treasure, though we have only lately learned its value. We have had it for several years, and it was originally bought and used for painting on glass, but having occasion last winter to varnish some articles that we wanted darker, we mixed a little of the black varnish in with the common furniture varnish, using less than a teaspoonful to a saucerful of the other, stirred it well and applied it, and found we had made a discovery. We could change any light plain wood into varnished walnut, and we have applied our discovery to the beautifying of stools, boxes, brackets, picture frames, work-boxes, bedsteads, the shelves of a library, and defaced spots on furniture.

As it takes so little black varnish to darken the other sufficiently, our bottle will last for some time yet. When it fails we will try the suggestion of some writer in the CABINET, and use lampblack for the same purpose. It may answer equally as well, but we have never had need to try it yet. Since the advent of a bracket saw into the family, we have use for the varnish quite frequently. One of the first things I asked to have made was a card-basket, as there was a beautiful pattern for one on the sheet of designs. I think, when made, this will be something unique. It is in seven pieces, one six-sided piece for the bottom, and six pieces for the sides. I will select the thinnest and best pieces of cigar boxes to make it of, and will varnish it nicely.

When dry, the sections will be joined with narrow scarlet ribbon. I think it would be prettier if I could get perfectly white wood to make it of, and join the pieces with blue ribbon, but I do not suppose I could get any wood that would be as white as I should want it. And I want, if possible, to have a standing corner what-not made this winter. It will be made of half-inch stuff, sawed in some fanciful shape on the front edge, and extending back into a right-angled triangle. It will have six shelves, and each shelf will be a little smaller than the one below it. The supports for the shelves will be made of spools, fastened in place with iron rods that have a large flat head at one end, and a burr screwed on at the other, and cut so as to be just the right length. The top of the rods, where they come through on top of the shelves, will be ornamented with a pine cone on each, unless I find something I like better to use instead; but I think they would make a very nice finish, and be very durable, after they were securely glued on. The feet will be three of the largest spools, fastened with rods the same as the rest. I will want a fancifully sawed piece on each side of the top shelf, as a finish, and if the maker's patience holds out to that extent, I will have them at the back of every shelf. When completed, it will all be varnished and will look like walnut. Then I will have to tax my ingenuity, or pocket, for enough pretty fancy articles to fill it, in addition to what I already have.

I have a handsome little box in my bedroom that serves the double purpose of holding all my shoes, rubbers, etc., and for a footstool. It was made of a plain box, sixteen inches long, nine inches wide and eight high, such as could be got at any grocery store. The lid was put on with good hinges, and any rough places on the box were rubbed with sand-paper. Then

it was varnished with the mixed varnish. I gave it two coats, letting it stand a day or two to dry. It was varnished outside and in, excepting the top and bottom. Then I took part of an old bed-quilt, and cut six pieces from it, each piece just the size of the top of the lid, and laid them carefully in place, tacking them in one or two places. Then having in readiness a piece of black cloth, that had once been part of a coat, but was now cut to fit the top of the lid, and an inch allowed all around, and braided with a pretty pattern with crimson braid, I tacked it carefully over the top, fitting the corners neatly, and then tacked a bright colored fringe around the edge with small furniture tacks.

I think the box would have been prettier to have been covered all over the outside with cloth, but I had nothing suitable for it, and did not care to buy; but it is pretty as it is. Such a box, I think, is much neater than a shoe-bag, unless one has a closet to hang it in, as I have not. Then, as I said, the box serves a double purpose.

I have been thinking, this dull, dreary autumn evening, of the long winter evenings to come, and wondering if other families enjoyed them as we do. They afford an excellent opportunity for doing fancy-work, patchwork, crocheting, etc., or for those whose school-days are not yet past, to work with books and pencil. But this is the smallest part of the enjoyment. The real pleasure is our evening readings, which are kept up all through the winter, whenever practicable. We have a good fire, good light, and a table set out so that all can gather round it. One of the family does the reading, and the rest listen, while their hands are busy with their work; and the stormier the weather is outside, the pleasanter will the evening pass in doors. The only danger is that it may be too prolonged for early rising in the morning.

We have had read in this way biographies, histories, poems, novels, stories from newspapers and magazines—nothing ever comes amiss that ought to have a place in a family library. Of course, your reader must be a good reader, and it is better that they should be of the male persuasion, because women always have work that they can be busy at, and men or boys would be sitting idle. I fancy that I can both hear and work better when I do both at once. So far from dreading the long evenings as tedious, they are looked forward to with eagerness and pleasant anticipations. Not the smallest good that may result from this course is the interest that the younger members of the family will be led to take in histories and other good books.

If any of these few suggestions that I have made, should be of service to other girls who have been led, as I have, to study the science of housekeeping and homekeeping, while they are yet in their fathers' house, it will not be altogether in vain. AMARANTH.

What-not.—I wish to tell my friends how I made a what-not for the parlor. I procured three thin pieces of board; these I sawed to fit the corners of a room, and after deciding how large to make the bottom shelf, I cut the front rounding, and then tacked on a scalloped piece of pasteboard. No two of the shelves are the same size. I fastened cones, shells, fruit-stones, etc., on the pasteboard with putty. After all became dry I varnished it, then strung the shelves, one above the other, on picture cord, the largest shelf at the bottom, the smallest at the top.

Household Elegancies.

BEAUTIFUL HOMES.

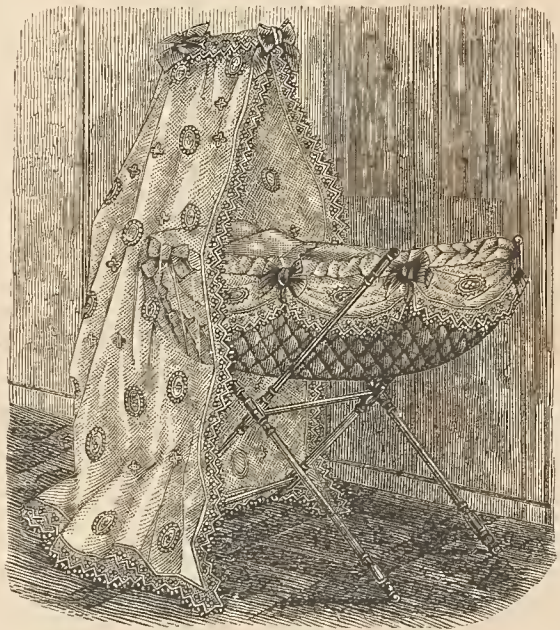
Since the publication of "Household Elegancies," there have been suggested so many attractive ways of adding to the comforts and pleasantness of home interiors, that thousands of families have gained in taste and refinement.

Our American ladies are deeply interested in these household topics, and keenly alert to every little device suggested to them to work with their own fingers.

But besides all the little features of elegancies which can be stowed here and there on the wall, or chair or carpet, still there is that broader field of house-furnishing, which includes all things from front door and kitchen to hall room and garret, telling how to furnish them all nicely and tastefully at little expense, a subject which the ladies now more than at any other time are urgently interested in. No volume hitherto in American or English print has practically touched this topic, and it is our pleasant privilege to say that from the office of the FLORAL CABINET is to appear a work, now almost ready, entitled "Beautiful Homes, or, Hints in House-Furnishing," edited by C. S. Jones, which in most delightful manner, with over three hundred illustrations, describes to every young house-keeper the hundred or more ways in which all the rooms of the house can be nicely furnished. From its pages are given the following illustrations:

A RUG.

This is made of lamb-skin, carpeting, or heavy cloth in the centre, around which is fastened a border of dark cloth, ornamented with application embroidery.

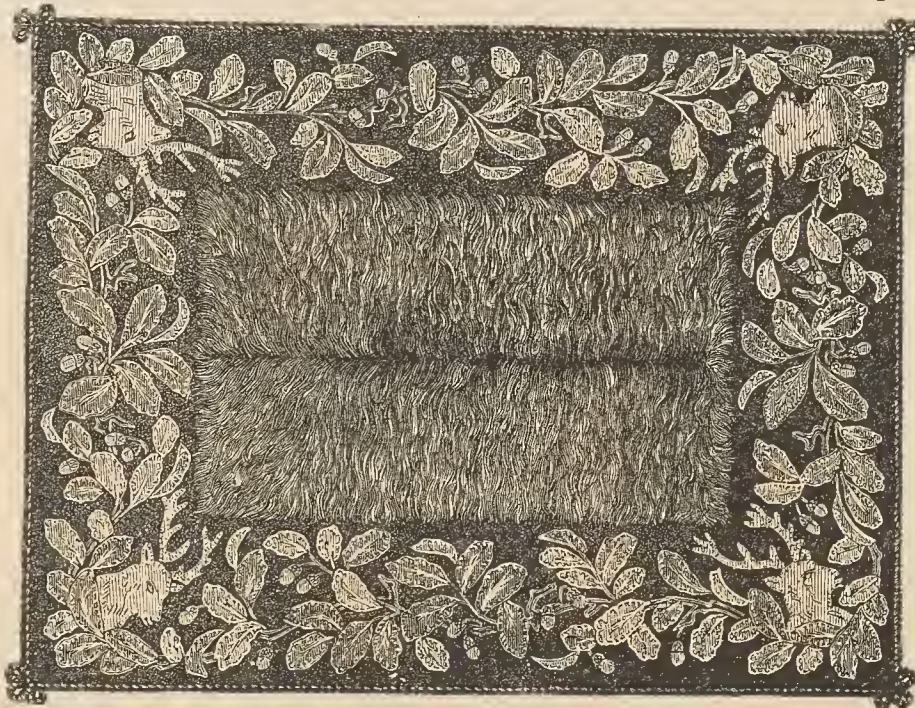


A BABY COT.

Beautiful designs may be found in cretonne, and all that need be done is to cut the separate parts carefully out, and after arranging and basting down the various figures, to fasten them to the foundation and cover the edges with chain-stitching, using a shade of the color found in the designs. For instance, in the leaves, several shades of green or brown; in the deer's heads, various shades of dun, and so through

all the parts. In some cases the design is cut out of self-colored cloth and applied to the foundation by means of embroidery, introducing various stitches, such as half-polka, point Russe, chain and coral stitches. This requires not only skill in embroidery, but considerable knowledge of colors, as the whole formation of birds, and other prominent objects, depends altogether upon the arrangement of colors.

In certain kinds of woolen goods, very appropriate designs are found, as also in silk, the only objection



A CARPET RUG.

being the tendency in this class of goods to fray on the cut edge, and we have found it an excellent plan when we used such, to touch the edges with a little nice clean gum-arabic, and work over closely (after it dries) in button-hole stitches.

CHILD'S CRADLE.

In houses where the apartments are small, it is frequently a matter of great importance to have certain articles of furniture in a portable shape, so that they may be put out of the way occasionally. The cradle, or cot, especially is frequently a subject of great annoyance, and the neat mother, when expecting company, and "baby" is not occupying its crib, would gladly put it out of sight; for such situations as these, the elegant folding cot shown in this illustration would prove a boon.

This simple little affair is made only of four rods, slender but strong, fastened together with screws, that allow of its being turned up in compact form. The bed itself is made like a hammock of merino, reps, damask, etc., with a strong interlining of canvas with quilting to hold the parts together.

This small elegant model of blue quilted silk, is trimmed with a Swiss muslin frill trimmed with lace and a puffing lined with blue, and medallions of lace edged with fine Valenciennes or tatting; this is caught up around the sides with bows of the silk or ribbon. Around the entire edge of the hammock a strong piece of rope is fastened, which not only strengthens the part, but gives the long boat-shape to the cot when opened out. A mattress, pillow, etc., will fold inside the hammock.

At the head of the cot a strong rod is screwed which bends over the top and sustains a drapery of light muslin matching the other hangings. This slips in a notch prepared for it, and is easily removed and hung away.

A BRUSH-CASE.

As the nail and tooth brushes used on the wash-stand necessarily become damp, and in order to preserve them it is necessary to dry them as quickly as possible, it becomes a point worthy of attention to provide some means of doing this effectually, yet neatly and perhaps tastefully.

The china stands, with perforated bottoms, are objected to by many persons, and sometimes occupy too much space, but in this illustration is seen a handy article which can hang against the wall above the stand, and is a beautiful addition to a toilet stand.

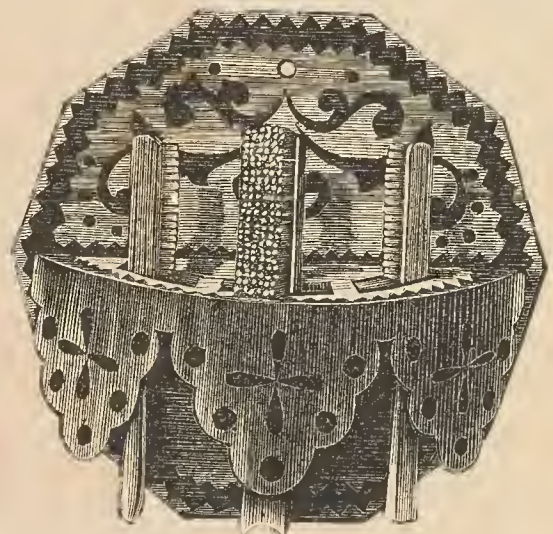
This model was made of fine wood, eight inches square, sawed off to form a perfect hexagon; on this was screwed a half circle, fitting the centre, in which was cut openings to admit the brushes, and adorned with a lambrequin, cut from green oil-cloth, cut out in design figures, as shown, and lined beneath with black velvet, which, showing through the openings, had a beautiful effect. The pine back—for which heavy pasteboard may be substituted—was covered in like manner, and the back part lined with muslin glued neatly over. The shelf was covered with the oil-cloth tacked neatly down beneath the lambrequin, and, when finished, is beautiful, though a simple and easily made case was the result.

HOME-MADE LAMBREQUINS.

Cut from any pattern desired, of blue, pink, or red cambric; then cut a piece of lace, book-muslin or dotted muslin the same size of cambric, edged with a ruffle, or pleating, of cambric and lace together, or white twisted fringe.

Another way is to take a piece of muslin or bleached cotton, and cut in three points, the longest at the sides; ruffle around the sides and lower edge, starch, iron, and flute nicely. It is better to cut full enough for three box-pleats.

A cover for foot-stool, or ottoman, is made of black



A BRUSH-CASE.

or gray cloth. Embroider some nice pattern by first taking a piece of canvas the size of pattern to be worked, baste on the centre of the cloth, then work with different colors, flowers, leaves, or a deer's head. After it is all worked, the canvas can be pulled out, a few threads at a time. In the same way I have embroidered slippers on cloth. It is much less work than filling canvas for slippers, and much prettier.

Fireside Reading.

AN INJURED TRAVELLER.

A man dressed in good clothes, an eye-glass and a gold-mounted cane, and possessing altogether a rather clerical appearance, hailed a passing street-car. There was nothing unusual or particularly noticeable in this, except the air of lofty dignity with which he commanded a halt, and the desperate effort which he made to maintain his centre of gravity as he passed to the car, and revealed the fact that he was slightly inebriated. Arriving at the door he solemnly raised his right foot to enter, but not raising it quite high enough, he fell headlong on the floor of the car. Raising himself up with some difficulty, he cast a severely reproving look at the old gentleman sitting near the door, and said:

"Sir, what d' you lift this car for just as I was goin' to get in?"

A Chinaman went into a California dry-goods store, and looked all around with those sloping eyes cut the wrong way of the leather.

"What do you want, John?" said an affable gentleman with his hair parted in the middle.

"Me no see him," replied John.

"Well, what is it like, John?"

For a moment the celestial transported himself in a brown study. He thought very hard, and then that saddle-colored countenance lit up like the business end of a lightning-bug, and he replied:

"Puttee up in windley. Fly come in he no come in, catchee on outside alle same."

And shortly John went away as happy as a basket of chips, with two yards of green gauze.

Household Words.—

Stop your noise! Shut up this minute! I'll box your ears! Hold your tongue! Let me be! Get out! Behave yourself! I won't! You shall! Never mind! You'll catch it! Put away those things! You'll kill yourself! I don't care! They're mine! Mind your own business! I'll tell ma! You mean thing! There, I told you so! You didn't! I did! I will have it! Oh, look what you have done! 'Twas you! Won't you catch it, though! It's my house! Who's afraid of you! Get out of this room directly! Do you hear me? Dear me! I never did see such a thing in all my born days!

"We are going home," said a tramp who wanted to talk. "Astor, Stewart, Garner, Lick, and Vander-

bilt, have all dropped out of the busy world within a short time. I have myself a cough that worries me a good deal after banking hours, and to-day I forgot to take fifteen cents with me when I closed the vault."

An Irish glazier was putting a pane of glass into a window, when a groom who was standing by began joking him, telling him to mind and put in plenty of putty. The Irishman bore the banter for some time, but at last silenced his tormenter with, "Arrah, now, be off wid ye, or I'll put a pain in yer head without any putty."

A man noted for his close-fisted propensities was showing an old coin to a neighbor, when the latter asked, "Where did you get it?" "I dug it out of my

his thumb out of the top man's mouth, and vainly struggling to disentangle the top man's hand from his hair, and glancing with considerable apprehension at the top man's other hand, which was doubled up into a formidable fist, and coming down towards his face a thousand miles a minute, "Hold up a bit! Let's refer the rest of this fight to an arbitration committee and have a compromise count, and agree beforehand to submit to the committee's decision who licked."

Old Mr. Bledsoe, although he is a very profane, wicked man, looks very youthful for his years. One of his neighbors remarked to Mrs. Bledsoe the other day, "The old man is wearing well, isn't he?" "Oh, yes," replied the good woman, "he's swearing well enough as it goes, but considering the opportunities and practice he's had, he might put a little more polish into it."

How beautiful!—Music, we are told by the poet, hath charms to soothe the savage heart, to soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak. But there are some things it can't do, and one of them is suggested by this incident:

A sweet little creature sat next me at the first recital of Chopin's music, given by Madame Essipoff. During the pathetic Marche Funebre from the Sonata, Opus 35, her attention was fixed, as if the music had entranced her very soul. Her eyes glistened with emotion, and her whole face was expressive of admiration and excitement. When the pianist had finished, the gentleman who was with this sweet little creature turned to her and said:

"How beautiful!"

To which she replied:

"Yes, indeed; doesn't it fit her exquisitely in the back? How much do you suppose it cost a yard?"

An old gentleman went out to shoot partridges, accompanied by his son. The gun was charged half-way up the muzzle, and when at last the old gentleman started some birds he took a rest and blazed away, expecting to see some

fall, of course; but not so did it happen, for the gun recoiled with so much force as to "kick" him over. The old man got up, and while rubbing the sparks out of his eyes inquired of his son, "Dick, did I point the right end of the gun to the birds?"

A party of belated gentlemen, about a certain hour, began to think of home and their wives' displeasure, and urge a departure. "Never mind," said one of the guests, "fifteen minutes will make no difference; my wife is as mad now as she can be."

The Alabama Planter complains that its little garden patch was unprofitable last season: The snails ate up the cucumbers, the chickens ate up the snails, the neighbors' cats ate up all the chickens, and we are now in search of something that will eat up the cats."



THE EVENING HOUR.

garden," was the reply. "It is a pity you didn't find it in the cemetery," said the neighbor. "Why so?" asked the coin-owner. "Because you could have saved the hole to be buried in," was the somewhat unexpected reply.

A gentleman traveling in Ohio some years ago turned in at a country tavern for dinner. The bar-room was garnished with a dirty wash-basin, a piece of soap the size of a lozenge, and a square yard of crash dimly visible through epidermic deposits. Having slightly washed, the traveler eyed the rag doubtfully, and then asked the proprietor, "Haven't you, sir, about the premises, a this year's towel?"

"Hold up a bit," exclaimed the under man in a Front street fight yesterday afternoon, trying to pull

Housekeeping.

PRIZE RECIPES FOR COOKING.

Medium Stock (for Soup).—Take a shank of beef weighing four pounds, or the same of veal, or any other fresh meat, any trimmings of poultry, or bones of cooked meats; crack the bones in inch pieces and put all into a closely covered iron pot; cover with four and a half or five quarts of cold water; set over a slow fire where it will come to a boil; skim carefully, season with salt and pepper, then remove the pot to the back part of the stove and let it simmer gently all day. Strain through a sieve into a stoue or earthen pot and set in a cool place. The next day remove all the fat that has risen to the top and the stock will be ready for use.

Economical Stock.—The liquor in which a joint of meat has been boiled, trimmings of fresh meat, poultry, shank bones, roast beef bones, any pieces the larder may furnish; crack the bones, put all into the soup pot, cover with cold water, and simmer gently six hours; skim carefully and strain; when cold remove the fat from the top.

Turtle-Bean Soup.—Soak over night in warm water one and a half pints of turtle or French beans; in the morning pour off this water and rinse in clear cold water; drain and put into a soup pot with four quarts of medium stock, and set where it will boil slowly five or six hours. Add to the stock four stalks of celery, one small onion and one carrot, all sliced thin; stir occasionally to prevent its scorching. Two hours before serving add eight sliced tomatoes, or if not in season, part of a quart can will answer. Strain through a coarse sieve and rub enough of the pulp of the bean through to make it of the right consistency; season to taste.

Ox-Tail Soup (Splendid).—Take two ox-tails, cut and separate them at the joints, and fry them a nice brown in one ounce of butter. Slice four carrots and three onions; take out the pieces of tail and fry the vegetables brown in the butter. Put the ox-tails in the soup pot with three pounds of lean beef cut small, the onions and carrots, one head of celery chopped fine, one bunch of savory herbs, four cloves, twelve whole pepper corns; cover with four quarts cold water; set where it will come to a boil slowly; add one teaspoonful of salt, skin thoroughly, and let it simmer gently four hours. Then take out the tails, strain the soup, return it to the pot and thicken with two tablespoonfuls of browned flour; put back the tails; add two tablespoonfuls mushroom catsup, and half a glass of port wine; simmer five minutes and serve.

Baked Salmon Trout, with Cream Gravy. (Delicious.)—Wash the fish, wipe dry and lay in a baking-pan with a very little water. If very large, score the back bone, but not the sides. Bake slowly, basting with butter and water from three-fourths to one hour, according to size. Take a cup of rich sweet cream, into which stir half a cup of boiling water, else the cream will clot when heated. Make this sauce in a milk-boiler, or in any tin vessel set into another half filled with boiling water to prevent the sauce from burning. Add to the cream two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one of chopped parsley, and the gravy from the pan in which the fish was baked. Lay the trout on the hot platter; let the gravy boil up once, and pour over the fish. Use no other sauce and very little salt.

Fish Chowder.—Cut five or six slices of good salt pork and fry a nice crisp brown. Take out the pork and pour the fat into an iron pot; cut the fish into small pieces; haddock and striped bass are the best; put in a layer of fish, a layer of split crackers, a little of the chopped pork. Chop fine one large or two small onions, add a little of that, season with pepper and a little salt, then another layer of fish and so on until the fish is all used; just cover the fish with water, and stew slowly until tender; about twenty minutes will be long enough. Take up the fish, thicken the gravy with a little powdered cracker; add a little catsup, if you like. Let it boil up once. Add the

juice of one lemon; pour it over the fish and serve.

Fillet of Beef. (Good.)—Take a lean piece of beef the size desired; lay in the bottom of the kettle some beef bones if you have them; then the meat; slice and put in three onions and two carrots; cover with cold water and boil slowly three or four hours until the meat is tender. Then take the meat out, thicken the gravy with one or two tablespoonfuls of browned flour, season with salt and pepper, and two tablespoonfuls of walnut catsup. Pour over the meat and serve.

Spanish Beef Steak. (Good.)—Take onions, chop fine, and fry them in a little butter or nice dripping; when nicely browned add some fresh tomatoes previously stewed; season with salt and a little Chili pepper chopped fine; let it simmer ten minutes; have your steak nicely broiled. Put it into the frying-pan, cover with the sauce and let it simmer five minutes. If you have no pepper pods, a little cayenne will answer.

Lamb a la Poulette.—Take a piece of butter the size of an egg, one tablespoonful of flour, and mix until smooth, then add by degrees, stirring constantly, one pint of boiling water. When the sauce is clear put in one-fourth young lamb, pepper and salt, and a few young onions; stew gently one hour or longer if the meat is not tender. Take out the meat, skim the fat from the gravy; stir in the beaten yolk of one egg, pour over the meat and serve. A few chopped mushrooms added five minutes before taking from the fire is an improvement. In adding the egg, beat into it a spoonful or two of the sauce before putting it into the sauce, otherwise it will cook in lumps, and do not let it boil after the egg is put in.

Roast Chicken. (Excellent.)—Dress and stuff the chicken; lay it in a tin steamer, set it over a pot of boiling water and steam (covered closely) from one and a half to two hours according to size; then roast a nice brown, basting frequently with hot water and butter. One half hour in a good oven is sufficient. Boil the gizzard, liver, and heart in a saucepan; when done chop them fine, and add them with the water in which they were boiled to the gravy in the baking-pan; thicken with a little corn starch, and season to taste. I have cooked chickens in this way for years, and they are delicious. The toughest old fowl has to succumb to this kind of treatment. An old turkey served in the same way is just as tender as a young one. In steaming a turkey take a tin wash boiler, cover the bottom with water, invert a large tin basin and lay the turkey on that, taking care that the water does not reach the fowl. Steam two hours and roast one hour.

Roast Wild Duck.—Slice an onion or carrot, put inside of the duck and parboil ten minutes; this takes away the disagreeable strong taste. Throw away this water and lay the duck in fresh cold water half an hour; wipe dry, stuff and roast until a nice brown, basting with butter and water. Thicken the gravy with browned flour, and just before taking up stir in a tablespoonful of currant jelly.

Cottage Cheese.—Take a chicken, cut it in small pieces, lay in a saucepan and just cover with cold water. Cook slowly until very tender, taking off the scum as it rises. Take up the chicken and boil the liquor down to a cupful; remove all the bones, and pick, not chop, the meat in small pieces. Season with salt, pepper, sweet herbs, and, if the chicken is not fat, add a tablespoonful of butter. Mix with the gravy and put into a mould, well buttered; set in a cool place for twelve hours or until perfectly firm. Cut in slices for the table. It is better to make it the day before it is wanted for use.

Plain Omelette. (Nice.)—Beat six eggs light, the whites to a stiff froth, and the yolks to a thick smooth batter. Add to the yolks a small cup of milk, pepper and salt, lastly stir in lightly the whites. Have ready in a frying-pan a good lump of butter; when hissing hot pour in the mixture and set over a clear fire. Do not stir it, but slip a broad-bladed knife under the omelette to prevent its burning. When done, turn on a hot platter and serve at once.

Good Plain Pie Crust.—Take one pound of sifted flour, sift and mix into it two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar. Have weighed half a pound of good sweet lard; mix into all of the flour two-thirds of the lard, mixing it quickly and lightly into the flour, one teaspoonful of salt; dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in a small cup of ice-cold water, and stir into the flour with a spoon, using only just enough water to stick the flour together. Flour your board and take out just enough of the dough for the undercrust of one pie; roll out without kneading. Do not touch it with the hand more than you can avoid; roll the undercrust thin; cover all your tins first; fill them, then take one-fourth of the remaining dough, spread over a little of the reserve shortening, hedge it over with flour, lap it over like a turn-over twice, roll again same way; twice rolling in this way is sufficient. As soon as your pies are all covered, set them at once into the oven; this amount will make four common-sized pies. If properly made, and the crust is hard and not heated by handling, it is excellent, and much better than if more shortening is used. I never use more, and I am noted for nice pastry.

Lemon Pie. (Splendid.)—One cup of sugar, half a cup sweet cream, two small lemons, two eggs; if you have no cream use milk; in that case add one tablespoonful of melted butter. Beat the yolks of the eggs very light, add sugar and beat again, then the juice of both the lemons and the grated yellow rind of one. Line your pie tin with crust, add the cream to the mixture just before putting in the oven. Bake until the custard is firm; draw to the front of the oven and spread evenly over the top a meringue of the whites of the two eggs beaten stiff with two tablespoonfuls of pulverized sugar; return to the oven until it sets. To be eaten cold. Use no corn starch, and no more milk than directed. Try it once, and you will never make lemon pie any other way.

Strawberry, Raspberry, and Blackberry Pie.—Cover pie tins with paste for the undercrust and for the upper one; cut just the size required for pie, and bake it on a flat jelly-cake tin; prick to prevent blistering and bake. Fill the shell (undercrust) when cool with berries half mashed and sweetened, and cover with the flat crust. The delicate flavor of berries are very much injured by cooking. If the berries are not perfectly ripe, you can set the pie in the oven a few minutes after filling. I have made very nice pies by filling the shell after it is cold with mashed berries well sweetened, and covered with a meringue of the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth with two tablespoonfuls pulverized sugar, and spread evenly over the top, and placed in the oven to set.

Huckleberry Pudding. (Nice.)—One pint of milk, two eggs, one gill of yeast, one teaspoonful of soda, a little salt, one and a half pints of berries. Make of the milk, soda, salt, and yeast, the eggs well beaten. Stir in flour for a thick batter and set to rise in a warm place. When light stir in the berries well hedged with flour, lightly and quickly, pour into a well buttered mould, and boil two hours. Serve hot with liquid sauce.

Rice Flour Pudding.—Half a pound of rice flour, six eggs, one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of vanilla, the juice of one large lemon, and half the grated yellow rind, two quarts of milk. Wet the rice flour to a smooth paste and stir it into the milk when it is scalding hot, and let it boil until thick, stirring it constantly, to prevent scorching. Remove from the fire, stir in the butter, the yolks of the eggs well beaten, the lemon, the whites of three eggs beaten stiff. Mix thoroughly and bake in a buttered pudding-dish three-fourths of an hour; just before taking from the oven, spread over the top a meringue of the remaining whites of the eggs beaten stiff, and sweetened with two tablespoonfuls fine sugar and flavored with a very little vanilla; return to the oven to set. Eat cold.

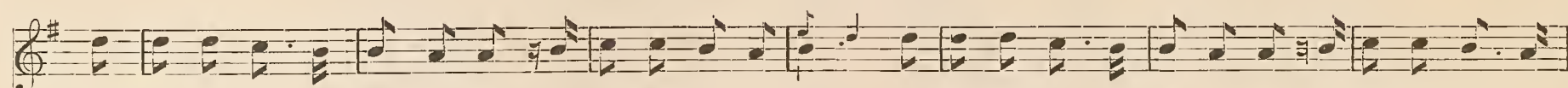
Foaming Pudding Sauce.—Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, melt a teaspoonful of sugar in one gill of boiling water, stir in a tablespoonful of butter, and let it boil; flavor with a glass of wine, then beat in the whites. Serve at once.

MRS. J. H. SMYTH.

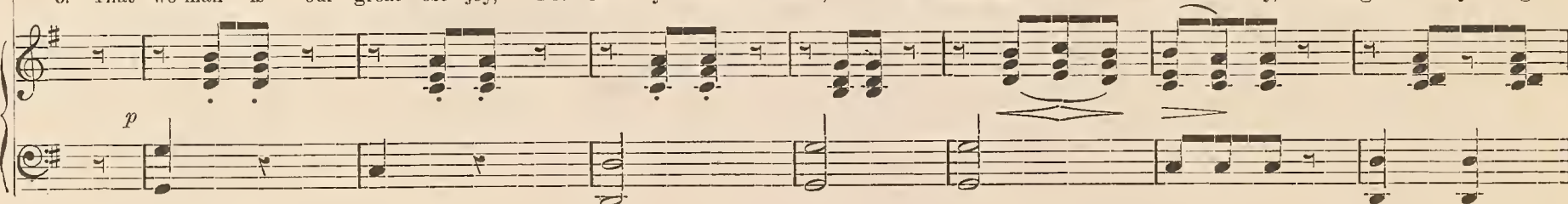
"Call her back and kiss Her."

CARLO MINASSI.

Allegretto
Moderato.



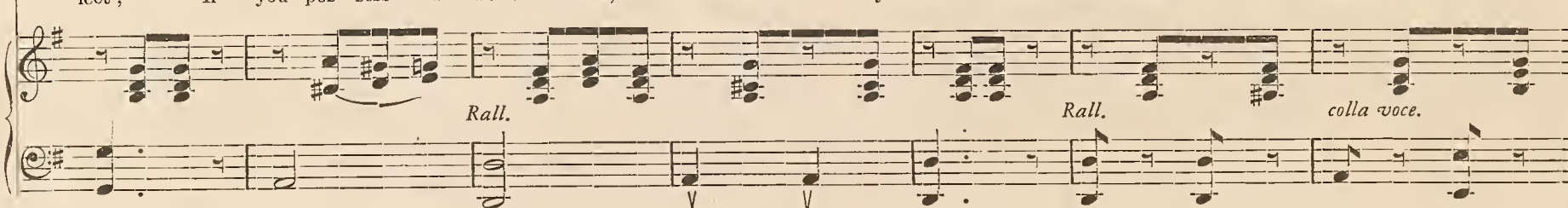
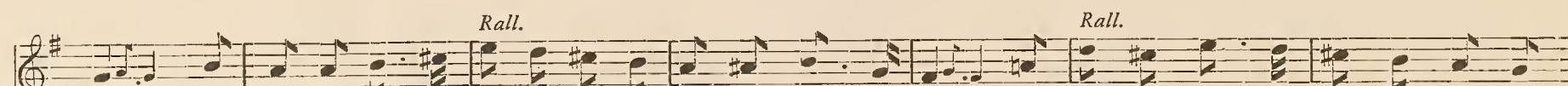
1. There's noth-ing half so charm-ing As a hap-py mar-ried life ; And noth-ing so a-larm-ing As a vix-en for a
2. A wo-man's sure to have her way, For that we can-not blame her, The rem-e-dy! ah then I say, 'Tis kind-ness that will
3. That wo-man is our great-est joy, Let eve-ry man re-flect; Don't treat her as a worth-less toy, Nor slight her by neg-



Rall. *Rall.*

wife ; But as you make your bed, you know, So on it you must lie ; 'Tis use-less, then, to make a fuss ; Take
tame her." Be al-ways gen-tle, nev-er harsh, And mind you do not flout her ; Re-mem-ber you're but help-less man, And
lect ; If you pos-sess a wo-man's love, What more does a-ny need? In sick-ness or in health she'll be A



Rall. *Rall.* *colla voce.*



Rall. **CHORUS.** *Moderato.*

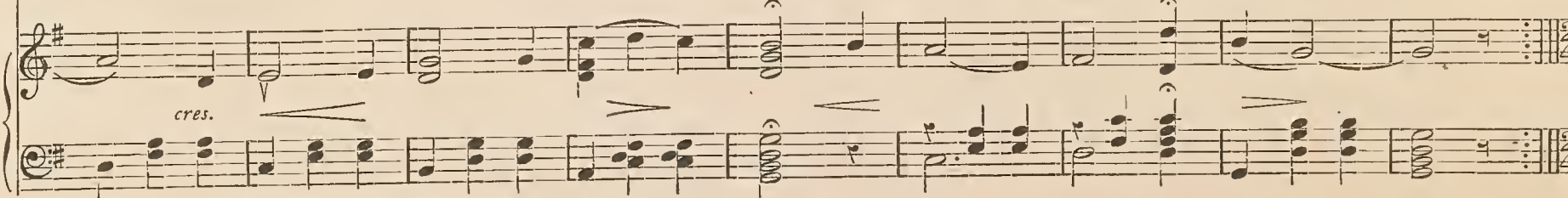
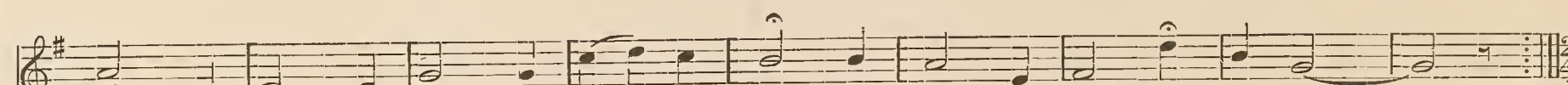
my ad-vice—don't try... A wo-man's sure to go her way, But when she's gone we miss her ;.....
can-not do with-out her.
com-fort-er in-deed....

Riten. *mf*



..... So if you've had an an-gry word, Why, call her back and kiss her.....

cres.



THE LADIES' *Floral Cabinet*

By HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1877.

No. 71.

PRICE 12 CENTS.

STAND FOR WINTER PLANTS.

This stand was placed near our South window, where its occupants could drink in the sunshine from eight o'clock till one each day, and shine in verdure, or bloom to grace our merry days.

It was a pretty, light stand of wire, painted dark green, spanned by a trellis of the same. At each end a pot containing German Ivy, as many call it, but it is not an Ivy, only its leaf has a resemblance to that. It is a climbing Senecio (*Scandens*). The vines threw up branches of rich, bright-green foliage, in great haste; both together running over the curving trellis, crossing each other's path, then tumbling about the stand, and peering around its supports.

Under the arbor so quickly over-spread, *Daphne Odorata* lifted her stout, healthy boughs, from whose tufts of shining leaves the pearl-like florets looked out, with the beauty that haunts us in some soulful face, filling the air with exquisite fragrance. Her companions were a Mrs. Pollock Geranium, spreading out her flaunting colors for admiration, a blithe little *Bouvardia*, ambitiously building up her spire for a Christmas display of scarlet and gold, and a Rose Geranium whose spicy leaves and modest blossoms, like true worth, made slow progress, and unwittingly received the homage of all hearts.

An English Ivy, seated within an ornamental cover, had a post of honor upon the mantel. Long ago it had walked deliberately up to the moulding at the edge of the ceiling, then come down, to embrace with its unfolding verdure a large medallion of Greenough's *Castor and Pollux*. Truly the ancient legend of "Leda's lovely twins," so finely portrayed, was worthy of such reverent tendance. ANNIE G. HALE.

MISTLETOE, PASSIFLORA, Etc.

In answer to Anna H. Storey, in July number of the *CABINET*, I would say that the American Mistletoe (*Phoradendron*) is plentiful here, and I can send her a

supply, if she will address me in regard to it. Also, to Abbie French: *Passiflora Cœrulea* is a pest with me, and grows and blooms profusely, without the least care, in poor, clay soil, shooting up everywhere and receiving only the rains. It dies to the ground in late autumn, and shoots, from the old roots a foot under ground, appear towards the last of May, and as

with deeper centre, very fragrant, and double; a few petals unfold every day, leaving the centre ones folded up like a rosy ball, and consequently it remains in perfection several days. Victor Verdier and Conqueth des Alps, are both fine H. P's., and constant bloomers. But my pets among Roses are the Teas, all of which are perfectly hardy here.



STAND FOR WINTER PLANTS.

the growth is very rapid, are in bloom by the 1st of July.

I would like to recommend a few good Roses to our readers, and first among them is the hybrid perpetual *La France*. It is thought to be the beginning of a new class, or an ever-blooming H. P. I have had mine three summers, and so far it has been a constant and free bloomer. It is an exquisite peach-bloom color,

as beautiful.

While speaking of the hybrid perpetuals, I intended to mention the new one, said to rival our queenly *La France*, *Antoine Verdier*, a free-blooming, bright, silvery rose, shaded with carmine, said to possess the vigor of the Perpetual, the persistent blooming of the Bourbons, and the fragrance of the Teas.

MRS. R. S. TRUSLOW.

I became very fond, last summer, of the large, globular buds of the *Queen of Portugal* and *Mme. Margotten*. The former is a handsome copper-color, shaded with rose and salmon, with petals of great substance, and the latter is canary, shaded with pink and salmon. *La Pactoli* is a shapely little thing for a "bontonniere," and is always in bloom. All are familiar with the carmine, purple, and salmon tints in *Bon Silene*, which forces finely in winter. *La Duchesse de Brabant* is a rosy, cup-shaped pink tea, always loaded with fragrant buds and blossoms. *Belle Lyonnaise* bloomed a pure white for me, and looked almost unearthly in its pearly beauty. *Aline Sisley* is very handsome, both in bud and flower, as it is quite double, and displays a rich marbling of crimson-purple tints. *Marie Duchire* and *La Sylphide*, are both a beautiful bronzy flesh, handsome in bud and flower, and free bloomers. *La Gloria de Dijon*, and *Marechal Niel*, are too well known to mention here, but I could go on *ad finitum* with *Mad. Triflo*, *Mad. Damaizin*, *Mont Blanc*, *Perle de Lyon*; the old stand-bys, *Isabella Sprunt* and *Bella*, the magnificent *Bongon*, the dainty *Woodland Marguerite*, and a host of others just

Floral Contributions.

FLORAL ELEGANCIES.

I have just finished a rustic stand which I think some one may like to hear about. In the first place, I had a standard two feet high—a piece of scantling will answer—with a round board one foot square fastened on the bottom. If you have a big brother get him to make it for you. I don't happen to have one, so I have to do it myself. Next I got a dry-goods box a little over two feet long, one foot wide, and one foot deep, which I nailed on the upright. Then I had a quantity of laurel roots, which grow in great abundance here, soaked in warm water, and a part of the rough bark scraped off, which left them spotted and striped, and when varnished they are a very rich color. I then nailed them on with small nails all over the box and standard, according to my fancy, until the whole was completely covered; then I gave it a good coat of varnish, and after drying, it was ready for use.

Now for contents: after boring half a dozen holes in the box for drainage, I put a layer of gravel in and filled up with rich earth. I sunk my pots with the flowers in them and filled up the spaces with Ferns, Ivies, and other vines. I need not mention the plants put in, as anyone can choose for themselves. I think a bright red Coleus and a few variegated leaved plants look handsome, especially if you do not have many blossoms. I neglected to say that the box should be stained with some dark stain, which you can get at any furnisher's store.

I wish you could see my stand. I think it a beauty, and my friends all admire it very much, which quite repays me for the time spent on it. In fact, I do not think the time spent on such things lost by any means, though there are some people always throwing cold water on every little attempt of the kind, but I think we should feel sorry for them that their minds and hearts cannot or will not see the beautiful things which if it were not good for us to have would not be given to us.

In one of my rambles this fall, I found a great many lichens, some kinds of which I had never seen before. They were almost all colors, some a most beautiful brown, others stone-color, some almost white, and some a lovely red or maroon, all of them in a great variety of shades. I made quite a pretty cross of them in this way:

I first cut a cross out of stiff cardboard, then arranged the lichens on it and sewed them fast; care should be taken to have the colors blend and the effect will be something quite pretty. I also gathered a quantity of autumn leaves and ferns to decorate the house with for winter. In my judgment there is nothing makes a room have a cheery home-look so much as to see bright-colored leaves and flowers here and there. I would not have too many of the leaves; the common English Ivy, which is hardy, and which you can easily root in water and keep there all winter, looks very handsome mixed in with the leaves, and makes a fine contrast.

Beside several smaller ones, I had quite a large one in a pot which stands at the corner of a window and reaches up on one side to the top. I have trained another branch of it over on a picture, and still another below the picture around a bracket, the whole vine being about twelve feet long, with five branches.

I wonder if any of the readers of the CABINET know how to make rugs of old rags. If you have

woolen rags, which are the best, select pieces of the same thickness and cut them one-fourth of an inch wide, sew so as to have them as smooth as possible; take large wooden knitting needles and knit it garter stitch a foot wide and two feet long, then knit another strip, of a different color, four inches wide and long enough to reach all around the other; you can put any kind of fringe you choose around the whole, and you will have, if not a very handsome, a good rug without any expense, which is quite an item.

I read in the CABINET some time ago about making pictures by taking bright-colored autumn leaves and ferns and fastening them on drawing paper. I thought I would make some, and set about studying out a way to frame them so as not to cost much. I went to a cigar shop and asked for cigar-lighters—you can get a bunch with several hundred in for a dime; they are made of white wood and very thin. I selected even ones and notched the ends; mine were about five inches long, so I had to fasten two together for the length of the frame and the same way for the width, only I cut a little off from each end, as I wanted the frame longer than it was wide. Take three for each side and the same for the ends, weave them in at the corners; then take some more lighters, cut them a little shorter, and make a star by crossing them; notch their ends, put a star over each side and end where they are pieced; you can substitute a small bow of ribbon for the star if you choose; the frame is very delicate and suits the picture nicely. A picture made and framed in this way would be pretty gift for a sick friend. GERTRUDE D.

FLORAL NOTES.

A large proportion of our lady readers can scarcely imagine the delicate beauty of the newer kinds of Lilacs. The day of old-fashioned Lilacs is gone, and now so many splendid new sorts have been originated that everyone who has a garden should get one or more of them. We have seen some of the blossoms, especially the Rothomagensis Rubra, which were over eighteen inches long. Think of that! a single bunch a bouquet of itself, and graceful in the most exquisite degree. Mr. Geo. Ellwanger, of Rochester, N. Y., has recently written a short and valuable report of the value of these new sorts, which we publish entire:

In all large continental cities, and particularly in Paris, the Lilac is in great request for winter flowering. The common purple is generally used for forcing, and when kept in houses, darkened by mats or otherwise, produces pure white flowers. In order to produce the best results, the plants should be carefully selected in the spring, and planted in pots; then plunged in the ground during the summer, and kept well watered. In September they should be repotted into rich compost, and, in succession according as required, be placed in an atmosphere of sixty to seventy degrees Fahrenheit, which should gradually be increased to eighty degrees, and even as high as one hundred degrees. The roots should be well supplied with water, and the plants should receive frequent syringings with tepid water. They may also be taken up carefully with balls in the fall, to be forced the following winter, but we recommend the former method. When no forcing house is accessible, a warm room answers very well in its stead.

In winter, with the Rose-bud and Violet, it is the most fashionable flower in Europe, especially in France. For a winter plant, it keeps in bloom a long time, and has no superior. As a florist's flower in winter, it is in great demand. The Persian varie-

ties are also used for forcing, the flowers of which are more delicate than the common purple. Through hybridization many valuable varieties have been added to the Lilac group, of late years, both in this country and in Europe.

In the following list we desire to introduce and make known some of the best and most striking varieties, consisting of all colors and shades from the darkest red to the purest white:

Persica, a native of Persia, of dwarf growth, four feet to six feet high, with small foliage and bright purple flowers.

Persica Alba, of somewhat less vigorous growth than the above, with delicate white flowers shaded with purple.

Flore Pleno, double purple, resembling in color the common purple, but has a double row of petals. It is much admired, being the only double variety.

Grandiflora, a very vigorous growing variety, with panicles of bright purple flowers of unusual size.

Virginalis, a most charming variety with large panicles of pure white flowers, and dark green foliage.

Emodi, a native of the Himalayas, very large and fine, delicate purplish Lilac flowers in erect, dense panicles; a very free bloomer.

Sinensis, a species resembling the Persian, but of more vigorous growth. Flowers of reddish purple, a most prolific bloomer, in fact the whole bush is a mass of flowers.

Josikoea, a very distinct species with shining leaves, and purple flowers blossoming from two to three weeks after all the other varieties of Lilacs, and when very few other shrubs or trees are in bloom.

Duchesse de Nemours, flowers light purple, distinct and fine.

Nana, a very distinct dwarf variety, with large and compact spikes of dark reddish purple flowers.

Speciosa, one of the most flourishing new varieties, with very strong spikes of bright reddish flowers.

Gloire de Moulins, panicles very large, of very fine rosy Lilac color—a superb variety.

Rothomagensis Rubra, this is one of the most showy varieties, flowers reddish, panicles of great size, often measuring eighteen inches in length and very abundant—planted in clumps on lawns no shrub will give such grand effect when in flower, even the Rhododendron cannot vie with it.

The last is much the finest of the entire collection, and is sold at \$1 to \$2.

THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.

In a late number of the FLORAL CABINET, I read a communication from "Beulah," in which she applauds the beauty and fairy-like appearance of the flowers of this mysterious plant. Her description is extremely good, yet I think could she see mine, there would be still something more for her to admire.

My Cereus stands in a case two and a half feet square by two feet high; there is a frame attached to the case six feet high, making in all eight feet; within the square of the frame at the top, there are now fifteen buds, and I shall be compelled to build an amphitheatre around it, so that my friends can see the flowers. Previous to the past two years, my Cereus bloomed in June; one year the first bloom was the seventh, and the last the fifteenth; last year the first flower opened on the fourth of July evening, and the last on the twenty-fifth. As the plant grows older, the time seems to extend for its blooming. From what I can learn, my Cereus is about twenty years old.

Mrs. R. A.

Answers to Correspondents.

Name of Plant, etc.—Can you give me information how to grow Kennedias? Can Ferns be divided, and how are they propagated? What is the cure for mildew on Roses? C. LEWERS.
Kashoe Valley, Nevada.

Answer.—The plant is a coarse seedling variety of Abutilon; it will grow in the garden in summer, and in a greenhouse or window in winter.

All Kennedias are greenhouse climbers; they are of easy growth in good soil, but need plenty of water; they are easily raised from seed. K. monophylla is a good window plant.

Some species of Ferns are propagated by division, but others are only increased from seed, or, properly speaking, spores.

Dust the plants with flower of sulphur.

Camellias, etc.—The buds of my Camellias and Oleanders mould and drop. I think the pot is too close and warm. What kind of a stock can you graft Camellias on? MOLLE.

Answer.—You think rightly. Give your plants plenty of air and keep them cool and you will have no trouble.

Camellias are grafted on Camellia stock; usually the single red variety, but any will do.

Cannas Hardy—Destroying Moles, etc.—Will the Canna survive the winter out of doors in Virginia? What will prevent moles from destroying bulbs and roots in the garden? Will Florida Magnolias resist the severity of a Virginia winter unprotected? Will the banana fruit in a greenhouse? Is the Century Plant hardy? Can the bulbs of Canna, Calla and tender Lilies be kept dry like onions until spring and then be planted in time to bloom during the summer? M. L. SAYERS, Va.

Answer.—None of the Cannas are hardy; possibly the roots might survive the winter with you if covered so as to keep out the frost, but they are better taken up. The moles must be caught in traps, or they may be destroyed by placing pieces of raw meat rubbed with stick phosphorous in their runs. The large Magnolia is hardy in Virginia. Bananas will fruit in a greenhouse, and the fruit is very good. It is best, however, to plant a dwarf-growing species, of which Musa Cavendishii is the best. None of the tenderer plants are hardy. You may keep the Callas and Cannas dry during the winter, but all Lilies would prove hardy with you and are best left in the ground. Lilies do not like drying off.

Cutting Back India Rubber Tree, etc.—What shall I do with an India rubber tree twelve feet high? When is the best time to cut it back. How are Begonias kept during the summer, in the shade with little water, or watered like other plants? Can I keep Cactus in a conservatory all summer, or are they better out of doors? How is the paint for fountains mixed so that water will not affect it? Bucyrus, Ohio. MRS. D. W. SWIGART.

Answer.—An India rubber tree may be cut back in the spring without injury, but it would have been better to have pruned it before it became so tall. Your Begonias should be watered and treated like your other plants, if they are of the evergreen varieties. Your Cactus can be kept in a conservatory. Will some of our readers kindly answer the last question?

Lilium Fulgens.—Please tell me if Lilium ful-

gens is tender or hardy? If tender, how shall I treat it? J. P. J.

Answer.—It is perfectly hardy; plant it in rich light garden soil and it will come up and bloom every year.

Verbenas Sickly.—What is the matter with my Verbenas? I set out fifteen plants in May, which grew vigorously under good soil and treatment. A few weeks ago I discovered that one of them began to wilt, commencing with one shoot, and finally spreading to the whole plant. I have lost nearly half my plants, and no treatment seems to help them in the least. There are no worms at the root and no lice on the plants. What is the matter, and what shall be done? A. SHULEHOT.

Keene, N. H.

Answer.—It may be cut-worms; examine at the root and see if you can find a brownish gray malicious-looking worm. Possibly you have them in too wet a soil, which would produce the effect you describe.

Rooting Madeira Vine.—Has any one ever rooted a Madeira Vine? I have one which was cut off when taking up the tubers in the fall. I put it in a glass on a mantel, in water, and it rooted in a few weeks. I potted it, and it is growing while the tubers are resting in the cellar. Mrs. A. S. Butter Valley, N. Y.

Answer.—We have never heard of this being done, but there is nothing strange in it. Cuttings of the tops of many tubers root firmly. Choice varieties of potatoes are sometimes so increased. Your plant will form tubers in the ground.

Gardenia Dropping Buds, etc.—I have a Gardenia which was full of buds when bought of a florist three years ago; the buds all fell off, and have done so ever since. How shall I treat Clerodendron Balfouri? How should Azalias be managed after blooming, and what soil do they require? Do Camellias never bloom unless grafted? If they do, at what age? MRS. ELLEN C. HARRIS.

Vincennes, Ind.

Answer.—Your Gardenia dropped its buds from the sudden change of temperature at first, and has done so each year from either being kept too cold or in too dry an atmosphere. Gardenias like a moist warm temperature. Clerodendron Balfouri should be kept warm when growing, less heat when at rest; soil, coarse, peaty loam with fine sand; it is deciduous; root should not dry up when at rest. Pot your Azalias in rich, sandy loam, with a little peat, as soon as they have done blooming. Seedling Camellias do not bloom until large, unless grafted; your Camellia, if from a cutting, ought to bloom; get as much growth on it as you can, and it will soon flower.

Plants for Baby's Grave.—Please tell me what plants would be pretty on a baby's grave. I should like something which will flower most of the time. South Ballston. T. S.

Answer.—It is difficult to find any hardy plant which will always be in bloom. Plant in autumn some clumps of Snowdrops and White Crocuses (Caroline Chisholm is the best), then some single white Violets and some Lily of the Valley, some white Japan Lilies and some white Colchicum. All these are hardy and will live from year to year. Then every spring set out some white Verbenas, or any low-growing white bedding plant.

Evergreens for Centre of Circular Beds.—

In my front yard I have seven circular beds, nine feet in diameter, on the edges of which are planted ever-blooming Roses. I want three evergreens of different varieties for the centre of each circle, taller for the centre, and graduated to the sides. I like the Box and Rhododendron—would they do?

Daneyville, Tenn.

JULIA. A. POWELL.

Answer.—For the centre bed, Cupressus Lawsoniana, next on the right, successively, Retinispora plumosa, Green Tree Box and Rhododendron everestianum, on the left, Retinispora pisifera aurea, Silver Tree Box and Rhododendron album elegans. These would be always beautiful.

Geraniums, etc.—How can I have my Lady Washington Geranium bloom a second time? I have one with eight large clusters of blossoms; but my former experience is after they have dropped, a good growth of foliage but no blossoms. I put some Water Lilies in a tub in my yard; the stalks make rapid growth, but when they get out of the water they turn black and die. MRS. H. C. CARPENTER.

Oconomowoc, Wis.

Answer.—Your Geranium will not bloom continuously; grow the foliage well in full sunlight and in time you will have more bloom. Place the tub in full sunlight, let the earth in it cover the tubers of the Lilies, and if the growth is weak, make the soil rich; the leaves should not come out of the water, but should rest on the surface. The tubers must be large to bloom.

White Worms in Pot Plants.—Please tell me how to destroy the small white worms in pot plants.

J. C. MOORE.

Answer.—We have repeatedly answered this question in the CABINET. Shake out your plants and repot in fresh soil. Lime water is of no use for these worms, but it will rid pots of common earth worms.

Roses Unhealthy, etc.—The leaves dropped off my Roses early in the winter; then the leaves started afresh, but wilted and died. Where can I get a book on Rose culture? LUCY A. MOREHOUSE.

White Lake, Mich.

Answer.—The Roses were killed by gas of some kind, or by smoke in the air. Parkman on the Rose, or Parson's Rose Culture, can be obtained for you by any bookseller.

Roses in Conservatory dying.—I have a conservatory warmed by the sitting-room and by a small stove. My Roses put out fresh leaves and look thrifty, and in a couple of days wither away without any visible cause. They have no insects, the soil is good, and I give them plenty of water. There is good ventilation, and I have examined the soil and find no trace of worms. I am at my wit's end to know what to do. Ottumwa, Iowa. MRS. J. T. DOUGLASS.

Answer.—The trouble is not in earth or water, nor yet in the plants themselves, but in the air. Your coal stove allows the escape of gas and the plants are poisoned. Roses are very sensitive to the poison of coal gas. Delicate plants will not thrive in a vitiated atmosphere.

Agapanthus not Blooming. Can you tell me how to make the Agapanthus bloom?

Beaver Dam, Wis.

MRS. LEWIS.

Answer.—It usually blooms very freely every summer if the plant is strong. It needs a good, rich soil, not much water in winter, but plenty in summer.

Flowers.

A SMILAX HARP.

At one of our windows, upon a pretty stand, sat a deep dish; within this two pots containing *Myrsophyllum Asparagoides*, the Smilax.

Raised from seed planted in the spring, out of doors, its bulbs had been transplanted in October to the sandy soil here given them. Between the pots we introduced a wire harp, or, rather, the lyre of Erato, the Greek muse. Hitherto the vines had cast themselves about in a listless, undetermined manner. Now they had something on which to expend their energies—an object worthy of their abilities—and ere long they had nearly covered the form with their shining green foliage.

One of the most lovely of Christmas decorations is this Smilax harp. With a little care in guiding its sprays, the lyre will always present a symmetrical appearance.

After it is well covered the vines may be turned downward, and allowed to stray over the stand upon which the dish is set.

ANNE G. HALE.

BEGONIAS AND OTHER FLOWERS.

I sit down with the hope of saying something novel and amusing in floriculture, not that the ladies need the instruction, but to prove some of the floral books deceivers and snares for our beautiful flowers.

To begin at the beginning, I saw a phrase about a year ago, saying, "Begonias will not amount to anything out doors," that is, planted out. Now I deny in toto the truth of that statement, and my reason is plain, and which same I now rise to explain. I have always religiously kept my Begonias in pots until last summer.

One day I was walking down town and saw a great bush growing in the centre of a flower-bed, and in full flower. I went in to make a further investigation, and lo! it was a Begonia Oilifolia; there it stood three feet high and about as large round as a barrel, and was covered with blossoms. I had thought mine were very luxuriant, but they dwindled down most alarmingly. I went home and immediately planted mine out, and one of them stayed out until after heavy frosts, and wasn't hurt in the least, which proves beyond a doubt that they can be planted out to advantage, and are remarkably ornamental, especially on the north side of the house, where scarcely any other large plant will bloom.

Of course, I do not mean that they will succeed like a Zinnia, anywhere, but by planting them where they get the sun only part of the time, and giving an abundance of water, you will have no reason to complain of its not repaying you for your trouble. They will stand considerable heat, as any one must know to have seen them flourishing last summer, when even I

was almost wilted. I have tried several of the flowering kind out of doors, and the experiment is in every way satisfactory.

And now about those lovely creations of Nature, the Calla. I have had the most gratifying success in my experiments with them, and never again will I consent to dry them off in the summer. I separate the roots early in the summer, and that naturally retards the growth some, and then stand them under a tree out doors, and keep them wet, and let them grow in early September. I pot them into larger pots and bring them into the house, and the consequence is I have them in bloom before Christmas; I have them in bud now, so there is another slight misunderstanding on the part of the florists. I suppose they think because the Calla on the banks of the Nile dries off

planted my Calla in the crock with nice rich earth, and stuck ever so many bits of Tradescantia all round the edge; then I took a hand-basin and put the Calla in, filling the basin with water, and stood it on a little round bouquet table in the window, where it constantly attracts notice, the Tradescantia falling all round the table, almost concealing the pot. The basin and crock should both be painted alike; mine is brown and is very pretty.

I saw a lady's article on propagating plants by rooting them in sand. I have no doubt it is a very nice way, if you can make the slips stay there; but mine are always getting wrong end uppermost, and as they refuse to root in air, I gave that up, and now I just plant them in little pots of light rich soil, and they seldom disappoint me.

For Heliotropes, I have a way "peculiarly my own," as the novels say. I break a number of slips from the parent plant in the spring, and stick them in a shallow box of earth and cover each with a flower pot, taking care that the earth is kept moist; after they are rooted I take the pots off at night at first, and gradually expose to light and sun. I have found this an admirable method, and thought it worth communicating.

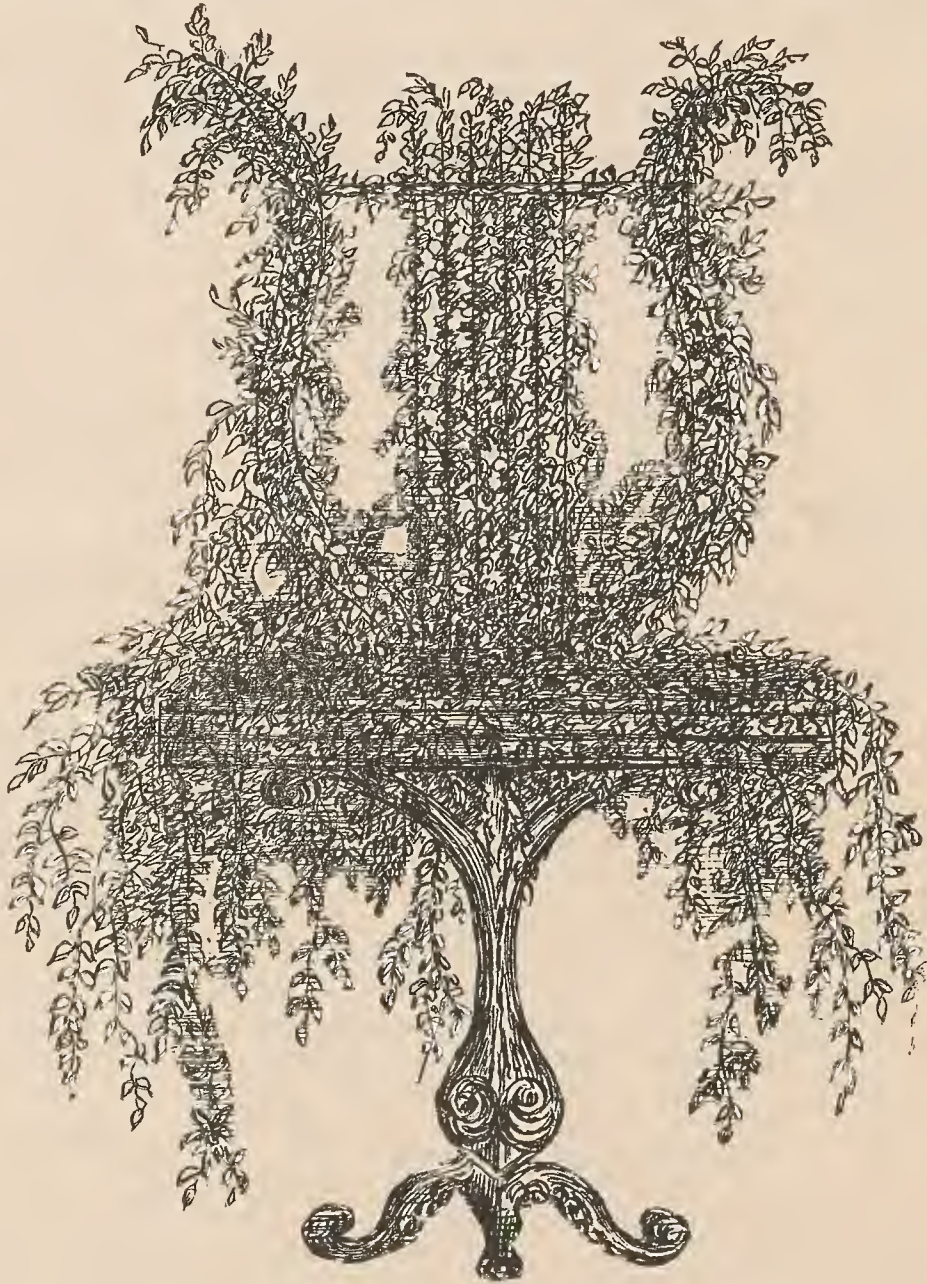
My Roses seem to be especially obliging this season, for I never had the cuttings root so readily, and my Roses out doors are blossoming yet. I have a box of earth and sand mixed for Rose slips, and keep it in a shady place, and they generally root if kept damp.

I am a great admirer of handsome foliage, and Caladiums in particular. I have an elegant large one to grace the centre of my Portulaca bed, and it forms a lovely contrast to their bright colors; when I took the bulb in this fall it had a tiny little Caladium just leaving out. A brilliant idea of having it in the house at once struck me so forcibly, that I went and potted it immediately, and to be sure, it has gone on growing as if it had never been disturbed, and is such a lovely green, that I am quite charmed.

I had a nice cigar box last summer, and thought it would make such a nice hanging basket, but what to cover it with was the question. I bored holes through the corners and put wire through to form rings to fasten the cords to; then I covered the outside with cone work and coffee beans and acorns, beginning at the

edge and ending in a cluster in the centre. I made acorns answer for feet; I lined the box with tin and filled it with striped Tradescantia and a Begonia for the centre. I hung it in the window with scarlet cords, and it is an object of beauty that would do credit to a professional instead of an amateur.

I have a Salvia that I think is worth mentioning. I had not much faith in its blooming late, but nevertheless I purchased two, and planted two; one grew so large that I fastened it to the fence, and it nearly covers it, and notwithstanding that we have had several hard frosts and one severe snow storm, it still tosses its scarlet flowers to the wind. A. F. P.



A SMILAX HARP.

part of the year, it must do so here, but we don't live in Egypt, and neither does our Lily; it is a great wrong to the poor flower, for undoubtedly "it would if it could, but it couldn't" grow when it had no water.

That reminds me of a very beautiful way I have fixed my Calla, and one that might be copied to advantage: I took a large stone crock of my mother's, that was the shape of a flower pot, only glazed nicely, and would not evaporate water so rapidly, and drilled a hole in the bottom. Yes, I really did it myself, with a large iron nail and heavy hammer. I hammered very easily, and pretty soon it was done. I

In-Door Gardening.

WINTERING PLANTS IN CELLARS.

We frequently see it recommended to winter certain half-hardy plants, Geraniums, etc., in cold pits or frames, and the possessors of these conveniences have reason for rejoicing, but at least a large majority of flower-lovers have to depend on the cellars, as a substitute. In fact, for delicate people, or invalids, a cellar is more easily managed than pits or frames, as access can be had without exposure to the weather. Frames and pits need much care in the way of opening, airing and protecting from sudden or extreme changes of temperature, although the plants are more forward in the spring, when thus wintered. Most woody plants, such as Orange, Lemon, Oleander, Pomegranate, etc., will do perfectly well in an ordinary cellar, as they remain dormant till late in spring, while Roses, Pinks, Hydrangeas, and Jessamines, will start so much as to require removal to the upper regions at an earlier date. If one has a convenient room, at a temperature of about sixty or sixty-five, this is an advantage, as it admits of Roses blooming in mid-winter and until spring, but I have always found them liable to red spiders, in a room sufficiently heated for my own comfort. In that case, I take one crop of buds, and then return them to the cellar again. Of late winters, I have been able to keep them back until about March, by giving the smallest possible quantity of water, and placing them in the coolest part of the cellar. I think more failures result from erroneous management, as regards watering, than from any other cause. If your plant is in a large pot or box, with a good deal of earth, never water just before placing in the cellar, but have the soil just a little moist, and only give from time to time just enough to keep the stems from shriveling, although with shrubs which retain their leaves, such as Oleander, Orange, etc., a little more may be allowed. In fact, Oranges and Lemons should not be allowed to drop their foliage at all, if it can be prevented. Their leaves are more liable to drop the first few weeks than afterwards. It is a curious fact, that the green fruit on them will turn yellow, as if ripe, and when again removed to the open air, become green again, and go on growing. I have known fruit to remain in this manner over two winters. Towards planting time, water them well several times.

Pomegranates need only the least possible quantity of water until near March. The time will vary a little, according to the warmth of the cellar.

If the storage of vegetables, etc., demands a daily opening of outside doors, for a few minutes, it will be very beneficial to the plants, unless for a few days of the very severest weather.

Some plants will winter perfectly well simply placed on the cellar bottom, without boxes or pots, and a little earth piled about their roots. The possessor of the most thriving Pomegranate I ever knew of, told me that she wintered it in this way. Abutilons and Oleanders can be thus treated, and then bedded out in spring. If rats or cats have access to the cellar, a little vigilance will be needful.

Carnations, not needed for winter blooming, will do

well in a cellar; all Zonales, and sometimes sweet-scented Geraniums, also. Of course, we should be glad to have them in the windows to enjoy, but if we are short of room, it is something to have a good stock forthcoming at gardening-time, even if leafless. I have found plants in this state liable to sunburn the stalks, when first bedded, which about ruins them. If possible, they should be placed in a shaded situation, as early as the weather will allow, and hardened a little, before bedded out. It is better to risk a few pretty cool nights, than to wait until the sun gets too hot, I think. I usually shade, for a few days, with something on the side most exposed to the sun. Smile not, dear reader, but a few old shingles are invaluable.

The pink Salvia, Fuchsias, and Feverfews, succeed admirably. I take cuttings of the latter, about the middle of September, when there are usually a good supply of unbudded branches, and, removing part of the leaves, place eight or ten in a small cigar-box, and set them in a shady place, and by cold weather they are well rooted, and make nice plants for bedding

required. Beware, however, of applying too much at once even then. Little and often should be the rule. I take it for granted that citizens with sub-cellars have no place out-of-doors for plants, but if it were not for the gas, some might be kept even in those. I have wintered plants, many years since, in cellars wholly without windows.

Tradescantias, Lophospermum, Sedums, Deutzias, Lilies of the Valley, Dicentras, Astilbe, Jasminum Nudicaule, and many other hardy plants, may be potted and kept in the cellar until the buds begin to swell, and then brought into a warm room, when they will soon blossom nicely.

I should here except the Tradescantia and Lophospermum. Jasminum Nudicaule will be a sheet of bloom within a week or ten days. Lilies of the Valley may be forced at any time in winter, in this manner: Bring them up about three weeks before the flowers are needed, and put in as warm a spot as you have got. For the others, exercise a little care about too much heat, at first. Bulbs, when kept in a cellar, should be examined occasionally, to guard against both too much and too little moisture. Dahlia roots, if shriveling too much, may be sprinkled very lightly with lukewarm water, but with Gladioli, Cannas, Tigridia, and Oxalis, the danger is apt to be from the other extreme. Paper bags, hung near the top of the cellar, and beneath the floor of a room where a fire is kept, afford admirable quarters for all these, except Dahlias. Jockey Club (*Mirabilis nyctag in flora*) will bear the most drying of any bulb I know of and come out all right. Vallota is better placed in a cellar than kept growing all winter. So, also, Caladium Esculentum. Here let me caution my readers not to trust Tuberose or Achimenes in an underground room. A dry, warm place is indispensable to them, especially the Achimenes.

If a cellar affords a sunny South window, Verbenas may be wintered in it very fairly. It is best to have a shelf placed so that the tops of the pots may come just below the lower edge of the window-ledge. This may be easily effected by means of a hanging shelf, suspended by loops of strong cord or rope. I prefer boxes to pots for cellar use for

Verbenas and many other small plants.

Mice are sometimes troublesome, eating plants even when apples and vegetables are plenty. They are particularly fond of Tigridia bulbs and Carnations. Cats will also eat Carnations, apparently in lieu of grass and catnip. A HOME BODY.

PASSION FLOWERS.

The Passion Flower, or Flower of Passiou, received its name from the early Roman Catholic missionaries, in South America, who found in them symbols of the crucifixion. They discovered a resemblance to the crown of thorns in the fringes of the flower. They compared the styles, with their capitate stigmas, to nails, the stamens to hammers with which to drive them, and the tendrils of the plant to cords. We have had a plant for three years, and last summer it bloomed for the first time. We noticed the first bud two weeks and a half before it blossomed. The flowers come out between 12 and 1 o'clock, begin to fade about 10 the next day, and close early in the afternoon. M. R. T.



PICTURE FRAMES DECORATED WITH FERNS.

The Home Circle.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS, AND GOSSIP ABOUT HOME AFFAIRS.

CROCHET.

Miss A. M. A., New Orleans.—A new book on Crochet, etc., by S. Annie Frost, one of the new editors of "Lady's Book" (Godey's), and just published by Mr. Williams contains all you seek to know; the fancy work in Godey's is the same as the German "Modenwelt," in which those terms you named were used. You will find the advertisement in the CABINET for October.

"RING-WORK,"

consists only of covering brass or wire rings with silk, or zephyr, in buttonhole stitch, then uniting them, using beads, spangles, and buttons, (as taste suggests) on the points of union. Besides personal articles such as satchels, purses, etc., elegant wall-pockets, hanging-baskets, lamp-shades, card-stands, etc., are thus made.

TO PRESERVE WHITE FLOWERS.

Mrs. G. A. T., Liberty, Texas, Miss L. S., Rochester, N. Y., Mrs. M. D., Madison, N. J., have been greatly discouraged in their endeavors to preserve white flowers, by means of the paraffine coating. It is done successfully, however, as we know from experience; and in cases where there is failure, we fear the material is not of the finest character, which is absolutely essential; or is used too hot, or the opposite, or perhaps the flowers may have been too succulent, or not coated thoroughly. It is well worth persevering in. The handsomest pieces we have seen, were a cross, two feet long, and a wreath, sixteen inches in diameter, very heavy, and composed of many varieties of flowers. They were done seven years ago, and are still perfect, we understand. After the funeral of a loved wife and mother, they were enclosed in frames, protected by glass, and hermetically sealed.

SPLINT WORK.

Mrs. G. T. H., Madison, Ill.—Next month we hope to describe the Wood-Splint Work fully. It is well adapted to all kinds of household elegancies, such as hanging-baskets, standing and card frames, easels, fern-cases, wall-pockets, crosses for ferns and autumn leaves (either as rural ornaments or for mantels and brackets), hanging-odorators, brackets, etc. Such dainty, exquisitely lovely knick-knacks, you cannot imagine.

BRAID.

"Ancmore," Colorado Territory.—I scarcely know whether I understand the "braided rope, made of worsted (alpaca) braid square on the sides, yet slightly elastic."

Some years ago an ornamental braid of the kind you appear to describe, was greatly admired and used by ladies for the hair, which was then dressed with braids of hair, velvet, etc. Such braids would indeed form beautiful suspension ropes for heavy hanging-baskets, and to loop about curtains, lambrequins, etc., or as embellishment for cushions, rugs, and other household articles of the kind, would be really elegant.

FRET SAWING.

"Mary."—We know of no one kind of art work, so well adapted to the articles you require, as that of "Fret Sawing," and carving; on front of wrapper of the CABINET you will find a list of books containing designs for every article (in wood) that can be conceived. You named a card-basket. You should obtain some white wood. By cutting out a set of panels, then lining with velvet or silk of some bright pattern,

and (if necessary) binding the edges with velvet ribbon, or running chenille, in holes made on the edges, you have an article as elegant as the costly beauties imported from Europe.

Those fond of fret-sawing, should certainly obtain a set of earving tools as well as saws, for there is no comparison between a piece of work, merely sawed out, and another, exactly similar, finished up with these carving tools. By the way, have you seen the charming little Swiss clock, made with the fret-saw and carving tools? You can carve the clock yourself, and obtain the works—excellent ones—to fasten within. These books on fret-sawing are invaluable to every tasteful housekeeper; and such a ready and delightful means of keeping active boys busy, is immeasurably valuable to us, these long winter evenings. We would certainly advise you to obtain one of the books of designs, a set of saws, etc. You will be charmed.

ADORNING TABLES.

To Anxious Housekeeper: There can be no ornament so beautiful, so simple, and altogether available as flowers. It is now near winter, and blossoms will be scarce, but you can form a charming centre piece that will continue a "thing of beauty" for months, by covering a bowl or round box with scarlet flannel, and any broken goblet with cotton-batting (raw cotton). Sew on smoothly and make quite wet; soak flax, or water-cress seeds, until sticky, then cover the whole surface with them; place in a dark, warm place for a few days, when it will be found that the seed have sprouted, and you may then bring out to the warm sunlight, when, in a day or so, the whole surface will be covered with a mass of soft, lovely green, while gleaming through the whole, the scarlet and white groundwork imparts a charming effect. Place the bowl upside down, with the goblet on it, like a little dome, and you have one of the loveliest table ornaments imaginable, and which is greatly admired even in our cities.

Or you may use a vase or whole goblet for the top part, covering as described, then place a piece of cotton on the top, and nearly fill the vessel with water, scatter some rice, canary, and other seeds on the top of the cotton, making it just touch the water, or suspend an acorn by a thread until it approaches the surface, or put a sweet potato in the water. In either case you will soon enjoy the rare sight of growing rice or grasses, a tiny oak tree, or an exquisitely-graceful vine.

These water-ornaments may be multiplied in various ways, for even a bunch of wheat ears, kept in water, presents a lovely sight, during the winter, when greenness is at par.

An excellent method of utilizing old poultry, was given in last month's CABINET; you doubtless observed it.

SALADS.

To your last question we would say, salads, sauces, and made-dishes of various kinds, are the greatest helps to getting up nice meals; and we do not use them nearly enough.

JARDINIÈRE CANVAS.

We would explain to several ladies who have written to ask concerning it, that Jardiniere canvas is here called gold and silver perforated card.

Ladies have no idea of the exquisite beauty of the white perforated card work. It appears, when well done, like chiselled marble. We have just been making what is called, in our German magazine, a goblet, but we would term a vase, inasmuch as it is shaped like a graceful vase with a lid. This stands about ten to twelve inches high, and is so made that it

appears richly carved, the pure white of the card imparting a marble-like appearance. Indeed, beneath the glass shade provided for it, it appears like, and is invariably taken for marble. Lovely toilet sets, consisting of glove, handkerchief, powder, jewel and sash boxes, bottle-stands, etc., mural ornaments of various kinds, hung as plaques, brackets, etc., are, when carefully made, of the most artistic character. But we should recommend it most particularly for the more delicate kinds of elegancies, as pure white will, of course, become soiled, in time, and might better be protected. The cross shown in "Household Elegancies" is, when framed in a recess, a lovely ornament, though several articles we have made more recently excel it in artistic design.

WINDOW TRANSPARENCIES.

"Claude Melnot" asks a few questions concerning window transparencies, for hall windows, etc. This class of embellishment is *ad infinitum*. We would recommend, however, the Vitromania or Diaphenie plates as being the most superb of anything yet tried; excelling even stained glass in its exquisite softness and perfection of shading; and to such a high degree is this art carried in England, that artisans are employed to apply the plates to the windows of chapels and other public buildings.

We have recently been ornamenting a large lantern over a hall-door. It consists of two large plates of glass, sixteen by twenty inches. In the centre of each plate is a lovely scene—of Oriental character—palm trees, a sheet of water, with gondolas, and one or two figures in richly-tinted garbs. On the other a part of tropical forest—camels and turbaed Turks reclining beneath luxuriant trees, with lovely background, etc. Surrounding these are a dozen scarlet medallions, each one bordered with blue, gold, and scarlet, and containing a different scene, or group, the whole finished with a rich diapered-grounding and border in vivid colors. Every one exclaims over our extravagance in having a stained-glass window, whereas the entire thing cost less than \$5, though you might imagine it at \$50, \$75, or even \$100, perhaps, according to the cost of stained glass. We wonder that ladies do not attempt this work, to a greater extent than we imagine they have, for it would certainly give great satisfaction. Several lanterns we got up for a village fair, last season, sold for high prices, and others were at once ordered. For lamp-shades and hall lanterns, the smaller plates are eminently adapted.

VERMIN.

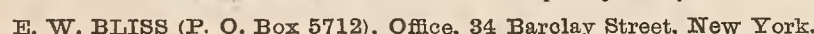
I am glad to avail myself of the opportunity offered in the FLORAL CABINET, to ask some questions of older and more experienced housekeepers than myself. My great trouble at present is—vermin! I have, since May 1st, moved into a dwelling literally infested with bed-bugs, roaches, and red ants. What must I do to rid the place of them? MRS. G. B. MANLOVE.

Answer.—During all my long married life, I have followed the established rule of my ancestors. That is, each March all bedsteads, closets, drawers, etc., are well painted with alum solution—one pound to one gallon—and if new bedsteads are purchased, they are well saturated with a poison composed of half a pint of alcohol, quarter pint of turpentine (benzine will answer as well), crude sal. ammonia, one ounce, corrosive sublimate, one ounce, camphor gum, one draehm. Dissolve, and with a small sash-brush paint each crack and crevice; or, better still, inject it into all the parts. I have found this entirely effective, if persevered in.

AUNT CARRY.

20 Repp or Damask cards, with name, 10 cents post paid. J. B. HUSTED, Nassau, N. Y.

BRACKET SAWYERS Send for Catalogue of 212 Designs of
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Saws. C. H. PARKER, Coldbrook Springs, Mass.





NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1877.

MY WINDOW GARDEN.

No novelty in this subject, surely; for your readers are often treated to descriptions of window gardens. But they almost all tell of spacious bay-windows, filled with costly plants and expensive warden cases, very beautiful and very interesting to read about, but offering few suggestions to us poorer people. Indeed, I think them rather discouraging, as they tend to make the inexperienced think such things necessary to success, and that there is little or no use trying, as not one woman in twenty possesses such luxuries. A few more look forward to having a bay-window when the farm is paid for, or the new house built, while a great many more, like myself, feel that they must be content to get the house with ordinary windows; and to such, perhaps, my window garden may furnish some hints that will be of value. My sitting-room has one window facing south, five feet long, coming within two feet of the floor. In front of this, on a level with the window-sill, I had a shelf put up, twelve inches wide, and extending eight inches beyond the window on either side, making it three and a half feet long, supported by wooden brackets at each end, and by a small iron bar fastened to edge of shelf in centre, and extending backward to base-board. This I had inclosed by a board six inches wide, finished around the top with molding, and painted like the rest of the room. This shelf was furnished with a tin bottom, doubling up about an inch. When it was ready for the plants, I also placed, a little above the middle of the window, small iron brackets that can be bought at any hardware store for about forty cents. These hold a shelf eight inches wide, and about eight inches shorter than the lower one; and in the ceiling, eighteen inches out from centre of window, is a small hook to hold hanging basket. Now come the plants. In each end I put a pot containing Madeira vine, which is trained up each side to top of window, thence to hook, forming many festoons on its way, and making a beautiful frame for the whole. In the centre is a large Calla; on either side stands a lustre and a speciosa Fuchsia, my favorite flower, and well do they

deserve the name; with good soil and ordinary care they will blossom ten mouths of the twelve. Then follow Geraniums, single and double Roses and Calceolarias. With judicious packing, I can make the shelf hold twenty-four pots, from four to six inches in diameter, too close for symmetrical specimens; but it gives a mass of leaves and blossoms more effective for the whole than if they were not so close. On each corner of the box is a little board, fastened securely, as a foundation for the prettiest specimens I possess. A low-growing Fuchsia or dwarf Veronica make nice plants for this position; and in all the pots I put slips of Tradescantia, or Wandering Jew, as it is commonly called here, which nearly carpets them, and trails over the edges, forming a lovely finish. In center of upper shelf I have a small orange-tree, which reaches to the ceiling; on either side is grouped miscellaneous plants, according to size and contrast of foliage. Then comes my basket. This has a white Begonia in the centre, and the indispensable Wandering Jew around the edge, which has grown at least six feet long. I have looped these up around the basket until it is one ball of green. I forgot to say the pots in the upper tier were also covered with Wandering Jew, which I kept short, so it grows thick, and nearly hides the pots, and helps the general appearance very much. I think I can safely say mine is the prettiest window of its size I ever saw, and the expense is very small. I have used this arrangement for two years, and the only change I would make would be to hang the basket farther from the window, as the vines tangle among the leaves of the plants, and render it difficult to move them without breaking the foliage. With regard to winter treatment when arranged so close to glass, at night I close the blinds, and slip a newspaper behind the plants. As the blinds are calculated to open from the inside, which would necessitate moving the plants each morning to open the window, I fastened a string to the catch, which I passed up through the slats to the outside; so, by pulling this, I can open quickly from the outside. Where there are no blinds, I find paper flour-sacks, pasted together and furnished with loops to fasten to casing with, are an excellent protection. Now, a word about pots. As they are hidden from view, it does not matter so much about looks, and I find the two pound tin fruit-cases excellent for Fuchsias and Roses, as the rust does not injure these plants. Indeed, I think it a benefit to roses, and I think a very good fertilizer is furnished them by sprinkling a few iron filings from the blacksmith shop on top of soil, or by placing one or two rusty nails in the dirt. Just a little of it, as too much would be injurious, as it is of any fertilizer. I think it brightens the hue of the flowers considerably, and gives a darker tint to the foliage.

COMPLIMENTS TO THE FLORAL CABINET.

The following are but a few out of thousands of letters received where the writers express their admiration for the FLORAL CABINET. Our new readers will judge from these opinions what the old readers, who have taken it for years, think:

"It is as welcome as spring flowers, as reviving as a quiet shower, as pleasant as a friend's visit; in short, is essential to my happiness."

"We are taking a great number of papers, but would gladly give them all up to retain the CABINET."

"Dear Editor of FLORAL CABINET: You wish to know how the CABINET is liked. I can speak for myself and several of my friends that I have heard express their opinions. I can but say, with your English friend, it is the purest and best of all the periodicals that I subscribe for, and if I could have but one, it surely would be the CABINET; and as to enlarging it, and in regard to increasing the price, I shall continue to take it if it is increased in price to double its present low price it is published for. I feel that I cannot say enough in praise for the CABINET for myself and friends. It always has been and always will be a welcome visitor to me, and I hope to many others."

"I am much pleased with the CABINET, it is a welcome visitor, and I do not see how I could do without it. It is the sweetest home-paper I ever saw, and I trust the time shall soon come when it will be found in every household. I only add these few lines in honest praise of our dear CABINET."

"M. L. FISHER."

"MINNIE E. BERRY."

"The CABINET is so admirable in every respect I scarcely know where to imagine any improvement. It is a perfect sunbeam to me, and I only wish it came every week, so eagerly do I devour and digest it."

"Mrs. R. S. TRUSLOW, Kanawha C. H., Va."

"My house would not be complete without our treasure, THE FLORAL CABINET. Indeed we should all think the new year not commenced aright were we to be robbed of so much sunshine as your beautiful paper brings to the entire household."

"Mrs. H. N. S., Deerfield, Mass."

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Treasures of Garden and Woodland.—This is the title of our illuminated Floral Frontispiece for 1878. It is the most perfect specimen of floral illustration ever produced in the United States. It is of the same size as "Gems of the Flower Garden," but while that contained flowers in profusion, this is more artistic in its collection of brilliant Autumn Leaves, Ferns, Roses, etc. Subscribers will find it well worthy of appreciation. Club agents will find it a decided help in obtaining subscribers for THE FLORAL CABINET, and an advance proof will be sent for agents' purposes for 25 cents, which can be deducted when club is made up; but the Frontispiece itself cannot be sent to subscribers until the January No. of CABINET is issued. The rules of the post office department limit it to the January No. If sent with any other number there would be extra postage.

New Books.—Lovers of beautiful household books should not forget the announcements we made last month of some splendid additions to our series of household books. They are really charming, and full of multitudes of hints how to improve your homes. "Beautiful Homes" will be ready about Nov. 20; "Evening Amusements," Dec. 1. All the others are now ready.

Get up a Club, Price Reduced.—Where any person will raise a club of 5 subscribers at \$1.20 each, with \$6.00, a 6th copy extra will be sent free to club agent, or a club of 6 may join together and the 6 copies sent to one address for \$6.00. Members of clubs desiring the Floral frontispiece, will each remit 10 cents additional.

To any one raising a club of 3 at \$1.20 or \$1.30, will be given one of the following: The Ladies' Guide to Needle Work, Embroidery, Knitting, etc.; "Every Woman Her Own Flower Gardener;" "Household Hints and Recipes;" "The Home of Washington," steel plate engraving; "Fret-Sawing for Pleasure and Profit."

A club of 4—to a Pocket-Book, with your name engraved in gold. A club of 10 will entitle club agent to both extra copy of paper free, and one of the above books, or engraving.

A club of 15 will entitle club agent to both extra copy of paper free, and one of the following books: "Beautiful Homes, or Hints in House-Furnishing;" "Household Elegancies;" "Ladies' Fancy Work;" "Window Gardening;" or a Pocket-book, with your name in gold, worth \$1.50. The Cabinet Collection of Balsams, worth \$2.00; The Cabinet Collection of Gladiolus, worth \$15.00.

Beautiful Music.—Back numbers of THE FLORAL CABINET contain dozens of splendid pieces of music, charming home songs and melodies. Not one of them is poor. Not one could be bought in a music store for less than 40 cents. Buy the back numbers, they are rich in merit, music, pictures, and reading.

Back Volumes.—New subscribers, who are pleased with THE FLORAL CABINET, will find in back volumes an immense fund of delightful reading, pictures, and the choicest of family music; there are single pieces of music so sweet and charming as to be alone worth the price for a volume. We will club these together with subscription for 1878, as follows:

\$2.00 will pay for subscription 1878, the steel plate engraving, and all the back numbers of 1877, January to September.
3.00 will include the above and volume for 1876.
4.00 " " " " 1875.
5.00 " " " " 1874.
6.00 " " " " 1873.

Bound volumes for each year will cost 65 cents for each volume in addition to above prices.

Gardening.—All interested in gardening, floriculture, plants, trees, shrubs, fruits, greenhouses, etc., will find the GARDENERS' MONTHLY AND HORTICULTURIST very desirable. Only 30 cents on trial three months. \$2.10 per year.

"Floral Cabinet" for Half Price.—Any one sending a club of 5 subscribers to CABINET for one year will be entitled to a 4th copy of CABINET one year for half price.

NEW AND NOVEL PRIZES.

Desirous of encouraging the beautiful in household art and home life, we offer this fall a series of Prizes which have never been offered before in this country.

1. The Prettiest Flower Garden.—To any one forwarding us best sketch, or view, or photograph of their flower garden, or garden decorations, we will give, 1st prize, \$15; 2d prize, \$10; 3d prize, \$5. The sketch to be accompanied with description.

2. Prettiest Window Garden.—For prettiest sketch or view of the interior of a house, with window garden, will be given 1st prize, \$15; 2nd prize, \$10; 3d prize, \$5.

3. Prettiest Floral Decorations.—To any one sending prettiest sketch of floral design, decoration, or ornaments, will be given, 1st prize, \$15; 2nd prize, \$10; 3d prize, \$5.

4. Prettiest View of House and Grounds, exterior.—To any one sending best sketches of pretty house, its exterior, and surrounding lawn, vines, arbors, etc. 1st prize, \$15; 2d prize, \$10; 3d prize, \$5.

5. Prettiest Home, interior.—We desire pretty sketches or views of the interiors of charming houses, parlors, sitting-rooms, bedrooms, halls, and the various ways to ornament and decorate them. 1st prize, \$15; 2nd prize, \$10; 3d prize, \$5.

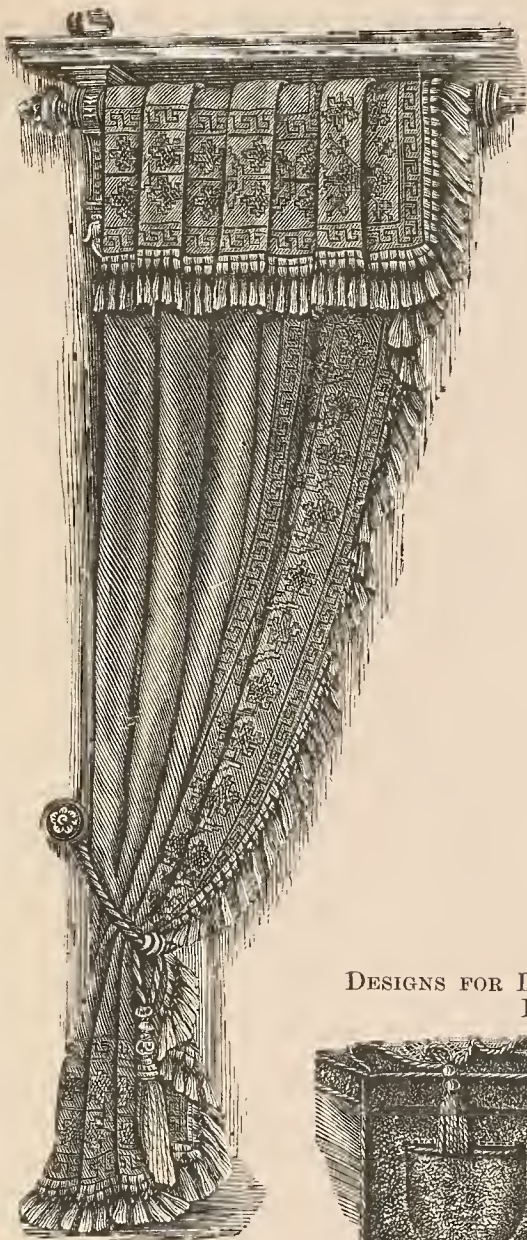
These sketches, views, or photographs of interior scenes, to be sent to us before December 25th, when the prizes will be awarded in January, and the Prize Illustrations will be published in THE CABINET for the coming year, making, we believe, the most attractive volume ever published. The views of outdoor scenes may be sent before July next.

Ladies who cannot draw, can find some friend who can, or they can get photographer to visit the house, and photograph it freely. The sketch should be accompanied with description, and we will welcome all sketches of any kind which relate to the decoration of the home in any way, out-doors or in-doors.

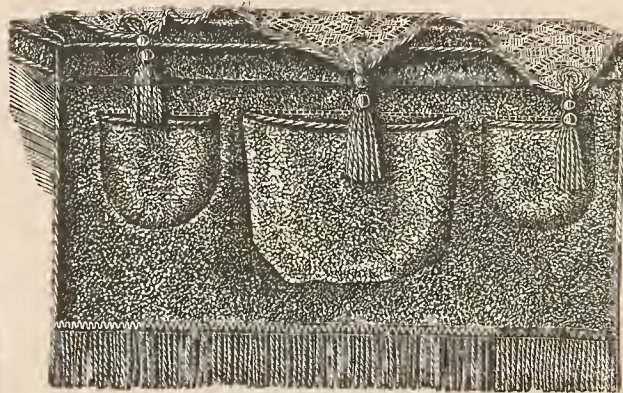
Special Offer. Seeds. Bulbs.—The special offer in October CABINET of \$3.00 worth of seeds and bulbs, and one of our \$1.50 books, or the CABINET one year, as a premium, is the finest offer ever made. You should improve the opportunity. You can remit the money now, obtain our certificate, and then procure the seeds, etc., at any time before June 1st next, 1878. You are not obliged to select them now.

WINDOW-SILL COVER AND BLINDS.

This cover is made of maroon plush, and provided with a lambrequin of Java canvas, embroidered with maroon worsted, edged with like-colored cord, and decorated with rosettes and tassels of the same worsted. To make the cover, cut of the plush a piece wide enough to fit your window, and so long as to reach the floor. For lining, cut a piece the same size of any kind of woolen cloth. The cover is provided with three pockets—a large one in the centre, and the small ones on either side—which are concealed by the lambrequin. For the small pockets cut out of the stuff that serves for lining, two double pieces, each eight inches wide, and seven inches long. Round off at the bottom, sew together, and insert into slits cut in the plush, at a distance of thirteen inches from the top, and four inches from either side. In like manner, make and insert the central large pocket, which is placed on a line with the others, and which is twelve inches wide



DESIGNS FOR LAMBREQUINS AND WINDOW OR DOOR CURTAINS.



WINDOW POCKET.

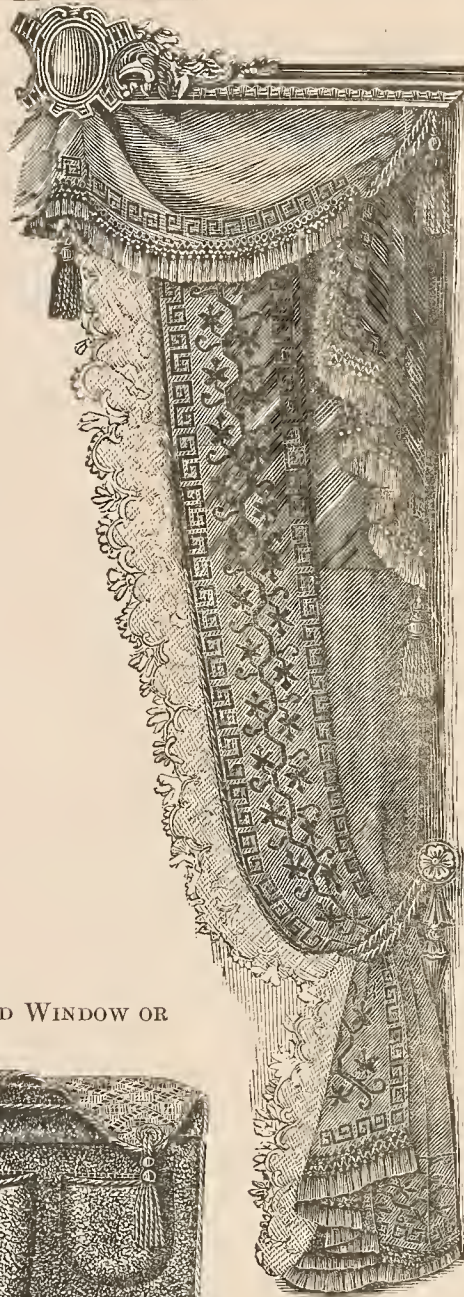
and sixteen long. The seams where the pockets are inserted must be neatly finished off with woolen cord. Now attach the lining; trim at the bottom with wide maroon worsted fringe, and bind the sides and top with worsted braid, after affixing the lambrequin which covers the pockets. This lambrequin is made of Java canvas, cut into three points at the bottom, a large one in the centre, and a small one on each side. Embroider in any appropriate design with maroon worsted, having first drawn the shape of the points with lead pencil. When finished, cut away the canvas at about the distance of half an inch from the pencil marks, hem this over on the wrong side, finish off with cord, and decorate each point with rosette and tassel. The blinds are of Indian gauze ornamented with painted flowers, birds, etc., bound with silk ribbon, and fastened top and bottom by means of steel rods to hooks, as shown in the engraving.

DOOR CURTAINS, WITH EMBROIDERED BORDER AND DRAPED HEADING.

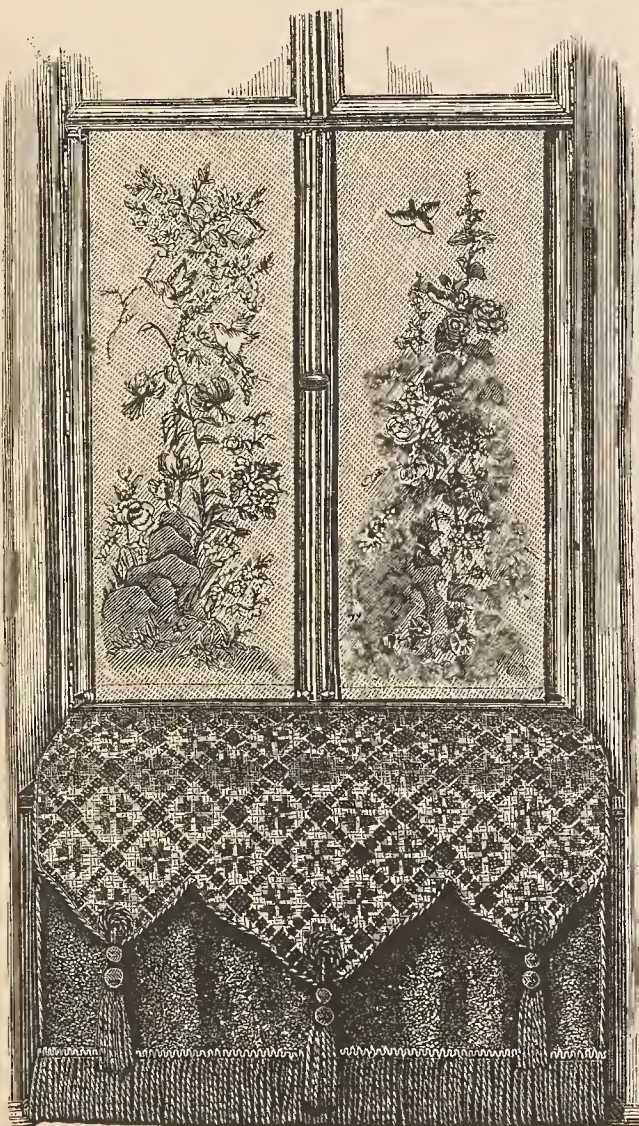
The illustration shows very plainly the handsome arrangement of curtains and heading. Their color should match the furniture, the border on the curtains being worked of two contrasting shades of cloth, on a light background. The fringe on the heading or lambrequin, the cord and tassels, are chosen of a color to match the border, which is finished off on each side by a neat little edging, worked of worsted somewhat darker than the color of the curtains.

CANARIES.

Says a writer In this way I answer the question of "How I had such luck with birds?" Simply by allowing the birds to attend to their own affairs, and by letting them understand that their mistress would never harm them. Also by accustoming them to plenty of light, and air, and company, rather than, as recommended in books, keeping the cage in a dark room, for fear of frightening the birds. Make just half the fuss directed in bird-books over the matter, and you will have double the success in raising birds. Never give sugar, but all the red pepper they want. It is the best thing for them. And if your bird feels hoarse at any time put a piece of fat salt-pork in the cage, and see how the little fellow will enjoy it, and listen for the result. Give him flax seed once in a while, and if he appears dumpy occasionally, give a diet of bread and butter, with red pepper sprinkled in.



DOOR CURTAINS.



WINDOW AND POCKET.

Household Hints.

HINTS AND AIDS FOR HOUSEKEEPING.

It is a far easier matter to write upon the subjects of housekeeping than it is to, in an easy and quiet way, perform the labors of a household. By means of the pen, however, many valuable hints and aids may be given to housekeepers, which, if properly used, will lighten their labors and lessen their cares. As good housekeeping is a matter of the utmost importance in every community and to all classes, so a good housekeeper is a person to be loved by the household and respected by all. The weather is growing cold, and soon much care will be necessary to preserve fruit and all things from freezing. As apples are not keeping well, many are canning them for use for the spring and summer months. The cans that are emptied in the latter part of the autumn and early part of winter can be filled with well-cooked apples and set away for use when needed. For this purpose the Spitzenbergens are excellent, as they are spicy and retain a beautiful color. The large pound-sweet apple is a most excellent apple to use to can, cooking it with sugar, the same as citron. The quarters will be whole if they are cooked slowly and not stirred. Put a little lemon in and it is a nice sauce.

At places where I have called, during the fall, I have found the ladies engaged in preparing rags for carpets. These carpets are warm, neat, heavy, and usually wear well.

The following is a cheap way of coloring cottons a beautiful blue, yellow, orange, and green:

To color blue, take one ounce of prussiate of potash, 2 ounces of copperas, one tablespoonful of oil of vitriol. Boil the copperas in iron; put in the cloth when it is hot. After emptying the copperas, put in the prussiate of potash and the oil of vitriol, and water enough to wet the rags well. Let it heat, and then put in the copperas rags, after rinsing them. After coloring, rinse well in clear water.

Yellow.—For five pounds of cotton, dissolve three-quarters of a pound of sugar of lead in a small quantity of hot water, and pour into cold water. Dissolve (after pulverizing) six ounces of bichromate of potash in cold water. Dip your rags first in the lead water, drain some, dip in the potash; dip into each several times. Color in tin or wood, and rinse well in cold water.

Orange.—Dip yellow rags in boiling lime-water.

Green.—Dip blue rags in the lead and potash, as for yellow. Color the yellow and orange first, as the blue will color the dye. If you wish the rags shaded, dip some more than others, or some a lighter blue than others. Rinse in cold water. The rags will all take a better color if they are wet in warm water before putting into either of the dyes. The oil of vitriol will burn whatever it touches before it is diluted. A few drops in a little water will take off all the stains from the dyes on the hands; then wash the hands in vinegar, and that will kill the life of the vitriol. The above recipes are all bright colors, and when made up in a carpet, make a nice, bright and cheerful-looking carpet for any room which it may be put into.

During the long winter months, when people are compelled to remain in-doors, one often gets tired of the surroundings, or weary of looking at the same arrangement of surroundings. This tiresomeness can often be relieved by changing the places or arrangement of the pictures and furniture. Beautiful vases and winter bouquets of natural flowers often cost nothing but

the time taken to gather, and all these help to relieve this weariness, especially in the rooms of aged people and invalids. Beautiful and bright-colored table and stand covers, chair cushions, etc., all help to make rooms look cheerful and pleasant. A very pretty stand cover is made in this way: Take a piece of bleached cotton and take any color of worsted braid you may prefer, baste it on in stripes; also, if you may wish, take strips of bright-colored flannel and cross-stitch it on, or feather-stitch it on with any color of worsted to harmonize, say scarlet with green or black, or blue with orange. The one I saw had several different colors of flannel and braid, the edge fringed with the different colors to match the centre.

Very beautiful and serviceable rugs may be made in the following way: An old sack of some grocer, then gather up all the scraps and bits of worsted and flannel and tear or cut into desirable lengths, thread them into a large darning-needle, and draw them through the cloth, taking only a few threads of the coarse cloth, in such a way as to leave both ends of the scraps on one side of it. The scraps should be drawn so closely together as to stand straight up, and also to cover the canvas, which must first be bound or hemmed. These can be drawn in so as to form diamonds, squares, or flowers. These being made of bright colors, the spaces about them are filled with more sombre colors.

As I have told how to make rugs, carpets, and stand cloths, I will now tell you how to make a very pretty lamp-mat. On a ground ten inches square, work any pretty pattern which will go round a space large enough to let a lamp stand, then take two strips of the canvas one and a half inches wide, and work in the centre a very narrow vine. Fringe out each side to the embroidery, then sew on to the mat in a loose twist; then work on each side of this twist a very small edge, and fringe out the edge of the mat. The mat is then lined with cardboard and silk, or anything you may prefer, and finish off each edge with bows of satin ribbon in each corner.

Recipe to Preserve White Flowers.—Let the flowers be freshly plucked, and of those kinds which have firm texture, of pure white, or at least very delicate tints. If the collection is to be preserved without separating the parts, the green leaves must be removed, as they require different treatment. This done, take fine paraffine, that is of the very best quality, melt in a clean tin vessel placed in a pan of boiling water, which must be kept constantly hot around it, so as to keep the paraffine in a liquid state. In this thin and transparent liquid mass, dip the blossoms, or, if found more convenient, brush each one quickly with a soft camel's-hair brush, of small size, so as to give them a smooth, thin coat that will cover each part of every petal, and this will form a casing round them that will entirely exclude the air and prevent their withering. The perfect transparency of this material renders this coating entirely invisible, so the flowers present that natural appearance which constitutes the charm of this work.

Green leaves must be colored with green paint, in powder, tied in a muslin bag and melted in it. Other flowers may be done in the same way, by coloring the paraffine with paints, in powder agreeing in color to the flowers. Great care is necessary in having the paraffine perfectly liquified yet not so hot that it will cook the flowers, for in this case they will turn brown and decay.

How to Water Hanging-Baskets.—Set in the middle of the basket, or suspend over it, a deep vase or broken goblet, which should be kept full of water. In the water place one end of cotton worsted cords, drop the other end of them on different parts of the top of the

basket. The cords will cause a constant flow of water, the number of which may be increased or diminished according as more or less water is needed. The vase must, of course, be fastened so it will not tip and spill the water. It may also be filled with Wandering Jew, or anything that will grow in water.

To Revive Faded Black Clothes.—Boil three ounces of logwood in a quart of vinegar, and when the color is extracted, drop in a piece of carbonate of iron the size of a large chestnut. Let it boil five minutes. Have the article to be dyed sponged with soap and hot water, laying them on the table and sponge them all over with it, taking care to keep them smooth, and brush downward. When completely wet with the dye, dissolve a teaspoonful of salaratus in a teacup of warm water, and sponge over with this, which sets the color so nothing rubs off. They must not be wrung or wrinkled, but carefully hung up to drain. The brownest cloth may be made a perfect black in this simple manner. So many people have faded garments that this recipe may be of service in restoring them to a lively color.

Excellent Whitewash.—As housecleaning approaches so often to the busy housekeeper, it may not be amiss to say a few words in regard to whitewashing. There are many recipes published, and many no doubt are good, but I believe the following to be the best: Take sixteen pounds of the best Paris white, half a pound of white transparent glue; prepare as follows: The glue is covered at night with cold water, and in the morning is carefully heated, without scorching, until dissolved. The Paris white is stirred in with hot water, to give the proper consistency for applying to walls. Except on very dark and smoky walls, a single coat is sufficient.

An Excellent Spruce Yellow Flour Paint.—One quart of water, four ounces of glue, three pounds of spruce yellow; dissolve the glue by putting the water cold upon the glue the night before, then heat in the morning, being careful not to scorch it; paint while hot; add more water if too thick; dry three hours, then oil; use in twenty-four hours.

To Make Furniture of Spruce Boughs.—Take spruce boughs that are fresh and new grown, cut them the desired length, lay them upon the warm stove for a few minutes, when the green will all drop off; then form them into any shape you wish, fastening them in place with pins; whole chamber sets (toy of course), can be made of these; also picture frames, brackets, etc.

Toilet Stand.—A handsome combination stand for toilet table or bureau, is made of four cornucopias of white glazed cardboard. Ornament each with spatter work, cut two lids of cardboard to fit the top of two of these, spatter, bind with narrow scarlet ribbon, and fasten on with a tiny scarlet bow at the top. Make a pincushion to fit one, and cover the top with scarlet silk, embroidered with a tiny spray in white silk. Make a hairpin cushion of the remaining one, and cover with white net, darned with scarlet silk or worsted. Make a pocket of white silk, and fasten in one with a lid for jewelry, and a movable lining of white paper in the other for combings. Make a base of wood of suitable size and shape, polished, and given two coats of white paint. Fasten an upright in the centre an inch taller than the length of your cornucopias. Paint it also, and fasten the four cornucopias around this, letting the points rest on the base. Quill narrow ribbon around the tops of each, and finish with a tiny bow at each top and bottom point. A larger bow must be fastened with a silver tack on top of the upright.

Household Art.

HOW I IMPROVED OUR HOME.

"Where there's a will, there's a way," says the old adage, and in nothing is this more clearly exemplified than by the ingenuity which will develop in a woman of refined tastes and limited means in the effort to surround herself with such things as shall add to her own comfort and happiness, and to the attractions of her home. Money is might in supplying the needs of a family, yet if money be not plentiful, resolution and ingenuity can cover many bare places.

Spending money is one of the easiest things in the world, and any woman who is plentifully supplied with funds can surround herself with beautiful things. Yet, all honor to her, who, without money, by her own devices and handiwork, makes her home beautiful and comfortable. As I have had some experience in thus devising economical "ways and means," I propose to tell something of what I have accomplished.

Several years ago John invested our savings in a comfortable house, containing six rooms, into which we moved at once. No more moving days! No more house rents! No more crusty, unaccommodating landlords! Truly, my "day of jubilee" had come, and I was fully prepared to enjoy it. John had the house repainted, after which I found myself in possession of some paints—white, two shades of brown, some light stone color, a few paint brushes, *et cetera*, with which I resolved to do much, as John declared he could do no more until business brightened up.

I need hardly state that we live in a country town where there are few facilities for anything except gossip. Still, there are many among us who love the beautiful, and the CABINET is a welcome visitor in our midst, and our appreciation of it ought to insure us the favor of its other loving readers; but I am digressing.

We could not afford then to cover the front hall floor, so I determined to paint it. With a lead pencil, a long ruler, and a string, I laid it off into medium sized diamonds; these I painted alternately with the two shades of brown, and when dry, added a small white figure, like a shamrock leaf, in the centre of each diamond. It was tedious, I confess, as I had to mark the outline of each figure, but it greatly improved the appearance of the hall and saved much scouring, so I felt fully repaid for my trouble. Next I attacked the side-lights to the front door. I had a quantity of beautiful pressed ferns, delicate as frost-work. I selected a quantity of uniform sizes, and after brushing them over with weak mucilage, I arranged a border of small ferns around each glass, and a cluster of larger ones in each centre.

Of course the glasses were nicely cleaned before I began, and as the mucilage dried rapidly, I was soon ready to paint. I did not remove the ferns, but painted the glasses all over with white paint. They were beautiful, for the ferns had retained their green tint, and the paint being dabbed on, looked like real ground glass.

To those inclined to similar experiments, a word here about painting glass may not be amiss. Use nothing but pure lead and linseed oil. The paint will easily peel off if mixed with turpentine. The brush should be short, the hair—not the handle—new and small; take very little paint on the brush at a time, and have an extra piece of glass convenient upon which always to try the brush, else the paint will be thicker in some places than in others. Do not brush

up and down the glass as every streak will show, but handle your brush lightly, with a "dab, dab, dab," which, if carefully done, will produce a good imitation of ground glass.

I painted another set of side-lights once in this way: I had a quantity of beautiful leaves, ornamented with various designs, all cut from satin paper. These leaves, long years ago, were used by my mother to ornament silver candlesticks on party and ball suppers, before the days of kerosene and gas. These leaves I put on the glasses with thin mucilage, using four leaves to each pane of glass, the stems joining in the centre, and the tip of a leaf toward each corner. Then I put on the paint, but did not cover the leaves with it, only dabbing over the designs cut on them. Then when dry, I removed the paper leaves by moistening them with a wet sponge, and sometimes using my penknife to remove obstinate pieces. The designs were perfect in clear glass, which I washed carefully. Painted glass can be washed with water without soap. But I must return to my work on the aforementioned house.

The front door and hall being completed, so far as my ability went, I repaired to the parlor, so-called. We had curtains and some furniture, which I arranged to the best advantage. A few choice chromos were hung and festooned with long gray moss and autumn leaves, all from our own home woods. On the table I placed a stand of worsted flowers, the work of a tasty sister. At each end of the mantel I suspended hanging baskets made of the bowls of broken goblets encased in crocheted covers and filled with worsted flowers, among which many dried butterflies nestled, some poised in the act of sipping (supposed) sweets, others on the wing, being held in that position by a tiny wire inserted through the body. Not resting on anything, they really looked as if actually flying toward the flowers.

My vases of grasses also enticed a few butterflies to rest there. In fact, Bulwer's heroine, who believed butterflies to be the wandering, unpunished, yet unredeemed souls of unbaptised dead infants, would have thought me pitiless, for I murder the poor butterflies remorselessly. They are so natural and beautiful when dried and arranged in a room, that that same heroine's room, filled with living butterflies, could hardly present a greater variety of sizes, colors and styles than nestle amid the flowers and ornaments of my parlor.

But to return to my work. A powder keg sawed in two, stuffed and covered with some old green empress cloth, made two nice ottomans, and after arranging a few mats and other ornaments, I "rested from my labors" for awhile.

To render the sitting-room cosy, I had a sewing machine, some chairs, a carpet, and a cradle for baby to nestle in while I sewed. The old window shades, which had done duty many years, were too shabby to use, but while ruefully contemplating them, I noticed that they were painted cloth. At once my inaction ceased. I got a lambrequin pattern, without folds, and cut my shades into plain lambrequins, and painted them on both sides with the light stone color. When dry, I added a border of scallops made out of scraps of red flannel. The contemptuous shrug of a moneyed woman's shoulders could not have ruffled my calm content at the result. The sunlight danced so brightly through my lambrequined south window, that I decided to put my plants there, but alas! no stand had I. With John's permission, I ransacked his lumber-room at the store, where men throw aside many things which women afterward utilize.

Here I enriched myself with an old dummy with disheveled dress, an old spool-cotton stand, which had resigned its position in the store to a handsomer article, and an old bracket lamp, with the lamp gone, and bracket entire. The bracket was put up on one side of the window, the glass reflector suspended beneath, to catch any drippings which might fall from the pot of flowers which I fitted into the bracket. Then I went to work to manufacture a plant stand out of the old dummy. I cast aside everything except the triangular cast-iron bottom, already on casters, and the upright centre piece, which was five inches in circumference. Then I had made (first expense) three pieces of plank three-fourths of an inch thick, twelve inches wide, thirty-six inches long, with the sharp ends rounded off, and a hole in each centre large enough to slip over this upright piece. These I put on, one above the other, and on the top nailed a small round shelf, large enough to hold a flower jar. The height of stand was only twenty-nine inches, which I increased by putting on top a plant of tall habit. This was duly painted and placed at the window by my bracket.

Thus I had a portable, folding stand whose original structure attracted much attention. When the leaves were open, it formed a circle, and when not in use they could be placed parallel, and rolled aside. I must confess I was a little proud of my success.

Then the spool-cotton stand was taken into custody to be transformed into a workstand. The superfluous divisions were taken out and put away for future constructions into frames for my flowers. The glasses in front, marked with the name of the manufacturer, were taken out, soaked in lye, and when clean, replaced over the plain pine, which really contrasted beautifully with the walnut case. Then I took a half barrel, which had held sugar, inverted it, and screwed the stand to it. Then I covered the half barrel with part of an old brown skirt, and stitched on pockets, the entire length, but narrow, which in due time became receptacles for patterns, empty spools, and innumerable odds and ends which accumulate in every family.

I hung a group of family photographs over the mantel, set out an Ivy to train over them, and then sat down to my long-neglected sewing, in the midst of my home-made comforts. Since then many nice pieces of furniture have been added to my sitting-room, but none have ever afforded me more satisfaction than my dummy plant-stand, and spool-cotton workstand.

BERTIE SWEPSON.

CURTAINS.

In a late number of the CABINET, a young housekeeper remarks that she has heard of pretty curtains being made of very common materials, even muslin. Really charming bedroom curtains can be made of unbleached muslin sheeting with a simple hem upon the edge. All the trimming required is a strip of bright chintz or cretonne, a foot in width, stitched horizontally across the top about two feet from the cornice.

The light falling through the unbleached muslin gives the fine ecru tone so much in vogue at present, and it is impossible to detect the nature of the fabric without close examination. The effect is precisely that of the fine twilled India material so much admired when combined with stripes of oriental embroidery. Really beautiful curtains for a parlor can be made of canton flannel in the same way, and the effect produced is that of a rich cream-colored plush or velvet. It is impossible to judge of the beauty of these cheap and novel hangings without having seen them.

AUGUSTA LARNED.

Household Elegancies.

TOILET SET.

PINCUSHION, GLOVE, AND HANDKERCHIEF CASES.

These are made of satin or velvet to correspond with each other, and with the bed-furniture and curtains. They are worked in silk braid of four different colors, one corner of each pattern being worked in a different color. The little centre pattern is worked in the same way, reversing the colors, and the whole braiding bordered with gold thread.

The pinecushion is a cardboard box, lined inside with wadded silk. The top is stuffed to form a pinecushion, and the sides are braided, each in a different color.

The glove and handkerchief cases are also lined with wadded silk, and scented, and the whole are trimmed with cord or fringe to correspond, and are alike pretty and useful for a lady's dressing-room.

TOILET MAT.

The next pattern is designed for a toilet mat to match the set, and can be worked the full pattern for centre mat, and the centre pattern only for small cologne-bottle mats at each side. They should be worked on fine white Marseilles, in colored cotton braid, to match the pinecushion.



TOILET MAT.

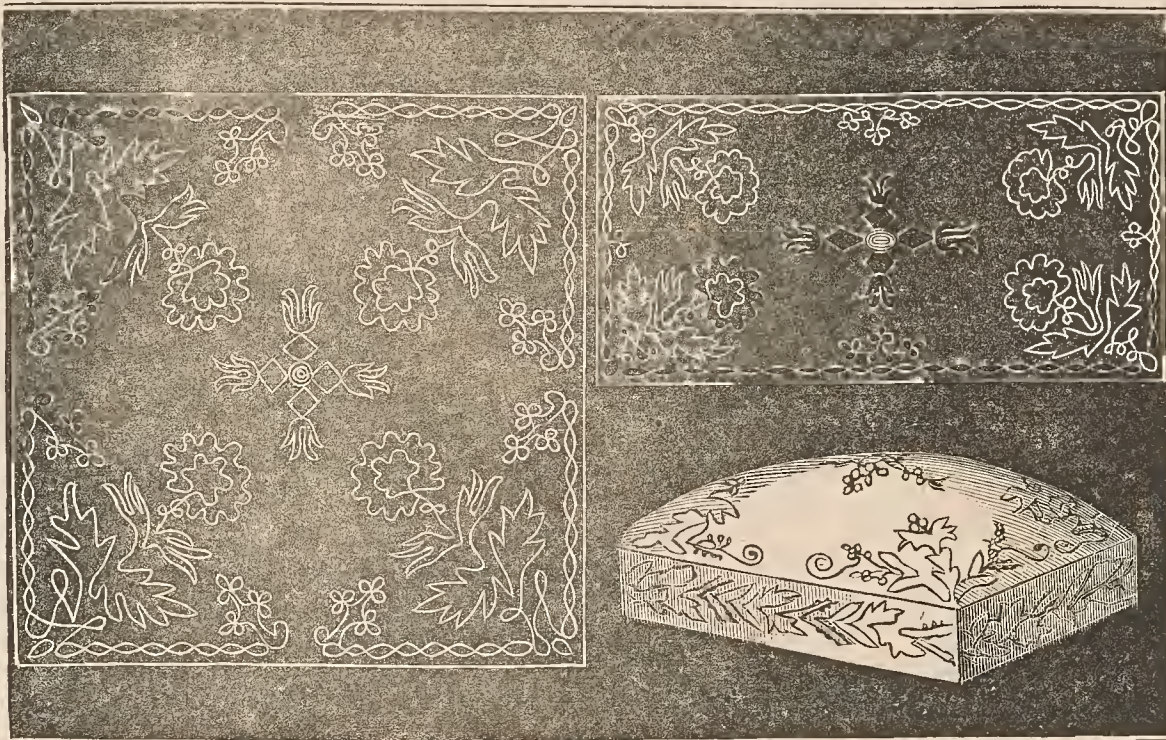
A fringe can be added by buttonhole stitching cotton to match the braid, in long loop stitches. They are pretty worked in white star braid.

COLOGNE STAND.

Worked in Berlin wool and chenille upon perforated card-board, and trimmed with satin ribbon, put on the edge in box-plaits.

ONE MORE USE FOR AUTUMN LEAVES.

A very pretty way to ornament any plain article of furniture, a cabinet or paneled cupboard, boxes, jars, trays, etc., is by the following simple process. Having collected the ferns and leaves in all their endless variety, prepare them thus: Lay the leaves one by one on a piece of soft paper, wrong side up, and with a sharp penknife pare off the projecting veins,



TOILET SET.

so that there will be as little roughness as possible; then place them in books, with a heavy weight, and press them smoothly, leaving them there until you are ready to use them. Prepare the article by painting it black, using a fine brush for the purpose,

because it will leave fewer traces. When this is perfectly dry and hard, give it a coat of fine transparent varnish (déma is the best), and before it has become entirely dry, lay on the leaves and fern sprays in graceful groups, according to fancy, pressing them smoothly down, so that every part will adhere. When they are entirely dry, give it another coat of the same transparent varnish, going over the whole surface, leaves and all.

If you wish to bronze the black ground in imitation of the Japanese lacquer-ware, it can be done by sprinkling a little bronze-powder over the sticky varnish, after putting on the leaves, then rubbing it lightly with a soft rag, to burnish it. These ornamentations are very beautiful, and are both permanent and effective.

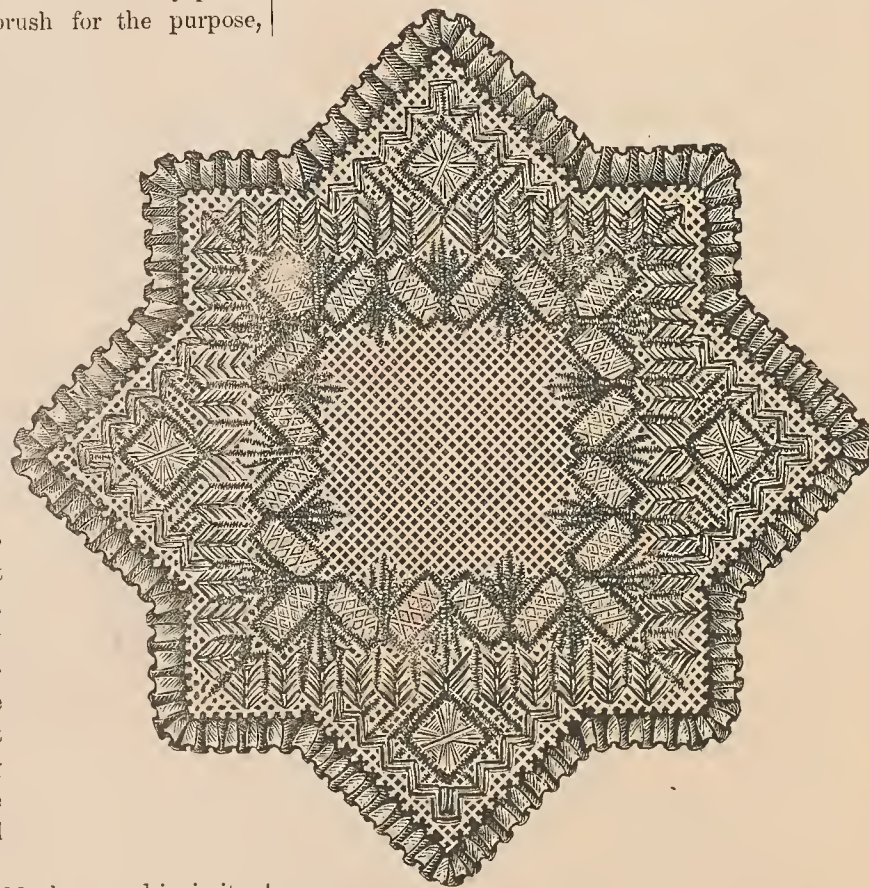
TRANSPARENCIES.

One of the loveliest transparencies I ever saw was produced with very fine ferns and some common but exceedingly dainty grasses. The ferns and grasses were treated to a bath of chloride of lime, dissolved in water, until they were bleached perfectly white, then soaked several days, having the water changed frequently, to remove the lime, or they would soon be turned yellow. They were then placed between two panes of glass, which were first fastened together with a strip of cloth, pasted over the edges; then a narrow blue ribbon pasted over that, and a loop at one end, to hang it up by.

I have an ottoman cover, embroidered with silk and velvet applique on black velvet, which probably has called forth as many expressions of admiration as any piece of fancy work I ever executed.

I made the design myself, which is simply a wreath of flowers and leaves and light feathery tendrils. The flowers are many of them cut from velvet of proper colors, and worked buttonhole stitch around the edge with gold-colored silk.

The leaves are made in the same way, and veined with silk. They are then blind-stitched on the velvet foundation, and the rest of the work done in ordinary



COLOGNE STAND.

silk embroidery. It is very fine work, and bright, contrasting colors, though almost every hue is used, and is generally very much admired.

Hinside Reading.

JAPANESE ANECDOTES.

A very economical old fellow, named Kisaburo, once took lodgings near a shop to which the epicureans of Yeddo resorted daily for eels fried in soy, a kind of sauce used in Japan. The odor was wafted into his quarters, and being a man of strong imagination, he daily enjoyed his frugal meal of hoiled rice and the savory smoke of fried eels, and thus saved the usual expense of fish and vegetables.

The eel-frier discovering this, made up his mind to charge his stingy neighbor for the *smell* of his eels, and paid him a visit, carrying with him his bill. Kis, taking it in good humor, called to his wife to bring him out the cash-bag. After jingling the bag of money, he touched it on the bill, and again locking it in the box, told his wife to return it.

The eel-man, in amazement, cried out, "Well, are you not going to pay me?" "Oh, no!" said he; "you charged me for the *smell* of your eels. I have paid you with the *sound* of my money!"

A favorite method of mischief among small and big boys in Japan, is to double a stiff straw, and insert it into the nostril of a sleeping person, who wakes to find his nostril distended like that of an ox. Once there was a lazy old fellow upon whom children were fond of playing this trick. Falling asleep, the children played this snap-game upon him. Waking, and finding his nose tickling, he passed his hand over his face, and found a string tied to something like a loop in his nose. The old fellow, believing himself to be in another world, condemned to another state of existence, exclaimed, "Well, well, have I become an ox, condemned to wear a ring in my nose, as a punishment for my sins?"

A poor young mother gave up her child to another woman to take care of, while she herself went out to service. After she became able, and the child was older, she went to claim her back. The woman having become fond of her, refused to give her up, claiming her as her child. In her trouble, she appealed to a judge for help. The judge ordered each of them to take hold of an arm of the child and pull! The true mother took gentle hold, the other pulled hard; the child cried out with pain, when the real mother gave up. The judge then angrily addressed the false mother, and restored the child to her own mother. E. L. R.

A young man in Jersey City was urged to marry, but replied: "I don't see it. My father was a single man, and he always got along well enough."

"I suppose our minister preaches well," remarked a Michigan lady, "but I'm so busy looking at the fashions that I really never hear anything he says."

A Scotch professor in the University of Edinburgh was experimenting before his pupils with some combustible substances, when, as he was mixing them, they exploded, shattering the vial which he held into fragments. He held up a small piece of glass, and said, very gravely, "Gentlemen, I have made this experiment often with this very same vial, and never knew it to break in my hands before."



MEMORIES OF BY-GONE DAYS.

A facetious person went into a village shop, and was observed to be looking about, when the proprietor remarked to him that they didn't keep whiskey. "It would save you a good many steps if you did," was the visitor's reply.

A colored minister, wishing to notify his congregation that the Sunday afternoon services would be discontinued, said: "Hereafter in the afternoon there will be no preaching in the afternoon hereafter."

He was an applicant for the position of writing-teacher in one of the public schools. They gave him a copy-book, and asked him for a specimen of what he could do. He took up a pen, and in a handwriting that looked like a flash of lightning that had mistaken the direct road, wrote as follows: "Sorrer doesn't kill folkes as fast as green gooseburys."

A man borrows 800 francs of a friend, for which he signs eight notes of 100 francs each, payable monthly. The first falls due, and is protested. "This is rather promising for the others," remarks the lender. "Oh, they will be protested likewise," calmly replies the debtor. "Then why on earth did you sign the notes?" "So that the shock would not be so great to you. You will only lose 100 francs at a time this way."

Jones says that the white flannel suit he bought a year ago proved a very economical investment, and has been of much use in his family. Jones weighs two hundred and fifty pounds, and when he bought it, it fitted him remarkably well. After the first washing, his eldest son, who weighs one hundred pounds less than Jones Senior, found it an excellent fit. Two washings more made the garment delightful for a youth of nine, and at the end of the season the baby was adorned with the habiliments, which had shrunk just enough to make a fit for a child out of creeping-clothes.

During Dr. Payson's last illness, a friend, coming into his room, remarked familiarly, "Well, I am sorry to see you lying here on your back." "Do you know what God puts us on our backs for?" asked Dr. Payson, smiling. "No," was the answer. "In order that we may look upward."

The following "estray" notice was sent to one of the Denver Sheriff's officers: "Rund away—I red and vite caf. His tu behint leg vas black. he vas a she caf. Enipotti vot bring him pack pais 5 tollar. JACOB ZUDERING,

Clear Creek,
tree miles pehind te pridge."

"Things is getting slouchways in dis country, I declar' to grashus ef dey ain't," said an old negro, the other day. "Fust cum de catty-pillar, den de chicken kollery, an' now here cum de grasshoppers; an' I hear talk de udder day, dat a nigger was piscened with a mushroom. Looks like hard times."

Sophocles' tragedy of "Antigone" was recently produced at the Theater Royal Gallery, Dublin, with Mendelssohn's music, and the gods were so well pleased that, according to their habits, they demanded a sight of the author. "Bring out Sapherclaze," they yelled. The manager explained that Sophocles had been dead 2,000 years or more, and couldn't well come. Thereat a gamin shouted, "Then chuck us out his mummy."

Housekeeping.

PRIZE RECIPES FOR COOKING.

Sweet Potato Beer.—Pick your potatoes carefully, wash them, and cut off all bad parts and strings. Measure one bushel of them, and bake without peeling. Have a half-barrel, or large stone water jar, in which to make the beer. Mash the potatoes well, without peeling; put them in the jar or barrel, add one pint of yeast, one handful of bruised ginger, and ten gallons of water. Cover the vessel carefully, and let it stand till the beer ferments. When ready for use, the potatoes will sink to the bottom of the vessel. When drawn off for use, add brown sugar to the taste, and some toasted bread, broken up. It is best to keep two vessels of it, one in preparation, while the other is being used. In moderate weather, this beer is fit for use in four or five days. In very cold weather, a week or ten days.

Liquid Yeast.—Take eight or ten fresh peach leaves (or dried ones for winter use), two good-sized potatoes—either sweet or Irish—and one quart of water. Peel the potatoes and boil till thoroughly done; then mash them through a sieve, and add four heaping tablespoonfuls of white sugar, and four even tablespoonfuls of salt. Stir these ingredients well, and strain into them the water in which the potatoes and leaves were boiled. When lukewarm, add one-half cup of old yeast, and cover the vessel with a cloth till it ferments. This yeast never spoils during the summer; it does not foam, but simply bubbles, and when the latter are apparent, is fit for use. If peach leaves are not to be had, a pinch of pressed hops will answer the purpose equally. In the South, this yeast can be used in a few hours after it is made.

Hard Ginger Cakes.—Two quarts of flour, yolks of two eggs, one teaspoonful of soda or baking-powder, three-quarters of a pound of lard, one cup of brown sugar, half a teacup of ground Jamaica or rose ginger, and the whole mixed with molasses. Roll thin, and cut out with fancy tins.

Orange Cake.—Make a sponge cake—twelve eggs, weight of half of the eggs in flour, and full weight in white sugar. Season with lemon, and bake in thin molds, as for jelly cake. For fifteen eggs made into cake, make up the following: two and a half pounds of sugar, juice of four oranges, grated rind of two oranges, and juice of three lemons. Stir these well, and spread on the cake when cold. Two layers are enough for each cake.

Queen of Puddings.—The yolks of six eggs, one and a half teacups of white sugar, the same quantity of bread crumbs, rubbed very fine, and a tablespoonful of butter—well mixed. Then add the grated peel of one lemon, and three pints of sweet milk. Put in a baking-dish, and bake like custard. When done, and cool, cover with some acid preserve, and on top of that put a meringue, made of the whites of the eggs, and six tablespoonfuls of sugar, powdered very fine, and seasoned with the juice of the lemon; whip very light, cover the pudding with it, and set it in the oven until it gets brown. To be eaten cold; with cream, if preferred.

Sweetmeat Pudding.—Five eggs—whites and yolks beaten separately—one cup of sugar, one cup of preserves, one-half cup of melted butter, a little nutmeg, mix. Butter a baking-dish, pour in, and bake quickly.

Cherry Bounce.—To one gallon of beaten cherries, add a half gallon of rum. Let it stand three or four weeks, shake it every day, and strain and sweeten to your taste.

Fairfax Muffins.—One quart flour, one teaspoonful soda, two teaspoonfuls cream-tartar—sifted together three times—two eggs, one quart of milk, one tablespoonful of butter, and rather more salt than usual for that quantity of flour.

Virginia Biscuit.—One quart flour, one teaspoonful salt, two tablespoonfuls (or nearly a quarter pound) of lard. Rub the lard well into the flour, and mix into a stiff dough with equal parts of sweet milk and water—if no milk convenient, water alone will answer. Work the dough till smooth, then pound it for ten or fifteen minutes with the rolling-pin, or work with a patent bread-worker. Roll out till less than a quarter inch thick, cut with a biscuit-cutter, and bake quickly. These biscuits are unsurpassed, when properly made, and particularly good for invalids.

Virginia Wafer Biscuit.—One quart flour, one teaspoonful salt, rather more than a quarter pound of lard rubbed into the flour, and mixed with milk and water; the dough must not be stiff, as for the above. Work till smooth, but do not beat. Then flour your bread, board, and roller well, and cutting off a small piece of dough—as for pie-crust—roll as thin as possible—almost to transparency—and cut into shapes; bake quickly. This receipt is excellent for tea. To make a more ornamental dish they may be baked in wafer-irons. Let the dough be soft as pie-crust, and be sure to roll very thin.

Cinnamon Cakes.—Two pounds flour, one pound sugar, one pound butter, yolks of six eggs. Knead them well, and roll in very thin cakes. When done, ice them with an icing of the whites of four eggs, powdered sugar, and powdered cinnamon, beaten to a froth. Before the icing is hard, you may sift a little powdered sugar over them. But the prettiest way is to trace patterns or names, in white icing, after the cinnamon icing becomes hard.

Blackberry Cordial.—Take the ripest blackberries, mash, and put them in a linen bag to squeeze out the juice. To one quart of juice, allow one pound sugar. Put the sugar in your kettle, pour the juice on it, and when all is melted, boil till it becomes a jelly. When cold, to one quart of juice or jelly, allow one quart of brandy; stir well together and bottle for use.

Peach Cordial.—Take ripe cling-stone peaches, wipe off the down, cut them to the stone in several places, put them in a cask. When filled with peaches, pour on as much peach brandy as the cask will hold; let it stand eight weeks and then draw it off, and add water till reduced to the strength of wine. To one gallon of this, allow one pound of brown sugar. Dissolve it, and pour into a cask just large enough to hold it. When clear, it is ready for use.

Potato Pumpkin.—Take one of good size and color, cut a piece off the top, remove all the seed; wash and wipe the cavity; pare off the rind, and fill the cavity with good force meat. Put the top on, and set it in a pan to protect the sides; bake it in a moderate oven. Put it carefully in a dish without breaking, and it will look like a handsome mould.

Spanish Toast.—Beat well together one-half pound sugar, three or four eggs, and one pint sweet milk. Dip into the mixture slices of stale bread, and fry in lard or butter till a good brown.

Green Tomato Pickle.—One peck of green tomatoes, twelve large white onions; slice them, and lay them alternately in deep dishes, sprinkling each layer with salt. Set them aside for twenty-four hours; then drain them through a sieve, till all the water is out; put them in a jar, and cover them with cold vinegar, and let them remain twenty-four hours. Then drain the vinegar off, and put them in a brass kettle, or anything but iron, in layers, with spices sprinkled between each layer. Cover the whole with strong vinegar, and let them simmer, or boil gently, till they look clear, which will generally take an hour or so. Spices for the above: one ounce cloves, one ounce allspice, one ounce mace, one ounce black pepper, one ounce celery seed, quarter pound white mustard seed, bruised, one teacupful of grated horseradish; brown sugar to the taste. The spices must be beaten fine or ground in the spice mill, and the pickle must be frequently stirred, while on the fire, to prevent burning.

French Way of Cooking Peas.—Put in a pot one tablespoonful of lard; when perfectly hot, add two good sized onions, sliced very thin, at same time stir in one tablespoonful of flour, stirring occasionally to prevent burning. When the onions and flour are slightly browned, add a little parsley and thyme, pepper and salt; then three pints of water, letting the whole boil fifteen minutes before adding the peas. Have a peck of peas shelled for this quantity of ingredients. A slice of good old bacon will be an improvement. Begin this dish two hours before your dinner hour.

Boiled Icing.—One pound loaf sugar, half a tumbler of water, half the juice of one lemon, or half teaspoonful of cream-tartar. Let it boil until it becomes a thick syrup; then pour into an earthen bowl, and when cold enough add the whites of three eggs. Beat till white and smooth.

White Cake.—One pound flour, a little over half a pound butter, one pound sugar, whites of fourteen eggs well beaten, and lastly, six teaspoonfuls of Price's baking powder. Cream the butter well, then add the flour, mixing the whites and sugar alternately. After mixing the ingredients, and flavoring with almond, stir the yeast powder in lightly.

Russian Cream.—One quart milk, three eggs, one cup sugar, half package Cox's gelatin vanilla or lemon flavoring; if cinnamon is preferred, boil a few sticks in the milk. Dissolve the gelatin in half a pint tepid water; bring it to a warm temperature, but not scalding. Beat the yolks of the eggs and sugar together. Bring the milk to a boil; then add the dissolved gelatin, eggs and sugar, and let it just come to a boiling point, but no more, or it will be too stiff. Beat the whites, and, removing the mixture from the stove, add them to it, flavor, and pour into moulds. If wanted for dinner, prepare the day before, as it requires to stand longer than wine jelly.

Maryland Bread.—One quart flour, four eggs, one cup of butter, half a cup yeast, one teaspoonful sugar, four medium-sized potatoes, and salt. Mix and work well, about eleven o'clock if for supper. It will be too soft to work after it has risen; bake in muffin tins, or drop with a spoon in cakes on the biscuit pan. Let it rise the second time before baking.

Salad Dressing for Lettuce or Cole'slaw.—One teaspoonful salt; one and a half teaspoonfuls mustard; two teaspoonfuls sugar, three eggs well beaten, add one cup of vinegar, one tablespoonful butter, and cook like boiled custard. Remove from fire, add Worcestershire sauce or celery salt, and use either cold or hot.

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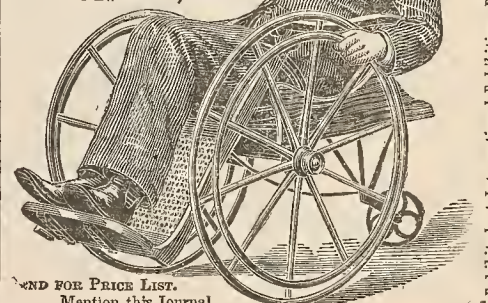
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DEAR OLD HOMESTEAD.

Words and Music by

Miss ANNA C. HILTS.

Moderato.

1. 'Tis a place I shall ev - er re-mem-ber, Should I
2. Now per - haps you may think it a pal-ace, But, a -
3. There's the swing bears its place 'neath the wil-low, To my

live to be fif - ty years old, 'Twas the home of us all in our child-hood, And we prize it, yes, high - er than
las! 'tis an old - fash-ioned frame, And the well with its moss - covered buck-et, While re - gard - less of time, looks the
feel - ings a sad - ness it gave, While its stem with its branch-es re - clin - ing, And for cen - tu - ries still may it

Cres - cen - do.

gold, 'Twas the home of us all in our child-hood, And we prize it, yes, high - er than gold.
same, And the well with its moss - cov - ered buck - et, While re - gard - less of time, looks the same.
wave! While its stem with its branch - es re - clin - ing, And for cen - tu - ries still may it wave!

p

REFRAIN.

Ah! yes, I shall ev - er re-mem-ber, Should fate bid me see it a - gain : I would dwell in the haunts of my childhood, In the

f *p*

Rall.

cot at the foot of the lane, I would dwell in the haunts of my childhood, In the cot at the foot of the lane.

THE LADIES' FLORAL CABINET

BY HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1877.

No. 72.

PRICE 12 CENTS.

CINNAMON VINE.

You ask for information concerning the culture of the "Cinnamon Vine," and my success therewith. I am frank to confess that though disappointed as to the "delightful" cinnamon odor and delicate white blossoms, nevertheless, on account of its rapid growth and beautiful symmetry of foliage, the vine is a perfect pet with me. Its deeply ribbed, opposite, arrow-shaped leaves; the tiny potatoes in the axil of each leaf, are both novel and attractive. Then, as fall approaches, each leaf assumes that clean, clear yellow of the autumn hickory; simultaneously they fall, and your Cinnamon Vine is extinct!

Last year I bought a yearling tuber from the FLORAL CABINET; I can now give my experience in two entirely different localities. One was experimented with in Barnesville, Ga., the other in Alachua County, Fla.

In the former place I planted the tuber in a box; kept it in a warm plastered basement room. It was a foot high in April when I moved it in the open air. In this state I put

my tuber in a box in February, and shoved it under the bed, as we were domiciled in a cabin, and badly crowded. We moved into better quarters in March,

year's stocks. The Oak Geranium was not blighted in the least. The Golden Dew-Drop, with its charming clusters of golden berries, and my Georgia Abutilons, white and red, and pink and scarlet Geraniums, have been a joy and beauty since early spring. L. L.



VASE OF CUT FLOWERS.



BASKET FOR CUT FLOWERS AND LEAVES.

and the box was placed on the veranda; but in vain I looked for shoot or offset. At length, in June, three bold shoots were a hand high when I discovered them. They grew like Jonah's gourd, and were at the top of the veranda on one string before I could separate or arrange them; but neither blossom nor potato have yet made their appearance, though the autumn is upon us. The gale is over, and these fresh brisk winds are not our sea breezes nor soft balmy zephyrs.

I divided my tuber with Miss Belle Mitchell, of Barnesville, who, I believe, is a subscriber to the CABINET, and I would be glad to hear her experience with a portion of the same root. In Georgia I trained my vine laterally; it ran two yards, and the potatoes were odd little pets of mine. This year the lattice was upright, the soil dry alike, and I thought possibly that was why it did not seed itself.

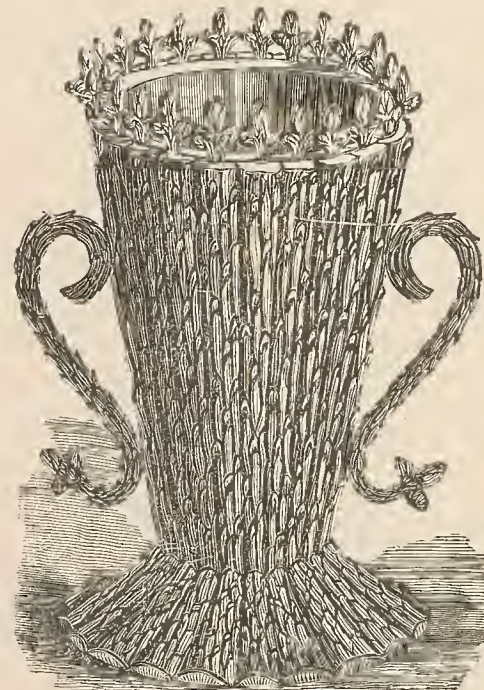
So much on this subject. Now let me say a word of "my Floral Cabinet," surrounded by Magnolia and orange, hickory and oak, and long moss. The night-blooming and double Arabian Jessamine, Salvia Splendens, Oleanders, white and double pink, have bloomed all the year in the open ground from last

WHALE OIL SOAP.

I have found this soap to be a most effectual destroyer of worms and insects on plants and in the earth. For slugs on rosebushes, and all the numerous enemies of the Rose, it is certain death.

The plants should be showered with a weak solution. That which falls upon the ground will be useful in enriching the soil and killing whatever worms may be there.

The soap should be prepared for use by dissolving a small bit of the same in a quart or two of boiling water, then adding as much cold soft water as necessary. If a leaf will turn brown in the liquid, it shows it to be too strong. N. S.



SPRUCE WORK MATCH HOLDER.

Floral Contributions.

HINTS ON PLANT CULTURE.

Soon the short, dark days of November and December will have passed away, and, as they begin to lengthen, we shall begin to watch eagerly for our plants to give indications that the genial rays of the sun are bringing its influence to bear upon them. Now and then we see new leaves starting, and we feel encouraged. Many of them are waiting for the still longer days; so we will be patient and let them take their own time for starting into new growth. Very nearly all of plant life must have its season of rest; and this season, in most cases, is taken in the winter.

It is supposed that there are ladies seeking for useful information, who have a genuine love for flowers, and are willing to bestow sufficient care on them to insure success in their cultivation, if possible. To such persons I propose to give a few hints on the successful culture of plants in the sitting-room window.

If your plants should be on the shady side of the house, avoid as much as possible too great artificial heat. The higher the temperature, the more the plants suffer for want of light. Plant life, as well as animal, is dependent upon sunlight and pure air, as well as heat and proper food.

Judgment as well as experience should be used in

WATERING PLANTS.

If they stand in a sunny window, the moisture evaporates in a great measure before it is taken up by the plants, and they should be watered often. On the other hand, those standing in a cool, shady situation may not require it oftener than once a week. Again, plants that are growing, require much more water than those that are resting. This is an important consideration, and one that should be remembered and practised with care. There is not much danger of giving too much water to a healthy plant that is growing vigorously, but when that plant, or any other, is taking its season of rest, water must be given sparingly, or you injure it. A child that is sick does not have the appetite that a well one does, and if it eats beyond its appetite, so much the worse for the child. On the same principle a plant struggles on in an unhealthy state, or dies, when its roots are not capable of taking up the water in a wet and sodden soil. In a word, water should be given to plants when the surface of the soil is dry. Then it is better to give a good quantity each time, that it may penetrate to the roots throughout the pot, than to pour on a little more often, giving nourishment only to roots near the surface.

TO GUARD AGAINST THE COLD

is an all-important consideration. When the wind whistles around your dwelling, seeking for an entrance through some opening, you may be sure it will gain that entrance, if possible. Plants are much more liable to freeze on a windy night than on a still one, though the temperature may be much lower on the still night. If you place a newspaper between the window and the curtain, and fit it nicely to the casing, it will check its course, and protect the plants. Paper bags, such as the grocers use, are useful to draw down over your choice plants that are not too large. Paste the two edges of a newspaper together and draw it over your large ones. Two or more papers can be pasted together at the edges, making a long strip, which may be pinned around a whole stand of plants. Then by placing another paper over the top you have

them all nicely inclosed. This method of inclosure serves a double purpose—one to keep out the cold, another to arrest the moisture as it escapes by evaporation from the soil in the pots, and giving it back to the leaves of the plants. A dish of water or a wet sponge within the inclosure will serve to create a moist atmosphere so necessary to the health of plants. Another consideration is, a more even temperature will be maintained within such an inclosure; those plants near the window are kept the warmer, and those on the opposite side are not parched by the dry and heated atmosphere of the room.

The reason why the culture of plants is usually more successful in a green house than in a sitting-room window, is not owing to any secret method of the florist, as some persons suppose. He studies them and learns their individual wants. If he desires his Begonias, Bouvardias, and Heliotropes to flower, he gives them that part of the house where the heat is greatest. He aims to maintain, as near as possible, an even temperature through the day, and at night some ten or fifteen degrees lower. There is no carpet or nice furniture to be injured by water, so he throws it about, keeping the walks and the benches wet, giving to the house a moist atmosphere. Then, there is the glass overhead, through which we obtain so much of our common friend, the sunshine. The whole may be summed up, therefore, with these three conditions: Sufficient light, proper heat, and a healthy atmosphere. The more nearly we imitate these conditions, the greater will be our success.

There are many plants, among which are Fuchsias, Geraniums, Pelargoniums, and others, that are not classed among the winter-blooming ones, and should now be prepared for another summer.

To make handsome well-formed plants of these, they should be well

CUT BACK.

Many of us have done so already, and those who have not, should examine their collection and draw out those with crooked and unsightly branches. These should be pruned in many cases to near the old wood. Sometimes just pinching off the end of the shoot is sufficient to make it throw out side branches. Geraniums, to make bushy plants for your flower garden another summer, should have all the branches cut off even, or nearly so. The centre ones may be left a little taller, if you choose. In a short time new branches, and many more of them than were cut away, will appear, making a well-formed plant. When one considers the greater number of flowers to be obtained from a bushy plant than from one with but a single stem, they need not spare the knife. The cast-off branches should now be rooted by being put into wet sand or soil, and kept warm, giving you a stock of Geraniums for the flower garden. One can hardly have too many of them, unless their garden is very limited for room.

The silver-leaved Geraniums should be cut down to give them a bushy form. Never fear to take a piece from the top; it will surely push out new leaves in time; but don't give it too much water, and a pot four or five inches in diameter is large enough. All Geraniums blossom more freely when the roots are pinched for room.

Some of the Fuchsias are inclined to throw long and crooked branches. The Carl Halt is one of them. The flowers of this variety are very handsome, but unless the branches are kept in subjection, the form of the plant is anything but pleasing. By pinching the end from every branch at its third or fourth joint until

the blossom-buds appear, you will have a fine bushy-formed plant and many more flowers.

The Daphne Odora is another example of the same kind. When the plant is done flowering in the spring, it should be well cut back. Last winter a friend offered me one that was so large she had no room for it. I gladly took it home, and when the flowers had all gone by, every branch was cut to within about three inches of the old wood. Instead of eight or ten branches, as there were then, there are thirty-four now, and each with a flower or bud at its termination. The circumference of the plant is much less than it was a year ago. There being so many more branches to support, they did not stretch out so far, but far enough to need another shortening at the proper time.

After pruning, the plants may be set one side and not have much water given them. But when the new leaves start, give it them freely. The growth of the plants being temporarily checked by the cutting back, the roots cannot take up so much water as when they are growing rapidly.

INSECTS.

The heated atmosphere of your rooms is just suited to the wants of the red spider. It delights in the heat, and the dryer it is the more it flourishes, and consequently the more the plants suffer. If you notice that the leaves on your plants are becoming a yellowish brown, and are dropping from your Roses, they are probably infested with this troublesome insect. They have their favorites among the plants, but it is well to examine them all, and separate those that are infested from the others at once. Unless you are acquainted with their habits, you will hardly mistrust that you are harboring them at all. They are found like a tiny red speck on the under side of the leaves. It is wonderful what an amount of mischief such little things can do.

To rid your plants of them, they should be taken to the sink or some place where water can be used freely. Place the plant on its side in the sink, and pour water upon it, turning it over and over, as you pour the water upon the leaves. Use the plant as roughly as you can without breaking it, and keep it wet as long as possible. At night you may lay it on its side on a wet cloth, and roll it up in it, letting it lie so all night. Water is the red spider's greatest enemy, and if you persevere, your plants may be well rid of it. Taking the plants to the sink once a week and showering them will act as a preventive.

The aphid, or green fly, is larger and more easily seen than the spider. Take some tobacco, put it in some water and let it soak until it looks like strong tea. The proportions may be about one-fourth of a pound of tobacco to three or four quarts of water. This may be applied with a syringe. A brush or a sponge may be dipped into the tobacco water and used to brush them off. Small plants can be plunged into it, the top downward. Some persons use carbolic soap successfully in washing them off.

The scale must be picked or scraped off, and the leaves, stems, and branches that have been infested with it washed in soap and water. These will be found more frequently on Ivies, Oleanders, and other hard wooded plants.

The mealy bug is not so common as the above-mentioned, but let it once get a foothold, and it is very difficult to get rid of it. It must be sought for diligently, and removed by washing and hand-picking.

There are other subjects relating to floriculture on which I may write at some future time.

FANNY MYRICK.

Answers to Correspondents.

Raising Mushrooms.—Please tell me how to raise mushrooms from spawn. T. S. THORNTON.

Answer.—Make in a dark cellar, where the temperature does not fall below forty-five degrees, a bed of cow manure and loam; beat it well, and make it firm, letting it remain a few days. Then shake it up and mix it again well together, and if fermenting very strongly, add more soil, treading and ramming down as before. The bed should be from sixteen to eighteen inches thick. Break the spawn into pieces the size of a large nut and plant them through the bed when it has a uniform genial heat. Then cover a few inches of soil over the bed.

Climbers for Windows.—I have two flower-pots seven inches across and nine inches deep. I want to put one each side of a window, southern exposure, sun all day till four P. M., and connect them by an iron rod forming an arch over the window. What vines shall I plant in them?

What plants will do well in a western window and sun only in the afternoon?

Hudson, N. Y. ANABEL C. ANDREWS.

Answer.—English Ivy; German Ivy, (*Senecio scandens*), any of the varieties of *Tropaeolum minus*; possibly *Smilax*.

Geraniums, Daphne, Camellias, Azaleas, Chinese Primrose, Cyclamen.

Deutzia from Seed.—Will *Deutzia crenata* grow from seed? MRS. J. P.

Carney Springs, Mass.

Answer.—There is no reason why it should not; but you would find seed difficult to procure. The best way to obtain it is to order a plant.

Fuchsias, etc.—What makes the leaves drop off Fuchsias, those of *Heliotropes* curl up and fall off, and of *Begonia Rex* die and fall off?

Ada, Ohio. MRS. J. E. LOWRY.

Answer.—Various causes may produce the effects described. Gas in the air, a cold sodden soil, with insufficient drainage, or too low a temperature. The remedy in last case will suggest itself.

Crape Myrtle, etc.—Please tell me how to treat Crape Myrtle. I have two, a pink and a white one. When shall I plant and how treat *Rhododendrons*?

Canton, Mo. MARY BELLE WAGNER.

Answer.—The Crape Myrtle does well planted out in the garden in summer and rested in a frost-proof cellar in winter; south of Virginia it is hardy.

Rhododendrons may be planted at any time when not in growth, but spring is the best season; the soil should be rich vegetable mold, not likely to dry up.

Ferns, Saxifrage, etc.—What Fern is best for a hanging basket? How many will a basket a foot across hold? I have a Saxifrage that does not do well; how shall I cultivate it?

Rantoul, Ill. MRS. MARIA WALL.

Answer.—No Ferns do well in hanging baskets, as the air high in a room, where the basket hangs, is usually too dry. The best Fern for house culture is *Pteris tremula*. It is large-growing, and one is enough for any pot or basket.

Give your Saxifrage (*S. sarmentosa*, we suppose), a well-drained soil, plenty of water, and hang it in a sunny window.

Wardian Case.—I want to ask a few questions about my Wardian Case. My case measures fifteen

by twenty-one, and seventeen inches high, and the lid opens at the top; the zinc pan is five or six inches deep. In the fall I procured some mold from the woods, where the ferns grow very thick, and mixed with it a little earth from the garden, which was quite rich from decayed bones, etc.; after planting my ferns I filled the spaces all up with damp moss from the woods—(I should have mentioned that I covered the bottom of the pan with lumps of charcoal)—I then watered it well and closed it; it sets in a bay-window facing west.

In a few days my ferns began to grow, and looked nicely. In the course of a week or two, however, I discovered that something was eating them. My *Cissus* discolor had thrown out several new leaves; and I was quite proud of it, as I had tried many times to grow one on the window without success. One morning I found the whole top had been bitten off, and I felt discouraged enough. I also found slimy trails all over the glass; so I took my ferns all up and baked the earth in the oven. I found in the moss a great many of what I called snails or borers, and I threw it all away. Then I arranged my plants in the case once more, feeling confident that all would be well. I watered it as at first, and it did not seem too wet, as there was not a great deal of moisture gathered on the glass.

In two or three weeks I found some of my plants all moulding and dampening away. As fast as the Maiden Hair threw up new shoots, the old ones mouldered away. The *Anætochilus* died entirely; also a plant with green and white striped leaves, which was quite expensive; the Partridge Vine, and some others. A spotted leafed *Begonia* and *Begonia Rex*, and a silver leafed fern are about the only ones not affected.

Some one told me I must leave the cover up a while every day, which I did, and my *Cissus* discolor wilted right down. I have thought that perhaps I did not have charcoal enough. I did not mix any with the earth; all I had was put in as drainage at the bottom. Now please tell me what the trouble is, and advise me what to do.

MRS. G. W. WHITING.

East Somerville, Mass.

Answer.—Your letter is very interesting. The first trouble was from slugs or snails. You could have caught them all by hollowing out raw potatoes or yellow turnips and placing them in the case. Baking does not improve the soil. Your second trouble was too much moisture and insufficient ventilation; the third, giving air too suddenly upon the weak growth of the *Cissus*. Are you not mistaken as to your having an *Anætochilus*; they are rare plants. The only effect of mixing charcoal with the soil would be to make better drainage, and to keep it from becoming sour; it is not necessary.

Roses Unhealthy, etc.—I see on the leaves of my Roses what looks like a small worm, and it appears to start from the stalk. The new shoots and buds blight and fall off. Do small black flies around house plants do any harm?

MRS. D. K.

Vassalboro, Me.

Answer.—Your Roses are in sour, sodden soil; repot them and give good drainage; keep the surface of the earth loose. If there are green worms on the stems—which we doubt—kill them. The small black flies themselves do no harm, but green aphids suck the juices of the plant, and should be destroyed by smothering.

Daphne not Growing.—I have treated my

Daphne as a hot-house plant; it only puts out new leaves, but does not grow at all. Can you give me any information? MRS. L. L.

Answer.—The *Daphne* is a cool greenhouse plant and needs very little heat; it grows after blooming, and then matures flower-buds for the next year. You keep yours too hot and force it into premature foliage.

Funkia or Day Lily.—Would like to ask if the *Funkia* or Day Lily will live in the ground during the winter? MRS. W. H.

Pesetonia, Ill.

Answer.—All the *Funkias* are perfectly hardy. Give them a rich deep soil and they will bloom freely every year.

Daphne Odorata.—Where can *Daphne Odorata* be had? Is it a bulb? D. M. M.

Fredonia, Pa.

Answer.—See our answer to "L. L." above. It is a hard-wooded greenhouse plant, and very desirable for parlor culture. Seedsmen would not have it, but at any greenhouse you could probably procure it.

Schizostylis Coccinea, etc.—How shall I treat *Schizostylis*? How long before it flowers from seed?

How should *Eupatorium* be treated after blooming? Does it live from year to year? SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—*Schizostylis* requires treatment similar to Cape bulbs; pot in sandy loam, water moderately, but do not let it dry up; when foliage fades dry it off gradually. It grows freely from seed and seedlings; blooms in about eighteen months.

Prune in your *Eupatorium* after it has bloomed. The plant will become woody, and flower from year to year.

Phoenix Dactylifera.—Is *Phoenix Dactylifera* a rapid or slow-growing palm? Is it suitable for house decoration? Where can I get plants and pots of the right shape to grow them? E. C. MAXWELL.

Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Answer.—It is slow-growing, suitable for the parlor, but there are many better. It requires no peculiar pot. You can get plants from George Sneh, South Amboy, N. J. It is not an expensive plant.

Honeysuckles to Exchange.—I have a large quantity of Honeysuckles, the Coral, Sweet Monthly, Yellow Trumpet, Halliana, Chinese Scarlet, flowered, Douglasii, Golden-veined, Dutch White, and Chinese Evergreen; the latter a luxuriant grower, constant bloomer, and delightfully fragrant, with white flowers. Would be glad to exchange for other plants with any readers of the CABINET. MRS. J. A. POWELL.

Danceyville, Tenn.

How to Grow Wax Plant.—Please tell me how to cultivate *Hoya carnosa* or Wax Plant.

Quaker Bottom.

E. J. P.

Answer.—The Wax Plant needs a rich soil and plenty of heat; too much water rots the roots, and the pots should always be well drained. It is a very good parlor plant, and stands well the heat, dust and gas of living rooms. When large it flowers very freely.

Flowers for a Warm Room.—Can you give me the names of some plants which I can cultivate in a warm room, with furnace heat, and temperature seventy degrees at times? ETHELVERTA.

Answer.—Your plants probably suffer more from dry heat and furnace gas than from temperature. Try Calla Lilies, Cyclamen, Chinese Primroses, *Daphne odorata*, *Cnpeha hyssoyifolia*, English Ivy, *Acharea malvaviscus*, *Abutilon striatum* or *Darwini*, Hyacinths, *Narcissus*.

Floral Decorations.

ARRANGEMENT OF CUT FLOWERS.

There are many persons who cultivate flowers that have not the "knack" of arranging cut flowers to make them bring out their fine colors as they should. The same knack that makes it easy for some eyes to mark the fleeting secrets of color, some ears to catch the subtle changes of harmony—the knack we call *taste*. Some of us are born without it, and even our best endeavors, assisted by patience and perseverance, which, the copy-book assures us, "conquers all things," will not conquer the difficulty.

We must go through life aggravated by sundry persons about us doing with ease the things we find hard or impossible. I believe there are no positive rules about flower arranging. The art or gift, whichever it may be, is too fine and delicate to be reduced to a system. Still there is a certain oracle in the world called experience.

Too many fly out and gather a heap of flowers, and leave them to half wilt, while they do something else which occurs as important.

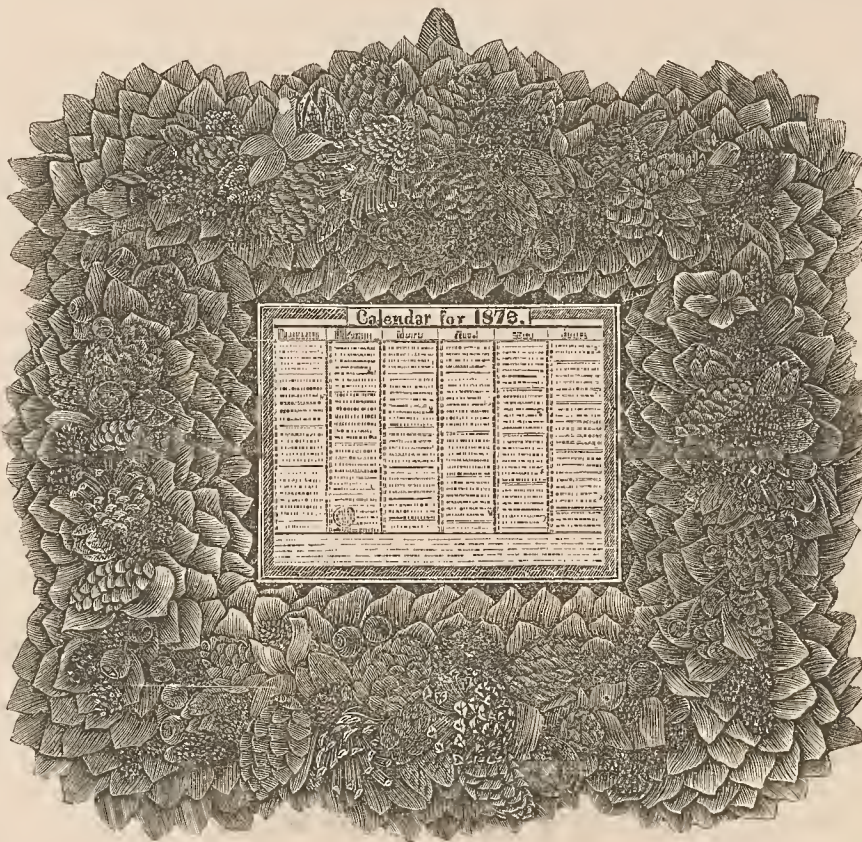
Do you know that if the geranium leaves or salvias once get limp, or the pansies curl up, it will be of no use to come with your patience or watering-pot. Put them on a tray, and sprinkle them as soon as gathered, before you do any thing else.

What flowers to cultivate to have a good collection for making up into bouquets, floral devices, &c., would make a long list; but I would say you can never have too many white flowers. They are especially in demand for weddings or funerals; besides, they are the best filling-in on groundwork where bright flowers are used. In buying vases, do not insist on buying gorgeous creations in flowered China or "Etruscan," with medallions of flaring blue and red, and then wonder that the flowers do not look pretty in them. These staring colors kill the delicate tints. The vase should always be a subordinate thing. Cool greens and dark browns, pure white—such as bisque or parian—silver, or bronze, are always effective. Then the form of the vase should suit the flowers. Do not chop off all the stems of those royal lilies, in order to get them into a shallow bowl. Keep the bowl for roses, and buy a vase for the lilies and other tall flowers; and do not crowd the violet and anemones into the large bouquet where they are lost, but put them by themselves in a tiny vase, and see how sweet they will be.

Do you know that some flowers will not mix with others, and should always be arranged by themselves. Almost all the wild flowers belong to this class—laurel, a alia, columbine, gentians, and the sweet water-lily; lilies of the valley, too, which clasp and twine so charmingly in sisterhood, and struggle awkwardly when divorced from each other; and all that group of flowers whose hues seem caught from the sky or the water-color boxes, such as balsams, phlox drummondii and sweet-peas.

BLENDING OF COLORS.

When you have a great basket to fill with mixed flowers, do not go to work blindly and lay the delicate pinks against the yellows, the crimsons against the scarlets, without plan or sequence. These colors always kill each other. Lay crimson against scarlet, and see what a brick red you have. Make a mental division of the whole into half a dozen small groups,



CONE FRAME.

and employ yourself in making each group in turn harmonious in color. Blue larkspur will make an effective tri-color with red geranium and white phlox.

This cream-colored rose will set off the purple verbenas; this pink geranium must blend with white roses; this knot of wine-red fuschias needs a tip of vivid yellow to brighten it. By-and-by your vase is full of such groups, and filled in with fresh leaves and some of the neutral-tinted flowers, such as heliotrope, verbenas or mignonette, the whole forms a de-



SCENE IN CENTRAL PARK, N. Y.

lightful study of color—soft, yet brilliant, in which contrast heightens, but does not conflict.

ARRANGING DEVICES.

Beautiful crosses, harps, lyres, anchors and crowns can be made for funerals, fairs, festivals and church displays, by purchasing the wire frames and filling them with moss and flowers.

The tube-rose and double white balsams are most beautiful arranged together, and fill up so rapidly that by placing a few green leaves on each side they are quickly made. Broom-straws or sharp whittled pegs an inch or so long inserted through the flowers will keep them to their place.

If persons will begin without depending on the florist for such things, they will be surprised what a little practice and experience will produce. I once knew a lady who furnished flowers for a church every Sabbath for six months in the year, and so varied were her designs that the same one would not be repeated more than once or twice in a season, unless it was a pure white cross, which would find its way to the altar more frequently than the others. Let me describe it. It was made of wood, say an inch square and 18 inches high, with the arms 6 inches from the top, they being 10 inches across; insert this into a long square block or thick piece of plank, and nail this to another of a larger size, forming steps. Cover all with moss, which can be kept in place by wrapping with dark thread. Wet it thoroughly, set it on a tray, and it is ready for the flowers.

Almost any small white flowers will do, such as candytuft, alder, &c. After the white flowers have been put on, arrange some bright colored ones with green leaves where the arms cross; then lay on the bright ones around the base, first by putting a row of green around the edge of the tray. A vine twined around the cross and over the arms is very pretty. The Alleghany vine answers finely. A lyre made up the same way is the most beautiful of all, the strings being of narrow slats, and covered with feverfew. A beautiful ornament for the centre of a table can be made by taking an ordinary-sized tin pan, and getting a silver-plated rod 18 inches high soldered in the center of it, and a smaller-sized pan soldered on the top.

Fill each with wet sawdust, cover with moss, put an edging of asparagus to droop over the sides, and fill in with flowers.

There is no end to the number of beautiful designs that can be made if the person has only the "knack."

TINA INGHAM.

Amaryllis.—For the benefit of those who have spoken of the Amaryllis as blooming in summer, I have succeeded, by repotting in June, and cutting down, to make them bloom in mid-winter. Will some one please enlighten as to the Passiflora (Passion Flower)—how to propagate, when and how to trim, in preparation for the next winter's luxuriance in-doors?

L. H. W.

In-Door Gardening.

THE AMARYLLIS.

Of the regal beauty of the Amaryllis, it is hardly necessary to speak. Every flower-lover who has ever seen them in bloom, knows them to be the grandest of all flowering bulbs, except the Lily; and some of the splendid varieties of the family, with their large, lily-like, drooping flowers, varying in color from the purest white to the most intense scarlet, some striped and slashed in the most fantastic of ways, cause them to vie with the Lily for the regal honor which it claims, "queen of flowers."

The Amaryllis in all its varieties is of very easy culture, yet many suppose, or have an idea, that it is very delicate, and can only be grown by a practical florist in a hothouse or greenhouse.

This idea is one of the most groundless that has ever been set afloat among amateurs, and our aim in writing this article is to correct this idea, and show the amateur that the Amaryllis is of easier culture than many less beautiful plants which he tries to cultivate.

The varieties of Amaryllis are very numerous; every year new varieties from abroad and new hybrids have so swelled the list that it would be quite impossible to describe them all. As nearly all the varieties require a little difference in culture, no general rules can be laid down which will answer in all cases.

One great advantage with the Amaryllis is that they are capable of producing flowers at any season of the year, which renders them invaluable for conservatory and house decoration; nearly all the summer-blooming varieties are admirable house plants, growing as freely and easily as a Hyacinth.

Amaryllis Johnsonii—A more charming flower cannot be conceived, nor one of easier culture; it has often been known to flower twice in one season. Having procured a dry bulb, pot it in a six-inch pot, using good drainage and filling the pot with a fine rich loam, half of which may be three years-old, well-decayed manure. Fill up the pot to within one inch of the rim, press in the bulb, being careful to leave fully one-half of the bulb above the soil. Water well, and set the pot in a warm place. As soon as growth commences supply water freely, place in a warm, light place, and in about four weeks it will produce flowers. The flowers are very gorgeous; in shape they resemble the Liliun Candidum, but are larger; in color they are a brilliant scarlet, with a pure white streak through each segment. After flowering, repot at once, giving plenty of sunlight and heat; when the foliage turns yellow, gradually withdraw water, and when dry, place in a dry-air situation.

A. Vittata—This handsome variety requires the same treatment as Johnsonii. The flower-stem grows three feet in height and produces from three to six large, Lily-shaped flowers. The ground color is pure white, striped with red, giving the flowers the appearance of being dressed with ribbons, from which fact it takes its name.

A. Formosissima—This beautiful Amaryllis is sometimes called Jacobean Lily. It succeeds well in the open border or in pots. Plant the bulb in good rich soil, leaving half the bulb above the surface of the soil. Water should be supplied liberally. When the foliage dies, remove the

bulbs, wrap in tissue paper, and place in a dry, cool place. If in pots, do not remove, but set the pot in a dry place. Plant out in May. The flowers, which are large, appear before the leaves; they are of a very brilliant, dark crimson color, and grow on a stalk a foot high, generally two flowers to a stalk.

A. Belladonna—This variety is a little more difficult to grow than any of the former. The warm season



FLOWER POT COVER.

being hardly long enough to mature the bulb, it is necessary to grow it in a pot. Plant in six-inch pots; having a bulb ready, place a couple of inches of drainage in the bottom of the pot; then hold the bulb in the pot, having the roots well spread out; with a

face of the soil; half an inch or so at the top of the pot should be left for watering. If the bulb is not well above the soil it will not flower, it being necessary for the bulb to feel the sun's heat to flower. The bulb should be potted in April. In June plunge the pot in a sunny place in the garden; in August it will produce flowers. At the approach of cold weather remove the pot to the house and supply water freely as long as there are signs of growth; when the foliage turns yellow, withdraw water until perfectly dry, then set the pot in a dark warm place until the following spring, when replant as before. A. Belladonna is one of the oldest varieties known, being introduced from

Portugal in 1712, to which country it had been taken from Brazil some years before. The upper part of the flower is white, suffused with rose, or pale carmine; the lower part is a greenish white. The flowers are quite as large and about the same shape as those of Johnsonii; each bulb generally produces from four to a dozen flowers on a single stem.

A. Belladonna Minor is a diminutive variety of the last.

A. Blanda is also a variety of the Belladonna, bearing large numbers of pure white flowers, which change to a pale rose before falling.

A. Longiflora is a very handsome variety requiring the same general treatment as Belladonna; the flowers of this variety appear before the leaves, on stalks two feet high. The color is a clear pink, which gradually changes to white with age; through the centre of each segment runs a streak of deep carmine color. Mr. E. H., of New York State, informs me this variety is perfectly hardy in his garden.

A. Gigantea, or Josephine—This is perhaps the grandest variety of the family. It takes its name from the immense size to which the flower grows. The color is a bright, dazzling scarlet. The treatment as given for Belladonna suits it exactly.

A. Regina, or Queen Amaryllis, is an extremely fine variety; the culture is the same as required for Johnsonii. Color, a rich orange and white.

Space forbids me describing Amaryllis Jupiter, Meteor, and a host of others; the beautiful little Zephyranthes, the hardiest of the Amaryllis, the Vallota Purpurea, and—well, the list might be continued indefinitely.

The great secret in growing Amaryllis is to alternately give it a season of great excitement and of rest, and to plant the bulb with from half to three-quarters above the surface of the soil.

W. C. L. DREW.



GROUP OF PETUNIAS.

A BEAUTIFUL PLANT.

I have a rare and beautiful plant, a magnificent specimen of the Cercus Meeh. Donaldi, measuring about eleven feet in height, and literally covered with bloom, with not less than eighty flowers on it, and each a bright crimson color, and about four inches in diameter at the mouth of the calyx.

The plant is a handsome specimen of the Cactus tribe, and well worth the admiration with which it is regarded, it being twenty-four years old, and raised or grown by the owner from a slip procured at considerable cost.

MRS. J. S. LEWIS.

The Home Circle.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS, AND GOSSIP ABOUT HOME AFFAIRS.

Vases for Dried Grasses.—Will you be so kind as to explain to me the method of making vases for dried grasses and ferns, with lamp-chimnies? I saw a pair not long since, but was not able to learn how the ornaments were put on. I should also be glad to know how to color and crystalize grasses, and give dried flowers the glittering appearance as if dripping with dew.

MRS. SARAH H. L.

Answer.—There are several methods of embellishing lamp-chimnies, which we will describe. We will suppose, for the first, that we desire an imitation of French china; a white ground or some delicate tint, as blue, pale green, or pink, with bands of gold and gay flowers. Now, for the flowers, we like nothing so well as the decalcomania designs for this work, and here we have the widest field from which to choose. If you wish a Chinese or Japanese vase, there are scores of all the curious devices used on this ware—of ancient, antique figures used on Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman pottery—there are mythological and classical designs of rarest beauty and coloring, and so with any other "school" of pottery desired to be imitated, the embellishments are here in exact similitude.

But if not convenient, we may substitute pictures either colored or engraved, and we have made very fair vases by means of the colored pictures found in our floral and other catalogues, selecting the smallest flowers, cutting them out carefully, and grouping tastefully. This is all a matter of convenience and taste, the most important point being to fasten the designs securely, so that no ground-paint, or plaster, will run under; and to use care as regards arrangement, not putting a Chinese mandarin with a group of the muses; or a classical goddess with a French bonquet; such incongruities at once show the imitation. Supposing, though, that all the designs are carefully cut out, and the chimnies perfectly clean and well polished, then arrange your centre pieces, or any other form of adornment you see proper, upon a piece of paper of same size as the chimnies; then mix a little scraped soap and water to a thick mass; dip into it a strand of coarse thread and pass it round the centre of the chimney; remove it, and again wetting, pass it, lengthwise or longitudinally, round so that it crosses the former line in two places, then across on the other side in the same manner. This gives you four central points; next take your central designs, two or four, and, placing the centre of each one against the central spot, where the lines cross on the outside of the chimney; hold them in place, successively, and with a fine camel's hair pencil dipped in the solution of soap, mark out the outlines, so that when placed within, they may be put directly in proper position. Next, if paper pictures are used, coat them with gum arabic, mixed to the consistency of syrup, and carefully rubbed until not a particle of undissolved gum or any roughness remains; then put the design in place, either with the figures, or if the chimney is narrow, with a stiff wire bent to shape and furnished with a pad on one end, with which pat the picture all over, until not an air bubble nor a wrinkle prevents the perfect union of the paper and the glass. Upon this depends the perfection of the work in a great measure. When done, wet a camel's hair pencil in the mucilage and go round all the edges so as to fill them com-

pletely; then put on narrow lines of gold, either using gilded paper, plain, or liquid gold, and if liked, lines of flowers, or any fancy borders may be put at the upper edge and between the gold lines.

It is well to copy some fine model, and endeavor to make a perfect imitation. This all done, allow to dry; then have some liquid plaster, made by mixing fine plaster of Paris and water to the consistency of cream; pour in a cup full, and quickly turn the chimney about until every part receives a coat; then pour out any surplus, and mix another cupful, with which proceed in the same manner. This gives a pure white ground as perfect as the finest French china.

Now, if you wish to color the ground, for instance, in imitation of the fine Rose du Barry china, mix beforehand in the water a little fine pink-color powder (rose-pink); if Pelissy, use delicate turquoise blue (ultra-marine); and so on, buff, straw-color, pale green, etc. Or for Etruscan, use dull, deep reds, dark leaden-blue; for Chinese and Japanese, black, vermillion, dark blue and yellow, and if the Indian wares are desired, apply the black Silhouette pictures, and scarlet grounds.

Try one in imitation of the crystal or frost-grounds of some of the Mintontiles, thus: procure some "frosting" sold in the art-stores and by many druggists. After putting on the designs, coat the entire surface, inside, with demar-varnish, mixed with one-fifth part of balsam of fir; allow to dry until just tacky, then sprinkle on the crushed "frosting," or "diamond-powder," and allow to dry thoroughly; then put on the ground as directed, and you will find the effect fine beyond description.

Charming window-boxes, jardinières, etc., are made by these means, by applying the pictures and ground to panes of plain glass, then slipping them into grooves cut in the face of the wooden sides and ends.

Panels of cabinet and side-board doors are very elegant thus finished, a narrow gilt or wooden moulding holding them fast.

To crystalize grasses, use one pound of alum to one pint of water; suspend the grasses in the solution until the crystals form, then remove and dry them; if left too long they will become too heavy; a snow-like appearance is given by drying them rapidly, in the burning noonday sun of summer, or in a hot oven.

Use lemon dyes for grasses, diluting them to make pale shades; vivid crimsons, yellows, etc., have a most vulgar appearance.

Kerosene Stoves.—In answer to Mrs. Griseom's query regarding kerosene stoves, I would say, yes. I have tested them pretty fully, having had one of the very first that came out, and also the fullest opportunity of trying the "Florence" and other late patents; for ironing, picnics, getting up a little meal on short notice, and as a resort in sickness, or other emergency, they are invaluable, and I would not like to be without one, especially when the thermometer suddenly descends far below zero, and my plant-room is in danger; but to use in place of the regular old cooking-stove—never! They are not capable of accomplishing as much as a family of four persons ordinarily require, taking an entire month through; the odor is unpleasant, and there is some danger from explosion, owing to the likelihood of careless hands, or inattention to that daily care required with constant use. I believe I should prefer the "Florence" to any other.

"AUNT CARRIE."

Omelette.—Mrs. A. B. G.—d.—A "corn omelette" is made thus: grate six ears of well-filled corn

(sweet), scraping each cob with a knife; beat two eggs, the yolks and whites separately, perfectly light; add the yolks to the corn, with half a teaspoonful of sugar, as much soda as will rest upon the point of a spoon, pepper, salt, and four tablespoonfuls of milk; beat well, then lightly add the whites; put a teacupful of butter and lard, mixed, into a small frying-pan (cast-iron), and when boiling hot pour in the omelette; fry for ten minutes carefully, opening places through it over the surface to let the soft part descend, as in other omelettes; then put into the oven for half an hour or less, if quick, and when slightly browned, fold over and turn over on a platter, placing it over and dexterously turning the pan.

Egg-Beater.—Mrs. G. A. Brown.—The very best and only egg-beater I ever used with satisfaction is called "The Dover," and it may be bought for from 50 to 75 cents, according to the furnisher.

Lambrequins.—Miss Ada Spafford.—A "shaped lambrequin" is one that is cut out in gracefully-carved lines, and put plainly across the wooden frame, behind the cornice, without plaits or fullness of any kind. There are beautiful "splashers," "washstand guards," made of enamelled oilcloth, by taking some light shade, as buff, laying a border of ivy-leaves, cut from paper, around them, forming a centre piece in the same manner, holding all down with pins, in the usual way, then casting a spray of thin black paint, made by rubbing lamp-black in turpentine, then adding copal-varnish until just thick enough to take up on a brush and "spatter" on a piece of wire-net, or across a comb. When dry take up the papers; vein all leaves with a small camel's hair brush, and make tendrils or other lines. The effect is beautiful. Maple leaves look well, also Convolvulus vine.

Guards.—Another elegant "guard" is made of linen damask colored, embroidered with zephyr of appropriate colors, in chain or feather stitch, working the monogram of the owner of the room in the centre.

Again, get a piece of white Java canvas; embroider a border round the four sides, and the monogram or christian name in the centre, in large ornamental letters; fringe out the edges.

Or cut a piece of Swiss muslin of proper size; cut the monogram or name from shirting muslin; cover the one side with flour-paste, mixed with a very little gum-arabic mucilage, and, putting them in place in the centre, arrange a vine of ivy, or other leaves, around this, thus: get three sizes of any pretty leaf of a running vine, cut paper patterns from them, which place on the muslin; cut them out, and having wet them with the paste, put them on a serpentine stem made by placing a small saucer or "individual" butter-plate on the paper, marking out one-half of the circle, then reversing it, and moving it along, so that the other half circle joins the preceding one; thus a waved stem is formed, which must be about one-fourth of an inch wide; the leaves should be arranged on this, one up and one down; then run two or more three-inch or four-inch strips on the sewing machine; gather or plait, and put on in scantily-full ruffles, one above the other; flute these; line with pink, green or other bright colored cambric, and you have a dainty and beautiful finish to your washstand.

After putting on the muslin letters, spread a damp towel over, and hold warm flat-irons on until the whole is dry and smooth. This appears like embroidery, and is very beautiful.

AUNT CARRIE.

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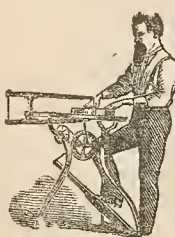
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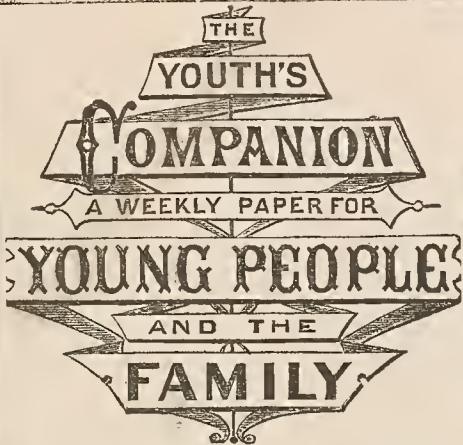
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NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1877.

PANSIES.

I believe there are many true lovers of flowers who have never known the happiness of growing Pansies; who, like myself, have bought them of florists each spring, and long before they were ready, were grieved to see them die, no care or watching serving to keep them. To such as these I contribute my mite of information, learned from experience, which, after learning, seems so simple, I wonder how I could have failed.

First, procure good seed. I bought the mixed seed of Vick, of Rochester, N. Y. Have ready shallow boxes (I used the long, shallow cigar-boxes), nice light soil, some pieces of old thick flannel. Place the soil in boxes, about half the depth, press it even with a piece of shingle or old book-back, place each seed separate on the soil full one inch apart. This takes time, but will pay in the end. When all are placed, sift a little soil over them, enough to hide the seed; press as before. Wring out the pieces of flannel (using two or three thicknesses to each box) in hot water; lay carefully on the soil, pressing down even. Place behind the stove, or in any warm situation. Watch well; in two or three days the seed will be up. Then remove flannel; place farther from stove, using a pane of glass to cover each box. Get to the light and sun as soon as they are up; give air by tilting glass. When one week old, remove glass and do all you can to keep them stocky, and not drawn.

After covering seed with soil, water with a fine sprinkler with warm water, before placing the flannel over them. As soon as they have four leaves, have other boxes prepared same as before; transplant each plant carefully two inches apart, spreading the roots well, and continue this every two weeks till they can be planted out. I sowed mine the first week in March, and they were all ready to begin budding and blooming by the middle of April, when I planted in the beds. I had beds made directly in the lawn, cut circular, six feet in diameter, raised a little, but never

sloping, as they would not retain the proper moisture. Here, in the following lines, is where so many blunder. All books, papers, &c., tell us that Pansies require shade. Now they do not. Mine are on the east side of large cherry trees, some three feet from base of tree, and receive the full morning sun, with all the light and glintings of sunshine through branches of trees in the afternoon. It is also a mistake to plant them in such rich soil; they keep better, last longer without sloughing away, in common garden soil, with some sand in it; then use liquid cow manure once each week, well diluted in water, placing it as much as possible on the soil, avoiding the plants in doing so.

When blooming, remove each flower as soon as it wilts, or cut generously for your friends, and they will continue a mass of bloom, beautiful beyond all words, till winter, blooming even through the snow. They should be carefully watered or sprinkled each evening, and if some of the oldest shoots seem yellow and sick about August, pinch them off carefully, to give the crown of the plant the strength to send out new shoots. I have only been cultivating them the past two seasons, never before understanding the value of seedlings. If wanted for early spring bloom, sow in August or September, in deep, large boxes, on north side of house. About December, protect with dry annuals, such as Petunia, Zinnia, &c., laying heavier branches on these to prevent blowing away. Never cover with leaves or straw, as these mat too much and rot the crown of the plant. Evergreen branches, not too heavy, are just the right thing to use. Plant into beds from boxes, same as for seed sown in spring. Nemophila Insignis flourishes beyond description with same treatment as spring sowing, or indeed fall, too.

Mrs. H. C.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The illustrations of this number are numerous and suggestive of floral decoration and social enjoyment. Upon page 177 is a vase of "Flowers for the Parlor or Dining Table," and also "A Basket of Cut Flowers Made of Wicker-Work." These sketches are suggestive of tasteful ways of adorning our tables and stands. "The Spruce-Work Match Holder" is a cunning little article covered with the spruce bark of the woods, and is so simple any one of moderate ingenuity can construct it.

Upon page 180 is a scene in Central Park, New York, of "Lake and Bridge," with rustic seat and arbor on the shore. The "Cone Frame and Calendar" is a little hint to our ingenious ones to gather the treasures of the woods, and by fastening with glue on some stiff background, then varnishing, to make a pretty sitting-room ornament.

Upon page 181, "The Vase of Petunias" suggests to us the joys of bright floral days when the flowers are our constant companions. The "Flower Pot Cover" is very simple, made of successive layers of leather or stiff cloth lined with pasteboard, and shaped to resemble the form of petals of an opening bud.

Upon page 185 is a pretty "Castilian Scene of Spanish Romance." This is an exact reproduction of a steel-plate engraving which cost \$500. The waiting fair one plucks a rose to throw to her adorer, and is her signal that the way is clear and her heart expects him.

Upon page 189, "The Young Artful," whose "forgettery is much better than his remembrance," is trying to make up the lesson-task before him with the aid of a "pony," which manœuvre, astonishes the teacher, and provokes a laugh from the little sister.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Last Number. Renew, Renew.—All subscriptions to THE CABINET for 1877, expire with this number, both yearly and trials. Renew them quickly, and bring as many new names as possible. We hope all are so well pleased that we may have the pleasure of their company again for 1878.

Back Volumes.—New subscribers, who are pleased with THE CABINET, will find in back volumes an immense fund of delightful reading, pictures, and the choicest of family music; there are single pieces of music so sweet and charming as to be alone worth the price for a volume. We will club these together with subscription for 1878, as follows:

\$2.00 will pay for subscription 1878, the new plate, "Treasures of Garden and Woodland," and all the back numbers of 1877, January to September.

3.00 will include all of 1878, 1877, and 1876.

4.00 " " " " " 1875.

5.00 " " " " " " and 1874.

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Bound volumes for each year will cost 65 cents for each volume in addition to above prices.

Missing Papers.—To any subscriber, at any time, we will always furnish a missing paper. First, ask the Postmaster if a copy came with the label off, if so, it belongs to you; if not, we will send another on notification. We wish subscribers to receive all they pay for.

Six Months' Subscription.—Subscribers will take notice that six months' subscriptions are received at 60 cents, without Premiums.

Cabinet for Half Price.—An extra copy of CABINET will be sent one year for half price to any one who brings a club of three subscribers at \$1 20 or \$1 30.

Cabinet Free.—An extra copy of CABINET one year free will be sent to any one who will form a club of five at \$1 20, or ten at \$1 10.

A Special Premium.—To any one forming a club of fifteen, the CABINET will be sent to each member of the club at \$1 10 each, and club agent will receive in addition all the following: The CABINET one year free, the new plate of flowers, "Treasures of Garden and Woodland," and also one of our Household Books, price \$1 50.

Special Gladiolus Premium.—To any one getting a club of ten at \$1 20 or \$1 30, we will give club agent CABINET one year free, new plate, "Treasures of Garden and Woodland," and collection of Gladiolus worth \$3 00. For club of fifteen at \$1 20, we will give the same, and to each member of club, one bulb of Gladiolus, which they could not buy elsewhere for less than \$1 00.

Special Note. New Plate of Flowers.—The new plate of flowers, "Treasures of Garden and Woodland," will be sent only to those subscribers who remit \$1 30. Those who join a club and wish it will remit club agent \$1 30. Those who pay less than \$1 30 do not receive it. But it will be sent to all club agents who get up clubs, whether they order it or not. So every club agent may expect to receive it soon after their clubs have been sent in.

Claiming Premiums.—Club agents should always claim the premium they wish. We do not know what will suit you. We always wait till club agent tells us his choice. Some club agents send us a club and say nothing about premium, and then complain because they get none. They should always claim their due, and we will always send it.

Twenty Cents Commission.—To any one getting up clubs, who desire our Household Books, we will allow for all clubs of three, or over, at \$1 20 or \$1 30 each, 20 cents commission for each subscriber towards getting any of our \$1 50 books. Thus a club of eight at \$1 20 or \$1 30 will secure a book worth \$1 50. If agent's club is less than eight, 20 cents is allowed toward any book for each name in his club, and he can remit balance in cash. A little effort on the part of each subscriber will enable him to get his book or paper at a reduced price.

Holiday Presents.—The following comprise a most desirable list of books for Holiday presents to ladies or children. Nothing can be more delightful to a housekeeper than a set of these books.

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	Price.	Price.
Household Elegancies.....	cloth, \$1 50	Gift, \$2 00
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Prizes for Household and Floral Articles.—Our offer of prizes was so successful last year, that we now renew it again for 1878. The following prizes will be given for articles on Flower, Window Gardening, Housekeeping, Elegancies, Needle Work, and kindred subjects relating to the comforts, pleasures and advancement of Home Life and Household Taste:

For best article on Floral Subjects.....	\$10 00
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For each of next 20 best articles of Flowers, prize of book, "Window Gardening."	
For each of next 20 best articles on Household Subjects, book, "Household Elegancies," or "Ladies' Fancy Work."	
For each of next 20 best articles (10 of each class of subjects), one Silk Book Mark.	

Contributors will notice the following rules: 1. Label all articles, "For Competition." 2. Each article to fill space equal to three to five foolscap pages long. 3. Articles all to be forwarded to this office before March 15. 4. Award of prizes will be announced in April number, and prizes forwarded to the fortunate competitors April 1. 5. Articles contributed, not specially marked for return, may be understood as having the desire of writer to be used in FLORAL CABINET, as a voluntary contribution whenever convenient.

The object in offering these prizes is not so much to induce the writing of articles for the sake of pecuniary remuneration, as it is to encourage our readers and writers to contribute really useful information, which will be a help and benefit to others.



LOVE'S SIGNAL.—FROM STEEL PLATE ENGRAVING.

Household Topics.

OF CARPETS.

On this subject I write for young housekeepers, and those wishing, or needing, to make the most of their means.

I shall say little about Brussels, velvet, etc., as those wishing to purchase expensive carpets, will, of course, consult their friends who are wise in these matters, if they happen to lack sufficient knowledge themselves.

Brussels has become so cheap and common of late, that it may be well to speak of the three kinds oftenest found in market. The kind called "body Brussels," I believe, stands highest. The imported article is best, the colors wearing better than any American kind I have known. The figure can be readily traced on the wrong side, as the wool in the warp is carried under, to form the pattern in weaving. The figures are generally prettier than in the kinds where the wool is all on the upper side, as is the case when printed on the warp instead of being colored in the skein. The carpets that show no color on the under side have the closest pile on the upper side, and are not so likely to be injured by moths, as those having the wool next the floor, even though it be in small quantities, a fact that prevents many from purchasing even the best imported carpets.

There is still another kind, where the printing of the pattern is done after the carpet is woven. Of course the dye goes through the carpet, and is seen in ugly patches of heavy color on the under side. These are undesirable in every way, and should be avoided as matter of taste or economy.

Three-ply carpets have their admirers, but I am not one of their number. All that can be said in their favor is, you can get prettier figures than in ingrain, that is, on one side; they are generally ugly enough on the other to make amends for that. They are heavy, and harder to shake than a Brussels, as the dust and sand gets in between the three different layers, and is very hard to beat out, although each layer is much thinner than the poorest ingrain. Of this fact you may assure yourself by lifting one layer in any of the plain places, and comparing it with the commonest ingrain at hand. Of course, you will be told by the salesman that it is so thick (that is, the whole together), that it must wear better; but if thickness is the only merit, get an ingrain at less than half the cost, and make up the difference by putting wadding paper underneath. The three-ply may last longest, but you have the annoyance of looking at rags to obtain this result, for after one lift or ply is worn off, the figure spoiled, and the untidy fringed edges sticking up, you have yet to wear two thicknesses more, before you can expect to get a new one.

Very dark colors in a carpet show dust and dirt badly, besides all dark goods are injured more or less in coloring. Three-ply and ingrain carpets should be sewed together ball stitch; Brussels and velvet should be sewed back and forth, making a seam like basting, keeping the pile neatly tucked down with the needle before taking the stitch; draw the thread strongly, but not so as to gather the carpet, and take the stitches about the eighth of an inch in length. Carpets should not be stitched on the floor tighter than is sufficient to keep them from shoving under the broom in sweeping. The nails should not be driven down closely, or the heads will cut through the bindings, and the difficulty of drawing them out will be greatly increased.

In sweeping carpets, the broom should be drawn in a mowing manner, making short reaches, and never raising it far from the floor. After the dust settles, and the furniture has been dusted, a clean mop (kept for that use only) should be wrung out of warm water in which a little salt has been dissolved and passed over the carpet under beds and large pieces of furniture, and will be found a very satisfactory finish when putting a room in order.

Very old and dirty carpets can be made to look quite fresh and tidy by beating them thoroughly, mending, if necessary, nailing down snugly on the clean floor where they are to remain, then with a pail of warm suds, and one of clean warm water, with a quart of clear solution of chloride of lime added to it, wash and rinse them thoroughly as you would a floor, changing the waters as they become soiled, and using separate cloths for washing and rinsing. Worn-out stockings are nice for this use, as they do not lint badly; sew them together until the size is convenient to handle. This operation needs to be performed thoroughly, especially the rinsing and wiping, and the result will be very satisfactory. If a carpet is to be washed in the fall, the stove and oilcloths must be arranged as they are to remain, so that a fire can be made to dry it immediately. If the room must be used before it is dry, cover the carpet with soiled sheets, bedquilts, or something of the sort, thus keeping dust, etc., from the carpet whilst it is wet.

I do not like straw spread on a floor under carpets; it makes an uneven surface, and is a nuisance when the carpet is to be taken up for cleaning. I think the better way is to make the floor as even as possible, by driving down nail heads, and planing off sharp edges where it can be done, then laying folds of newspapers over imperfections, fastening them in their places with a little boiled flour paste, to prevent them from wrinkling when the carpet is drawn over them. Cracks suspected of moths should be covered with thick paper well secured at the edges with paste.

A broom should never be used to remove the dust from a floor where a carpet has lain, as it only serves to "whirl the dirt about the room," but the operator, with "skirts well lifted," and a good mop and pail of water, will dispose of the greatest accumulation of dust in much less time than would be required to sweep and dust, and with much less inconvenience to herself and injury to the furniture by the excessive dust.

Very comfortable and tidy-looking carpets may be made for bedrooms, small halls, etc., out of pieces of old carpeting of various colors and patterns. Select the best parts around the edges, and cut them in patterns as you would for piecing bedquilts. Turn down the edges and baste them, so the stitches will not show on the upper side; then sew them overhand in a snug seam. Square blocks a quarter or half yard in size will be found convenient; it is best, however, to pay some regard to the size of the floor to be filled, and cut the blocks accordingly. Bind with strong cloth, which will save the expense of carpet binding, and strengthen the edges. Of course, your carpet was clean before you cut your patchwork, so the refuse pieces are ready for further use.

Pieces that are large enough to cover your ironing table, may be used for under ironing blankets, number of thicknesses to suit the demand, smaller pieces for shirt and bosom boards, smaller still for holders, covering them with old stocking tops, that can easily be slipped off and washed when needed. The poorest pieces make excellent cushions for chairs. Cut five or six thicknesses the shape desired, and cover

with a patchwork of remnants of broadcloth; tie and tuft once in three inches, and they will be found a great saving of dresses and chair bottoms.

Foot-mats, a yard square, more or less, made of two or three thicknesses of old carpet, will be found very pleasant on the oilcloth under one's feet by the stove in winter, and if made of one piece and doubled together and tacked slightly, can easily be taken apart and washed when needed. A mat of this description by the stove in winter, where the men usually sit to thaw the snow, that will defy the scraper, from their feet, will save the women work, and the men mortification, two important items in a well-ordered household.

CHARITY L. MABBETT.

HOOKED RUGS.

We noticed in the June number of the CABINET an article on rugs. "Pulled rugs" sounds funny to us, "hooked rugs" being the name in this vicinity, where there are many of them made.

Perhaps a few more hints would be useful to any one about to make one for the first time. In the first place a frame of wood, two or two and a half inches by three-fourths, and as long as one would be likely to ever want; the end pieces may be a foot and a half or so shorter than the sides. Then take thick heavy cloth, two inches wide, and double it together and tack securely along the edge of the frame, leaving the folded edge just up to, if not a little over, one edge of the frame. This is to sew the burlaps on to. Then bore holes an inch or two apart, for a foot or so, on each end of the frames; bore the holes one-fourth inch in diameter, and have a pin to go through the pieces so as to hold the frame solidly together. Perhaps you may have to tie a string around the corners in addition. The holes should be bored just so far apart, so that the rug may be rolled up as fast as it is completed, and rolled up alike at each side until all is done.

The foundation cloth should be burlap, which can be had at any furniture store. Cut it the size to suit; a good proportion is like the shape of the American flag, one-half longer than its width. Then make the frame about the size, and sew the cloth in snugly, leaving, except where there is a selvage, a little of the cloth to turn under when all is done. Commence on the border by all means; then as soon as it is hooked as far as you can reach, turn the rug under as much as is needed, keeping the rug folded snug and smooth. Tie the frame to the top of some chairs, as near as you can to the height you wish it, to hook it. As for the pattern, it will give one more satisfaction to draw it than to buy it already printed. First draw a little pattern on paper, and then make a dye of logwood; set the color with copperas; then take a little marking brush, and with a straight edge and rule paint the pattern upon the cloth.

The hook should be made of iron or wire large enough to make a hole through the cloth as it is pushed through, so that the cloth can be easily pulled up through. Very thick cloth may be cut one-fourth inch or a little more in width, and thin cloth much wider and then rolled together; it should be all wool or cotton and wool, and if the colors are dingy it may be colored. Draw the loops up half an inch high, all of a height, and the nearer together the better the rug will be when done. Don't shear the loops, as the rug will not wear half as long and will not look any better, and weakens the rug, as the loops, when cut, fall out easily.

L. E. L.

Housekeeping.

PRIZE RECIPES FOR COOKING.

Cherry Roly-Poly.—As soon as the first cherries were ripe, we children used to urge our mother to make us a roly-poly pudding. We always wanted our guests treated to this pudding for dinner, for to us nothing in that line could be nicer. We liked it made with currants or other fruit, but to our ideas a cherry roly-poly was not to be surpassed. Even at the present time, the cherries which we can for winter are intended more especially for these puddings and for pies than for sauce during the snowy season. The pudding in question is boiled in a muslin bag, and is made thus: Two teaspoonfuls cream of tartar and one of soda to one quart of flour. Rub the cream of tartar into the flour and add the soda dissolved in either a little milk or water. Add water to make it of the consistency of biscuit dough, and roll out as you would for biscuit. Spread a layer of the fruit over the dough and make in a roll similar to roll jelly cake. Let the bag be large enough to allow for the pudding to swell. Place in boiling hot water and keep boiling for one hour. Our pudding sauce is made of one cup sugar, half a cup butter, boiled in one quart of water. This is thickened while boiling with four tablespoonfuls of flour which have been previously rubbed with a spoon in sufficient water to mash all the lumps. After the sauce has been taken from the stove, grate half a nutmeg into it.

Graham Gems are very nice made in this way: one cup cream, one egg, half a cup brown sugar, one heaping teaspoonful saleratus, two cups buttermilk, a little salt and ginger. Make a stiff batter of this with Graham flour. Drop into hot tins, and bake in a quick oven.

Orange Cake—One cup butter, three cups sugar, one cup sweet milk, four and a half cups flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, and six eggs, minus the whites of four. Save the whites of these four eggs to beat to a stiff froth and mix with one pound of pulverized sugar to put between the layers. Pare three oranges and spread them in thin slices over the frosting of all the layers except the top. This is a tempting variety. We use the same kind of cake dough for layer lemon, coccanut, and chocolate cakes.

Cream Beer.—This is a very plain effervescing drink. The effervescence is much slower than that of soda water. One ounce of tartaric acid, two pounds of white sugar, the juice of half a lemon, three pints of water. Boil together five minutes. When nearly cold, add the whites of three eggs well beaten with half a cup of flour, and half an ounce of essence of wintergreen. Bottle and keep in a cool place. Take two tablespoonfuls of this syrup for a tumbler of water, and add one-fourth of a teaspoonful of soda.

Chicken Salad.—The water in which chicken is boiled becomes a jelly when cold. To prepare chicken for sandwiches, we mince the meat of boiled chickens, and stir it in the water in which it was boiled, seasoning with butter, salt, and pepper. Make a long, narrow cloth bag, about two and a half inches in diameter. Fill the bag with this mixture. A part of the water will drain off. As the mixture cools, it will harden into shape, so that it can be sliced off like Bologna sausage.

Canned Citron.—The proportions are half a pound sugar to one pound of citron, and juice and rind of one

lemon to five pounds of fruit. Boil the citron in enough water to cover it. Drain off the water after boiling. Then make a syrup of the sugar and fresh water with the lemon; add the citron, and cook moderately over a slow fire for two hours. Put in cans and seal while hot. We think this is preferable to preserved citron, where the quantity of sugar is doubled.

Sea Foam.—One and a half cups powdered sugar, one and a half cups of flour, whites of ten eggs, one large teaspoonful cream tartar (no soda), and a little salt. Mix the sugar, flour, cream of tartar and salt together thoroughly. Add two teaspoonfuls of either almond or vanilla flavoring, and lastly the whites of the eggs, well beaten. Pour in a buttered tin and bake in a quick oven.

Artificial Honey.—White sugar, five pounds; one and a half pints of water; one-fourth ounce of alum. Gradually bring it to a boil, skimming well. When cool, add one pound bees' honey, and four drops essence of peppermint.

Corn-Starch Custard.—Two tablespoonfuls of the corn-starch to one quart of milk. Mix the corn-starch with a small quantity of the milk. Beat up two eggs with four tablespoonfuls of pulverized sugar. Heat the remainder of the milk, with a little butter and salt, to near boiling. Then add the sugared eggs and corn-starch, and boil together two minutes, stirring briskly. When done, stir in one teaspoonful lemon extract.

Sweet Apple Pickles.—Pare sound sweet apples. Boil them in water till tender. Take them from the water and pour over them a boiling syrup made of vinegar and sugar in the proportion of one pound of sugar to one pint of vinegar. In this syrup, boil one ounce each of whole cloves, allspice, and stick cinnamon. Seald the syrup every morning for a week, and pour over the apples.

Chocolate Caramels.—One cup syrup, one tablespoonful milk, half a cake of chocolate (not sweet), one cup brown sugar. Boil five minutes, stirring briskly all the time.

Corn Oysters.—One pint boiled sweet corn (sliced off), half a cup sweet milk, one teaspoonful salt, half a teaspoonful black pepper, two-thirds cup flour, and one egg. Beat up and fry like griddle cakes.

Newport Cakes.—One cup sweet milk, three cups flour, three eggs, one piece of butter, size of an egg, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful soda, and two teaspoonfuls cream tartar. Bake in cup tins, and eat with butter while warm.

Potato Balls.—Take cold mashed potatoes, work with the hands into the shape of round flattened cakes about an inch in thickness, then cover them well with flour, and fry both sides in butter, until of a light brown.

Tea Rolls.—Two quarts of sifted flour, one pint milk, one tablespoonful lard, a little salt, one tablespoonful white sugar, and one-third cake of yeast dissolved in half a cup of water; seald the milk. After allowing it to cool, put in the sugar. Rub the lard and salt into the flour. Make a hole in the centre of the flour, and add the milk and yeast. Cover lightly with flour and set to rise. When light, mix well together, adding the white of one egg, and set to rise again. When light, roll them out, cut into form, lay them in the dripping pan, and let them rise again till

very light. Then bake for twenty minutes in a quick oven.

Spiced Currants.—Five pounds of currants, four pounds brown sugar, two tablespoonfuls each of ground cloves and ground cinnamon; one pint vinegar. Boil two hours or more till quite thick.

Crab Apple Marmalade.—Boil Siberian crab apples in a porcelain kettle, with just sufficient water to cover them. When soft, mash and strain through a colander. Use one pound of sugar to one pound of the crab apples, and ground cloves and cinnamon to taste.

Fried Oysters.—Drain the oysters well, roll in fine rolled cracker crumbs, and fry in hot lard and butter, two-thirds lard and one-third butter. This is our favorite "dish of oysters."

Piccailiti.—Slice one peck of green tomatoes; add one pint of salt to them, and cover with water. Let them stand over night. Take ten green peppers, nine onions, and one head cabbage, all chopped fine; cover with vinegar, and seald. Drain off the vinegar and throw away, and put on cold vinegar. Add one pint of molasses, half an ounce each of cloves, allspice, and horseradish. Mix and cover with brown sugar.

Buckwheat Cakes.—This is a recipe that we have used for years: One teacupful of good yeast, one of Indian meal, one quart of buckwheat flour, and one teaspoonful of salt. Mix with sufficient tepid water to make it of the consistency of muffin batter. Beat well for fifteen minutes, and set in a warm place to rise over night. If the batter is sour in the morning, dissolve a teaspoonful of soda in a little tepid water and stir into it. If the cakes are not sweet, add a little more soda. Bake on a well-heated griddle.

Cracker Soup.—This is excellent light food for invalids. Place a piece of butter as large as a good sized bean in a soup plate or small bowl. Sprinkle a little pepper and salt over this, then pour on hot water to nearly fill the dish. Break three or four crackers into this, and if necessary add more salt to make agreeable to the taste.

Lemon Pies.—Grate the rind from one lemon; squeeze out the juice, and chop up the balance very fine. Put all together, and add one cup water, one of sugar, and two tablespoonfuls of corn-starch, working the mass to a smooth paste. Add five beaten eggs, minus the whites of two, to this paste. Use this mixture for two pies, baking without a top crust. While these are baking, beat the whites of the two eggs, saved for that purpose, to a stiff froth, and stir in three tablespoonfuls of pulverized white sugar. When the pies are done, spread this frosting evenly over them, and set again in the oven and brown slightly.

New Mode of Preparing Beefsteak.—Procure a nice round steak; spread over it a dressing made of one quart of bread crumbs soaked in boiling water, and seasoned with butter, salt, pepper, and sage to taste. Then make the steak, spread with this dressing, into a roll, after the manner of roll jelly cake. Tie it round and round with cord to keep together. Place it in a dripping-pan with a little water, and bake in a moderate oven. Dip the water over the steak with a large spoon several times during the process of baking. After taking from the oven, remove the cord and slice the roll for the table. It is very nice, either warm or cold.

These recipes have all been tested and well tried.

E. S. P.

Household Elegancies.

INVALID'S POCKET.

Few things contribute more to the comfort of an invalid than one of these useful articles, which may be made of any materials that will harmonize with the furniture, but are most elegant if embroidered in the style of our specimen.

The materials are; half a yard of rich black satin; sarcenet, to correspond in color with the hangings; strong cardboard; wadding; pot-pourri; and nine yards of satin ribbon, the color of the lining.

Buy the satin nineteen and one-half inches wide, and divide it up the centre, having nine inches on one side, ten and one-half on the other. The narrower half forms the back, and leaves enough to make a small pincushion for one of the pockets. The other half forms the pockets. These are three in number, the lowest having no division, the second one down the centre, the upper one two; so that there are really six pockets.

One group of flowers covers the lower pocket, two the centre; the third has an ornamental initial in the middle and a light spray on each side, and the divisions of the pockets are ornamented with a light pattern in embroidery. The little pincushion should also have some device worked on it. The engraving will show the form of the whole complete article, as well as of the separate pockets.

To make it up: Cut a piece of cardboard, eight inches wide and about twelve long. Slope it, as in the pattern, and cover it with satin at the back, and wadded sarcenet on the other side. Line each pocket with wadded sarcenet, scented with pot-pourri, and trim the top of each with the ribbon, quilted into a ruche.

Each pocket must be put on plain at the bottom, and sloped a little on each side, which the greater



PURSE IN EMBROIDERY.

width will allow, so as to set rather full, and hold things conveniently. When all are put on, the divisions must be made, and the whole trimmed with quilted ribbon.

These pockets are intended to hold watch, chain, and seals in the upper pocket; pincushion and smelling-bottle in the two centre; and the handkerchief in the lowest. The embroidery to be done in fine floss. Similar watch-pockets may be done in canvas work.

PURSE IN EMBROIDERY.

Embroidered upon steel-colored glove-kid, in high colors.

The edges are trimmed with quilted ribbon, and the ends finished with silk to match. Cord and tassels of mixed silk to match the embroidery. The same design makes a handsome tobacco bag, when lined with oil-silk.

In conclusion, it must be remembered that every



INVALID'S POCKET.

style of embroidery in any material depends entirely for its beauty upon the perfect evenness of the work. Irregularity of stitch is never intended to imply a straggling character of work, and roughness of surface must be always avoided. The outlines must be carefully drawn, distinctly defined, and then followed in working with the most exact accuracy.

Next in importance is the selection of good material. Embroidery being a luxury at best, it is better to do without it entirely than to have it upon inferior material or worked with poor wool or silk. In cotton embroidery it is best always to wash and iron the articles before the edges are cut, as the scallops have a firmer and more even appearance than when they are cut before washing. This, of course, does not apply to such work as can be worn before washing, but this should be carefully pressed before the edges are cut.

SHAWL STRAP IN CANVAS WORK.

The pattern is worked upon canvas in bright-colored Berlin wool, and sewed down upon wide strips of leather, which is afterwards lined with silk, a crochet border knit all round, and made up as shown in illustration.

When canvas work is finished it should be taken from the frame and beaten carefully upon the wrong side until every particle of dust or loose thread is removed, but very gently, or the work will look dented. Prepare a table by laying out several thicknesses of woolen, covered first with white muslin, afterwards with canvas the same texture as that in the work. Over this, right side down, stretch the work, confining it with pins, to be perfectly even. Cover with a damp cloth (not wet) and press lightly and rapidly but thoroughly with a warm iron, not hot enough to injure delicate coloring.

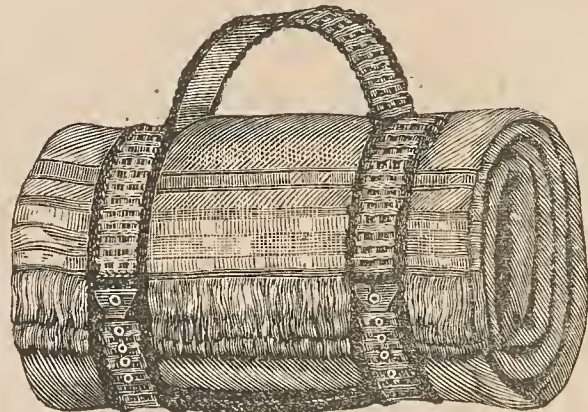
If the work is then to be put in a frame to hang, stretch it firmly over the sides, perfectly even, and fasten with very fine upholsterer's tacks.

Very elaborate pieces of canvas work for framing are not now in fashion, excepting for school girls, but every kind of smaller work is very popular. It is an accomplishment that dates back to remote ages, and which has never gone entirely out of use. The many new varieties of material in use at the present day, greatly reduce the labor of working, and simplify the designs, while the effect is as good, in many cases better, than the elaborate workmanship of those wonderful specimens of patience and skill handed down from our grandmothers.

A Wall Protector for hanging at the back of a washstand is much better made of oilcloth than of any other material. Those of Swiss or colored muslins are pretty at first, but they soil readily, and are worth but little for daily use. The dark brown oilcloth or enamelled cloth, veined and shaded, looks best for this purposes.

Take a piece twenty-seven inches long and eighteen inches wide, and scallop the edges with a "pinking iron," or the scissors. On this can be made two, three, or four pockets for holding sponges, extra cakes of soap, etc. For each pocket cut two pieces eight inches long and three and a half inches wide in the middle, whence they are rounded to the ends on one side. Paste the two pieces together, both right side out, thus making the pocket double. Cut the straight upper edge in points, and sew the pocket thus made on the cover. To conceal the stitches, paste on a strip of oilcloth a quarter of an inch wide, cut the slope of the pocket, and pointed on both edges. If desired more ornamental, cut a scroll or leaf design from light brown oilcloth and paste on, forming a border around the edge of the protector, and along the upper edges of the same. If this is done, the pointed strip around the sewed edge of the pockets should also be of light brown. For pasting use thick gum.

Spatter Work.—I presume many of the lady readers of the CABINET understand the art of making "spatter work," which has become so popular. It is very pretty work to those who do not mind what some people call "tedious." I always use a sieve; an old flour sieve will do; the spatters are more even. Very



SHAWL STRAP IN CANVAS WORK.

pretty toilet sets can be made in this way on white Swiss or lawn. Line with pink or blue cambric and edge with fluting or a wide hem, which should be left white. A cornucopia can be made to match by arranging ferns on white perforated paper, and spattering. Line and trim with the color of the toilet. Those who can get the trailing ferns, will find them beautiful in this work, with a few of their delicate blossoms.

FANCY.

Fireplace Reading.

A QUEER TEAM.

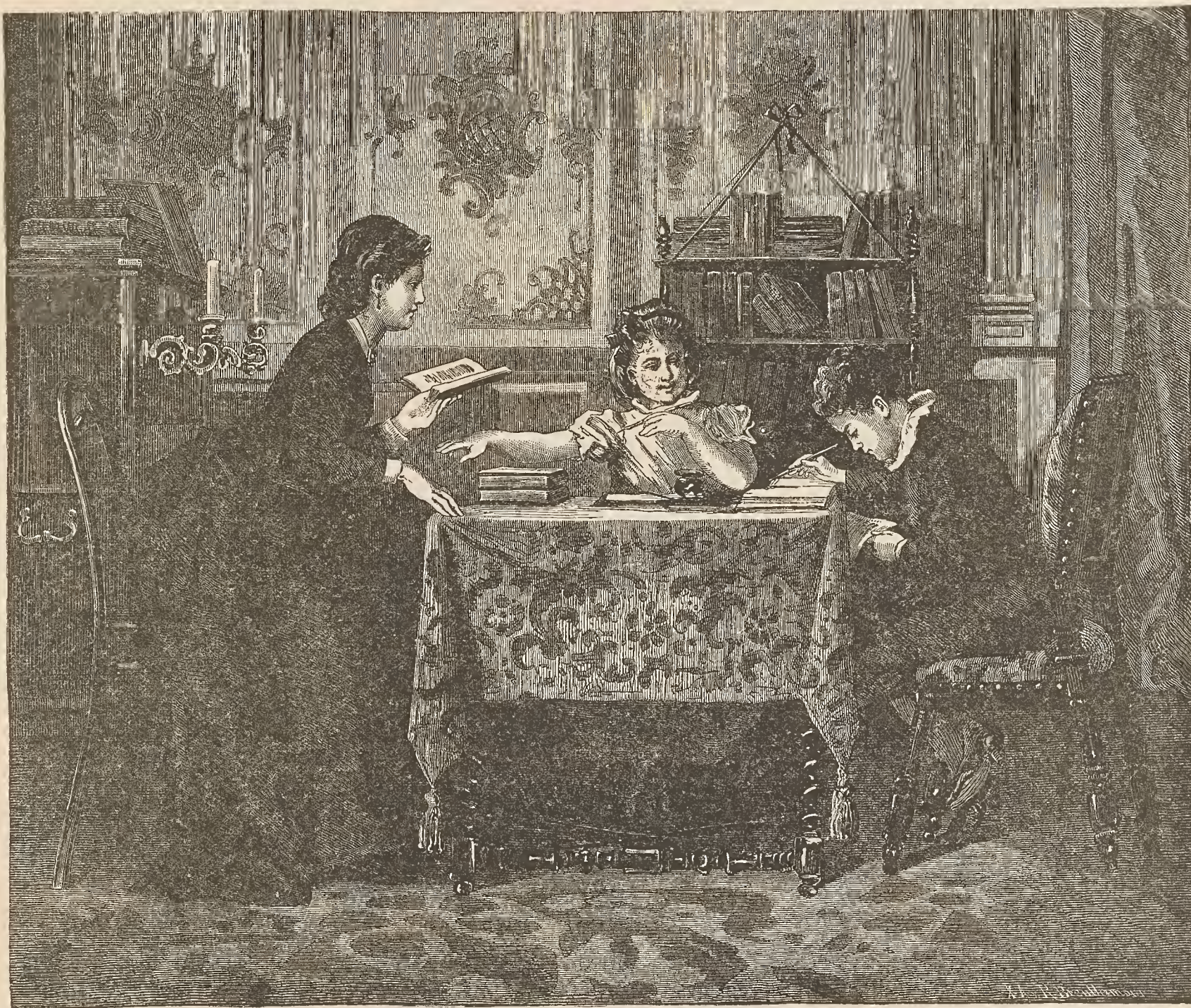
A traveller in the Western district, was struck by the absence of the usual tessellated language of a bullock driver, in the case of a man on the road with a small team, which he thus apostrophized: "Come hither, Baptist! Wo-o-o! Presbyterian," etc. This mode of address seemed so strange to the traveller that he entered into conversation with the man and asked him how these titles were applicable to a bullock team. Well, sir, you see," said he, "I calls this the 'clesias-

Mr. Whittier's simplicity of life and thought is illustrated by a story told by a writer in the *Boston Times*. She says: "A very elegant woman of Boston was walking with Col. Higginson—the fastidious man of culture, who understands how to smile and how to use the semi-color better than any man in New England. 'I want you to come in to Osgood's with me,' he said to his lady friend, 'and see Whittier, who is there to-day.'

They went in and found the poet. After a little while the conversation turned on a young girl with colored blood in her veins who had a place in the Freedman's Bureau at a small salary, and was rather petted by the philanthropists of a certain Boston clique.

son was at a loss for reply. He did not point to his elegant companion and say that that sum would hardly buy her gloves; and I suppose the poet accepted her splendor as a matter of course, and did not dream of the cost."

After-Dinner Orator.—"It's in the wondrous insight inter 'uman nature that Dickens gets the pull over Thackery; but, on t'other hand, it's in the brilliant shafts o' satire, t'gether with a keen sense o' humor, that Dickery gets the pull over Thackens. It's just this: Thickery is the humorist, and Dackens is the satirist. But, after all, it's 'bsurd to instoot any comparison between Dackens and Thickens." So none was "instooted."—*London Judy*.



THE YOUNG "ARTFUL."

tical team. You see that bullock on the off side leading; I call him Baptist. We'll be crossing the creek presently, and he'll be bound to make for water. That one on the near side, he's 'Piscopalian, 'cause he holds his head so werry high. That bullock on the off side of the pole, the one with the crumpled horn, I calls him Presbyterian. He is the most out-and-out knowing bullock of the lot. The brindle in the same yoke with him, he's Wesleyan. He's always a grunting and a groaning, as if he was dragging the whole load. Bless your life, sir, he's not pulling an ounce."

After a prolonged discourse on her virtues and social privations, Col. Higginson said, 'And, poor child, after her board and other expenses are paid she has only fifty dollars a year for her dress.'

Whittier drew up slowly about his spare figure the gray, woolen shawl that he wore. 'Fifty dollars,' said he; 'and does not thee think that is enough? I never spent more than that sum a year for dress in my life.'

Looking at the Spartan simplicity of the Quaker poet, one could readily believe him, and Col. Higgin-

"I never can enjoy poetry when I'm cookin," said an old lady; "but when I step out to feed the hogs, and h'ist myself on the fence and throw my soul into a few lines of 'Cap'n Jinks,' it does seem as if this airth was made to live on, after all."

A traveller in a steamboat not particularly celebrated for its celerity, inquired of a gentleman who stood next to him what the boat was called, upon which the latter replied, "I think, sir, it is called the 'Regulator,' for I observe all the other boats go by it"

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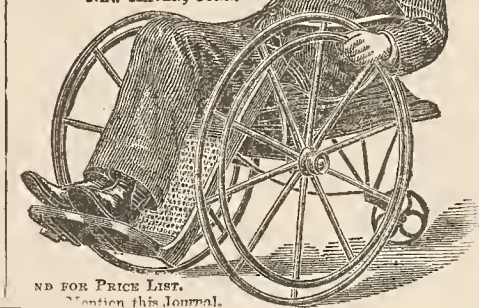


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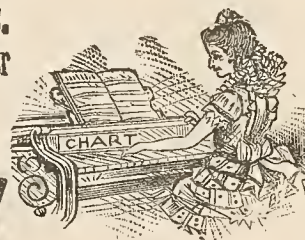
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From the Publisher of the "CHRISTIAN UNION,"
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Almost Marvellous.
For One Dollar

"Darling, keep one little Kiss."

Music by ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

Music by EDWIN CHRISTIE.

Con dolcezza. *mf* *cres.* *f* *rit. diu.* *p* *a tempo.* *p*

1. Dar - - ling, keep one lit - tle kiss,
 2. Dar - - ling, keep one lit - tle kiss,
 3. Dar - - ling, keep one lit - tle kiss,

Till the hap - py hour we meet,
 Till your lit - tle hand I hold,
 Words of mine can nev - er say,

When our lips with fond - est bliss,
 As I ev - er dream of this,
 How your sun - ny face I miss,

Love's sweet sto - ry shall re - peat.
 Glad - ly comes the days of old.
 Wan - der - ing so far a - way.

Though I wan - der far a - way,
 When I wan - dered by your side,
 We shall sure - ly, tru - ly meet,

From the smiles of home and thee,
 With my heart so bright and free,
 In some bright, sweet day to be,

Fond af - fec - tions soft - ly
 Can this sweet wish be de -
 So a - gain my lips re -

CHORUS.

say, *p*
 nied?
 peat,

Keep one lit - tle kiss for me.
 Keep one lit - tle kiss for me.
 Keep one lit - tle kiss for me.

Just one lit - tle kiss for me,
 Just one lit - tle kiss for me,
 Just one lit - tle kiss for me,

f

All I ask of thee is this, Till your sun - ny face I see, Dar - ling, keep one lit - tle kiss.....

All I ask of thee is this, Till your sun - ny face I see, Dar - ling, keep one lit - tle kiss.....

"TREASURES OF GARDEN AND WOODLAND."

FRONTISPIECE TO

The Ladies' Floral Cabinet.



THE LADIES' National Bazaar

BY HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1878.

NO. 73. PRICE 12 CENTS.

TWO PRIZE TABLE DESIGNS.

At an exhibition of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, a prize was offered for the best arranged table design, not exceeding four feet in height. I will endeavor to describe from memory the design that won the prize.

From a glass tazza, about a foot in diameter, arose a stalk of glass about two feet high, which ended in a trumpet, also of glass. From the stalk, about half way up, sprang three curved branches, each supporting a trumpet, also. The tazza and trumpets were filled with choice flowers most exquisitely arranged. With the exception of scarlet and white Fuchsias, I do not remember what varieties of flowers were used, but I shall never forget how delighted I was at the sight of the beautiful thing. There were just flowers enough; not an unnecessary one, and each one just where it belonged. I believe there was some Smilax used, though I am not sure; but the crowning grace of the whole thing was the delicate mist of Adiantum, which seemed almost to float in the air above the flowers in the trumpets, producing an effect impossible to describe. The tazza had an edging of

handsome Ferns, which showed to the best advantage on the white cloth cover of the table.

The same society awarded, in 1876, the first prize for a larger and showier one, and this I will describe



FERNERY AND ROCKERY IN AQUARIUM.

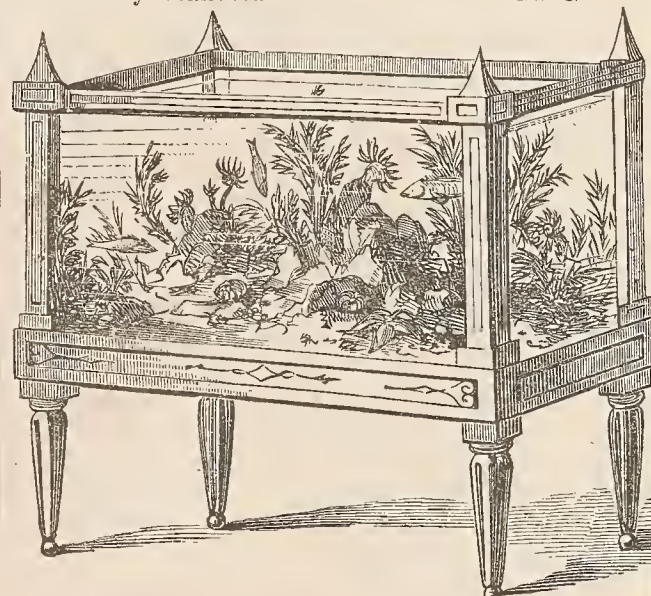
as well as I can. From a large tazza, forming the base of the design, arose a standard, composed of six small galvanized iron rods, surrounding a larger central rod. These rods were bound firmly together for about eighteen inches. At this point they separated, the six outside rods curving outward and downward, while the central one continued about a foot above the point of separation, and was surmounted by a small lute composed of choice light-colored flowers. The strings of the lute were formed of the scarlet and golden

bells of the Echeveria. Each of the branches supported a tiny oval basket filled with lovely flowers tastefully arranged, and having in the centre a blossom of Erythrina, whose peculiar blood red color produced a unique and charming effect. Three alternate baskets drooped a little lower, and hung a little closer to the centre than the other three, adding thereby to the effect. I noticed that the baskets were without handles, also that they had the appearance of being suspended by one end, by which means the flowers were all faced outward. The tazza at the bottom was filled with rich, bright flowers, and fringed with Ferns. From the base of the lute drooped strings of Smilax, which were caught up on the branches near the baskets.

I will add before I close, a word or two about the idea in table designs from *Tilton's Journal of Horticulture* for 1867:

"Such ornaments for the dining-table are confessedly the most difficult arrangements that taste has to achieve. If very dwarf, they are insignificant except to the guests beside them; if of medium height, and closely ornamented with foliage and flowers, they intercept all *vis-a-vis* communication, and destroy the effect which ought to be produced by the *tout ensemble* of the table; if tall, so that a portion of the floral decoration is above the heads of the guests, and the remainder on a level of the table, the effect of those separated portions is extraordinarily weakened."

M. G.



A SIMPLE WARDIAN CASE OR AQUARIUM.



JARDINIERE, WITH HYACINTHS.

Floral Contributions.

WET SOIL—MISTAKES OF BEGINNERS.

People will too often kill their plants through extreme kindness, especially some of the ladies whose experience in floriculture don't reach much beyond a few house-plants. They believe—and it would take a strong-minded philosopher to convince some of them otherwise—that the only requirements necessary to maintain the health and vigor and blooming capacities of plants are simply wet soil and a large pot. This is a grievous mistake, and results too often in disappointment to the cultivators who see their plants die prematurely.

Plants growing in continually wet soil are puzzled whether to live or die. The water at the roots is rotting the young and old fibres equal to ever so many worms and pests gnawing at their very core. Water continues its mischief; it encourages the breeding of worms and washes the good substances that are beneficial to plants through the holes in the base of the pots and leaves nothing to nourish the life and vitality of the plants but mud and water.

Plants will sometimes live in this condition, but their quality will be in every respect inferior, their stems soft, and branches pendulous, leaves droop heavy, and are marked with tints of decay; if flower peduncles appear by accident, they seldom attain perfection. Keep the soil humid and moist; when the soil severs and parts freely between the two fingers, then is the time to water. By this mode the plants will receive sufficient moisture in a dewy vapor natural to nature, and encouraging to vegetation's fruits and blossoms.

The young thread-like roots are the principal supporters of plants; they penetrate and absorb from the soil the food necessary for the maintenance of plant life. Too much water will baffle these young roots on account of their pores being kept continually full of water; they are thus stifled and deprived of their breathing facilities. This also checks the usual quantity of evaporation, and the plants are in a poor condition indeed. Take care, then, that no more water is given than the pores at the roots can convey with ease for circulating through the plants.

Plants in the open air will of course dry quicker from evaporation than those in the humid atmosphere of a window garden or greenhouse; in either case the supply of water should be moderate; healthy and vigorous foliage, peduncles, panicles, and blossoms will be the result. Prefer water that has been exposed to the atmosphere at least twenty-four hours before using, and have it to average the same temperature with the situation that the plants are in.

Nothing looks more untidy than a small plant in a large pot; besides, they never do so well; the roots spread, and in many cases the branches and leaves partake of the same spreading nature; thus the compactness is lost unless dwarfed by artificial means. Better have pots and plants of corresponding sizes. Plants should not be left any great length of time on window sills with sashes hoisted, or in door or hallways where strong currents of air would evaporate the moisture from wood and foliage quicker than the roots could with ease furnish it. The leaves of plants in this situation will droop heavy and untidy, devoid of natural texture and vitality, let their treatment otherwise be ever so judicious.

Pot plants arranged on porches, piazzas, porticoes,

roofs, etc., in summer suffer from the extreme heated condition of their roots. The pots should be shaded with moss, cotton, or leaves, anything to break the direct rays of the hot sun. The foliage and branches will bear from ten to twenty degrees more of heat than the roots will.

Lime water applied once or twice a week is a successful remedy to destroy worms in pots. The foliage also may be syringed with a weak solution of the same kind; it will remove any pests that are inclined to feed on the leaves; besides, the ammoniac substances contained in lime are healthful and beneficial to plants.

The keeping plants in a dwelling house in winter is sometimes perplexing; hot air from furnaces, coal fires, gas, and dusty dry atmosphere all contribute their mite of mischief to the vegetation that is confined under their influence.

A spare room is a capital place to keep plants in, or any nook in the building that has a sufficiency of light, and where the winter night temperature will not fall below forty. The spare room or nook detailed for this purpose should be sprinkled occasionally to keep down the dust and give a gently humid atmosphere. If a very cold night threatens destruction, line the windows on the inside with blankets, bags, or carpets, or let artificial heat into the room.

The readers of the FLORAL CABINET are already well acquainted with the art of window gardening, if they obeyed the directions given in former issues of this paper, especially those who have read Mr. Williams' book on that subject, and practised the instructions contained therein.

The first thing to be attended to in this department is the procuring of proper plants. I will herewith give the names of a collection that is suitable for window gardening, or for the spare rooms or nooks above-mentioned. They are easily obtained, and not hard to manage:

Ficus elastica, *Lysimachia*, *Hydrangea*, *Fuchsia*, *Feverfew*, *Coleus*, *Carnation*, *Dianthus*, *Abutilon*, *Tropeolum*, *Passiflora*, *Geranium*, *Calceolaria*, *Heliotrope*, *Lobelia*, *Mignonette*, *Myrtle*, *Petunia*, *Verbena*, *Antirrhinum*, *Lantana*, *Violets*, *Ivy*, *Vinca*, *Begonia*, *Cobaea*, and *Pansies*.

The above-named plants, with the exception of two or three, can be readily increased from cuttings. Those who have not the convenience of a bottom-heated propagating bench, had better do their propagating in summer. The latter part of August, or the early part of September, is a good time, so that the cuttings may be well rooted and ready to move into the house-garden at the prospect of frost. The following will be found a simple, cheap, and successful mode of propagating:

First, prepare a bed of light, sandy soil to any dimension you please, out-door in a shady place. Then make a frame same size of the bed; sink the lower portion in the soil, and have the upper edge six inches higher than the surface of the bed within; on the cuttings from the plants you choose to propagate from, make a horizontal cut below the second or third joint of the cutting. Remove the leaves from the two lower joints, and in all cases give no more than two or three joints to each cutting. Sink the cuttings two-thirds their length in the prepared bed. Press the soil around their base, and water immediately; cover with glass, window sash, hotbed sash, anything that will give light and confine moisture.

Take care now that the cuttings don't mildew and rot from too much moisture. Keep the soil damp, and admit a small portion of air daily. Remove the sash

entirely at night, as the calm dewy atmosphere of the night will not permit evaporation, and will have a healing influence on the cuttings, such as will strengthen their vitality and hasten callousing. The sash may be taken off for good in a week, and ten days later the cuttings may be transferred into pots. Cuttings will also strike roots in a fern case, or any other glass structure of a like capacity, in the house in winter, if a bottom heat averaging sixty to seventy degrees could be maintained. A healthy situation, with plenty of light, is needed for this purpose.

Another mode of propagation that may be resorted to and practised with equal success is that of causing the branches to strike root by layering, before they are separated from the parent plant. This can be effected by sinking the pot to the rim's level in soil; then the branches laid and pegged into the soil. As the soil may be raised in pots and small boxes, and the branches pegged as above directed, strip the leaves from that portion of the layer that goes under soil. Make an incision in the lower part of the joint that you intend the roots to emanate from; extend the incision half an inch above and below the joint, doing the whole in one clean cut. Now bury the fractured joint one inch in the soil. Keep moist and separate from the parent plant when roots are effectually struck.

Soil best suited for plants now in common and general cultivation, is very well known to the readers of this paper. I will only suggest that the compost heap should receive more chicken mould and less sand than is generally prescribed.

Beds and borders should be seen to before hard frost sets in; remove the rubbish, and dig into the soil a liberal portion of fresh manure. Rake the surface soil smooth, and see that there is no room for water to lodge, and have things look clean and thrifty as a prospectus for future operations.

Rotten manure is not at all what it is represented to be for plants. In fact, any decayed matter is very inactive, especially manures that have decayed under the influence of the weather; rains wash the pure and wholesome substances away, and the sun and air attracts the ammonia and gases; consequently nothing is left for the nourishment and perfection of vegetation but scorched refuse. Observe a heap of manure while in the state of fermentation. Smoke and invisible fluids emanate in swift currents from the decaying heap, and we may look with certainty to this kind of heated manure for the origin of the different forms of fungi that are so destructive in the garden and orchard.

I don't pretend to teach that the application of fresh manure to the roots of plants should be made a rule. My aim is to show that fresh manures are reliable fertilizers if applied to the soil a period previous to using the same for plants.

By this method all the gases and invigorating substances contained in undecayed manures will be retained in the soil.

Plants in the beds and borders in summer require but little attention. Destroy the insects while yet in their seed leaf. Cut back tall and uncouth branches, and permit not the surface soil to bake into a hard crust. In dry weather water the beds every third evening; then water thoroughly.

Pack the soil firmly around the roots of plants wherever they are planted. It is not necessary to pack tender bulbs in sand or sawdust for winter preservation. They will live in any dry place where the temperature will not fall within five degrees of freezing.

JOHN QUILL.

Answers to Correspondents.

Laurestinus Unhealthy, etc.—Please tell me the treatment of Laurestinus; the leaves of mine turn brown. Have showered them often. Is that the cause? Please tell me what is the temperature for Euphorbias, and if they require much water?

Answer.—The Laurestinus (*Viburnum tinus*) is a cool greenhouse shrub, hardy in England, where it is used for hedges. Your plant probably needs repotting, or is kept too hot. Showering did no harm unless, perchance, you exposed it to burning sun under glass when wet.

Euphorbias will stand any degree of heat and need very little water, except *E. jacquiniiflora*, which is more a stone flowering plant.

White Water Lily, etc.—Why did not my Water Lily bloom? I planted it in a tub and followed all instructions. How shall I start Violets and Forget-me-nots from seed.

Galva, Ill.

EMILY BRALS.

Answer.—The root of your Water Lily was probably too weak to bloom; another year it will do better.

Sow the seed of Violets and Forget-me-nots in the spring in a cold frame. The latter will bloom the same year. Protect the plants during winter in a cold frame, and they will flower well the following spring.

Seeds, etc.—When in London last year I bought of Carter & Sons, the great seed dealers, a large lot (\$25 worth) of seed of double Petunias, Balsam, Portulaca, etc., and I find but very little of it comes double. Is it my fault, or have they swindled me? A few did come double, but a large proportion are ordinary.

ALFRED BURNETT.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Answer.—If the Balsams were from a good strain they ought to be nearly all double. The other plants mentioned often come single from the best seed; there is a great deal of "luck" about double flowers.

White Water Lily, etc.—Where can I get White Water Lily, and what does it cost? How soon will a Lantana bloom from seed? Will Ferns taken from the woods in spring, and which grow all summer keep fresh and grow all winter? How shall I make an Eupatorium bloom in winter? Does a Dusty Miller require much water?

Granville, Ohio.

MRS. M. E. MACY.

Answer.—J. E. S. Crandall can supply you with the Water Lily. Address Rockville, R. I. Cost about one dollar.

Lantana seed sown in early spring may bloom the same autumn, if well grown.

If the Ferns are of evergreen species they will keep bright all winter, but if deciduous they will lose their leaves in the autumn.

Grow the Eupatorium in full sun; it should bloom about February.

The Dusty Miller, be it a *Cineraria* or a *Centaurea*, does not require much water.

Angle Worms in Pots, etc.—I find little pellets on the top of my pots. They tell me they are caused by earth-worms. How shall I get rid of them? I find scales like bed bugs on my English Ivy. How can I get rid of them? Can you tell me the treatment Bouvardias require in summer? I have been

told I must not put Chinese Flower Food on my Calla. Is that true? MRS. E. C. M. FLAGG.

Cedar Grove, R. I.

Answer.—Take a bit of quick lime, as large as an English walnut, and slack it in a quart of water. Put this on the plants and the worms will come to the surface.

The scales are insects, and must be removed by washing with soap, or by picking off.

Bouvardias rest during the summer, but must not dry up. Set the plant out in the garden, taking it up again before frost comes.

Callas will stand "Chinese Flower Food" as well as any other plants; but as a general rule, if well potted in good soil, house plants need no manure.

Lime for Earth Worms, etc.—In watering with lime water for worms in pots, how much lime must I take, and slacked or unslacked? How much Peruvian guano must I use in making liquid manure for my house plants? Do common Ferns require shade and little or much water? I have a hanging fernery in a south window, and do not have much success.

F. C. RYHNER.

Highland, Ill.

Answer.—A lump of unslacked lime, as large as an English walnut, to a quart of water.

A spoonful of Peruvian guano to a quart of water.

All Ferns require partial shade and should not be dried up. A south window is not a suitable place for a fernery.

Propagation of Dracænas, etc.—How are Dracænas propagated? Do they flower? Is there any book on the Linnæan system?

Fall River, Mass.

SHANE BAWN.

Answer.—Dracænas are propagated by cuttings off the tops, or by burying a stem in bottom heat, when the eyes make young plants. They frequently bloom. The flower is a branching spike of white pink or purple small blossoms.

We know of no book on the Linnæan system. Botanists now use only the natural system.

Name of Vine.—Please tell me the name of a beautiful vine we raised from seed, last summer, sent us from the South. They were exactly like grape seed. Our plant completely covered a pillar thirty feet high and two yards around at its base. The foliage was like the Maypop, the flowers very small and white, the seed vessel a beautiful little ball, striped with white, and bright red when ripe, and about the size of a Catawba grape, always three in a cluster; each seed, and there were eight in a ball, was enclosed in a pulp. It grew until checked by frost, but was not killed by it, two or three frosts. No one could tell us the name.

SALLY H. WILSON.

City Point, Va.

Answer.—Your plant is *Bryonopsis laciniosa erythrocarpa*, a native of India, belonging to the natural order, Cucurbitaceae. It is very ornamental, but not at all common, though easily grown, and one of the most beautiful of annual climbers.

Petunias for Window Gardens.—A Connecticut lady, purchasing some seeds of the Petunia, was delighted in her experiments to find that it could make a charming window and house-plant. She writes Mr. Vick how she did it:

"Last spring, when making out our list of seeds, we sent for a paper of 'Petunia hybrida' (choicest mixed, from show flowers,) little thinking what a rich

treat was in store for us. We sowed them in a pot in the house, and transplanted them to the garden early in the season, and the result was a bed of the finest and largest Petunias I ever saw. They were a constant source of delight to us, and the wonder and admiration of all our friends. In September we took cuttings from them, and, when they were well rooted, put them in three-inch pots, in good soil, where they have bloomed all winter as freely as in the summer. I think they do not require much soil, as the roots are very small and fibrous, and the advantage of the small pots is they will stand on the window-sill of any ordinary country house, thus bringing them near the glass and keeping the earth warm. Some of them we have trained to the window sash, and a few of them in this way will fill an entire window. If there are any who have not tried the single Petunia for winter blooming, I hope they may be induced to give them a trial, and I am confident their efforts will be repaid by these lively and free bloomers.

Cacti, etc.—Last winter I was unfortunate enough to lose a great many of my choicest plants, and that discouraged me greatly, but in the spring I could not resist "trying my luck again;" so I had a good many kind friends to give me cuttings, and now I am quite proud of my collection. I have two large trailing Abutilons in bloom now, that I kept, and my pink Bouvardia bloomed beautifully in the spring. I kept nearly all my Cacti, and as I am particularly fond of that class of plants, I was delighted that I did not lose them, for I find them a little harder to get than any thing else.

Every one who likes flowers, ought to have the Crab's-claw Cactus. I think it when in bloom the loveliest thing I ever saw. I have about fifteen varieties of Cactus. Some I don't know the names of. My Pope's-head Cactus grows very well, but don't bloom. Can any one tell me if the Snake and Rat-tail are the same thing or not?

I received a pretty Clove Cactus from Vermont, and it is growing nicely, and I am so proud of it! There is a large round Cactus, a native of Texas, called, I think, "The Devil's Foot-stool," that has red berries on it in winter. I have never seen one, but would like to ever so much. I wonder if any of the readers of the CABINET have ever seen one?

MRS. ELEANOR JORDAN.

A Little Greenhouse.—My greenhouse is simply a pit three feet deep. It is weather-boarded up six feet above the ground at the back and each end. The front, to the south, is glass, the roof covered with shingles. I keep all my plants in safety during the winter. I have steps leading down into it, and arrange the plants on steps in such a manner that I can go in and enjoy them at any time. The plan is cheap and well suited to our climate. I cannot have house-plants, as we have our houses warmed by open fireplaces. You don't know how I would like a house arranged as you have them North, so as to be able to keep my flowers around me in the winter. We have, however, such a fine display in summer, it reconciles me somewhat.

I have a Cactus which is now about six feet high have had it several years, and it has two buds on it at last, after waiting so long. I am in a quiver of expectation to see them open. I have written to several florists, but so far have not been able to find one who could tell me if it ever flowered. It will now answer the question, if nothing happens to it.

MRS. H. M. BREEDEN.

Floral Hints.

FLORAL HINTS.

Few realize what may be acquired, in the course of years, by a taste for flowers. While seeking the best for these household companions, knowledge flows in, a refining influence, pleasant acquaintances are formed through mutual interests, and in the family a perverted taste is often converted into a pure one. The presence of these beautiful creations cannot but have an elevating effect on the mind. They are companions in solitude, a resource to the invalid, a recreation for the tired business man, and an education for the young.

A woman much given to the study and cultivation of flowers, is seldom given to vanity, or a surplus of personal adornment. One appreciating natural beauty generally desires it in the household arrangements, and makes neatness beautiful.

In preparing for the culture of flowers, if some system is practised it will save time, loss of plants, and much confusion.

To treat flowers rightly, we must learn their needs, and to do this we should know their nature, their haunts, and the degree of heat needed. For this we must have books, or the experience of others. It is, therefore, well to try, in however humble a way, to accumulate books of reference. Catalogues may form a beginning. These frequently describe new plants and their culture, and can be had for the asking by postal card, by sending a stamp, or for a trifle in money. Lists of desirable books are published in floral or agricultural papers.

Next to these is a note-book in which to jot down your own experience, and those of the flower-loving sisterhood about you. One lady has, perhaps, a special fancy, and she is sure to know how the plant she loves is to be treated, or what promotes success with her. You will be surprised, in time, at what you have learned in this way; for many ladies experiment, and therefore learn new ways to success. Note the time of putting in and out of your plants, the repotting of rare ones, and the earth used; also the consequent success or failure. Put down the time of the budding and blooming of flowers, and if the time varies, the cause of the delay, or hastened maturity.

Make a list of your plants each year, using their proper or botanical names as fast as you learn them, so that they may become familiar to you in catalogues and books of reference or travel.

Label your plants carefully, or you will be liable to mistakes in the identity of your pets. The labels should be painted white, as they last much longer if painted, and retain the pencil marks, which soon wash off, otherwise.

Try to have a few new plants each year, as they will add to the interest as well as to your knowledge and experience. If you have special fancies, try to get the best varieties of each favorite. It is wasting time to spend the care of a season on an indifferent specimen. "Well loved, well served," says the proverb, and it will apply to plants as well as friends. Let, then, the thrifty appearance of your plants testify to your thoughtful care and a true knowledge of their needs.

There should be, if possible, always at hand some good earth, or better still, a variety of mixed earths suited to different plants. If these are ready, it is easy to repot a plant, or put a new one into congenial soil, thus promoting a healthy and vigorous growth.

For general use a barrel may be filled in the fall with one-fourth manure, one-sixth sand, and the remainder with good garden soil, well mixed. A little lime, well rotted tau, woods earth, or well rotted weeds, add to the excellence of the compost.

We know a lady who did this every fall, using the earth in the spring. She had thrifty and beautiful plants.

When the manure is old more can be used, even half to Zonale Geraniums, Fuchsias, bulbs, etc. It is, when two or three years old, a good substitute for woods earth. It should be well covered in order to retain its strength, as otherwise its best properties evaporate or are washed away.

Where sea-sand can be had, it is much to be preferred, as it does not sink in the pot as most coarse sands do. We should prefer fine coal ashes to the latter, and it has been used with success. Fine charcoal would be a good substitute also, as it purifies the earth, and makes excellent drainage.

A compost heap of weeds, leaves, bones, manure, sweepings of the house, parings, etc., is very enriching, if thoroughly decomposed, and should be riddled before using. The earth for pot-plants is in better condition if well aired by sifting, than if put in in lumps.

Boxes, or glazed pots, if filled with rich loose earth, are convenient for slips; but if small pots are preferred, they should be set in boxes filled with sand, sawdust, tan, or earth, so as to preserve a regular moisture about them; for if the earth dries as the young roots are forming, it may kill them at once.

In repotting, clean the pots well before using again, or if new, soak them well, or they will absorb all the moisture from the plant.

In watering plants, great care should be taken not to over-water those which cannot evaporate freely through the leaves, some seeming to need more watering overhead than at the roots. Plants which endure a great deal of dryness at the root generally dwell in a moist atmosphere, or are subject to heavy dews. It is best to use warm water in winter, as it helps to keep warmth at the roots. Scalding hot water can be used on Callas with excellent effect; also on Cacti. Bulbs should have the earth heaped up around them, and be watered at the edge of the pot, wetting the bulbs as little as possible. They are subject to the attack of both small and large worms, which may be ejected by strong soap-suds, or lime-water. Cacti and bulbs at rest need but little water during the winter, once a week being often enough to give it, unless the atmosphere is very dry.

If heat is not easy to obtain, or is irregular, do not cultivate delicate plants, as one night's frost might bring destruction to all. Cultivate hardier plants, such as Roses, Chinese Primroses, Ivies, Sparaxis, Zonale Geraniums, etc., which can bear a great degree of cold, and flourish best in a coolish atmosphere. Lilies of the Valley can be forced, also Deutzia, etc. If, however, you have sufficient heat and plenty of sunshine, still keep your delicate plants from drafts, open cracks, and open windows. On severe nights put newspaper curtains between them and the glass, or cover them entirely, if necessary.

Turn your plants frequently so as to promote symmetrical growth. If the atmosphere is very dry, put boxes of wet sand about, or saucers of water.

If you cannot command sunlight in your windows, try Ferns, ornamental-leaved Begonias, etc., or winter choice plants there. Water all plants overhead at least once a week.

Plants must have a period of rest, or wholesome

neglect, in order to bloom well; at night, too, the temperature should be lowered. The circulation is said to diminish then. Tropicals plants bear a much greater decrease of temperature at night than cultivators are generally aware of, approaching nearly to frost at times. If, therefore, we know how to put them to rest properly, we may have better bloom. We knew a lady who completely neglected her Zonale Geraniums in summer, and they became dried up, forlorn, and miserable-looking plants; but a short time after they were brought into the house they commenced blooming, and were full of flowers when other plants were almost dormant.

Try to have a succession of bloom by studying the time of rest for some, and bringing others forward. Much depends on arrangement to bring out the beauty of plants, such as placing vines where they will hang or cling in natural festoons, stately plants by themselves, blooming ones amid greenery, etc. Use wall-pots, or hanging-boxes, for trailing plants. Hanging-baskets should be hooked into the loop of a cord or chain, at an easy distance for lifting down, as they need daily syringing or soaking. Baskets, too, can be used with pretty effect. Stands of Ferns are a beautiful addition, or even one well grown, such as the Lomaria gibba, a small tree Fern, which we have found will thrive well under sitting-room culture. It is from New Holland, and will bear a cool atmosphere quite well. We have seen Ferns kept healthy and thrifty during the winter, in a moderately heated sitting-room, and without the aid of glass or extra moisture.

In closing we would say, be not discouraged at failures; the best florists have these. We have known of one who cultivated some plants for years without any extraordinary success, but one winter he happened on the very treatment which secured a brilliant show of flowers.

ANNA GRISCOM.

The Aloe.—The Aloes form the strongest contrast to the light grasses growing in proximity to them by their stately repose and the strength of their thick, fleshy, and inflexible leaves. They generally stand solitary in the parched plains and impart a peculiarly melancholy character to the landscape. The real Aloes are chiefly African, but the American Yuccas and Agaves have a similar physiognomical character. The Agave Americana, the usual ornament of our hot-houses, bears on a short and massive stem a tuft of fleshy leaves, sometimes not less than ten feet long, fifteen inches wide, and eight inches thick. After many years a flower-stalk, twenty feet high shoots forth in a few weeks from the heart of the plant, expanding like a rich Candelabrum, and clustered with hundreds of greenish yellow aromatic flowers. But a rapid decline follows this brilliant flowering and the exhausted plant soon dies.

The Agave is indigenous to Mexico, and from thence it has found its way to Spain and Italy, and it is considered one of the most valuable productions.

M. J. CUMMINGS.

Window boxes of growing plants are particularly beautiful when Lygodium Scanden, in thick cordons, are festooned about the heavier plants.

The white doves, so long popular, have been exactly imitated in pottery, and are now sold in floral shops. They have an aperture for growing plants, and can be filled with these or cut flowers.

Flower Gardening.

FLORAL MEMORIES.

I saw an arrangement of flowers that went straight to my heart. It was a flower stand having a receptacle for flowers, and in the centre was a showy, bulbous plant, (I know not the name), but having pale, purple, bell-shaped flowers, lined with pink, and dotted with white. Around it, in pleasing contrast, a delicate, purple-veined Claytonia was blooming profusely; the Mitchella dropped its glossy, green sprays around the edges of the vase, or stand, brightened occasionally with its scarlet berries.

I felt a tender feeling toward these wild-wood flowers that their more showy sister-flower in the centre could not call forth, though I admired it exceedingly. But what lovely visions appeared before me, aroused by those simple, wild flowers: of cool, damp woods, carpeted with moss, and an irregular stream terminating in a quicksand spring, shaded by hemlocks; snowy Beth flowers, turning to vivid rose color, are there found, and the yellow Erythroniums, white, blue, and pink Hepaticas, Uvularias, and Violets, yellow, purple, blue and white; of a light maple grove beyond the fence, where the Claytonias completely covered the ground.

I saw high, rocky banks, where the June berry or Wild Service flowers grew, some on trees tantalizingly out of reach, and others on shrubs so that we might gather an armful of the fragrant branches of delicate white flowers; a boat was moored along the bank that we might row up to the Big Bend, where the bright Cardinal flowers tempted us in the slush; and of the snowy Arrowhead blooms, the willow-lined banks, and the Ferns' luxuriant growth.

Lake Ontario, with its beautifully wooded banks, appeared before me in a panoramic show. A little island, one mass of rose-color when the fragrant Azalias were in bloom, and beyond it the water hidden from sight by the large green leaves and snowy blossoms of the Pond Lily. On the opposite bank, where everything is loveliest, moss greenest, flowers brightest, and wintergreens thickest, a little picnic appears vividly before me. Only four (what shall I call them? not boys), enchanted princes they seemed to us, and four daintily robed girls, taking a little lunch of great golden, downy plums, purple grapes, biseuit, pressed chicken, and cake. Above us the sun shone serenely; peeping brightly through the trees; below us the water was deep and clear; beyond were the Water Lilies, still farther was the rose-colored island, and we looking on all with our rose-colored spectacles, listening to birds' songs and Love's soft tones, were supremely happy.

Growing under an old tree near some rocks, we found a handful of the curious white flowers, with their white stem, called Indian Pipe. Upon pressing them they turned as black as ink.

Having had a difficult time trying to transplant wild flowers to my flower-beds, one day in autumn I pressed a younger brother into my service, and with a bushel basket we went "over the hills and far away" to the woods. With a trowel we dug up earth where the flowers had been, occasionally finding a bulb and a few roots, filling the basket full; and by dint of hard labor we got it home.

The next spring I was delighted with a fine wild-wood-flower-bed growing in a shady place. There were Squirrel Corn, or Dicentra Canadensis, and D.

Cucularia, Claytonias, Violets, Erythronium, etc., blooming as though perfectly at home.

The white Beth flower, grown in a clump, makes a handsome flower for the yard. The Cardinal flower will also bear transplanting by watering frequently for a while.

The loveliest spring flower garden I ever saw, belonged to a lawyer; a hard, sharp-featured, unprepossessing looking man. I was but a child and unacquainted with him, but I felt he must have a little of the "milk of human kindness" in his composition to love and cultivate flowers. His yard was a perfect blaze of beauty as soon as the snow was gone.

First purple, yellow, and white Crocuses, Hyacinths, and Snowdrops, and later were beds of gorgeous Tulips. In a corner of his garden was a Japanese Quince with its bright Cardinal colored flowers.

Offering once to make a buttonhole bouquet for a country cousin, as he was going to spend the evening with his inamorata, he said, as I commenced putting a firm delicate frond with a spray of Lily of the Valley, "Oh, I do not like these little flowers; what do they amount to? You cannot see them a little ways off. I like a big clump of Pinies growing in the grass."

I dubbed him a barbarian, but I have since thought he was right in admiring a handsome, well-trained Peony on a lawn. The pink, white, and red placed at intervals make quite a little garden of themselves.

I call to mind a handsome flower-yard cut into beds of various shapes, the presiding genius of which was a very illiterate, very fat old lady. She weighed three hundred and fifty pounds—a very mountain of flesh. Do not think I am exaggerating; she was truly larger than the "mammoth queens" on exhibition.

To have seen this old lady on a sultry summer day stooping over her flowers, you would have known she loved them; it was really her only point of refinement.

A large Rose bush grew close to the fence and profusely covered with great crimson Roses, and as I went by to school, I used frequently to pick a bud for my hair. But the old lady was on the alert, and one day as I was passing, she hailed me:

"I seen you pick them Roses," she cried, her huge form quivering like jelly in her excitement, "and I don't like it very well, neither; if you want a posy, why don't you come and ask me?"

I apologized, telling her I admired them so much, and in fact, I thought her whole yard was lovely. Of course, I did wrong to take her Roses.

She showed signs of relenting immediately, and the next day she called me in to admire her flowers, and ended by gathering me a handful. She called my attention in this wise, pointing to a bed of Pansies, she said:

"I think these 'ere Tanzies is nice, and this bed of Cromperals (Crown Imperials) is pooty."

If immediate answer was not given to her remarks, she emphatically called the attention thus;

"I say."

The best arranged flower garden, having a succession of bloom all summer, was cut into beds of various shapes and sizes. The sods were carried to the rear to be used in future for enriching the earth. The beds were enriched and filled up. Along the walk were beds of Verbenas of every hue. At one side was a bed of large, variously colored Pansies, another of Portulaca, a long bed was filled with the different colored Ten-Weeks stock, another of Carnations, another of Candytuft and Sweet Alyssum, a little bed of blue Forget-me-not, and still another long bed

filled with double Petunias and Gladiolus. Near the house was a bed of house-plants, mainly Geraniums, which bloomed profusely.

These plants bloomed until after the severe frosts and were the admiration of all beholders. The presiding genius of this mass of beauty was a lady with a large family to work for, and who only worked in her yard a little while before dinner and an hour in the cool of the day, but yet with what astonishing results.

I saw a pretty door yard ornament. A large tree had been cut down, leaving the stump about three feet in height. This was hollowed out a few inches, and the cavity filled with earth, in the centre of which was placed a scarlet Geranium and some vines around the edges which soon nearly covered the stump. At the base was planted some bright-colored Phlox. Another yard had a stump, a gnarled, curious looking affair from the woods. A large chopping bowl was covered with apple tree twigs, grape vines, lichens, etc., and varnished. A handle was made of grapevine, and this bowl filled with flowers and vines, twining around the handle and stump in a lovely manner.

But if time permitted, how many delightful memories of flowers, those "smiles of angels" might be brought before the mind's eye. And while we love and admire them, our hearts should turn in grateful love to the Maker of the beauty that may gladden our view on every side.

AN EVERLIVING JESSAMINE.

I have often thought it somewhat strange that more has not been said or written about this beautiful evergreen climber, which grows so rampant and wild throughout the Gulf States. It is by far the most valuable climbing plant we have, being easy of culture, hardy, of rapid growth, and an evergreen. Nothing can exceed the beauty and magnificence of a well-grown specimen, with its large clusters of bright yellow delicately scented flowers, massed in the utmost profusion against its dense glossy evergreen foliage. I have been told that it is difficult to propagate them from the cutting, though I doubt whether it is more so than any other variety of Jessamine. It throws out no shoots or suckers from the root, and we propagate altogether by layers. It does not grow wild here, as in a more favored clime, and we obtain it just as we do other flowers which are not to the "manor born." I once owned a very large vine, given me by a friend when it was quite small, who remarked at the time that I must get a plant from a neighbor who had a variety which bloomed in the spring and fall. I failed to get it, however, but carried home the one I had, and put it out just where I wanted it, without any thought as to the fitness of the position, on the southern side of an eastern porch. Well, my plant grew and grew, and flourished exceedingly, until it covered the framework, the side of the porch, and began clambering over the roof, when it was stopped in its wild career by the keen edge of the pruning-knife. My friend afterward inquiring about my success with it, was much surprised when I informed her that it bloomed not twice only, but every month in the year, January excepted; but, of course, not near so profusely as in the "month of flowers." This lady had planted her's on the western side of a north porch, while her neighbor's occupied the south side of a large oak, south of the dwelling.

I have never seen this vine advertised by any florist north of Washington City. Can it be that it is tender above that latitude?

MRS. JULIA A. POWELL.

The Home Circle.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS, AND GOSSIP ABOUT HOME AFFAIRS.

Painting.—Mrs. R. J.—Will you please tell us whether your painting is on white velvet? We will give you a list of colors for this work, which were purchased by the members of a class in Chicago a few years since, each one paying \$12.00 for the list, which at the time we were bound not to make public in any way for three years; so we hope you will appreciate the effort made to aid you through the CABINET.

For the colors, use the various pigments we will name, mixed with gum, alcohol, etc., as named and gum-tragacanth.

Black.—India ink, well rubbed with water, mixed with gum-tragacanth.

Blue.—Prussian blue, or cobalt, rubbed in soft water and thickened with the gum. Dark-blue—grind Prussian blue in soft water, thickening it with gum-tragacanth boiled to a jelly. Where very light tints are required and a little ivory-white ground in gum-water, this produces a prettier tint than merely weakening the blue.

Brown.—One-quarter of an ounce of pulverized Brazil wood, making a decoction by macerating it in one gill of alcohol (spirits of wine.) You will find this an unusually rich tint. Use no gum.

Crimson.—Take one drachm of powdered carmine and dissolve it in a quarter of a drachm of spirits of ammonia. You will use this tint for the deep colors of rich crimson flowers, such as roses, and for the deepening of pink in the higher lights. It will require no gum.

Pink.—The loveliest tints of pink are produced by the use of pink saucer with a little acetic acid or lemon juice.

Purple.—Mix the pink from a saucer, with the blue from Prussian blue, with gum.

Yellow.—One ounce French berries in half a pint of soft water infused for several hours by standing in a vessel of hot water, then boiled until reduced to one-half the quantity, adding a piece of alum, that when powdered will rest upon the point of a knife.

Greens.—Very light yellow green leaves must first receive a coat of this yellow, then one of light green made by rubbing a little blue with it, and adding gum.

Various blue and yellow greens are made with French yellow and Prussian blue.

Orange is produced by a mixture of crimson and yellow, best produced by rubbing up a little of the color from a pink-saucer with gum-water, and giving a smooth coat of this, then covering with yellow.

We use the stiff Poonah brushes for this work; they are round in form, and the color is put on by what is termed stippling; that is, a succession of taps, holding the brush in a perpendicular position, then when necessary giving the softening touches.

We can safely advise the Poonah method of painting, called some years ago Theorem painting, for this purpose. This is done by means of sets of a kind of stencil cards, through which the various colors are applied, and by which means the work is so simplified that a very tyro in the art of painting may achieve wonderful success.

In answer to your question regarding the introduction of white, we would say, that among other colors, it is exceedingly pretty even on white grounds. Use

India ink, weakened with water, and applied as just directed, tinging and touching up with French yellow and gum-jelly.

We direct your attention to a few suggestions and hints on this subject in a back number of *Harper's Bazar*, No. 38, Vol. IV. You will obtain the materials for the work from any artists' colorman.

Exterminating Moles.—Mrs. J. B. S., Nashville, Tenn.—We received your letter, and though questions regarding floral subjects do not belong properly to this page of the CABINET, we feel inclined to tell you very briefly of our own experience regarding moles, or at least give you an easy and most satisfactory mode of exterminating them, which is by planting the Ricinus (Castor Oil Bean) in the ground wherein they make their "runs." Since ridding our own grounds of the nuisance, we have given and sent seeds to many persons, and in every single case have received information of the perfect success of this remedy.

One gentleman writes us that in his neighborhood (in Tennessee) the common Castor Bean is called "the mole-plant" from the fact of its possessing this peculiar property. It is at least an easy experiment.

Courses for a Dinner.—An Inquirer.—Your questions are just such as gave rise to this "Home" department, which is now working such an immense amount of good. The following two—selected from your five—we answer this month:

1st. Will some of your readers in "the world of fashion," tell me how many "courses" are proper for a dinner company? Not an ultra fashionable one, but with a few chosen friends and a family gathering?

2d. Should a lady take one of the meat dishes; and is it considered proper for her to carve?

("Query: Is by "lady" mean the hostess? We presume so.)

3d. What is "Javil" or "Javelle water?" and will it remove mildew? I should be glad to have this question answered as soon as possible, as a quantity of my linen has been ruined by mildew.

Answer.—The Javelle water sold by druggists can be easily prepared by yourself, and it will remove mildew if perseveringly used, though one application may not.

Take two pounds sal-soda and one pound of chloride of lime; put them into a jar and pour on one and a half gallons of rain water; allow to stand uncovered for twenty-four hours; then bottle for use, first stirring well and allowing to settle. When required for use, take one pint of the Javelle water to a gallon of soft water (for removing mildew, iron-rust, indelible ink, etc.), make boiling hot, and put in the mildew or stained article for ten minutes; then take them out, and place them in hot water; add two gallons of soft water, in which an ounce of oxalic acid has been dissolved, to the Javelle water; stir well, and as soon as it comes to a boil, put the washed pieces in and boil until the stains disappear, which will soon be effected, as the first scald will start the process of bleaching. Afterwards wash in two warm suds; rinse well, and the fabric will be white as snow, yet not injured in any wise.

Oranges.—Alice B., New Orleans, writes us a most pleasant letter, and asks: Will you tell me of some tasteful and nice dishes of oranges? We have abundance of them, and I should be glad to do something besides simply preserve them.

Answer.—There are many beautiful modes of utiliz-

ing oranges, and I will give you one or two of them, though from mere description you can form no idea of their charming appearance. Take some fine oranges and with the point of a penknife cut out from the top a piece about the size of a "nickel," or a "dime," perhaps; then with the handle of a salt or egg-spoon empty the skins of their contents, using great care not to break them. Throw the rinds into cold water as emptied; take the juice and pulp; squeeze out all juice and strain it through a jelly-bag until clear; add to the juice, for each coffee-cupful, the juice of two lemons and zest rubbed on hard lump sugar, also the zest of one orange; one package of gelatine, one pint boiling water, two and a half cupfuls sugar, including the flavored lumps, and a glass of brandy, or water, if brandy is not used. Stir all well together, soaking the gelatine in two cupfuls of cold water for an hour previously. Pour the boiling water over, and allow to infuse on the back of the stove for another hour; then bring to a boil and strain through a jelly-bag until clear; color one-half of it with sufficient cochineal, dissolved in water, to make it a fine rose-pink color, but leave the remainder quite pale. When it is nearly cold, drain and wipe the orange rinds, and fill them with alternate stripes of the two jellies. When they are perfectly cold cut them into quarters and dispose them tastefully in a dish with a few light sprays of green between, such as myrtle, ferns, or curled parsley. You can scarcely imagine the beauty of this dish.

Oranges Moulded.—Put a half dozen oranges, being careful not to break the thin skin which covers and separates the parts. Divide into quarters or sixths. Boil a half pound of loaf sugar in six tablespoonfuls of water until at "crackling," or "candy height;" dip the quartered fruit in this and fasten them together, one overlapping another, against the sides of a well oiled plain mould; (we use a tin pail;) arrange one layer running to the right, the next above it to the left. There may be two or three other layers, (only on the sides of the mould.) Put plenty of the candy to bind the pieces in a solid mass. When they are solid, turn them out carefully on a dish, and fill the centre with a nice whipped cream made of one coffee cupful of cream, three eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sugar and a little almond or other flavor.

Orange Jelly Baskets.—Take a very sharp penknife and mark out a ring round the centre of each orange, horizontally. Then a strip, one inch or less wide, across the top, simulating a handle; cut just through the rind; then remove the sections between the handles and top, also diamond-shaped pieces on the basket, leaving the rind in lattice work; then with the handle of a salt-spoon, remove all the pulp, slipping the thin knife or handle beneath the basket-handle and loosening it from the pulp. Press this pulp through a sieve, and use a part or the whole of it for filling the baskets, first putting a layer of orange then cocoanut, grated with sugar, sprinkled over both; you may add a little wine to the orange, if liked. The snow-white cocoanut looks lovely on the orange-colored baskets, but they should be intermingled with others containing red, white, amber, and green jellies. A large dish full makes a beautiful table ornament.

AUNT CARRIE.

How to Make a Feather Chair.—Procure good large turkey feathers and cut them in points; take and form them into an old-fashioned armed chair (it is a pretty ornament), fastening them with small pins; put a cushion of bright silk in the bottom, a wee bit of a tidy on the back.

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NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1878.

FLORAL DECORATIONS.

I want to tell your readers about some rustic wood I made lately. I went to the woods in the spring and selected two kinds on trees, one large enough for a stand, instead of a wooden bowl, the other for a hanging-basket. I carefully scraped off the loose bits of bark with a knife, and then fastened small grape vines on it for handles, twining them together, and my basket was complete.

The stand took more work. I procured knotty branches of locust and gum and grape vines. I arranged four of them for the legs, fastened them to the bark bowl, twining the grape vines and smaller crooked branches among them, fastening them with nails and strong wire. I gave them all a coat of varnish. Every one said, "Oh, how beautiful!"

I forgot to say the bark was peeled off the knots, being in the form of a wooden bowl. Any one can make them and plant them to their own pleasure. I selected a bouquet of Geranium branches and some sprays of Ivy and Jacob's Ladder—I know no other name for it—and placed them in a vase of water, changing it once or twice a week. The blossoms and some of the leaves soon wilted and fell off, but new leaves and bunches of buds have appeared and are now coming into bloom. Not a sign of buds were to be seen when they were placed in water two months ago. Try it and see.

Every one knows how inconvenient it is to water baskets. The water will be sure to run over the sides, dripping over everything. The last basket I started I placed in the centre of an essence box, with sides and centre perforated with holes; pour this full of water, and your basket is watered nicely. I had very long wires on mine and nothing in it but parlor or Maple Ivy; when the vines had run all over it, I placed in the centre a small pot with a pink Maurandia in it, the vines were dropped gracefully around the basket, and the effect was beautiful. I pinched off all the large leaves and ends of runners of the Ivy, and it is all covered with short clustering tendrils.

I must tell you how I arranged some Ferns before

I was in possession of a wardian case. I took a large turkey plate and covered it with moss, letting the moss hang over the edges about two inches. I placed some soil on the plate, and planted a row of small Ferns around the edge, the fronds drooping over the sides. I then placed some more soil on the plate, heaping it up high in the centre. A large bunch was planted on the top and several smaller ones around the sides; the ground was then all covered with different varieties of moss, and several bunches of Mitchellia repens, or Partridge Berry Vine. The plate was then placed on top of a parlor stand a little larger than the plate. With an occasional watering, it lived and grew for months. It was so much admired, that a dozen or more of my friends went and did likewise. You had better take the plate to the woods, and send one to carry it home, unless you are strong.

While I am on that inexhaustible subject, ferns, I will tell you of one or two ways of using them that I have never seen in print. A cluster of small Ferns, with some moss and a little soil, was placed in a handsome shell; with a little care it grew for months. I often placed a Rose, or couple buds in the shell, and the effect was most beautiful. A spray of Fuchsia, a Lily, a bunch of scarlet or pink Geranium, or Verbena, was often tried.

A bunch of Ferns, with the roots rolled in moss and placed in a goblet of water, will grow nicely. I have seen bulbs blooming in the house, late in winter, placed in a flat dish with Arbutus—Epiga repens—Ferns and moss. The blue and pink Hyacinth, and wavy, white Narcissus forming an elegant contrast to the sweet Arbutus and rich green of the Ferns. The bulbs were grown in wet moss and sand. The Arbutus was brought from the woods, and the Ferns taken out of the fernery.

A few bulbs planted in the garden five or six years ago, now give abundance of bulbs for house culture and garden blooming.

There were not more than one bulb of each kind—Oxalis, three or four kinds of Narcissus, and half a dozen kinds of Tulips. Hyacinths deteriorate in our garden. We seem compelled to depend on the Dutch of Holland for them.

I saw such a handsome aquarium lately. A large Calla was standing in the centre. Specimens of fancy colored stones and handsome shells were grouped around the pot and scattered over the bottom. Vines of trailing Moneywort were twined among the rocks and shells, and tiny white roots were thrown out at every joint.

Rushes and Calamus are very pretty in a fresh water aquarium. If you want a variety of Geraniums, procure a paper of seed from a reliable seedsman. I got a paper of it for half a dollar, out of which I raised forty plants, sixteen beautiful distinct varieties.

I saw a pretty hanging-bracket to place against the wall for growing plants in. Seventy-five cents was the price. I invested the seventy-five cents in a Cape Jessamine, and went home and took an old coffee-pot, split it in two from top to bottom, took a half-inch board, wedge-shaped, with hole in the top to hang on a nail, to fit the tin and nailed the tin on it. I then had something the shape of a nutmeg grater, only wider at the top than bottom. I glued moss and lichens over it, and then planted a Fern and some long Ivy branches in it.

I hung it under a picture, and twined the vines around the picture frame. It was handsomer than the ornamented terra cotta ones I had seen and holding more soil, about two quarts of soil.

LIZZIE STEWART.

Propagating Roses.—I have been a reader of the FLORAL CABINET for some time past, but have never seen any account in it of a way of propagating Roses, that may be quite common, but to us was unknown until within the past four or five years.

It has proved so easy and satisfactory here, that I would like all your lady readers to have the pleasure of trying it for themselves. The cuttings may be taken any time between the 15th of September and the last week of October in this latitude; but we prefer the latter part of September.

Take long cuttings, say fifteen or twenty inches, of well matured wood; trim as for other slips. Dig deep holes and insert the cutting to within four or five inches of the top. Pour two or three pints of water around it, and draw the earth close about the stem; then cover with a glass jar—a common fruit jar will do—pressing the mouth of the jar down into the soil to keep it firm.

As the cold weather approaches, place a few inches of manure about the jar, giving an additional covering as the weather grows more severe, until about Christmas you have nothing exposed but the bottom of the fruit jar, which will afford sufficient light for the plant. Keep them thus covered until all the frost is out of the ground in the spring, and then remove the manure gradually, and the glasses.

P. O.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Perfectly Delightful.—The response to our offer of sketches, pictures, etc., of pretty rooms, window gardens, floral decorations, etc., has been very numerous, and the pictures are so lovely we are delighted. It seems at this date as if all must be accepted, but as many are coming while our paper goes to press, we cannot announce prizes until next issue. These interior views of our prettiest and most comfortable American homes, are so enjoyable, that when the illustrations are engraved and published, our subscribers will find them a rare treat. We shall publish them during the entire year, and consider them the best series ever produced in the FLORAL CABINET.

Missing Papers.—Do not hesitate to drop a postal-card should your paper fail to arrive. We are as anxious to have every subscriber receive his papers regularly as the subscriber is. We mail a copy every month, but Uncle Sam's mails meet with so many accidents, and get burned up or get lost, no one knows how, that we cannot know nor control our papers after put into the postoffice.

Claiming Premiums.—Many subscribers send us a club, and expect us to send them a premium. We will always be glad to do so, but please tell us *what you want*. We do not know; we must wait to hear from you before we can send anything.

Prizes for Household and Floral Articles.—Our offer of prizes is now renewed again for 1878. The following prizes will be given for articles on Flower, Window Gardening, Housekeeping, Elegancies, Needle Work, and kindred subjects relating to the comforts, pleasures and advancement of Home Life and Household Taste:

For best article on Floral Subjects.....	\$10 00
For second best article on Floral Subjects.....	5 00
For best article on Household Subjects.....	10 00
For second best article on Household Subjects.....	5 00
For each of next 20 best articles of Flowers, prize of book, "Window Gardening."	
For each of next 20 best articles on Household Subjects, choice of one book, "Household Elegancies," or "Ladies' Fancy Work," or "Beautiful Homes," or "Evening Amusements."	
For each of next 20 best articles (10 of each class of subjects), one Silk Book Mark.	

Contributors will notice the following rules: 1. Label all articles. "For Competition." 2. Each article not to exceed three to five foolscap pages long. 3. Articles all to be forwarded to this office before March 15. 4. Award of prizes will be announced in April number, and prizes forwarded to the fortunate competitors April 1. 5. Articles contributed, not specially marked for return, may be understood as having the desire of writer to be used in FLORAL CABINET, as a voluntary contribution whenever convenient.

The object in offering these prizes is not so much to induce the writing of articles for the sake of pecuniary remuneration, as it is to encourage our readers and writers to contribute really useful information, which will be a help and benefit to others.

Treasures of Garden and Woodland.—This is the title of our Floral Frontispiece this month, a fit companion to the purposes and tasteful appearance of the FLORAL CABINET. It is a tasteful group of autumn leaves and flowers, with their brilliant hues and perfect form, and is suggestive of floral decorations in many a rural home. As a work of art, it is of special merit, and as a floral group it is unusually tasteful.

Illustrations of the Month.—The floral illustrations on the first page are suggestive of convenient ways to decorate our rooms during the winter. The little jardiniere is full of earth, in which are growing full-blown Hyacinths. The parlor table is occupied with a large aquarium, rockery, and ferns growing above. While to those who have not means for the greater elegancies, we give a design for a simple wardian case, or aquarium, which any carpenter can construct.

IDEAS OF WOMEN.

A recent work published at Brussels contains, among other interesting matter, a collection of aphorisms by various authors, mostly French, of which we append a few:

CHAMFERS.—In the choice of a lover a woman considers more how he appears in the eyes of other women than in her own. Love is more pleasing than matrimony, just as romance is more entertaining than history.

BOUGUEART.—If we speak ill of the sex generally, they will arise against us; if we do the same of any individual woman, they will agree with us.

CHARLES LEMESLE.—Most of their faults women owe to us, whilst we are indebted to them for most of our better qualities.

STERNE.—Most women are endowed with such naturally endearing charms that even their presence is generally beneficial.

MADAME DE STAFL.—Love in a woman's life is a history; in a man's, an episode.

CATALANI.—Only he who has nothing to hope from a woman is truly sincere in her praise.

DIDEROT.—There exists among women a secret tie, like that among the priests of the same faith. They hate each other, yet protect each other's interests.

STAHL.—No woman, even the most intellectual, believes herself decidedly homely. This self-deception is natural, for there are some most charming women without a particle of beauty.

Married Life.—Good counsel from a wife and

mother: "I try to make myself and all around me agreeable. It will not do to leave a man to himself till he comes to you, to take no pains to attract him, or to appear before him with a long face. It is not so

the suffering virtue? The tear of a loving girl, says an old book is like a dew-drop on a rose; but that on the cheek of a wife is a drop of poison on her husband. Try to appear cheerful and contented, and

your husband will be so, and when you have made him happy you will become so, not in appearance but in reality. The skill required is not so great. Nothing flatters a man so much as the happiness of his wife; he is always proud of himself as the source of it. As soon as you are cheerful you will be lively and alert, and every moment will afford you an opportunity to let fall an agreeable word. Your education, which gives you an immense advantage, will greatly assist you."

Chinese Sermon.—The following discourse by a converted Chinese tailor, with reference to the merits of Confucianism, Buddhism, and Christianity, is worth preserving:

A man had fallen into a deep, dark pit, and lay in its miry bottom, groaning and utterly unable to move. Confucius walked by, approaching the edge of the pit, and said, "Poor fellow, I am very sorry for you. Why were you such a fool as to get in there? Let me give you a piece of advice; if you get out, don't get in again." A Buddhist priest next came by, and said, "Poor fellow! I

am very much pained to see you there." Next the Saviour came by, and hearing the cries, went to the very brink of the pit, stretched down and laid hold of the poor man, brought him up, and said, "Go, and sin no more!"



THE PROPOSAL

difficult as you think, dear child, to behave to a husband so that he shall remain forever in some measure a husband. I am an old woman; but you can still do what you like; a word from you at the right time will not fail of its effect; what need have you to play

Household Hints.

HOW WE PREPARED OUR CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Christmas was coming all too fast for us unprepared elders, too slowly for the eager young ones. So many sisters, brothers, nieces, and nephews to be provided with gifts, and from where, oh! where should they come?

Our house was grandma's, and we were grandma's single daughters. Money, that in autebellum days was so plentiful, was now, alas, hard to get, and must be spent on necessities, not luxuries. But the question was, are not Christmas gifts necessities? So, at least, we resolved, and agreed to hold a convention and decide as to ways and means, for the gifts must be forthcoming if we had to evolve them from "the inner consciousness."

The preacher's wife was boarding with us, and she was called to join the conclave. She, too, longed to pour out gifts like water, but was stopped by the same barrier, the needful. Having sojourned awhile in the West, she had learned that many pretty things could be made with little or no cost, but with considerable trouble.

We were some time in deep consultation, and the result of the confab was—Resolved, that in this house must be made a gift for each of the twenty grandchildren, and some twenty more for the elders here and at a distance. That the said gifts be pretty and appropriate, and the cost but trifling. That was the last of November, and the time seemed very, very short for the work to be done. Fortunately the chinchilla zephyr shawl, with its fancy purple border, for the preacher's dear mother, was almost complete, and the rose and white toilet mats for Katie darling, were finished and laid away, waiting for the 21st to be mailed with the shawl. All else was to be done. Oh, the wrinkled brows, cogitating novel and lovely presents, the busy fingers, the sighs for money that did not come for the sighing, the merry laughs over failures, and kind assistance from each other. Those busy days, teeming with work and bright with Christmas green, Holly, Ivy, Magnolia, Mistletoe, and Cedar, will always be a pleasant memory, and the merry workers enshrined in the chamber where forgetfulness never enters.

To appreciate our dilemma, you must know we lived in a little Tennessee town, twenty miles from the railroad, but on the winding Tennessee, where pretty materials for fancy work were not brought, and many of the graceful etceteras, so common in cities, were almost unknown. The great crochet fever that raged from Maine to California had not then become contagious here.

Fortunately for us our city niece had been spending the golden autumn days with us, and had initiated us into the fascinating mysteries of crochet. Our first move was to collect the "loose change" and order thirty ounces of zephyr; we used it all and wanted more.

"Blessings on the man that invented zephyr!" How many delighted women over the land will echo that.

Three pairs of pink soled dainty baby feet were on Christmas morning treading air in soft, bright socks knit by grandma's kind hands. That day Flora's baby May and little Will's dimpled wrists were adorned with blue and pink wristers. Bobbie and Jamie displayed their arms protected from the cold by

the same worsted comforters, only dark red and blue, as suited big boys. Grandma could not forget her boys, bearded men they were, and they declared, all four, they did not know how they ever endured the winter's cold without the pulse warmers.

There were six sets of zephyr mats of as many different colors and patterns for the sisters, and four sets of washstand mats of snowy Dexter thread No. 8, with borders of scarlet Saxony yarn, for the brothers' wives. There were two phantom baskets, and they were "tedious and tasteless" in the making, but most fairy-like and lovely when completed. Then three chair jewel cases were fashioned for the girls just budding into womanhood. I must describe one of these.

You know the ladylike, artistic work taught by the Moravians, called crape embroidery, and which is lovely as a flower painting? A dear lady, aged sixty-seven, taught me this dainty work, and her soft white hands and delicate touch seemed just suited to the task.

A piece of silk or velvet is traced with the figure of the article to be made, and then sewed securely to a small wooden frame. The flower pattern is then selected, marked on the material, and squares of the best Italian crape cut of the size and color suited to the flower to be made. No matter what flower is to be made, the crape is cut in squares and sewed on over or under, as the case may be, always taking care to hide the stitches and imitate nature. Leaves of bright green crape are interspersed and tendrils of all colors of split silk floss intermingled.

The chair of which I spoke, was of graceful Gothic shape, of white silk embroidered with bouquets of Pansies, Roses, and Violets on back, cushion, and sides.

This same crape work furnished a watchcase for a certain fastidious youth, whose visits to grandma's furnished the little ones with many a sly joke and teasing comment.

I think we reduced the wheelbarrow pincushion to a science, for what else could we make the hobbled-hoys, too large for playthings, too small to be neglected. This is a dainty gift when deftly made, and the remains of Leonora's grey silk poplin furnished the exteriors, while pieces of fresh blue and pink silk lined the little beauties.

The pastor's wife made her father a sofa pillow cover that was noticeably pretty and cost but twenty cents. Dark, bright and light pieces of worsted were cut in small hexagons, arranged in groups with an eye to contrast and effect, and pieced together till a hexagon, the cross width of the pillow, was made; then the length was filled in to correspond with the rest, the corners like the centre; this was lined with strong cloth; the under side was of cardinal red alpaca, and cost the twenty cents. The two parts were bound with a large cord of bright plaid.

For the College boy, exposed to the weather, a nicely fitting pair of brown yarn gloves with blue gauntlets were knit. Louis was an only child, so something different could be given him. A spirited black horse with flowing mane, erect ears and startled eyes, was fashioned for him of black alpaca, red braid, raw cotton, fringe, and an old broomstick. This toy sells for fifty cents in the store, and can be as nicely and more durably made at home. The head and neck cut in a single piece, sewed around, turned and the head stuffed, care being taken to preserve the likeness to a real horse while stuffing. The stick, just long enough to ride conveniently, is then inserted and the neck stuffed around it, otherwise the stick will turn; when as full as it will hold, a notch is cut around

the stick and the cloth gathered and firmly attached with strong thread. A piece of fringe furnishes mane, the ears are cut of the cloth, with an inner lining of wiggans to hold them erect; the eyes of white wiggans, eye-shaped, with hole in centre to represent pupils; this is sewed with invisible stitches. A red alpaca braid, put on real bridle style, finishes this fine looking animal.

We had smokers in our family, and for them barrel cigar-holders were made, too particular work for any but Leonora's neat fingers; so four of the troublesome stands fell to her lot.

Elizabeth is practical, and the scrap-bag was ransacked for pieces of silk, and cravats were made to please the male fancy. Old numbers of *Peterson* were looked over to furnish models; in one was a spool-case, made to imitate a red wagon, spools furnishing wheels. This struck Elizabeth's fancy, and she vowed to make mother one. All the red stuffs being used, she decided black would be serviceable. It was her first, and somehow, instead of resembling a wagon, bore a melancholy resemblance to a coffin on wheels. When she held it up, in all the pride of her heart, as something unique and useful, how we laughed till the tears came, and only stopped when we saw hers were coming in earnest. It is but justice to say she succeeded admirably after that, and rejoiced the hearts of several with the possession of spool wagons.

There were many more gifts, ingenious and pretty, but the rapidly-filling sheets warn me to desist. We worked early and late, and the Saturday night before Christmas found us laughing, talking, completing our work, and admiring it. Mother had caught the contagion, and never shall I forget her look of horror when some one coming in informed her she was working on Sunday; it was one o'clock A. M. We were tired but happy when the gifts were distributed. We spent but little money, and gave much pleasure, especially to the little ones for whom Christmas should always be a crowning joy.

The preacher and his wife were not forgotten, but their hearts were gladdened by presents from young and old, and the stranger feeling passed away as they all met around the generous Christmas board and partook of the Christmas feast.

BELLE.

Housekeepers and Friends.—Gladdys Wynne in her household talks, insists that the under-clothing is a matter of great importance. "Many," she says, "go shivering all the winter, simply for the lack of sufficient and suitable under-clothing. Boys and girls—especially girls—are sent off daily to school, through cold and snow, with scarcely more under-clothing than was worn during warm weather; while in this respect, wives and mothers at home are often equally disregardful of their own health and comfort. In our cold and changeful climate, this will not answer; it is ruinous to health."

The most satisfactory under-wrappers I have ever had are of white sale flannel, made "sack shirt" fashion, whole on the shoulders. The bottom of the wrapper is "pinked," and just above the pinking a small tuck stitched in all around; the neck finished off simply by being pinked and a strip of narrow tape stitched around on the wrong side, just below the pinking, to "stay" the neck; then a strip of flannel over half a finger in width, pinked at both edges and across the ends, is stitched the whole length of the wrapper front, left side, just inside the pinking at both edges, and in the centre of this the button holes are made; the right or bottom side is faced with a strip of muslin.

Household Art.

THE OLD ROCK HOUSE.

At the close of a short article entitled "Rugs," published in the June number of the CABINET, I partly promised its readers at some future time to tell them something more about housekeeping in the Old Rock House, and as my experience differs widely from any I have seen given in the CABINET, perhaps while it may not interest some, it may prove beneficial to others under similar circumstances.

A few words about the house. It was built nearly forty years ago. Rock walls, clay mortar, oaken floors, small windows, warped out of shape by the walls settling; walnut doors, hung awry from the same cause; only one story high, still covering enough ground for a small mansion.

In my girlhood's delightful day-dreams and castle-buildings, this same old house occupied a prominent place, and now after three years' pleasant sojourn in sunny Nebraska, even now, my pen would fain drop idly down as face after face of dear tried friends flit past my mind's vision; and tears almost start to know how some of the most comforting and pleasant of friendships, together with the endearing associations of Cedar Farm, must now be numbered with joys that are past. Separated miles from them, I am brought back to occupy my childhood's ideal home in eastern Iowa.

How romantic, you say. Yet it was with a start, bordering on dismay, that I beheld the many changes visible in and about the house. The bright-hued fancies and fairy-like adornments had vanished, and Father Time's ruthless traces were plainly seen in the crumbling plaster, uneven walls, blackened fire-places, and warped floors, and, when I add, that money was a scarce, almost minus article, you may imagine it took some courage to repress the "Well, this is a dismal old place, sure; but I really cannot see how I can make it look any better."

Then it was that the information gained from the pages of the CABINET came to my aid. I took a different view, and reasoned thus: While we all desire and would enjoy living in modern houses, some old ones must be occupied. I would look over my trunks, bureau, and boxes, to see what I could find with which to change the appearances of these gloomy old rooms.

I gave the walls and ceiling a good coat of white lime wash, and put down the carpets. Finding there would be five places wanting groups of pictures, I arranged what I had framed as follows: two photographs in oval frames, with my wax cross for a centre piece, and photographs in square frames above; two small walnut brackets, with ornaments on them, formed one group. Two landscape chromos in rustic frames, with a much larger chromo for centre, formed group number two. Two spatter-work pictures, one a cross, the other a deer in the act of jumping a chasm, with a colored picture of the Centennial grounds and building, each in gilt frames, formed group number three.

A medley of Scripture views, steel plates, with two certificates, each in walnut and gilt frames, with two quite large walnut brackets and wall vases, filled with painted grasses, formed group number four. My Prodigal Son, walnut and gilt frame, hangs over my work-stand. The Glee Maiden and Rustic Wreath, with a larger steel engraving, each in rustic frames, formed group number five.

Now my sitting room walls looked quite pretty, and the unevenness scarcely noticed. I placed white muslin shades at the windows (Cap, my husband, trimmed me lath for rollers, and also made those brackets and rustic frames I have described,), and old lace curtains, puffed on green stuff, with a ruching of green, formed quite pretty lambrequins.

My flowers are sufficient ornaments for my windows. An old-fashioned cupboard, left in the wall, I converted into a huge what-not; a green tidy and cushion for my rocker, a green cover for my music-stool, green covered footstool and mats or rugs for doors, organ, and work-stand, and now my friends exclaim, when entering this room, "How cosy!" and, "I never thought you could make it look so comfortable."

I will only tire you long enough to describe my bedroom. White walls, white windows shades, with scarlet lambrequins. A glass fruit dish, minus the stand, with crochet cover, cord and tassels, white and scarlet, forms a hanging-basket for vines or cut flowers. White mats for bureau, and a large mirror. Washstand with toilet set of unmarbled oilcloth, edged with scarlet (a present), watch pockets, white, bound and embroidered with scarlet; two moss brackets, holding sea-shells, and collars and cuffs holder, made of brown paper, then stained and varnished. One quite large oil painting hangs in a nook, and four steel-plate Scripture scenes, framed in cherry-pit frames, hang each side of the mirror. Two catchalls at the foot of the mirror and comb-case between them at each side. Between pictures and mirror hang pincushions and match-cases, two of each, strung on cord, with scarlet balls. My braided rugs for washstand; bed and bureau, barrel chair, with white tidy, log cabin cushion, and scarlet-topped ottoman. Bed draped in white, and, as friend Anna said, while visiting me, "How restful it looks."

And now, if in one single item I have encouraged any one, I am well repaid for striving to make home-like the Old Rock House. EMMA TREICHLER.

ZEPHYR FLOWERS.

Since the article by E. A. R., to whom I owe thanks for the success I have had so far, I have been looking over my CABINETS for something more on the subject of Zephyr Flowers. Can Rosebuds, Fuchsias, and Tuberoses be made, and if so, will she please tell me how?

I have read of various ways for washing flannels, and wish to tell your many readers my way. I wash and rinse in cold water, not cold enough to make the hands ache, but not at all warm, and I use as much soft soap as I wish, and never have them to shrink or fade. Try it some of you when you have soft white flannels that you do not want spoiled.

M. J. YOUNG.

CARD CASE.

Take a piece of perforated cardboard, say eight inches square, worked around the edges with zephyr (leaving one hole from the edge), notches one inch deep; work another piece of cardboard half an inch deep, say nine inches long and three inches wide; bind all the edges with ribbon or silk, using the same color as you do zephyr. Fasten the small piece of cardboard across the large one, making it so it will hang in the shape of a diamond; sew both ends down on the large piece, and directly in the middle, making a

puff; for a bottom take zephyr and draw it backward and forward through from the small piece to the large one. If you want a back on it, take a piece of pasteboard and bind it down with ribbon; flowers on the puffs look well. This will serve for a match-box; nice for either.

MYRA JONES.

A COURT PLASTER CASE.

This is a handy thing to have about the house, and a most desirable adjunct to a gentleman's shaving apparatus. A pretty and ingenious one, designed for a Christmas gift, was made in this way: From white perforated cardboard were cut two equal pieces about five inches long and four wide. A narrow border was worked on the edges of each with light green split zephyr. On the piece intended for the front of the case was worked the following appropriate motto: "I heal all wounds save those of Love." The two pieces were then laid evenly together, the right side of each outward, and joined on the two sides and at the top with zephyr stitches deftly taken along the worked bordering. Cords and tassels of zephyr were attached to the upper corners of the case for hanging. Next, the holder for the plaster was formed of two pieces of perforated board, cut a little less than the case, worked around the edges, and joined at one end by stitches "whipped over," so that the pieces opened and closed like a book. A piece of court plaster nearly as large as the holder was folded in the middle, and the fold laid in the hinge, as it may be termed, a zephyr cord fastened at each edge of the holder keeping it snugly in place, like a newspaper in a patent file or holder. The holder, being just the right size, slips in and out of the case quite readily, but does not fall out. When slipped in, the case is complete.

MRS. M. F. ADKINSON.

AN HOUR-GLASS STAND.

I suppose I may tell you of my hour-glass stand, which has been very useful to me. It is simply a cheese box and lid, with a strong upright piece of proper length or height between, small castors screwed on below, and a covering of plain calico. I have also made an ornament to hang up in a window, or wherever preferred. Mine is in the centre of a lace lambrequin.

One of my neighbors, one day, said to one of my little girls, "What have you in your window? They look for all the world like bunches of grapes."

I made them of old kid gloves by stuffing the fingers with cotton, filling in enough to form one grape, then tying close up and firmly; and so continued, one against another, until fingers and thumbs were all filled, without cutting apart. If desirable, and you have old kids enough, these grapes can be made to resemble the remarkable specimens about which we have read that the spies brought over from the land of Canaan.

Strong brown paper will answer for leaves, with wire for stems; the tendrils are made of wire, also twisted into natural shape; the bunches are tied into as natural shape and size as possible, then painted with several coats of green paint (I think about five cents worth). The brush for the paint I made by tying a bunch of short bristles, which were left off my air-castle, very tightly to a stick for handle.

MARY PASTER.

Household Elegancies.

WHITE EMBROIDERED TIDY.

The charming little tidy shown in miniature in our illustration is exceedingly beautiful, as will be imagined from this sample.

It is not made, as might be supposed, by applying a border of interlaced pieces around an embroidered centre, but by marking out an interlaced design, working the edges with buttonhole stitching, and cutting out the spaces between.

To do this, take a half yard of white linen or pique, mark out a circular scalloped centre, with sprigs of leaves or sprays of small flowers in the centre of each scallop. These embroider in satin stitch, as also the border around the edge, buttonhole stitching the scallops. Then arrange the crossed-bar border as previously described. The tidy is extremely delicate, and when freshly laundered is peculiarly dainty and elegant-looking.

NEEDLE CASE OF PERFORATED CARD.

The cover of this needle-case consists of slanted squares of perforated card, fastened with ribbon bows, and measuring five inches in length and three and one-half in width.

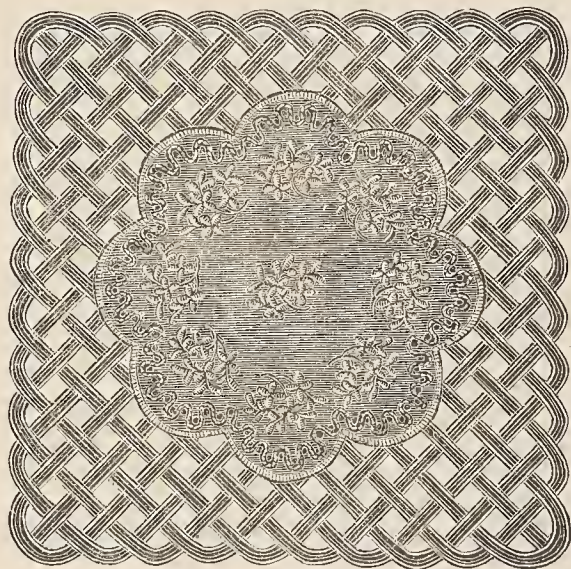
This is of silver-faced perforated card, worked in long lines of colored silk, fastened with one white bead at each crossing, and with three white beads in each diamond.

It is trimmed with ribbon to match the silk, drawn down in puffs with a string of five white beads on each side.

Two or three leaves of fine flannel, cut out in scallops around the edge, are fastened in.

SOFA CUSHION IN KNITTED EMBROIDERY.

The groundwork of this cushion is of deep crimson, and the pattern in shaded brown Berlin wool. Lined with damask, and trimmed with silk cord and tassels.



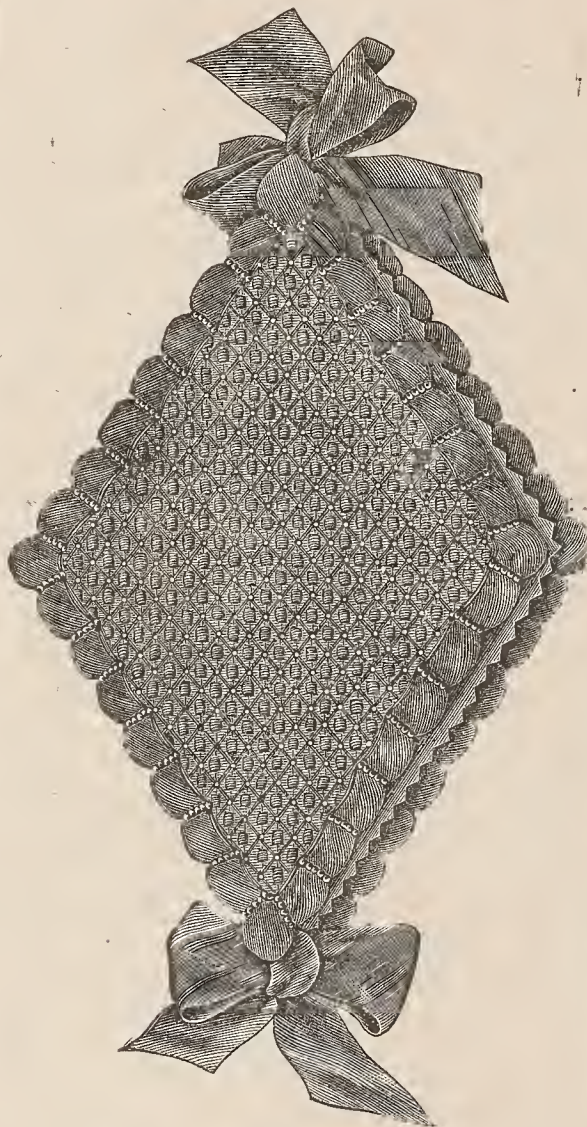
WHITE EMBROIDERED TIDY.

HOUSE CONVENIENCES AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

TO MAKE STRAW PICTURE FRAMES.

Pick out from a bundle of straws those without flaws. It takes five for each part of the frame. Arrange them thus: Put one long straw in the centre, a

short one on each side, and a shorter one on each side of those; sew them together on the back with some strong cotton. When you have the top, bottom, and sides ready, fasten them together at the corners in the



NEEDLE CASE OF PERFORATED CARD.

form of an Oxford frame, placing the top and bottom ones in front of the sides. Then make four small pieces of three straws in each, the centre on the longest, and fasten crosswise to each other by means of a piece of ribbon tied round; the ribbon is to hide where the parts of the frame are joined together. The picture is fastened in with a narrow ribbon, crossed over at the back and brought through between the straws on each side of the frame, then passed over the centre straw through to the back and firmly sewed. This ribbon has a very pretty effect. A loop of ribbon should be sewed on to the top by which to hang the frame. This makes a lovely little present.

A SHELL FRAME.

First make a frame of some light kind of wood. Then stick your shells all over it with white lead to fasten them. Put them on smooth, and at each corner have a little cluster of periwinkles; or if your frame is oval, put a cluster at the top, bottom, and sides. When you have finished, give it a thick coat of varnish. But be sure and place a bright colored picture in this frame, so as to make it look cheerful.

FEATHER LAMP MAT.

Cut out a round piece of cardboard about fourteen

inches in circumference, and cover it with a piece of purple velvet. Then all around the edge, and about an inch from the outside, fasten white chicken feathers closely together by sewing them to the velvet. In the centre of the mat embroider a bunch of flowers and leaves with white silk. This is something new and quite pretty.

A FAIRY BASKET.

Take strips of cloth, linen or muslin, from your scrap bag, cut them about half an inch wide, draw threads out from each side until only two or three are left in the middle; take a piece of large size wire and form a hoop; wrap around it a piece of plain muslin, and twist a strip of fringe around it; next take the other strips and place them over the hoop in succession, forming loops; after the hoop is well covered (the loops must be eleven inches long) tie them together about four inches from the bottom with strong thread; then take four more strips, slip them under the hoop at equal distances, draw them together and tie them two inches from the top; you can have the strings as long as you desire; all over it tie little pieces of pink worsted.

SOMETHING FOR THE BABY.

Forget the baby? Oh, dear, no! that would never do. Here is something you can make for it: Buy five cents' worth of worsted, not the most expensive kind, but some bright color; then take two large cards and ask your mother to lend you a wine glass for a few days to make some things with; put the top of the wine glass down on one of the cards, and run a pencil point close around against the edge; do the same to the other, and you will have two circles drawn. Cut them out, and you will find them just the same size. Then put your thimble right in the middle of each round piece and draw a line around that and cut it out; then you have two little things like the wheels of baby's cart; then lay them together, face to face, and pulling your needle in and out of the hole, draw the worsted around the card, tying the pieces together with threads that lie like the spokes of a wheel, only close together; and go on until the card is covered up and the worsted heaped high and you cannot get your needle in any longer. Then take a piece of cord and thread it in a bodkin and tie the worsted together in



SOFA CUSHION IN KNITTED EMBROIDERY.

the centre, taking up every little loop, drawing it tight, and if it is a bright, pretty cord, you may leave it for the baby to catch hold of. Then cut the outside edge exactly on the edge, and you will see the cardboard, and can pull it out and puff your worsted up into a large beautiful ball; where it is not even you can trim it down with the scissors. Baby will be delighted with it.

R. B. HAYDON.

Hireside Reading.

BE SOCIABLE.

Men who isolate themselves from society, and have no near and dear family ties, are the most uncomfortable of human beings. Byron says that "happiness was born a twin," but the phrase, though pretty and poetic, does not go far enough. We are gregarious, and are not intended to march through life either in single or double file. The man who cares for nobody, for whom nobody cares, has little to live for. You must have a heap of embers to have a glowing fire. Scatter them apart, and they will become dim and cold. So, to have a brisk, vigorous life, you must have a group of lives to keep each warm, to afford mutual encouragement, confidence, and support. If you wish to live the life of a man, and not of a fungus, be sociable, be brotherly, be charitable, be sympathetic, and labor earnestly for the good of your kind.

Dear Laura, when you were a flirting young miss, and I was your dutiful swain, your smiles could exalt the summit of bliss, your frowns could overwhelm me with pain; you were dear to me then, love, but now you're my wife, it is strange the fond tie should be nearer; for, when I am paying your bills, on my life, you seem to get dearer, and dearer!

A Farmer once hired a man to assist in drawing logs. The man, when there was a log to lift, generally contrived to secure the small end, for which the farmer rebuked him, and told him to take the butt end. Dinner came, and with it a sugar-loaf Indian pudding. Jonathan sliced off a generous portion of the largest part, giving the farmer a wink, and exclaimed: "Always take the butt-end!"

Sensible Parents.—A young lady of Ballarat, about contemplating matrimony, was asked by her friends what kind of wedding presents she would like, and replied that she would prefer useful to ornamen-

tal ones. Her wedding journey consisted in going from the house of her parents to a cottage in the vicinity, and upon arriving there she found a barrel of flour, a jar of butter, a complete set of cooking utensils, a piece of merino, a set of crockery ware, knives, forks, spoons, and glassware, enough household groceries to last six months, and on her table a receipt for the prepayment of a year's rent for the cottage, with two ten pound notes pinned on a paper, on which was written, "To purchase something useful."

Art of Living with Others.—It is not well for us to cherish the habit of dwelling much on the faults and shortcomings of those with whom we live. It

Bishop Morley was fond of a joke. Once, when the footman was out of the way, he ordered the coachman to fetch some water from the well, to which the coachman made a grumbling objection that his business was to drive, not to run errands. "Well, then," said Morley, "bring out the coach and four, set the pitcher inside, and drive to the well;" a service which was several times repeated, to the great amusement of almost all the village.

During a recent revival excitement in the outskirts of this country, a request was made for all who desired the prayers of the church to rise. A shaggy old miner, burning with a desire to do his part, arose, and putting his hand down into his buckskin, meekly inquired, "How much will it be, boss?"—*Canon City (Col.) Avalanche.*

"The password is 'Saxe;' now don't forget it, Pat," said the Colonel, just before the battle of Fontenoy, at which Saxe was Marshal.

"Sacks? Faith and I will not. Wasn't my father a miller?"

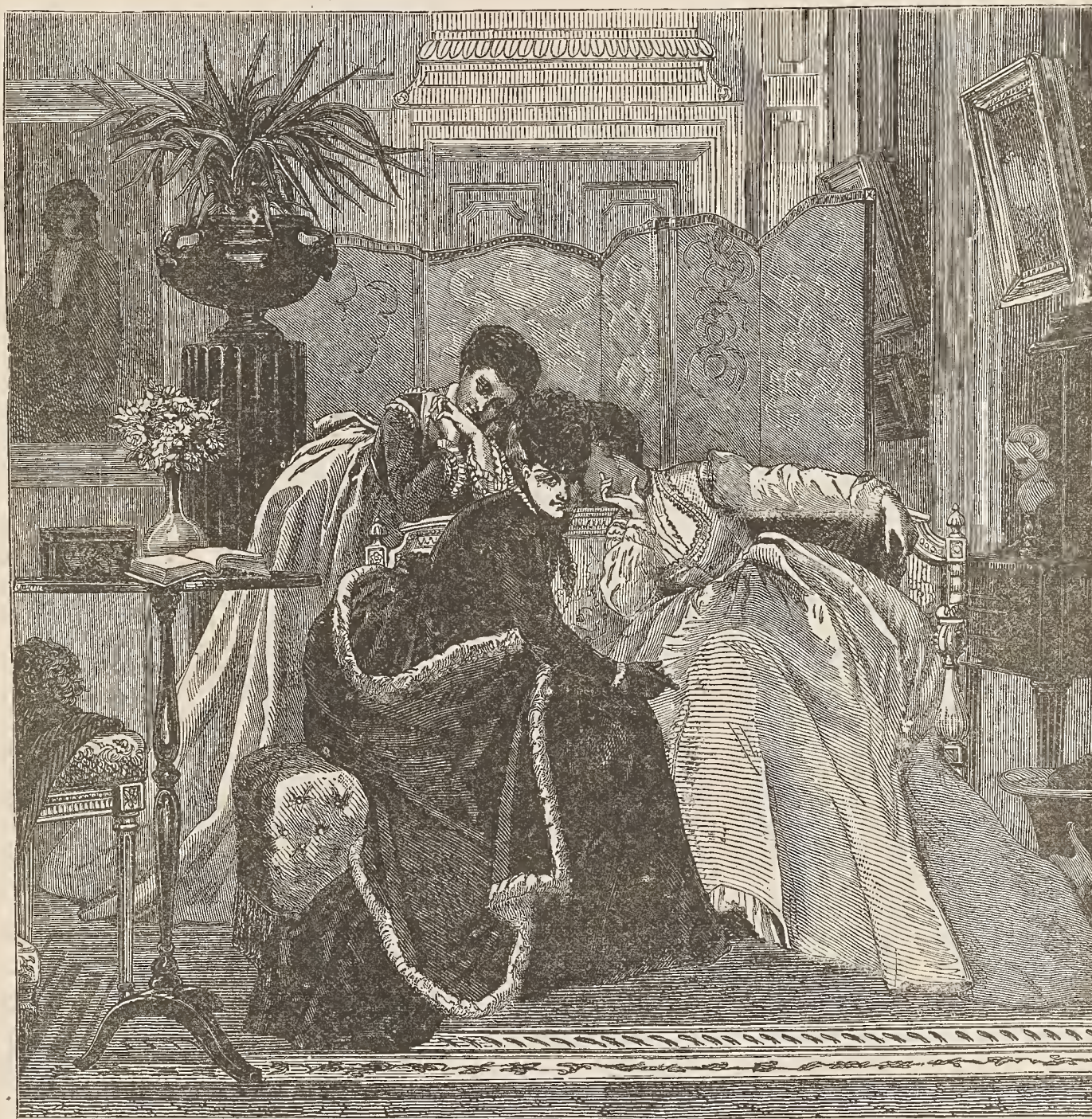
"Who goes there?" cried the sentinel, after the Irishman had arrived at his post. Pat was as wise as an owl, and, in a sort of whispered yell, replied, "Bags, yer honor!"

"Ours."—Coachman (on being told by his lordship that he will not want to drive out to-day): Well, me lord, then perhaps I had better take our children out? His Lordship: Now, Johnson,

look here; I don't mind you saying *our* carriage, *our* horses, or *our* house; but I must draw the line—and I draw it at *our* children.—*Fun.*

At the Cattle and Dog Show.—"Haw—by the by—a—Lady Mawiah, I don't see your sistahs—Lady Wachel and Lady Fwedewiea?" "They're gone to the dogs, Sir Wobert." "Haw! So sawry!"

Kissing Goes by Classes.—Guard (to old lady taking leave of her daughters)—"Now, then, m'm, jump in if you're goin'. This ain't a kissin' train! 'F you want to kiss, you must go by the Parliamentary.—*Punch.*



AN INTERESTING GOSSIP.

makes us more critical than generous. It affects the cordiality of our manner toward them. It insensibly lessens our confidence. It interferes with the delicious ease and freedom of our intercourse with them. It colors the remarks that we make about them to others, and then reacts with double force upon our own feelings and our relations to them. It is said of the virtuous woman, whose price is above rubies, that the law of kindness is in her tongue. But in order to be in her tongue, it must first be in her heart, and the habit of dwelling much on the imperfections of our friends and associates will soon drive it from us.

Housekeeping.

PRIZE RECIPES FOR COOKING.

Spiced Beef.—Take any of the cheaper pieces of beef (the brisket, etc.) that will give you about eight pounds of solid meat. Rub the surface with the following mixture: four tablespoonfuls salt, two of black pepper, half a teaspoonful cayenne, one teaspoonful saltpetre; pulverize all and thoroughly mix before applying. If the meat is in long flat pieces, with scraps of lean and fat added, lay it out on the meat-board and arrange all the loose pieces upon it, both fat and lean, but use only one-fourth fat. Remove all pieces of bone, and, rolling the meat up into a long scroll, tie it firmly with bands of muslin bound firmly around. Place in a stew-pot and cover with soft water, one inch above the meat; add two onions, in each of which stick six cloves, one sliced carrot, a bunch of pot herbs, one teaspoonful of peppercorns, a small piece of red pepper, four blades of mace, and one teaspoonful of allspice. Cover closely, and after coming to a quick boil, place on the back of the stove to simmer slowly until quite tender. If the meat is of such form that the bones cannot be removed prior to boiling, this may be done after removing from the pot, when the meat should be placed in a deep bowl, and after straining off the liquor from the vegetables, herbs and spices, it should be boiled down until only one pint remains, which must be poured over and through the meat, a plate and weight set on it, and placed in a cool cellar or pantry until quite cold, when it will be found perfectly solid, and may be cut into thin slices for luncheon or tea; or will be found delicious for sandwiches, if touched lightly with a little "made mustard" and catsup, or some savory sauce.

Stuffed Beef Steak.—(An old French recipe from a manuscript cook-book.) Take a "round steak," weighing six or eight pounds, spread it out on the meat-board and pound carefully with the "steak tenderer." Make a stuffing thus: Take bread crumbs, from the centre of the loaf, and rub fine; then if the crusts or stale bits are too hard to crumble, dip them for a moment or two into cold water, squeezing out all the water possible. Put a cup of butter into a frying-pan, and when hot, add two medium sized onions minced quite fine, and fry until soft, putting in a tablespoonful of water, if there is danger of scorching; add these to the crumbs, with a handful of salt, one teaspoonful of black pepper, and a salt-spoon full of nutmeg, making about one quart of stuffing. Spread it over the meat, and commencing at one end, roll it into an oblong scroll, binding together with strips of new muslin about half an inch wide. Sew up the ends, or bind over with a skewer in each. Put some bits of butter, rolled in flour, in the bottom of a baking pan, with a pint of water, and place in a moderate oven for one hour, covering closely half the time, then browning off toward the last by removing the cover and making the oven very hot. Place on an oval platter, and garnish with balls of mashed potato, browned in an oven. Stir the gravy over the fire, adding water until of proper consistency. This will be found a most delicious mode of cooking a tough steak.

Veal Rissoles.—(Cold meat cookery.) Take a few slices of cold roast veal, a few slices of cold ham, and mince them very finely, and add one tablespoonful of minced parsley, one blade of mace pulverized, a little grated nutmeg, cayenne, black pepper, and salt to the

taste. Beat two eggs very light, and with it form the hash into balls or cones, brushing them over with the same, sprinkle with finely powdered nutmeg, and fry a rich brown. Serve with brown gravy, and garnish the dish with parsley fried crisp and arranged with taste.

A Nice Fowl Salad.—Take the meat from any cold fowl, sufficient to make a quart bowl full, wash and drain two fresh crisp heads of lettuce, and place in the middle of a deep dish or platter; arrange the chopped meat around, and pile on the top eight hard boiled eggs chopped finely; pour over all a rich dressing made thus: scald half a teacupful of vinegar, into which stir very gradually the yolks of two eggs beaten light with one teaspoonful of made mustard, one teaspoonful white sugar, four tablespoonfuls cream, three tablespoonfuls salad oil, a dust of cayenne, and a tablespoonful salt. This dressing, if properly made, will be light and creamy, for in making salad dressings the ingredients can scarcely be added too gradually, or stirred and beaten too much. Let the dressing be perfectly cold before pouring over, and garnish the salad with hard boiled eggs, cut in rings, one cucumber, sliced very thin, and boiled beetroots, cut with an ornamental cutter, dotting the yolks of the eggs, finely chopped, here and there upon the green and white. This dish should not be put together, until a short time before the meal.

Croquettes of Fowl or Meat.—Mince the meat finely, removing the skin and bones, and fry four small onions in one tablespoonful of butter until brown, then mix them together and dredge the whole with one tablespoonful of flour, and add pepper, salt and ground mace or nutmeg at pleasure. Beat two eggs with one teaspoonful of powdered sugar, and stirring lightly through the mass, set it away until cold. Then make into oblong balls the size of a large pigeon's egg; dip each one in beaten egg and then in crumbs rolled very fine; fry a rich brown in plenty of boiling lard, butter, or dripping, and serve on a bed of mashed potato, with a light feathery border made by quickly grating a boiled potato directly on the platter.

Eggs.—(Delicate scrambled eggs.) Take a quantity of bread, sufficient to make one pint when crumbed, and soak them in one pint of milk. Beat eight eggs very light, and stir with the soaked crumbs, beating the mass five minutes. Have ready a saucepan in which are two tablespoonfuls of butter, thoroughly hot, but not scorching; pour in the mixture, and dust with pepper and salt, as the mass is opened and stirred with the "scrambling," which should be done quickly with the point of a knife for three minutes, or until thoroughly hot. Serve on a hot platter, with squares of buttered toast. Another delicate "scramble" is made by either breaking the eggs into boiling water until the whites begin to "set," boiling for two minutes prior to the "scrambling." Eggs thus prepared are far lighter and more delicate than prepared in the usual way.

Plain Omelette.—Separate the yolks and whites of ten eggs, and beat the yolks to a cream, the whites, stiff; mix in a pan one small teaspoonful of cream or rich milk, and one even tablespoonful of sifted flour, with pepper and salt to taste; stir in the yolks and beat for ten minutes, then add the whites as lightly as possible. Have a small straight-sided, cast iron frying-pan, in which put two large tablespoonfuls of nice butter, and make "sizzling" hot, but do not allow to scorch the least particle; into this pour the mixture, and commence almost immediately, if over a very hot fire, to open the mixture with a round pointed knife,

making little incisions over the whole surface, and touching the bottom of the pan with a slight scraping movement each time; this will give the mass a rough puffy appearance, and will allow the uncooked portions of the eggs to reach the bottom of the pan. A very few moments suffice to cook the omelette, and it will become quite brown over the under surface, which will be ascertained by merely slipping the knife under the edge; as soon as this is the case, even should the upper surface appear a little soft, prepare to finish it, as it will cook sufficiently from the heat occasioned by the folding, which is done by slipping the knife under and around the edge of one half and passing it along to the centre, turning the one half over upon the other. This gives you a golden-brown omelette, shaped like a half moon, and if the pan is of proper size—about ten inches in diameter, or even less—and the omelette a success, as regards making and cooking, it will have assumed a puffy appearance and a height of four or five inches. As soon as the mass is turned, place a warm oval platter over it, and with a quick, dexterous movement turn the pan upon it, leaving the omelette bottom side up, and in all its beauty and deliciousness, upon the platter. Dress with curled parsley, and serve as quickly as possible.

The Hidden Mountain.—(A pretty dessert dish.) Beat separately the yolks and whites of ten eggs; add to the yolks two teaspoonfuls of rich cream, and thin slices of candied citron, lemon, and orange peel (sufficient to fill a coffee cup), stir in one cupful of corn-starch mixed in half a pint of milk; beat very light and add the whites with flavoring of lemon, orange, or almond. Make one cupful of butter very hot; pour in the mixture and fry until a nice brown on the one side, and the eggs barely "set" on the upper; then put upon one-half several spoonfuls of raspberry or other jam, and, folding the other half upon it, turn upon an oval platter so that the pan is bottom upward. This requires a dexterous movement in order not to scald the hand holding the plate, yet easily done, if the pan is sufficiently small to be held upon each side, with the plate under the thumbs and the fingers upon the bottom of the pan protected by a large "stove-towel." French cooks have a skilful way of tossing such omelettes from the pan by turning them directly out upon the plate, but I always adopt the safer plan of laying the platter upon the pan, then throwing the towel over, turning it as I have described. This dish is served cold. Ice the surface or cover with jam, and stick blanched sweet almonds thickly over the whole top and sides.

Wine Sauce for Plum Pudding.—(Excellent.) Put one cupful of fresh butter rubbed into one teaspoonful of flour, and rub to a cream; add one cupful of pulverized sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, and half a pint of sherry or Madeira wine, and stir well together over the fire. Separate the yolks from four eggs, beat lightly and turn a spoonful at a time into the hot mixture, stirring briskly all the time; when on the point of simmering, remove, and pour into an open sauceboat.

Wine or Brandy Sauce.—Take one-fourth pound sweet fresh butter, well washed; cut into small pieces with one dessert spoonful of flour dredged over; stir to a smooth paste, and add one wine glassful of water and a pinch of salt; stir one way until smooth and creamy, then add one wine glass of wine or brandy, three large teaspoonfuls powdered sugar and the grated rind and pieces of one lemon. Allow to come to a simmer, stirring constantly; then remove and serve in a boat or tureen.

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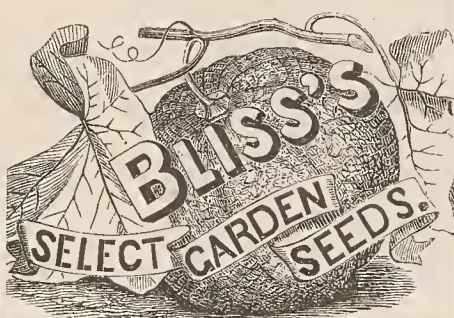
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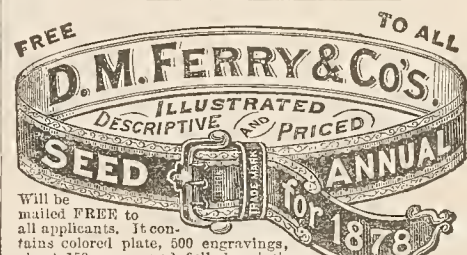
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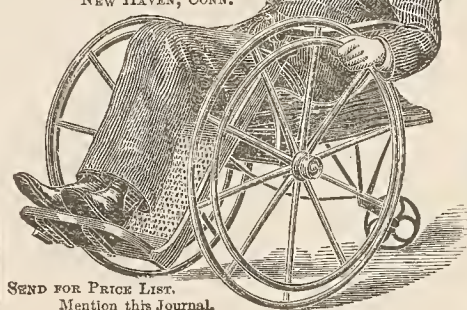
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 3. Mu - sic, sweet mu - sic at e - ven.....

Soft - ly and sweet on mine ear.... Strains to my heart ev - er calling..... Bring - ing back vis - ions most dear.....
 Thrill - ing my heart with its love.... Trilled by some fai - ry - like fin - ger..... Lull - ing to realms far a - hove.....
 Just at the soft twi - light's close.... Waft to me vis - ions of heaven..... Come to me on my re - pose.....

Bring - ing back vis - ions of glad - ness.... Scenes of the long, long a - go.... Ban - ish - ing all pain and sad - ness....
 Ev - er my heart will it cap - ture... Notes of an - gel - ic de - light.... Fill - ing my soul full of rap - ture....
 Bring me sweet dreams full of splen - dor... Vis - ions of dear - est de - light.... Mu - sic, sweet mu - sic so ten - der....

CHORUS.

Mu - sic so ten - der and true..... Mu - sic, sweet mu - sic is fall - ing..... Soft - ly and sweet on mine
 Thro' all the long wea - ry night..... Mu - sic, sweet mu - sic is fall - ing, is fall - ing, Soft - ly and sweet on mine
 Lin - ger with me all the night..... Mu - sic, sweet mu - sic is fall - ing, Soft - ly and

ear..... Strains to my heart ev - er call - ing.... Bring - ing back vis - ions most dear.....
 ear..... Strains to my heart ev - er call - ing. Bring - ing back vis - ions most dear, most dear.
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A profusion of lovely flowers about a home is a true index of taste and refinement. Plant them everywhere—climbing over the porch, running along the lattice, twining around vases and hanging baskets, their grateful fragrance and delicate colors abundantly repay all the labor and care they demand.

Their cultivation is a pleasant task; so many points of interest connected with their care and culture, that much might be written upon the subject.

In order to have a great display of flowers, we must select seeds adapted to the climate in which we live, and also those which give a constant bloom. I prefer hardy annuals, such as Asters, Balsams, Dianthus, Pansies, and Stocks. A bed of Phlox Drummondii is indispensable. We get the quickest display

from these, though we cannot well get along without perennials.

We want white flowers in plenty; as we cannot make the tiniest bouquet without them. They are also in great demand for wreathing the pale yet still beautiful forms of the loved and lost. Their culture is not an irksome task, but a delightful and healthful recreation. It helps to relieve the tedium of farm life

Any florist can supply Ferns for such a structure. Choose the smaller growing sorts, and avoid those which branch widely. Small Ferns of different varieties can be procured from the woods, and other little woodland plants of pretty foliage; also different kinds of mosses, which add greatly to the beauty of the structure, and keep the plants moist. These answer for green, but we must have something bright. Geraniums of the single sorts, as they blossom early and continue in bloom through the whole summer. For the sides choose the low-growing plants, such as Moneywort, double Portulacca, Sedum, Escholsia, and a few varieties of the Coleus. It requires but very little care. Give a good watering at night and it will repay

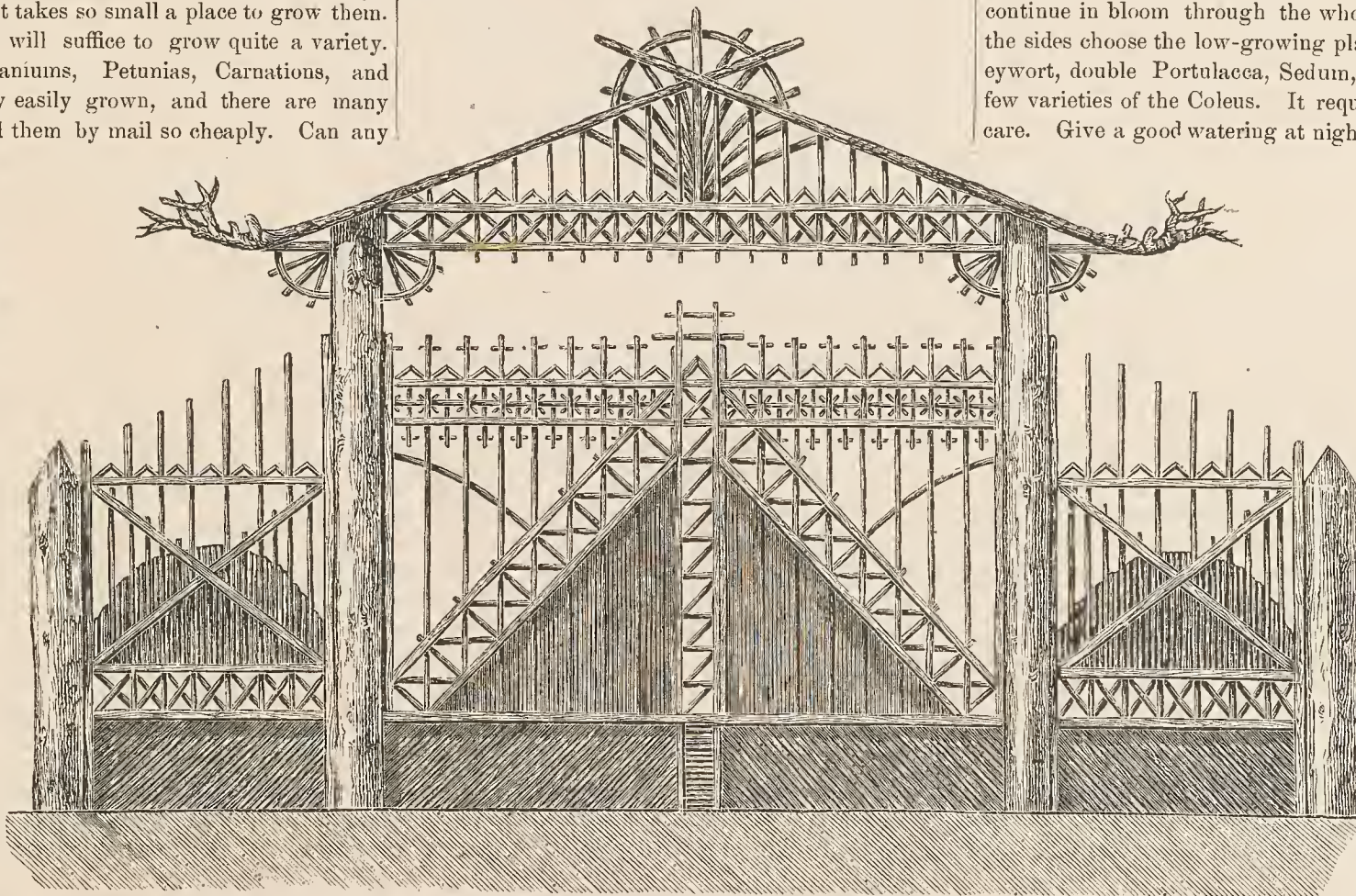
you well and be a thing of beauty throughout the whole season.

How can we best extend the cultivation of flowers, and encourage this love of the beautiful and of home ornamentation? By discussions with our friends at our homes and our social gatherings, encouraging them to join us in sending for choice seeds and rare plants, selected from the catalogues of our best seedsmen and florists, and more

than all by inducing them to subscribe for some good floral paper, which, having once become acquainted with, they cannot afford to be deprived of.

In this quiet, unobtrusive way we may and can do much to refine and elevate our friends and society around us, and help make their homes and ours more pleasant and attractive.

MRS. E. D. ALLEN.



DESIGN FOR GARDEN OR LAWN GATE.

and tends to make our homes attractive, cheerful, and happy.

A rockery is especially interesting, and combines many things of rare beauty. I do not mean a pile of stones thrown together in the centre of a lawn. It would look badly and be hardly possible to remedy a bad location by any skill in planting. It must have a good and appropriate position, and be furnished with suitable and healthy plants.

Floral Contributions.

HOUSE-PLANTS AND FLOWERS.

It is becoming so customary nowadays for every lady that has the facilities for doing so, to cultivate plants—some for love of them, some, as I once heard a lady express it, because it is so fashionable to have plants—I fear for their success; but for whatever purpose they are desired, any information in regard to their care or treatment, and the varieties best adapted to such purpose, is gladly received by those of less experience.

It is a study, a most beautiful book, which never grows tiresome or monotonous, and with the turning of every leaf we behold new wonders, we learn new lessons, and with the opening of every lovely bud or blossom, find fresh cause to praise the glorious Creator of such blessings given to cheer our path through life. Do we ever think, should they be suddenly withdrawn from us, what a blank it would create that nothing else can fill? What else could so comfort the bereaved heart of the mourner, as seeing the beloved dead enshrined in these beautiful emblems of a Saviour's undying love? They are comfort and joy everywhere.

It is a delight to me to hear of a new plant that will bloom in a window. My window is enclosed from the rest of my sitting-room by glass doors, which are always left open, so the temperature of the two rooms is almost the same, and year after year I cultivate plants and experiment with them in my little window garden, and I would like to tell the readers of the CABINET about the plants that I am most successful with.

Early in the fall and until now, December 4th, I have had a fine show of young Geraniums; one or two will continue to bloom all winter. I put my Geraniums into their winter quarters the last of August, and, hardening my heart, cut off every bud and blossom, and water once a week with manure water, and in a month or so they will be filled with buds, and after cold weather sets in will blossom as long as there are any buds left. Beautiful Luna, with its variegated foliage and scarlet blossoms, will bloom all winter. Others I rest until February, when they are ready for spring blooming. Chinese Primroses I raise from my own seed, which I ripen myself every year, and I find my own seed never fails to come up. The flowers on young plants are much larger than on old ones; it is such an accommodating plant, giving equal satisfaction in sunshine or shade. The seed pods are not very ornamental, therefore are cut away before the seed ripens.

Bouvardias do exceedingly well in the house with proper treatment. They require frequent showering, and show a decided antipathy to coal smoke or gas. I have been very successful with a plant called *Imatophyllum Miniatum*, called by some *Clivia*; is like the *Amaryllis* in style of growth, only the leaves are much larger and longer; it is an evergreen, and has large clusters of erect, large salmon or flame colored blossoms, and with me it has never failed to bloom. Last winter it had twelve beautiful lilies on it. It can be procured for \$1.00, and is well worth it. The beautiful *Begonias*, cultivated for the foliage, are exquisite and grow with the simplest treatment, and it is so interesting to watch them grow from the leaf. Take a box of the finest sifted sand, with good drainage in the bottom, and good-sized stones scattered all

through the sand, and half covered, so the leaves will not rest entirely on the damp sand and rot before they root.

As the leaves grow old on your *Begonias*, lay them lightly on the sand, and put a pinch of it in the middle of the leaf; cover the box with glass and give a little water occasionally, and some sun, and in a little while a tiny shoot will spring up from the old leaf. I have learned with perseverance, and the loss of several fine bulbs, how to treat the *Cyclamen*. I never dry my bulbs entirely now; nor set them out in the border, as a wet season will kill them. I set them away on an out of the way shelf in my window, and when they are looking very dry, I give them a little water, which keeps them plump without rotting them; in the fall they will begin to sprout, when they require more water and all the sun they can get.

Amaryllis Lilies I treat the same way in winter, giving now and then a very little water to keep the roots from drying up entirely, and my experience is they do better, and one is not so apt to lose their bulb by rotting, in starting it.

I prize my *Sedum*, or *Echeveria*, because it never fails me, and it seems to need just no treatment at all, will bloom in the warmest room, or in a cool greenhouse; flowers scarlet and yellow; they look like wax.

Last winter I thought I would have a crock of the fragrant White Violet; so I took up a nice large clump in the fall; all winter it grew and thrived luxuriantly, but did not show a flower; I was disappointed, but tried again, and during a January thaw I took up another clump, which began to grow as soon as brought in, and the flowers came up with the leaves. I was soon rewarded with an abundant bloom, so this winter my Violets are out getting a rest and a good freeze, before bringing into the house. Lily of the Valley I treat in the same way. *Fuchsias* I put in the cellar until near spring, then I pot them in rich earth, giving one-half well rotted manure with plenty of powdered charcoal and burnt bone; try it, and see how they grow and bloom.

Oxalis bulbs I seldom dry off, as I find those that have grown all summer, and bloomed, too, do just as well as the others. *Lobelia*, if once introduced among plants, particularly if grown in a basket hanging over the other plants, will seed itself among all the crocks, and by transplanting it you can always have a supply without any trouble. Last winter I transplanted a quantity of it into a large rustic basket, setting it on a little projecting shelf above all the other plants, keeping the ends nipped out as it grew. Early in the spring it bloomed, drooping over the rest like a beautiful rail of blue.

In the spring I make for my cuttings a miniature hot bed. I take a shallow box, have an upright piece nailed to each corner, with grooves cut in them to slip pieces of glass in, giving glass sides; provide a pane also to cover over the top, fill the bottom with fresh manure, and several inches on top of rich earth, and plenty of fine sand mixed; let it steam for a few days, then put in your cuttings, and you will be surprised to see how quickly they will root.

For a long time after my plants were brought in they looked so well, and bloomed so freely. I thought my window almost an Eden; but, alas, for human hopes! as of old, the serpent's trail was discovered; I found tracks of my persistent old enemy, the red spider. Now, it is no wonder I was in despair, for last winter I fought this same army all winter, and they gained the battle, and I was obliged to see many a cherished bud fall without opening. I kept my

window as damp as I could. I sprinkled, I showered, I steamed it twice a week; I even burned sulphur as much as I dared; still they came, and seemed to enjoy the damp atmosphere. Well, when I found them again on my choicest plants, I set my teeth in grim determination, resolved, if they *did* like water, they should have enough of it. I procured several large pieces of iron, and an old kettle, and with these weapons I prepared to attack the enemy. Heating the irons red hot, and putting them into the kettle, I set it in the enemy's camp-ground, pouring a kettleful of boiling water over them. This I did at night, after tea. I did the same the next evening, and the next, for over a week. It was a great deal of trouble, but vengeance is sweet, and after a few days of steaming, I examined the spiders with a glass. I found them still alive, but dull and quiet. I never relaxed a day, my vigilance; now I have the pleasure of looking for them in vain. I feel quite victorious, but the plants prove so well under the steaming, that I still give it to them quite frequently.

If one wants a lovely *Abutilon* that blooms well, let them try *A. Centana*; it is a good winter bloomer. I am trying several new plants this winter. I cannot help experimenting, and at another time I hope to be able to give my experience with a set of entirely new plants, not so extensively cultivated as those I have just mentioned. S. B.

ROSES.

Late in April last I got a dozen small *Roses*; I had another dozen I had started from slips the fall before. I had ready a bed four feet wide, twelve feet long and eighteen inches deep, piled with equal quantities of garden soil, well rotted chip dirt and sand; in planting the *Roses*, I put a little hen manure around each, shaded them for a few days, but did not water until they showed signs of growth, then only once or twice, but forked them frequently, and never allowed insects of any kind to stay about them. They soon commenced blooming, and I can assure you it was a bed of *Roses*, indeed.

Until frost got them, I was never without blossoms; but I failed to say they were ever-blooming varieties. I have a *Marchal Neil* which I bought from a Maysville nursery. It was about ten inches high, and had one bud on it. I had been told it was hard to raise, and had made up my mind to make a desperate effort to raise it. I got some leaf mold, sand and good soil, mixed them well, about one-third of each, cut off the bud, then cut the bush till it was only five or six inches high, put it in a six-inch pot, with three or four rusty nails stuck in the soil from the top.

In a short time my *Rose* commenced growing, and I discovered five small buds, which I cut off so as to throw the strength into the plant. Towards fall it made another effort to bloom, having thirteen buds on it, twelve of which I cut off. The other I let bloom, as the *Rose* looked so showy and healthy. I cut it when it was about three-fourths out, and it filled one of my coffee cups; it was a clear sulphur color, and of a delightful fragrance.

It is now three years old, is in a water bucket with the same kind of soil, and bloomed three times last summer; it had from twelve to twenty large buds on it each time. I rarely ever allow them to develop fully; I enjoy them much more in the bud, and I think it is better for the bush.

F. C.

Young *Ferns* are propagated from the leaves of old ones.

Answers to Correspondents.

Aquaria Window Gardening.—Will some one give me full and explicit directions for making an aquarium; also plants for the same. Please give full directions for making a pretty and attractive window garden; also for decoration of house and yard.
Union Point, Ga. MAY and BERTHA.

Answer.—These two questions are fair specimens of many received by the Editor. A moment's thought will convince our fair correspondents that to comply with their requests would far exceed the limits of our pages. The space we can give to answers is limited; we can only reply in brief, and on many subjects, of which those mentioned are examples, it would require a long article to give "full and explicit directions." Aquarium tanks can usually be bought at any "natural history" store. The water, whether fresh or salt, must be kept pure and clear. This is usually done by proportioning the animal and vegetable life. Snails are great scavengers, and eat the green slime which so commonly infests aquaria. Do not overstock, that is, attempt to grow too many things; a few in good health are better than many sickly. Keep the water well aerated; if you cannot force air through it, turning portions of the water back and forth will do it. Light must be regulated according to the inhabitants of the aquarium. The plants will also depend upon whether your aquarium is fresh or salt; any aquatic plants may be grown, and some of the coarser plants, such as fresh water yard weeds, Potamogeton, become wonderfully delicate. There are books published upon aquaria, and chapters may be found on this subject in Hibbard's Rustic Adornments, Rand's Flowers for Parlor and Garden. Mrs. Agazzis' Common Objects of the Sea Side, is a valuable book for consultation. In the two volumes first above mentioned you will find many pages on Window Gardening. The Window Garden, published at this office, will give you every possible direction. We cannot give plans for laying out and decorating grounds or yards without we have some idea of scene and location. A volume giving many plans of garden decoration will probably soon be published at this office.

Sweet Peas not Blooming.—My Sweet Peas dry up and give but little bloom. What is the trouble?
H. W. M.

Answer.—Plant your peas as early in spring as possible, even if you have to break through frozen ground to do it. Plant them four inches deep, and do not let the flowers go to seed. Keep the roots moist, and gather the blossoms.

Scale on Ivy, etc.—What is to be done with English Ivies that are troubled with these apparently lifeless scales, that won't leave the plant even after a faithful washing with a stiff brush and water? When the new leaves of a Maranta Zebrina come out with their edges shriveled and dried up, what is the cause? My Wax Plant (Hoya) has been frozen so I have been obliged to cut it down, leaving only the two lower leaves, and the roots protrude above the soil. Ought it to be repotted at present?
ALICE.

Answer.—Scrape off the scale with a fine knife, being careful not to wound the bark of the plant. The Maranta is a tropical plant requiring heat and moisture; you probably have allowed the atmosphere to become too dry. Repot your Wax Plant, but if frozen

it is doubtful whether you save it. All the Wax Plants are natives of hot countries, and will not bear the least frost.

Culture of Cactus.—What treatment do Cacti require to make them bloom? Are they better if root-bound? What soil do they need?
Winchester, N. H. MISS H. S. SOWER.

Answer.—All the Cacti need heat and sun; they are natives of dry plains, and do not require rich soil; all pots should be well drained to allow any superfluous water to pass off. Even when growing, they require but little water. The soil should be sandy loam. They bear being root-bound better than most plants, but we should not advise it, except in the case of some of the large free-growing species, when it might force them to bloom. There are many species, all requiring the same general treatment, but some do not bloom until very large and old.

Calla Lily, etc.—Does it injure a Calla Lily to cut off its leaves and flowers? How can I make a Cactus bloom? What treatment does a Night Blooming Cereus like?
S. R. M.

Answer.—No plant is injured by cutting off the flowers, but cutting the leaves will injure your Calla. If you strip the foliage from a plant it will die sooner or later; a plant breathes through its leaves. See our answer above. Cactus usually blooms in spring or summer. A Cereus requires similar treatment to a Cactus; it is of the same family. It does not bloom until large.

Drainage for Hanging Baskets, etc.—Shall I make holes in the bottom of a tin basin, for drainage, that I wish to use for a hanging basket? Must all earth for flowers have manure mixed with it, and is horse manure good; how deep must a box be for Pansies, Asters, Phlox Drummondii, and Zinnias?
New York. M. S. WANDALL.

Answer.—You need not have holes in the basin, but you must be careful not to give too much water, as it cannot run off, and few plants do well when the roots are sodden in water. All earth for parlor plants should be rich loam; any manure should be well rotted and thoroughly mixed with the soil; horse manure is not suitable unless well decomposed. You can get suitable earth from any florist in New York. A box for the plants you mention should be about a foot deep and fit the window. You must not allow the plants to dry up, and they must have all the sun possible.

Azaleas.—Does an Azalea want much water, and is it hardy? Does it grow from slips?
MARY N. Y. HOLLY.

Answer.—Azaleas need moderate waterings. The soil must be well drained, for if it becomes sour the plant becomes unhealthy. The Indian Azalea, which we suppose yours to be, is not hardy. Azaleas grow freely from cuttings taken off in spring.

Rockery.—Having seen several pieces in the CABINET about rockeries, I have concluded to ask a few questions myself. I have a natural one in my yard, which is formed by four large rocks, the sides of which touch, leaving an irregular, nearly round, space in the centre, about a yard in diameter, and nearly three feet deep. This I have partly filled with rich earth, and intend to plant in it Geraniums, etc. Now I wish to know what plants will suit best; for the

rockery has no trees near it, and consequently gets the full benefit of the sun all day, and in our southern climate that is no light matter. So I shall have to select plants that can stand a great deal of sunlight and heat, and would be glad to learn what to select.

GEORGIA.

Answer.—We fear Geraniums would be burned up; few flowering plants will stand such a heat as would be shed upon them by the refraction from the rocky sides. You could lay out a very pretty garden of succulent plants, such as Echeverias, Cacti, Othonna crassifolia, which would bloom beautifully. House Leeks and Prickly Pears would do well and survive the winter. All these plants are suitable for a rockery.

Spanish Moss.—Mrs. D. Tuttle, Canto, California, offers to send Spanish Moss in exchange for plant of the "old-fashioned red Pæony," or for a Calla Lilly.

Smilax, etc.—Can you tell me what to do with my Smilax? It has stood still, tall and green, all winter. Does Smilax need sun or shade? What shall I do with Chinese Primroses which have done blooming?
Washington, D. C. M. S. HARTMAN.

Answer.—Your Smilax has made its growth and is ready to rest. Dry it off in the pot gradually, and let it rest until autumn; then give water and it will make fresh growth. It will do well both in sun and in shade, but does not like much heat. After blooming, set your Primroses in a shady place out of doors, if all danger of frost is over. Water very moderately during the summer. Pick off all flower-buds; in September repot the plants, and grow in the window as before.

Red Bugs, etc.—What will kill red bugs on Geraniums? Are Geraniums propagated by slips in sand?
KATE.

Answer.—If you mean red spiders, moisture is sure death to them. Sprinkle the foliage, also dust a little flour of sulphur over it. Geraniums are best propagated by cuttings or "slips" in sand.

Echeveria Metallica.—What soil does the round leafed metallic Echeveria need? Does it require much water? Is it a winter-blooming plant, and how is it propagated, by leaves or otherwise? How can I make Mahernia Odorata bloom. I have a fine plant now (January) about a year old, but no sign of bloom.
Cincinnati, O. MRS. S. G. B.

Answer.—The Echeverias need a sandy loam, with good drainage in the pots; they need but little water. E. metallica blooms in winter, but the flower is not beautiful; it is best propagated by seed; the leaves do not root readily, or are plants so obtained as good as seedlings. Mahernias bloom in winter and spring. It is a little early for your plant to show bloom if grown in the window; about the last of February it will probably bud.

Orange Tree.—I have an orange tree three feet high and three years old. Should it be grafted or budded, and at what time?
Haverhill, O. FANNIE DALE.

Answer.—If your orange was raised from seed it will not bloom until very large unless it is budded. This should be done in the spring. You can have it done at almost any greenhouse.

In-Door Gardening.

FLOWER STANDS AND BOXES.

One of the elegant flower-stands or wardian-cases, which are so often advertised, would be an agreeable acquisition; but many ladies, who love and appreciate the beautiful, can with difficulty meet the expense of such a purchase.

Almost any one, by using a little ingenuity, can make a very respectable flower-stand, which will give her greater real pleasure than one far more expensive, for she has planned and made it herself.

Let me tell you how I made mine. It consists of two parts, viz.: a warming-pan and a box for the flowers. Of the former I shall first speak. By means of shave and plane I made the legs of some chestnut logs taken from a pile of wood; when completed they were perfectly square at the top, but soon changed to a round form, tapering gradually toward the base, in which some casters were inserted. I then nailed two boards, nearly two feet long and four inches wide, on the inside of the legs at the top, letting the corner of the leg project one inch beyond the end of the board. This space is for the fastening of the ends. From the desired width of the box, when finished, I subtracted twice the side of the leg, thus obtaining the dimensions of the end pieces, which, like the sides, should be four inches wide and one inch thick to meet the outer corner of the legs.

In this way I made one end. For the other I cut a place one inch deep in the upper side of the side boards, and in these hollows firmly fastened a narrow board of the same length as that used for the first end, thus making this framework even as to itself, and also as to the top of the legs.

I then nailed boards over the upper and the lower side, as one would put the top and bottom on the box, being careful to have them very firm, thus making the cavity within a tight box, which, being beneath the plants, was intended for a pan of hot water to give bottom heat. The top of this "warming-pan" has holes bored quite thickly in order that the steam may more easily penetrate the soil above.

In making the flower-box, I nailed on the end pieces, first having cut a place in the bottom of one for the opening in the "warming-pan." I placed the side boards even with the bottom of the ends, and nailed them firmly to these, the bottom and the legs.

For the end door I fitted a board to the opening of the pan beneath and hung it with a hinge. I now had the plain box in a state of completion, but wishing for some ornamentation, with a knife I cut a design in some thin butternut boards, and overlaid the whole box, letting the scalloped edge fall below the bottom, thus giving it the appearance of carved work. After the door in the end has been covered with this trimming it is scarcely perceivable.

The flower-stand is twenty-two inches wide, eight inches deep, and nearly four feet long. When stained with asphaltum, it was very pretty and satisfactory, and has been much admired.

For soil, I used two parts of leaf mold and rich loam from the woods, one part street scrapings and compost, one peck of pulverized charcoal, one pint each of slacked lime, wood-ashes, and soot, thoroughly mixing the whole. With this I filled the box, first lining it with moss, over which I placed a layer of pounded charcoal.

In the centre I plunged a thrifty Calla; on one side I planted a Rose Geranium, on the other a Coleus, filling the remaining space with China Pinks, Florists' Pinks, Stevia, double variegated Petunia, Begonias, and other small plants. About the edge of the box I set some Gypsophila Muralis, that had seeded itself in the border; I also scattered some seeds of the Linaria Cymbalaria among the other plants. I put Maurandya and Adlumia cirrhosa in the ends. All of these are now growing finely, and bid fair to cover the soil with their delicate green. I plunged my Calla in the pot that its feet might be constantly kept wet without injury to other plants.

Last winter I gave it the same treatment, and it grew exceedingly well, blossoming all through the winter and spring, and even in the summer. One summer I turned the pot on the side, and left it to care for itself, when one day I looked, and lo! there was a fine large blossom; since then I have set it in the ground in the summer that it may gather strength for the coming winter; but it always blossoms just the same. I pot it early in September, using sand, sod and cow manure, each being well rotted, in equal parts. I keep it in the shade for a few days and water sparingly until it gets established, then give it hot water in abundance, but with care, for if it receives too much at a time the roots will become cooked. Press the earth up a little around the stalk that it may not be injured.

On a shelf, next the window, I have some Geraniums in five-inch pots, which were started from slips last spring; they are already in bud. The shelf hangs below the window from screens fastened in the walls.

Last winter I wanted a shelf for small pots placed across the window in such a way that the shade might be dropped between it and the window. After considerable thinking and planning, I sawed out two small brackets with a fret saw, leaving one side of each plain to fit the window-casing. I made the shelf long enough to reach across the window and rest upon the brackets. From the back side of the shelf, between the two brackets, I cut a strip one inch in depth, rounded the corners on the front and nailed the brackets close to the ends of the shelf; sawed out a pretty design to nail on the ends, which gave it a finished appearance. After it was stained and hung upon screws put in the wall, I thought it very pretty, and have since found it quite serviceable.

I have seen advertised a patent portable window garden; but the one I am about to describe is unpatented, so any one can make a similar article. For the bottom a board two feet and six inches long and one foot wide is necessary. The end pieces are twelve and one-half inches long and eight inches wide, and should be carved or sawed in some pretty design; nail these on the ends of the bottom, making the fronts even; but letting them project one-half inch beyond the bottom on the back side. Make the front board, which should also be carved, eight inches wide and long enough to lap by the edge of the ends, to which it should be nailed.

Our box is now finished, with the exception of the back, for which make three small brackets, placing one in the middle and one at each end; the brace of each bracket should be eight inches in width at the top.

This box should also be stained with asphaltum and hung by the brackets against the wall under the window. Either pots or a plain box of nearly the same size may be set within. It will contain quite a number of plants.

We have various devices for hanging-baskets; but the prettiest I have made is of pine boards in the form of a hexagon larger at the top than at the bottom. I nailed small silk spools, split in halves, on the corners in a vertical row, thus making them look as if turned out. On the sides and bottom I nailed deep thread spools, with some larger silk spools; then stained, varnished, and put screws in near the top for the cords. If the basket is large, three at equal distances will be necessary; if small, two are sufficient. Cords may be made of twine and covered with old dress braid which can be put to no other use.

C. J. A.

WINDOW GARDENS VERSUS CURTAINS.

I have four window gardens, and, seen as they are, are lovely. I will describe one of them. It is a large bay-window, situated on the "sunny side," filled with plants delighting to bask in full sunshine, and as a matter of course there is an abundance of bloom. In the top casing six bird cage hooks are inserted, from which suspend as many pots of trailers, some of which nearly trail on the floor. These hooks carry the plants so far from the glass, there is no danger to be apprehended from frost. One of these plants, a Lobster Cactus, has just delighted our vision with fifty beautiful carmine and white blossoms.

Half way down the window I have a shelf all the way round for the accommodation of more stately and aspiring plants, that are always getting mixed up with "things above;" in the same pots are trailers also, so thickly matted as to make them invisible, thereby rendering covers of cloth or pasteboard unnecessary, an article I have always looked upon as a nuisance when there were a hundred or more pots of plants to be sprinkled every two or three days.

At the bottom I have two window boxes, one at the right, the other at the left, filled with vines, trailers, and vining plants, that need supports; for these I make trellises of different styles. Here, again, my trailers serve as ornaments, for I can find no glue that will secure cones and other ornaments for any length of time, and leather work curls up in a little while, giving the appearance of rags hung along the boxes, but trailers are all right always.

The vines soon after commencing to grow, discover they have been "sent on a mission," for, awaiting their pleasure, are cords arranged, simulating drapery curtains, looped back over flower pot holders, each holding a pot of plants.

The groundwork and flowers of this curtain are all to be woven by the graceful interlacing of four twining vines, but their zeal from the first shows that the task will soon be accomplished, and ample time remaining for a circuit of the room, besides stopping to drape each picture they come in contact with. Cobea scandens is a rapidly growing vine and profuse bloomer, but I think it a rather coarse plant for house culture; at least I prefer finer ones.

The tassel at the top is a goblet with the stem broken off, set in a basket made of beads strung on twine, finished with a tassel of beads. The goblet is filled with water, and a bunch of Lobelia blossoms inserted, which are expected to grow and bloom all winter.

In front of the middle sash stands a rustic vase containing a large Cactus, with vines and trailers wreathed together so closely as to conceal its originality.

At the left of the vase is an Oleander which blossoms during a greater part of the year; at the right an Abutilon always in bloom.

MIN.

Floral Hints.

CULTURE OF HOUSE-PLANTS.

Thinking a few practical remarks on the culture of house-plants may interest some readers of the CABINET, I will give a little of my experience. I could have fine thrifty plants, but not enough flowers in winter to suit me; so I have been studying and laboring until I have at last a prospect of success, even against adverse circumstances; the worst being a limited amount of "the root of all evil," as I belong to that class of whom a florist speaks as having "fine taste and little money." And it is for the benefit of such persons I write, as I think it is the aim of the CABINET to instruct those who, like myself, have a love of all things beautiful, without opportunities of enjoyment.

I have only had five years' experience with house-plants, and, after reading this, no one need be afraid to try it.

My home is in a small village on a high, bleak prairie, without shelter from north winds, and a fearfully cold climate. Our house is a frame, plastered, a mere shell, and my sitting-room is very small, thirteen by fourteen, heated by an air-tight stove; a carpet on the floor, and lighted by one south window, three by six feet, and a glass door north; and I do all my own housework, and have very poor health.

Now, could any circumstances be more "adverse," unless—ah, yes, unless—I had no south window, and no post-office, and no "John" to help me. So the "moral of this mournful tale" is, no conditions are so bad but might be worse. A true love of flowers will overcome all obstacles, and the labor they exact soon becomes a pleasure.

A few plants, neatly arranged, imparts an air of refinement to a room nothing else can. And the conditions they require are beneficial to our own health. Plants need cleanliness, pure, moist air, and sunshine, and these are necessary to the enjoyment of vigorous health of human beings. Science teaches that plants during the day absorb carbonic acid gas, the poisonous principle of the air, and give out oxygen, the vital principle of life, and it is easy to understand that a few plants, not to produce too much moisture, would keep the air of a room pure, and therefore be useful in a sanitary point of view.

Now about my plants. First, I had them on a table in front of the window, but they did not do well; some were shaded by others from the sun, though a few would bloom. Nothing is so capable of artistic effects, in arrangement, as plants, so I set my wits to work to improve their surroundings; to evolve something out of nothing, as Darwin and Huxley teach. I took an old kitchen table, had the legs sawed off till it stood fifteen inches from the floor, even with the window-sill; the top was sawed off within two inches of the frame all round, leaving it three feet long and two wide. Inside of the frame was placed a sheet-iron pan two feet and two inches long and eighteen inches wide, to hold hot water, a small spout at the corner to draw it out, pan fastened in with boards nailed underneath. Around the top was nailed edgewise boards five inches wide, nicely carved on top edge. Then under this, on both ends and front side against the frame, were nailed small carved brackets five inches apart, giving a nice finish. Small holes were made all over the top with an awl to let steam up round the plants; a large one in one corner to put in water; the whole then stained a walnut color and given two coats

of varnish, and behold! a window-garden that would cost \$10, at least, at stores.

An old table, a few boards of dry-goods box, with the aid of "John's" skill in carving, transformed into "a thing of beauty," and a joy for the present. But apart from its beauty, its utility is of more importance. The side-boards protect pots from cold air of the floor, and the hot water gives bottom heat needed to make plants bloom in winter, and the steam supplies warm moist air for tops, and counteracts the dry heat of the room. I also keep a pan of water on the stove.

Along the window, under the table, I put bright oilcloth two yards long and over a yard wide, so I can sprinkle tops without soiling the carpet. My husband gave me two pairs of window brackets, holding six pots, and on these, fastened to frame on upper part of window, and two small wooden ones for lower down, I put my vines and drooping plants, and with hanging basket of Smilax for centre of top, and my beautiful window-garden of blooming plants for lower part, I have a lovely window.

Now, unfortunately, in this climate these plants would not last long at a window in a frame house, with the fire gone out on a piercing cold night. This, too, I have provided for. A large wardrobe for hanging clothes, standing a few feet from the window, has been fixed to hold them nights. I first pasted paper all over inside, and tacked newspaper over that, six or eight thicknesses, and on inside of doors and outside of back, which is drawn a few inches from the cold wall, and filled the bottom a foot or more with old papers, or folded clothes, to keep out the cold from the floor, making it frost-proof even if the fire goes entirely out. It was then filled with shelves to hold pots, which does not hurt it, as they are made and set in and easily taken out in spring, but I let the lining stay. Ladies may object that this is too much trouble, but ten minutes will suffice to put in at night, and same to take out; and before taking out in the morning, I can open all the doors while sweeping and dusting, and this ought always to be done for the sake of our lungs, while the room gets a good airing and cleansing, which could not be done if plants were exposed to frosty air, besides saving time it would take to wash or clean them after dust of carpet sweeping. And then the pleasure of arranging plants around the window each day with new and charming effect. This plan, too, saves the trouble and expense of keeping fire all night, and the dread lest plants be frozen, and keeps one from getting too many, the great error of amateurs.

A few plants well cultivated are a delight, but too many makes a toil of a pleasure. Keep no plants that will not bloom in winter; it does not pay to keep them all winter in the house for next summer's bloom, unless they bloom in winter too. Most all winter plants make good bedders, and the old roots will make a gorgeous bed all summer.

To have flowers in winter, I start cutting early in spring, or even winter, and give good cultivation all summer, keeping all buds pinched off till September, and by winter the roots are strong and well established, the main thing.

Give final potting in September, in pots one size larger than taken from. Almost all plants bloom better in small pots that confine the roots, except a few, like the Fuchsia, which must not be pot-bound. The hardest lesson to learn is how to water, not to give too much or too little. This can only be learned by experience, and studying the habits of plants. However, it is safer in winter to give too little than

too much; no plant will do well if the roots are kept in a wet, soggy soil very long. The general condition of soil should be merely moist. If barely enough water is given to wet the soil through, the roots soon absorb it, and again need water, thus keeping them active and healthy.

I use no sanseers, and rarely have water run out of pots, and this saves strength of soil from being washed. I have tried to make this plain, as it is important. Warm water is best in winter, and tepid water for sprinkling.

I use no stimulant, unless a plant is pot-bound, or soil poor. Then I use liquid hen manure, very weak, and give once a week or so. Some plants, like Geraniums, will not bear it. For them I use common garden soil with one-fourth sand, as they bloom better in poor soil; for Roses a heavier soil, well rotted stable manure, and garden soil with a little sand. I go to the woods every year and get a supply of leaf-mold. This is light and porous; never packs or gets heavy, enabling roots to run easily, and air and sunshine to enter, and is splendid for Coleus and Begonias, and all vines and plants wanted to make luxuriant leaf-growth; but is too rich for blooming plants; and should be mixed with garden soil and sand.

Washing and sprinkling is my remedy for all ills of plant life; have no red spider and very few green lice, which keep from getting a start, and the scale insect, too.

I paste paper over cracks of window to keep out cold air, but keep a door open a little all day if not too cold, and where the air cannot strike plants till warmed; this, too, is good for ourselves.

I use water sparingly on the Calla, the books to the contrary, and think it blooms better than with such enormous leaves, if the roots are strong and well confined. I bought two Calla bulbs three years ago, and planted them in a box holding two gallons, the last of November, and gave plenty water all winter, and such large leaves they had in spring, but they did not bloom till July, and staid in same box, till, in October, they were frozen, every leaf killed. Thinking the roots dead, I gave no care for two months, when a leaf peeped up. Then the box was brought in the sitting-room, and watered a little once in a while; this was about Christmas, and the second week in January two large buds started up and kept ahead of leaves all winter, each bulb giving three large flowers by April, with very small leaves, and the roots had filled the box, and were pushing the soil over the top. That gave me the key to the best way to make it bloom. In spring, after the leaves die down, I repot in rich soil, set on north porch, watering a little all summer, enough to keep roots growing without top growth; by winter the pot is full of roots, and the plant ready to bloom.

Shade is recommended for Begonias, but one I had on a bracket last winter, in full exposure to sunshine, bloomed better than others in shade. It was Hybrid Multiflora, and its waxy scarlet flowers are splendid. The Geraniums, though old-fashioned, are among the very best winter-bloomers, very healthy, and never troubled with insects, and if right varieties are obtained, and small pots used, will bloom all the winter.

I have General Grant, rich scarlet, Jean Sisley, and Master Christine, all good for winter, and a white with scarlet eye, that beats all to bloom; and my beautiful Roses, more trouble than all the others, and more loved; one flower will repay for all care taken for them.

MRS. B. B. N.

The Home Circle.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS, AND GOSSIP ABOUT HOME AFFAIRS.

China Painting.—Mary and Addie B.—You will find china painting a most captivating recreation! indeed, sufficient cannot be said in its praise, and it is our ardent desire that every girl in the land should be on the alert to make herself acquainted with all such artistic work. Surely, you may succeed; why not? You have hands, deft fingers, good sense, and we verily believe, would not put a green ribbon on your hair, and a red one below on your breast, and you testify from your dainty note-paper that you possess an innate sense of the delicately beautiful. Oh, yes; you will learn to paint. One will aid the other, too, as there is a pair of you. In commencing painting on china there is one advantage that a very tyro possesses; there is no need of carefully graded shades, extreme accuracy as regards perspective, or strict regard for precision in form, truthful copying, or delicate strokes.

Examine the celebrated relics of ancient times, and you will find that though the ceramic art was perfect as a whole, it does not appear so if judged by the standard of excellence exacted for delicate painting on paper, velvet, or other such material; and even in the French schools, where the lovely Rose du Barry and Pelissy china show exquisite touches, and the most charming combinations of form, if closely examined, though the general effect is perfection, the outlines sharply defined, the colors finely balanced, the forms graceful, yet the manipulation is not of the pre-Raphaelite order by any means. In an article such as this, it is not possible to give you clear directions on this subject, but we hope the day will come when we shall feel able to do it justice, for several articles on the subject, published in one of our leading art papers, has brought us so many letters on the subject, that we believe this charming art-work is awakening our beauty-loving people to a sense of what may be done in this line, for no other offers so wide a scope for beautiful household elegancies in form of dinner, tea, breakfast, and dessert sets, plaques, tiles, jardiniere, slabs, etc.

Laundry Work.—Mrs. A. W. M.—We know well the perplexity young housekeepers have concerning the simple and homely duties of their new avocations, especially when, as in your case, they are obliged to perform them with their own hands. The very first piece of advice "Aunt Carrie" offers you is, save yourself in every possible way; because you of necessity perform your own household labor, and are nurse to your two little ones, is no reason for your becoming a mere "drudge," for in this day, and with a house such as the cottage you describe, you may so arrange your duties that each day you will secure an hour or two, at least, for reading and the musical practice in which you so delight. But we will at once answer the questions you ask.

1st. As regards the laundry question. We at one time were so situated for several months, during the dreadful "war epoch," and while residing in one of the slave states, that we were obliged to attend to our own washing, household work, four little children, and to assist daily in the hospitals; so we can give you a "leaf from the book of real experience." We would advise you to wash on Tuesday, when obliged to do it yourself, for the reason that Monday invariably brings so many extra duties. There are numerous things to be picked up, and the house to be adjusted, the larder has grown low and must be replenished, and above all, there are preparations to be made for the wash which will materially aid you. First collect all the clothing, and, sorting them into three separate groups, fine, medium, and coarse white clothing, put them loosely into large thin muslin bags; we use two thin flour-sacks opened and sewed together, with a string at the top. We then place the wash-boiler on the back of the stove, and in it put soft water and the following washing-fluid, using one teacupful to eight gallons of water: 1 lb. sal soda, 1 do. borax, ½ do. chloride of lime, boiled in 6 gallons of water. When cold add half a pound of salts of tartar, which acts upon any grease, paint, etc., and dissolves them.

It is the ingredient which produces the lather in hair washes, making a saponaceous compound. Heat the water in the boiler and stir in the fluid; place one or two of the sacks of clothes in a tub and well cover with the water; if the wash is not large, the entire lot may be put into the tub, but it is better to make a little more prepared water and place the coarse clothes, towels, etc., in a separate tub. Brown towels, and any very dirty pieces, we put into the boiler; make the water rather stronger, and add a cupful of soft soap, allowing them to remain on the back edge of stove or range all day.

One tablespoonful of fluid to about two gallons of water is a good proportion. The following morning make a boiler of water quite hot, stir into it sufficient shaved soap to make a thick lather, and pour it over the fine pieces, first turning them out into a tub; take your clothes-stick, and, lifting them up and down in the water, let the suds act well upon every part; next pass them through a washing-machine, of which there are several good ones; we have used a "Doty" for years, and with great satisfaction, though many have these same lying idle in their cellars or garrets. When examined after this you will find most of the articles ready for the rinse tub, and beautifully white, but should any streaks or spots appear, rub a little soap on them, add one tablespoonful of your fluid to two gallons of water, and boil them for a little time. Then rinse through two waters, each slightly blue, putting the wringer on the washing-machine and then on each tub in succession. Two light-blue waters are better than one clear and one heavy blue one. For many years we have made our own "blueing," using one-fourth pound of Prussian-blue and two ounces of oxalic acid; add sufficient boiling water to dissolve the acid; then mix the blue smoothly in and gradually add a half gallon of soft water; this will make a large quantity, but it is easier to make it once for a length of time, as it requires no more trouble. It is best to obtain a sheet of "filtering paper" from your druggist, and, folding it round the inside of a funnel suspended in a pitcher or jar, allow the fluid to slowly percolate through, thus retaining all the sediment. While rinsing allow your starch to be boiling, in readiness for those articles requiring it, for it is much the best way to finish the bag of fine articles first, before commencing the second, as thus they may be dried before the colored clothes are ready for the line.

Keep a bar of pure white soap purposely for your starch, for by shaving off a teaspoonful and making a thin lather, with a quart of water, for your starch you will have no trouble with "sticking-irons."

STARCH.

Mix three tablespoonfuls of dry "Laundry Starch," to a cream, with sufficient cold water, then stir it quickly into the boiling soapsuds, and allow it to boil five minutes, when stir into it a piece of spermaceti, or "star-candle," and one teaspoonful of fine white mucilage of gum arabic, made by putting two ounces of best gum-arabic in a half-pint bottle of cold water. It will require several days to dissolve. Bring to a boil, then at once remove. Dip shirt-bosoms, collars and cuffs, the right sides together, then rub the starch well into them, and, passing them through a loose "wringer," stretch and clap them, then place in the basket on a towel. Starch your vests in the same manner, passing the backs first through the wringer.

If you have laces do not rub them, but after starching and wringing, place them between two sheets, folding each piece smoothly, and with a clean new broom, wrapped in a pillow, towel, or encased in a pillow-slip, gently pound in all over for about ten minutes; this will make curtains quite clear and impart the transparent lightness of new lace. Rich thread laces, dip in starch boiled in clear coffee, mixing it also in the same, cold. When ready to hang out the clothes, have an apron with a pocket across the front for holding the clothes-pins and a pair of white mittens, made with a thumb and finger. Every lady should care for her hands, not only on account of her sewing, but also because a smooth soft hand is pleasant both to sight and feeling!

Hang all pieces carefully, for it gives much trouble to have them dry in crooked, gnarled knots, especially those stiffly starched. Having scalded the last bagful of clothes, and passed them through machine and wringer, you will be ready to attack the colored arti-

cles, which saturate one at a time in any clear suds you may have, that is barely lukewarm. This for any common pieces, but for your children's pretty piques, muslins, and Marseilles suits, dissolve a half pound bar of fine washing soap in a gallon of water, making it boiling hot; then stir the thick suds into a half tubful of cold water, and add half a pint of ox-gall; wash each piece carefully by lifting it up and down and pressing it well in the water with a smooth maul, kept for the purpose; then do the same in the two rinse waters, passing each piece, smoothly folded, through the wringer; this done several times from the suds-water, will aid materially in extracting the dirt without much manual labor. Starch heavy fabrics with thin starch, but muslins, lawns, etc., with that about as thick as cream. Dry by hanging dresses between two lines placed about five feet apart, pinning one-half the bottom of the skirt to one line, the neck and sleeves to the other.

Wash navy-blue, black, dark brown or myrtle green dresses, in water in which a handful or two of bran has been boiled, straining it through a bag, then grate a half dozen potatoes previously pared, into a half tubful of warm, not hot, water; add a tablespoonful of aqua ammonia, and wash them through this; rinse in very deep blue-water, in which three or four potatoes have been grated, and wring carefully; use no starch, but dry as directed. For ceru, boil hay in soft water, adding bran, and rinsing in cold clear water. Wash your flannels in cold suds, then rinse in two cool blue-waters and well shake them. If very dirty, add a teaspoonful of powdered borax to a little tub of water, about three gallons.

For blankets, put two large tablespoonfuls of borax into a half tubful of soft water, then stir in a bar of nice washing soap dissolved in boiling water, and add a cupful of the washing fluid; stir all well together, then lay in your blankets, and, lifting them up and down a few times, cover the tub closely and leave for twelve hours. In the morning stir and press them with your clothes-maul, and when all the dirt is extracted, rinse through two blue-waters, passing each one through the "wringer" after each process. Shake thoroughly, or pin on the line and whip gently with a supple switch. As the water runs to the bottom edge, squeeze it down between the hands. Never wring by twisting, but invariably use a wringer, folding each one straight.

FOLDING DOWN AND IRONING.

Always fold your clothes down several hours before ironing them, using an atomizer, or a little whisk-broom, and clean water, stretching and smoothing out each piece; the tablecloths require careful folding. For shirts, bosoms, collars, cuffs, and vests, dip in cold starch, mixed quite smooth in soapsuds, until like milk. The general trouble is, persons use cold starch too thick. Use a board eight inches wide and eighteen long, neatly covered with two or three thicknesses of flannel, then with a muslin cover, tied smoothly over, and frequently washed. The underside should have merely a cover of Canton flannel pasted smoothly over, and when dry covered with a piece of heavy muslin also pasted, and while damp ironed until dry and smooth; this hard side is for polishing the bosoms, first stretched and held smoothly over; while the soft padded side will be found admirable for embroidered collars and cuffs, Vandyke ruffles, Marseilles vests, etc. A patent shirt-board now sold, is the very best thing we have ever used for this purpose. Iron the bosom of your shirts the last. Have a board for skirts one foot wide at top and two at the bottom, five feet long, and covered with an old doubled blanket, then a muslin cover furnished with strings.

For gentlemen's pants a narrow board of the same kind. After ironing quite dry, fold each leg up the front to the knee, then press the upper part crosswise, without any fold, wrapping up the seams. Tablecloths should be but slightly starched, and folded lengthwise, after ironing quite dry on the right side, first down the middle, then putting each selvage edge to the centre, pressing them down on the right side; next placing the two double parts, thus folded, together, and then doubling the other way in the same manner. Use a kerosene stove for ironing by all means. You have no idea of the real comfort there is in one of these little conveniences.

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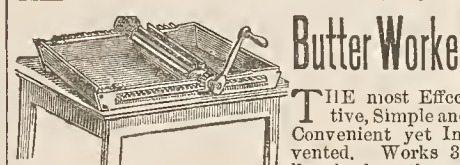
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NEW YORK, FEBRUARY, 1878.

MY CHEAP GREENHOUSE AND FLOWERS.

Last year my collection of plants became too large to be kept during the winter, as had been their previous misfortune, in my room. It was a great problem with me what to do with them. True, we had a cellar in which Geraniums, etc., had been preserved, minus their leaves, but there was no room for so many even if their beautiful foliage could be retained. A pit was thought of, but decided to be impracticable in my case.

It was desirable that the receptacle, whatever it might be, should give ample space for the full enjoyment of its treasures. Greenbacks were none too plentiful, and the cost was an item to be gravely considered. A greenhouse or conservatory was out of the question.

After pondering the subject, I concluded to get "Uncle Lewis," a Jack-of-all-trades, and neighbor of ours, to build me a *log house*. I found him at leisure, and quite at my service. Armed with an axe, he went to the woods and soon cut pine poles enough to build a log cabin 12x12. The place selected for it was at the south of the kitchen, which would be a protection against the north winds. The logs all put up, the first ones on the ground, the flat roof given the proper inclination, it was thickly covered with pine poles, over which were layers of straw and earth to the thickness of two feet, and the whole closely covered with slabs. An eighteen-light window was carefully fitted in on the south side, a narrow door on the sheltered north side, and a daubing of mud inside and outside rendered it almost as warm as a stove. Shelves were placed around three sides and a stage in front of the window, when my beauties were committed to its protecting care, and there has been no reason to regret it.

Our more fortunate friends who have conservatories and bay-windows, will naturally shrink from the thought of their pets having such surroundings, but it is not for them this is written, but for those, who, like

myself, must have their plants preserved, and with as little expense as possible. For the benefit of such the entire cost is given, \$7.40.

The temperature was at all times uniform, and during our coldest weather it was the pleasantest place on the premises. My plants were not checked at all in their growth, but continued to throw out shoots and in many instances flowers during the whole winter. Two Geraniums, a white and a salmon, bloomed from the first of December until late in the spring, when I compelled them to rest. A Calla behaved admirably in a small box filled with wood mould; it grew to quite a commanding height, and bloomed prettily in April. I am trying now to coax it into bloom. Good soil, cleanliness, and copious supplies of water will satisfy all its wants.

An especial favorite of mine is the ever-blooming Oxalis, and we do not properly appreciate it until the frost-king has extended his icy sceptre over the vegetable kingdom, and rendered the prospect without so dreary that we welcome every hint of summer; then its tender green leaves and bright, cheerful-looking flowers gladden our hearts. They are not at all fastidious; give them plenty of room and they will not require an analysis of the soil, but will reward you by myriads of flowers.

A dwarf Cape Jasmine, which is decidedly a Tom Thumb, not more than six inches high now, seemed determined to bloom last spring, but thinking it would weaken the plant, I pinched the buds off. It is again full of buds, and now it shall have its own sweet way. I have heard of so many complaints of the difficulty in rooting Cape Jasmines, that I will give my plan and its success. Plant the fully expanded flower with the leaves surrounding it, turn a glass over it, water sparingly, and it will seldom fail to root readily; it should not, however, be transplanted in several months.

Last spring I made a capacious hanging-basket of large wire, much to the detriment of my hauds, and after lining it with moss, filled it with rich soil and



DESIGN FOR A LITTLE ROCKERY AND TRELLIS FOR VINES.

well rotted leaf mould, then planted Tradescantia, Moneywort, Scarlet Verbena, and a few seeds of Convolvulus to twine around the wires suspending it, and in a short time it was the admiration of every visitor,

and a source of delight to us at home. The Tradescantia grew like "Jack's bean stalk," only in a contrary direction, for it trailed on the floor for weeks before it was removed to winter quarters.

The grotesque Cactus is a subject of daily increasing interest. When their cultivation was first commenced, like most amateurs, I used just such soil as Geraniums delight in, and consequently was much disappointed in their growth, which in some species is marvellously rapid and in others provokingly slow. A few failures taught me my error, and now I find one-half good soil and one-half bricks broken up and mixed with white sand, epicurean food for them.

L. E. F.

**PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.
GRAND OFFERS IN SEEDS.**

Our offer of Flower and Garden Seeds is good to any one. Send us the \$3 and certificate, and you will get not only \$3 worth of seeds, but also any \$1.50 Book we publish or any three Books worth 50 cts. each, or THE LADIES' FLORAL CABINET free one year. Any one who is now a subscriber of THE FLORAL CABINET, who will get three friends to each order \$1 worth of Seeds, and thus make up a club of \$3, we will give to them any \$1.50 Book we issue, or any three 50 ct. Books, or a club of three may each have for the \$3 not only \$1 worth of seed each, but in addition each can have any 50 cent Book we publish. Remember, these are seeds only, and do not include plants, or implements, or tools. Likewise we give with the Seeds Books only as Premiums, and nothing else, except THE FLORAL CABINET. By telling of this to your friends, you will see what a splendid opportunity it is. See January number for advertisement and certificates.

Award of Prizes.—The Prizes offered for Pretty Windows last fall, has now been decided as follows;

- PRETTIEST WINDOW GARDEN.**
1st Prize: To Mrs. Clara F. Sweetser, Peabody, Mass.
2d " Mrs. T. C. Hayden, Sun Prairie, Wis.
3d " Mrs. W. A. McAllister, Goshen Ind.
4th " Mrs. M. J. Giddings, Weston, Mass.
5th " A. H. Mundt, Fairburg, Ill.

- PRETTIEST FLORAL DECORATIONS.**
1st. Mrs. E. L. Freeman, E. Orleans, Mass.
2d. Mrs. Mary P. Guild, Lynn, Mass.
3d. Pauline Alexander, Quincy, Ill.

The Engravings for these are now being made, and we will begin to publish some in each number, beginning with March.

Covers.—The Cover to FLORAL CABINET is much liked. It will be used occasionally when we are most crowded with business, but it is not intended to be used with each issue.

New Plate of Flowers.—Any subscribers for this year who have paid for the CABINET without Frontispiece, and who may desire to obtain it, will please remit 15 cents, as it must now be sent separately from the paper, and postage prepaid at higher rates. Trial subscribers can obtain it also by remitting this price.

It is so handsome a Plate of Flowers, that we predict every one will want it, and it only needs to be seen to be thoroughly enjoyed. Every one who loves flowers should have "Treasures of Garden and Woodland." It is one of the prettiest colored plates of flowers ever seen.

Prize Recipes.—The Recipes which were sent in last year were submitted to a lady who is familiar with all the Cook Books in the United States and England, and her unbiased judgment sent to us was this "I never saw such a splendid collection of Receipts. It is the finest ever published. They are the rich cream of the very best this country has ever seen." Our readers will thus see why we continue to publish them, because they are so superior and contributed by the very best housekeepers in the United States. We shall soon issue them in book form, and make it the Model Cook Book of the country.

COMPLIMENTARY.

THE LADIES' FLORAL CABINET, with its "Treasures of Garden and Woodland" for 1878, is as lovely as the day that ushers it in, and the whole artistic picture, from its background to the tiniest stem and tendril, is in our eye faultless; every flower, bud, and leaf, perfectly drawn and painted and arranged, full, and yet a little fly is not forgotten, for there it is, lightly lit on a delicate flower. Thank you, thank you for this "thing of beauty." It is a joy. With admiration, gratefully yours,
Baltimore, Md. Mrs. M. M. WELBY.

I must tell you a little compliment. The gentleman to whom I carried my CABINETS for binding, said when I called for them, "I never saw so handsome a book as they make: I carried them home for my wife to look at."
Mrs. ANNABEL C. ANDREWS.

THE CABINET ranks higher, in my estimation, as a family paper than any that has come under my observation. Housekeepers can not find time to read long at a time, and when tired of the routine of every-day life, her spirits are buoyed up on taking the CABINET and finding this and that little item which enables her to give this bedroom the finishing touch, or the very receipt she wishes to fix a savory dish for him who will come in tired and hungry. How well repaid she feels as praise by looks or word is bestowed for her trouble (which is pleasure to her) since it pleases her better half.

A. E. WITHERS.

THE CABINET is a perfect treasure. I would sooner do without my Sunday shoes than to go without my lovely FLORAL CABINET.
Estes Park, Colorado. Mrs. M. M. S.

I consider the CABINET the most beautiful ladies' paper in the world.
Mrs. FANNIE E. HALE.

Seabeck, W. T.

THE CABINET is most emphatically one of those articles which every woman wants her very own, and a borrowed number is never quite so interesting. I begin to feel impatient to see a fresh, sweet CABINET filled to overflowing with beautiful things. But the English language has been exhausted by your many admirers to express their admiration of your paper.
Mrs. S. M. HUFF.

Wytheville, Va.

I am so much pleased with the music in the January number of FLORAL CABINET, that I cannot refrain from expressing my appreciation. You have given us many, many heart-stirring pieces, but the last affords to me a satisfaction fully equal to the price of the CABINET.
A. W.

The Frontispiece, "Treasures," is exceedingly beautiful. These Floral Memories have a fascinating fragrance of the right sort—an aroma æsthetic.

THE BIBLE AND THE FLOWERS.

On a fine summer day, an unexpected shower drove two or three little parties into a cottage for temporary shelter. A Bible and a bouquet of flowers lay upon the table. A shrewd looking man, one of the company, approached the table. He was an infidel. He opened the Bible, then closed it again with a smile that was mingled with derision. He took up the bouquet.

"This suits me best," said he, with an exultant air, for it has no mystery; I can understand it. Its colors are fair and its scent delightful."

Saying this, he pulled a flower from the bouquet and stuck it in his bosom. A pause succeeded; but it was soon broken by an old gentleman whose meek and mercy-loving face was grateful to look upon, and whose gray hair entitled him to respect. He had heard the observation of the infidel, and felt anxious to counteract its influence. Advancing to the table he took up the bouquet.

"How beautiful in His gifts," said he, "is the Father of mercies! How delicately formed are these beautiful flowers! how rich are their varied tints, and how sweet is the fragrance they exhale! But shall we forego the joy of inhaling their fragrance, and the delight of gazing upon their beauty because we can not explain the hidden mysteries of their existence? We know not how the dry, husky, unsightly seed when set in the ground, could start up in such glorious forms; we can not tell how it is that from the same soil such different stems should spring, and on the

same flower such varied tints appear; nor know we why some of the fairest and sweetest of flowers should be thickly pointed with thorns. These things are mysteries; but if we wait till we can comprehend them, the flowers will fade away for their life is short.

ing over them, and the greater part which is quite plain, and overlook the manifold mercies it proffers for our acceptance? Let us leave, then, all mysteries both of nature and growth, till it shall please God to unravel them to our understanding; and in the meantime, let us, while rejoicing that God's works and word both show that he is 'the wonderful,' gratefully place the glowing beauties of the bouquet in our bosoms, and the gracious consolations of the Bible in our hearts."

A WOMAN'S DEFENCE OF DRESS.—For myself, I should be thankful to return to the habits of our grandmothers—buy a bonnet which would do to wear ten years; have three dresses, two for every day and one "nice," and wear them year after year till they wear out, without alteration; also twist up my hair in the plain wad at the back of my head. I should then have more time for reading and study, and more money to spend in books, and traveling, to say nothing of the unlimited time and money for doing good. And I know of very many women who would be only too happy to throw aside the wearisome shackles of fashion. But what would be the result? With the maiden, no more beaux; with the wife, a cessation of

devotion on the part of her husband. I have myself been to parties and economically clad, and I was despised and rejected of men; again I have been more expensively attired, and I had more beaux than I knew what to do with.



SPEAK!

And why should we not?" continued he, putting down the bouquet and taking up the Bible, "why should we not use the word of God in the same way? Mysteries it has, which its Almighty Author alone can explain. But shall we waste our short lives in brood-

Household Art.

TABLE COVERS AND SHELVES.

So much has been written on the subjects of furnishing, home decoration, and home-made ornaments, that it seems almost impossible to write anything new. But in *my* sitting-room I have some things which I have never seen anywhere else, and which I am vain enough to think very pretty.

First, then, I will describe my table-cover. It is of fine gray ladies' cloth, one and a half yards square. After hemming nearly all around, I decorated it in the manner following: With a piece of chalk I drew the outline of a vine running all around the cloth, about two inches from the edge. Then I cut, from dark green cloth, a large number of ivy leaves. I took different sizes of real English Ivy leaves for patterns, so my imitation ones looked very natural. These I placed at unequal distances apart, along each side of the vine I had marked; a large cluster in each corner, and a simple spray running around the cloth. I tacked them all on first, then fastened each leaf down by buttonhole stitching it around the edge with zephyr the same shade as the leaves. This was much more quickly done than one would suppose, for I did not take the stitches very close together. Then I worked the vine with dark brown Berlin wool, simple over and over stitches, and the effect is really pretty.

My room is heated by an old-fashioned double box stove, set in the partition so as to heat two rooms; consequently, the high, narrow mantel-piece was anything but a "thing of beauty." I improved its appearance very much by tacking on a strip of cloth—like my table cover—about six inches in width, cut in deep scallops on the lower edge, and each scallop decorated with a little cluster of ivy leaves, such as I described above. The upper edge quite straight, and the tacks covered by a thick cord of gray and green. Looking up at this mantel-piece and the beautiful bouquets of grasses and everlastings thereon, I am reminded to inform all interested persons that if they wish a graceful bouquet for winter decoration, the grasses, after being carefully arranged, must be placed in a vase or jar and put in a dark cloth to dry. This is a great improvement on the common way of tying the grass in bunches and hanging up to dry, for by placing them in a jar the stems droop naturally, and the other way they dry nearly or quite straight.

My book-shelves are decorated with autumn leaves. Now don't say you know all about autumn leaves, for I don't believe you ever saw any arranged just as mine are. If you would like to try my way, I will tell you how I went to work. In the early fall I gathered a great number of beautiful leaves; brown and yellow mottled ones from the elms, delicate wood-colored ones from the sturdy beeches, many-shaded crimson and gold from the maples—some beauties, too, with green centres and crimson borders—bright little strawberry leaves, and others too numerous to mention. These were put to dry between layers of newspapers, a heavy weight on top, and remained thus for some weeks.

The book-shelves are the common corner shape, four in number. Instead of being fastened together with cords, they have narrow strips of pine at each corner, to which the shelves are screwed. Across each shelf is a strip of pine about four inches wide in the middle, and tapering down to two inches at the ends, fastened on with small screws. These strips are what I decorated with leaves. Laying each leaf up-

side down on old newspapers, I brushed over the under side with very thin glue, then laying it on the strip prepared therefor, pressed it carefully in place. I began by taking some of the small strawberry-leaves for the end, then some beautiful yellow maple—you know all sizes can be found, and I had many tiny ones—then dusky brambles, and so on, gradually using larger toward the centre of the shelf, where there is a beautiful cluster of elm, beech, and maple, some partially covering others, and all looking perfect. I think that is the only word I can use to describe them. When all were finished, the shelves were placed in a cool room to dry, and were afterwards given two coats of varnish.

The shelves were such a success, that I soon had some cornices for my windows arranged in the same way, only the strips of wood were under, and I used larger leaves; the effect, over the plain white muslin curtains, is decidedly brilliant.

In one corner of my room I have a shelf, which, to me, is prettier than many a costly bracket. It is about thirteen inches wide in the middle, and is of plain wood, unpainted and unvarnished. Across the front is fastened a strip of pasteboard even with the shelf on its upper edge, and reaching about five inches below to cover the unsightly pieces of wood which are fastened to the wall for the shelf to rest on. This pasteboard I covered with the beautiful gray lichen, found in such quantities on rocks in old pastures. Then a good-sized flower pot was set in the centre of the shelf containing a splendid Maiden-hair Fern. The soil was such as Ferns delight in; leaf mold from their native woods, mixed with a little sand, and plenty of charcoal in the bottom of the pot. On each side of this centre piece I placed a small pot of German Ivy. I fastened one end of a long piece of hoop skirt wire to the outside of one pot of Ivy, then bent the other end down and fastened it to the outside of the other pot for an arch over the Fern. To cover up the flower pots. I arranged a small fortification the whole length of the shelf, consisting of sheets of green moss, bits of old stumps covered with fairy-like lichen, small white stones, and as many dainty little "red cups" as I could find. The Ivy soon covered the arch prepared for it, and then ram- bled over the moss and lichens, finally hanging down in graceful festoons several feet below the shelf. The whole cost was exactly forty cents, the price of three flower pots.

I hesitate to tell you what my lounge is covered with, but it looks so well I think I may venture. Nothing more nor less than crimson gray wineey. I wanted something the same color as my table-cloth, and could not afford anything expensive, so a few yards of twenty-five cent gray wineey covered my lounge and two box ottomans. After having been used constantly for three years, and washed several times, I begin to think wineey a very suitable covering.

I would like to tell you about my home-made foot stools and tidies, but am afraid it would make this article much too long, so I leave them for another time.

MAMIE.

HOW TO BEAUTIFY OUR HOMES ECONOMICALLY.

First of all commence with your lawn. Sow it thickly with white clover and blue grass; have the walks and flower-beds neatly kept. Fences and gates should always be in good order.

We will now proceed to the house. As the parlor is noticed more than anything else, we will commence with it. Of course you have plenty of old rags lying around, so you can get them and make a rag carpet. Sew more than you need, and sell enough to pay for the weaving; and as you will be compelled to dye it, let the colors be deep, having red and green predominate. Take some of the nicest rags, braid three together, and make some rugs to save your carpet and brighten the room. We have one made in an oval form with these rags, which is nice; another way is, color some wool and sew it on a heavy cloth in the form of moss and flowers.

Perhaps you cannot paper your house. If so, whitewash it, putting in a gallon of lime one ounce of Venetian red.

You love pictures, do you? Well, cut some pasteboard for a frame, and glue on autumn leaves or shells. Your frames need cost nothing.

Make some brackets of wood, which is in almost every house; mark them out, and the boys or your husband will whittle them out. Now, the wood-box never looks well in a parlor. Make a triangular box, place in a corner, and curtain it, leaving the top for a favorite plant or book.

If you have no sofa, get some good boards, nail them together in the form of one, and cover all over with some thin green cloth, stuffing well with straw or husks or paper, torn in strips. For the windows, snowy curtains, even of muslin, are all that are necessary. Of course, if you can get them, ornaments are lovely, but we are not giving these directions to people of means. Now, if your room is carpeted, your stove polished, windows clean, curtains white, and pictures well chosen, your room cannot fail to be handsome.

If you can keep plants from freezing, you will add them to the list, especially the Ivy, which will do almost anywhere around your windows, pictures, etc., but if it requires your hardest efforts to keep a few sickly plants, do not try it, but prepare a cave for your plants, and do not kill yourself working with them. No one loves flowers better than ourselves, but we do not commend the work often given over a few plants that are so nearly frozen as to be ugly.

Your bedroom must have a carpet, rag of course. Make a small stand, and place a wash-bowl on it, and keep your bed clean, making a spread of white muslin, with candlewick drawn through in diamonds or squares. This will be easily kept white, which is the beauty of a bed. Place a few handsome pictures, brackets, and autumn-leaf-crosses in the room, and your work will be done.

Next we come to the kitchen. If you find it necessary to have the bare floor, oil it well with linseed oil. You will thus save many a weary hour. Now, there is one thing that always spoils the looks of a kitchen. That is the old clothes hanging in it. Make a cupboard as you made the wood-box, only higher. Curtain it, driving nails inside for all clothing which has to be kept in the kitchen. Do not scold, but ask your men folks, as a favor, to try it, and my word for it, you will have no trouble in keeping it full. Paint your wood-box and all the woodwork in the kitchen, if possible. Lead color would be handsome. Do not forget that curtains are nice for the kitchen as well as parlor.

The only trouble is the washing, but let me tell you how we wash. Take all the white clothes Monday evening and cover with lukewarm water, using plenty of soap. Tuesday you will find that all they require is rubbing through clean water, boiling, and rinsing.

Housekeeping.

AUNT ELLEN'S VISIT.

I had just begun to clean house, and oh, how I was dreading it! Two of the rooms were in dire confusion, and the rest were getting into the same state as fast as Norah and myself could possibly help them there. It was my first experience in house-cleaning, and Norah—whom I had engaged to “see me through,” as she called it—was mistress. She knew it, and I knew it, yet dared not rebel.

“Shure, mum, and it's the parlor we'll be afther doing to-day,” said she, one morning when she came.

“But,” I ventured to remonstrate, “if any one should come; ought we not to finish the other rooms first?”

“Shure, mum, I've cleaned house for Mrs. Judge K., and Mrs. R., and slews of others, and sorra a worruld did they ever fault me.”

That was enough; I went meekly to work under Norah's directions, heartily sick of the whole business!

Just as Norah flung out the carpet for the man to beat, I saw a carriage stop at our door. The driver handed out my husband's aunt—a most notable house-keeper—and this her first visit to me in my own house. This was the cap-sheaf, and when I went to the door I felt like crying. I led the way to the dining-room, and while she laid off her things, she took in the surroundings with one rapid glance, then, putting her arm round me, she said:

“You are cleaning house, don't know how, and are tired enough to go to bed this minute—eh!”

“Yes,” I answered, and began to cry like a goose.

“Now, my dear, if you will let me be mistress for a short time and go right to bed until tea time, I shall be infinitely obliged to you.”

“But auntie,” I began—

“Go right to your chamber,” she said, and without another word I obeyed.

When I went down stairs, I found a cheery tea-table, and auntie's pleasant face to greet me.

“I've discharged Norah,” she said, brightly.

“Discharged Norah!” I gasped, while Mr. A. almost dropped his cup in surprise.

“Certainly, my dear; I'm mistress, you understand, and to-morrow I'll teach you how to clean house easily.”

When to-morrow came, Aunt Ellen said:

“In the first place you didn't begin right. You should commence always in the attic, and clean down.” So we left everything as it was, and set the attic to rights that forenoon.

Aunt Ellen said she never allowed herself to clean afternoons, so she taught me how to make some spatter-cloths for the chambers. She took black doe-skin for one, seal brown ladies' cloth for another, and dove-colored ditto for a third. She cut them round, pinked the edges, and then drew a fanciful border on them from a magazine with copying paper; this was to be embroidered in chain-stitch, with saddler's silk in all colors; they look quite oriental, and very pretty.

She made some rye biscuit for tea, which were nice. Into a pint of thick sour milk she put half a teacup of molasses, a teaspoonful of soda in her rye flour, stirred to a thick batter, and baked in gem pans in a quick oven.

As I took out the preserves for tea, she said:

“What do you do with your empty cans?”

“Set them away for another year,” I replied.

“I'll tell you a better way—just fill them with apple marmalade; you've no idea how nice it is in summer.”

Next day we cleaned out all the closets in a room first, using ammonia in the water instead of soap; then cleaned pictures, ornaments, etc., and shut up in the closet away from dust. Next brushed the ceiling and walls, then swept, after sprinkling the floor with meal wet enough to be “crumbly;” sprinkled camphor and tobacco along the cracks, to keep out moths; while the carpet was being put down, polished the furniture with cloths on which had been rubbed warm beeswax. Then cleaned the paint and windows; then re-hung the pictures, replaced the furniture, etc., and finished before dinner.

For dinner that day Aunt Ellen took what is commonly called a “soup bone,” put it on in the morning, in just water enough to cover it, and let it boil until eleven; then she took the bone from the meat, and seasoned with pepper, salt, sage, and butter; by noon the water was boiled nearly all away, and the meat was juicy and delicious. Served with baked potatoes and stewed tomatoes.

In the afternoon she made what she called a “snow-flake mat.” Crochet a plain, square mat of white single zephyr, just the size of the lamp; make a chain of seventeen stitches, very loosely, and fasten into every stitch of the outside row. Make three rows of this fringe, and the result is a fluffy, dainty mat pretty to look upon.

Next day we took our chamber in hand; auntie took a remnant of tapestry carpeting, bound it with scarlet braid, tacked it on to a closet door with upholstery nails, and I had a shoe-pocket for three pairs of shoes.

A large trunk, in which Mr. A. keeps valuables, papers, etc., so he could remove them quickly in case of fire, we covered with a cushion of green rep, trimmed it with fringe to match, made a curtain of the same, and a roll pillow; it was now a neat little divan.

The match-safe, and watch-case, we hung, with little knobs, on the head-board of the bed; they are very handy if you wake up in the night, as I often do, and want to know the time.

For one window she made a hanging-saucer. A strip of silver perforated paper, long enough to reach round the saucer, and three-fourths inch wide; work in “Roman key” pattern in rose-colored worsted, crochet a bottom of the same, finish with heavy chain-stitch tassel, and hang with rose ribbons. In this we put wet sand, and filled it with “Fern-moss.”

For another window, an old-fashioned “light stand,” which we found in the attic, she painted in stripes of red, white, and blue; nailed a box, painted to match, on the top, filled it with rich soil, and planted striped Tradescantia, German Ivy, and Cobea scandens in it. In the centre of the box she placed an old copper bell, with a Hyacinth bulb in bloom inside, and said:

“My dear, you have now a Centennial plant-stand.”

I wish you could have seen it a month afterward—it was lovely.

A floor, which I thought needed a carpet, she informed me only needed boiled linseed oil and burnt umber; this I gave it, and have now a black walnut floor.

She—but there, I might fill pages with the hints and helps she gave me. I'll just tell you about “washing day,” and close.

We put the clothes in soak at night, in the morning wrung them out, and put them, without rubbing, into the boiler in which had been dissolved one paper

of “washing crystal” and a piece of soap three inches square. Boil twenty minutes, rinse in two waters, and hang on the line. The flannels and colored clothes wash so easily in the first suds. You can buy the “crystal” of any grocer.

ANABEL C. ANDREWS.

CHEAP CARPETS.

By saving the best pieces out of men's clothes that are past service, and some bright woolen scraps and some worsted skirt braid, or alpaca, if preferred, you have the material, and with a little ingenuity and a sewing machine, you can make a handsome carpet.

Cut a pattern of any design to suit your taste. One pretty design is to take a square, seven or eight inches each way, and hollow out each side like a half moon, leaving an inch and a half at each corner straight. Baste your braid on, and be careful to turn each corner square, as it adds greatly to the looks. You can use one or more colors in binding; it makes more of a variety to use two colors, which I think is the beauty of the work. Bind one-half of your blocks of one color and the other half of the other, and put them together alternately. After basting on the binding, cut some pretty figures of your bright pieces to correspond with the size of your blocks, and fasten them in the centre of each block by working in loose buttonhole stitch all around the edge of each figure two or three green leaves for one block and a red flannel with a leaf or two in the next, and so on alternately, is a plenty; if you crowd it it spoils the effect.

Now join your carpet by laying your blocks on a contrasting color; if the blocks are dark use gray or drab under the oval space that is formed by laying the blocks together point to point; baste on smoothly and stitch down on the right side of the carpet, first on the edge of the braid, then on the double, with the machine, and I think you will feel well paid for your labor.

You can strengthen the carpet by lining it with some coarse cloth, burlap is good for that, and fastening through where the points meet.

Now I must tell you how I made my paper carpet, as you asked some one to tell you something of that kind. I first prepared a bedding of old newspapers, and then stretched a burlap cloth nearly tight and tacked it firm, then with a paste of two parts of flour and one part of melted glue, which must be used while warm, I put on a coat of stiff brown paper, and when that was dry I put on another in the same way, being very careful to let each dry thoroughly before applying the next, then put on the wall paper, which can be chosen according to taste, and after it was dry I covered it all over with thin flour starch never allowing the brush to touch the same parts twice while damp, but being equally careful to touch all parts, after which it stood all night, and then I applied three coats of varnish, letting each coat dry two days before putting on the next. Copal is the kind used, and if you take pains, you will have a carpet to be proud of. You can use plain flour paste for the wall paper if preferred.

B. E. O.

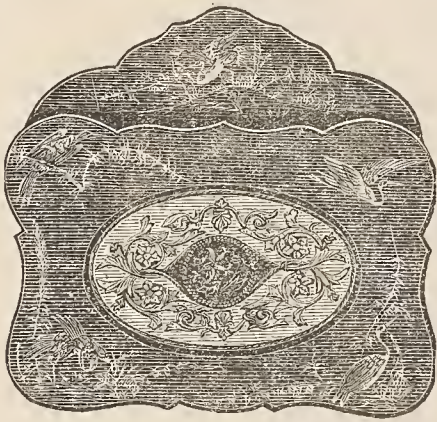
A Pretty Frame for a Chromo.—Cut four strips of silver perforated cardboard one inch wide, and cross them like a rustic frame. Crochet a flat border round them, with dark walnut brown single zephyr; work a diagonal pattern down the centre of each one with gilt beads. Hang with walnut brown worsted cord and balls.

Household Elegancies.

WALL-POCKET, FOOT RUG, SOFA CUSHION, SEWING CHAIR AND TABLE, AND HAIR PINCUSHION.

This wall-pocket is made of two panels of wood one-fourth inch thick, which can be easily shaped, as shown in the illustration, and must be carefully smoothed and ebonized. The ornamentation is of Chinese character, consisting of paintings in gold, and where a person does not understand this class of fancy-work, we would recommend them to use the gold figures in Decalcomania designs, which will be found well adapted to the work, and may be procured of any style desired.

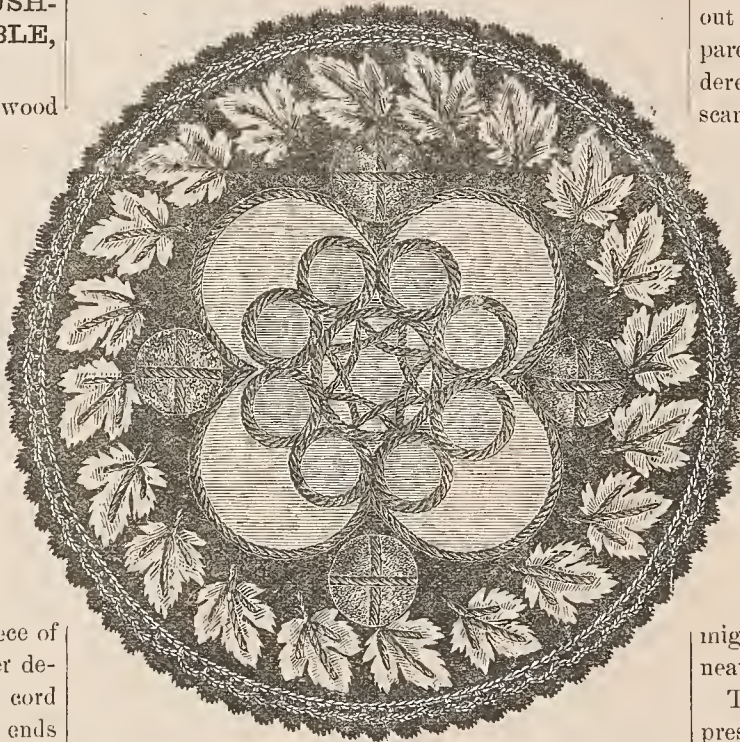
The central oval panel on the front is ornamented with rich embroidery, such as the pattern. An oval panel of binders-board is the foundation for the embroidery, which consists of an outer piece worked on scarlet merino with a piece removed from the centre, into which a piece of black velveteen containing a monogram or other design is introduced, and the edges finished with cord and stitches in half-polka or button-hole. The ends are connected by triangular pieces (*souffles*) of scarlet morocco, with bands of elastic let into the upper part, which is pinked out, and has slits five inches below for the elastic bands.



WALL-POCKET.

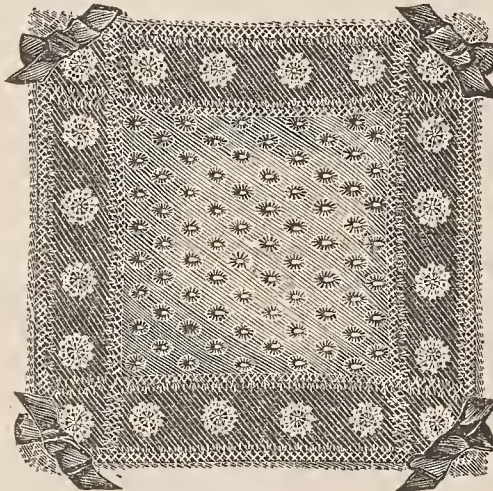
Application embroidery forms a beautiful method of ornamenting rugs. A circular piece of drugget cloth is pinked out around the edges, and above it is worked a row of simple chain-stitching. In the centre is a star formed by cutting out two squares (hollowed out a little on the sides), and placing them on each other, on the light foundation of cloth cut out in form of a cross with broad rounded ends. Besides the central star, eight circular pieces of the same cloth are fastened around it with black worsted braid. (Alpaca braid folded and stitched on the sewing machine.) Between the four divisions of the cross are circular pieces of cloth of a different color from either the ground or central parts just described, which are held in place by bands of alpaca braid stitched down on the sewing machine. Beyond these is a circle of leaves cut from heavy cloth, and fastened on with a chain-stitching of coarse thread or wool. These leaves may be of various colored scraps. This mat, in shades of green and brown, with embroidery of golden tints, is one of the most beautiful that can be made.

A beautiful and easy kind of fancy work, is shown in the sofa-cushion, which will answer equally well for table-covers, curtain-borders, and chair-bolsters;



FOOT RUG.

indeed a complete set, made in this way, will be found exceedingly handsome, and at the same time inexpensive. This work consists of a foundation of printed



SOFA-CUSHION.

flannel, such as the imitation of ermine with black spots, bordered with a point Russe embroidery. This border is cut in four strips two and one-half inches



SEWING CHAIR AND TABLE.

wide, and embroidered on the edges in point Russe, chain and half-polka stitches.

The foundation of ermine, or flame dotted flannel, has each figure edged with button-hole stitching of green, scarlet, yellow, orange, violet, and blue; a

stitch of the same kind in contrasting color, and somewhat long, is taken across the dark place enclosed in each flame or spot; this centre should be about twelve inches square. The border of scarlet flannel is pinked out on each edge and worked with white. The transparent white flannel rosettes are pinked or embroidered in button-hole stitch, and are fastened on the scarlet stripe with colors, as black, orange, blue and and scarlet silk. This pattern also makes an elegant bed or cradle-spread, or is very ornamental thrown over the back of sofa or lounge as an Afghan or rug.

The pretty sewing-chair and table shown in the illustration, present such a tasteful and inviting aspect, that any lady might desire to take a pattern by them (which may be easily done, as we will endeavor to show), for no prettier arrangement can be made for the sitting-room. Both chair and table, so far as the frame-work is concerned, are so exceedingly simple in form, that they may be made with but little trouble or expense by any person with a little mechanical skill. To make the chair more comfortable, it might better have a thick padded cushion placed beneath the worked strip.

The table-cover and strip for chair are made of gray pressed flannel, with a lining of soft colored stuff of any kind convenient; which, tacked evenly together, is stitched in diamonds on the sewing machine. In the centre of the table-cover and down the centre of the chair-pad are bouquets cut from gay woolen goods and embroidered with application work, or, *petite-point*, zephyr, at pleasure. As a border, strips of



HAIR CUSHION.

scarlet and dark gray flannels are pinked out on each edge and fastened with half-polka and button-hole stitches, and a row of machine stitches on each edge. Heavy fringe finishes the edges of each.

For this pretty cushion, take a common collar box about six inches in diameter and two inches or more in height, and fill it with hair or wool so that it is raised well in the middle, and slopes gradually to the sides. Cover this with a piece of loose knitting, in any scraps of yarn or worsted on hand. Then knit an over cover of a bright color. Make a foundation of thirty stitches with fine wooden knitting needles, and going back and forth on these work thirty rounds, all knit plain, and then cast off. Or a circular piece may be crocheted in the usual short and long stitches. Having sewed both under and over-cover closely to the edge of the box, cut off the corners of the piece (if knitted, square), and trim the side of the box with a box-plaited ruche of ribbon, suiting the cover in color, and two inches wide. Above this fasten an embroidered border, worked on white flannel or merino, in chain, herring-bone

and point Russe stitches, with green silk of various shades, and flowers corresponding in color with the trimmings, using three or four shades. The edge is cut out in points, or pinked, as most convenient; above this, around the edge, is a ruching of ribbon one and a quarter inches wide.

MRS. C. S. JONES.

Fireside Reading.

THE CURE FOR GOSSIP.

What is the cure for gossip? Simply, culture. There is a great deal of gossip that has no malignity in it. Good-natured people talk about their neighbors because, and only because, they have nothing else to talk about. As we write, there comes to us a picture of a family of young ladies. We have seen them at home, we have met them in galleries of art, we have caught glimpses of them going from a book store or a library, with a fresh volume in their hands. When we meet them they are full of what they have seen and read. They are brimming with questions. One topic of conversation is dropped only to give place to another, in which they are interested. We have left them, after a delightful hour, stimulated and refreshed; and during the whole hour not a neighbor's garment was soiled by so much as a touch. They had something to talk about. They knew something, and wanted to know more. They could listen as well as they could talk. To speak freely of a neighbor's doings and belongings would have seemed an impertinence to them, and, of course, an impropriety. They had no temptation to gossip, because the doings of their neighbors formed a subject very much less interesting than those which grew out of their knowledge and their culture.

And this tells the whole story. The confirmed gossip is always either malicious or ignorant. The one variety needs a change of heart, and the other a change of pasture. Gossip is always a personal confession either of malice or imbecility, and the young should not only shun it, but by most thorough culture relieve themselves from all temptation to indulge in it. It is a low, frivolous, and too often a dirty business. There are country neighborhoods in which it rages like a pest. Churches are split in pieces by it. Neighbors are made enemies by it for life. In many persons it degenerates into a chronic disease, which is practically incurable. Let the young cure it while they may.—*Scribner.*

A priest was hearing confession, and a boy came to him and said he had a bad sin in his mind.

"Well, me good boy, come on wid it," said his reverence.

"Augh, den, your riverence, I do be always sayin' 'Be the Holy Father.'"

"You do?—that's very bad, me boy. Now how often do you be sayin' that?"

"Begor, more than forty times a day, your riverence."

"Go home now," said the priest, "and get your sister to make you a bag and hang it round your neck, and every time you say 'Be the Holy Father,' drop a little stone in it, and come to me this day week."

That day week his reverence was as usual in his

box, and he heard an awful noise in the church, so he looked out and saw his penitent dragging a sack.

"Tady Mulloy," says he, "what do you mean by such conduct as that in the church?"

"Sure, yer riverence," says the fellow, "dose is all 'Be de Holy Fathers,' an' the rest of um's outside on the dray."

The success of individuals in life is greatly owing to their early learning to depend upon their own resources. Money, or the expectation of it by inheritance, has ruined more men than the want of it ever did. If you teach young men to rely upon their own efforts, to be frugal and industrious, you furnish them with a productive capital which no man can ever wrest from them.

A lady, living near St. Augustine, Florida, in a



"FAIR TREASURES."

lovely place, so tamed the wild birds of the woods by kindness, that mocking birds and blue birds, blue jays, robins, and brown birds used to come and feed out of her hands, and she was frequently visited by parties who wished to see the wonder. Not long ago some visitors to town, hearing of it, went out for sport, shot some, and so drove the rest away forever.

"George," said a maiden, as she smiled archly in her lover's face, "do you know what there is in a grand achievement that reminds me of you?"

George's eye lit with pleasure, and there was a loving tenderness in the glance with which he replied:

"No, darling; please tell me."

"Big feat," replied the maiden.

She now flattens her nose against the window pane and wonders whether George has committed suicide or gone to China.

The London *Punch* has this illustration of high life below stairs:

Master (snuffing)—"There seems a most extraordinary smell, James; I've noticed it several—"

Hall Porter—"I don't wonder at it, sir. I've spoke about it down stairs. The butler, sir, you see, is 'igh Church, which he 'as fit up a horatory in the pantry, and burns hincense. We could stand that, but the cook is the Low Church persuasion, and she burns brown paper to hobviate the hincense. It's perfectly hawful on saints' days, sir."

He was sitting silently by her side one chilly evening last autumn, thinking of something to say. Finally he remarked:

"How sad it is; the frost has come, and will kill everything green." Thereupon the young lady extended her hand and said in a sympathetic tone:

"Good-bye."

Pay Your Debts.—The *Laramie Sentinel* shows how a ten-dollar greenback is made to pay ninety dollars of indebtedness:

Mr. Brown kept boarders. Around his table sat Mr. Brown, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Andrews, the village milliner, Mr. Black, the baker, Mr. Jordan, a carpenter, and Mr. Hadley, a flour, feed, and lumber merchant.

Mr. Brown took out of his pocket-book a ten-dollar note, and handed it to Mrs. Brown, saying:

"Here, my dear, are ten dollars towards the twenty I promised you."

Mrs. Brown handed it to Mrs. Andrews, the milliner, saying:

"That pays for my new bonnet."

Mrs. Andrews said to Mr. Jordan, as she handed him the note:

"That will pay you for your work on my counter."

Mr. Jordan handed it to Mr. Hadley, the flour, feed, and lumber merchant, requesting his lumber bill.

Mr. Hadley gave the note back to Mr. Brown, saying:

"That pays ten dollars on board."

Mr. Brown passed it to his wife, with the remark that that paid her twenty dollars he had promised. She in turn paid it to Mr. Black, to settle her bread and pastry account,

who handed it to Mr. Hadley, wishing credit for the amount on his flour bill, he again returning it to Mr. Brown, with the remark that it settled for that month's board. Whereupon Mr. Brown put it back into his pocketbook, exclaiming, that he "never thought a ten-dollar bill would go so far."

An old woman, on being examined before a magistrate as to her place of legal settlement, was asked what reason she had for supposing her husband had a legal settlement in that town.

The old lady said:

"He was born and married there, and they buried him there, and if that isn't settling there, I would like to know what is?"

Housekeeping.

PRIZE RECIPES FOR COOKING.

Boston Brown Bread.—One teacupful of Graham flour, one teacupful of white Indian meal, three-fourths teacupful rye flour, one-half teacupful of molasses, one pint thick milk, one teaspoonful each salaratus and salt. Mix well together with a spoon for five minutes. Bake in grease-covered pail for three hours in a moderate oven. Let it remain in the pail ten or fifteen minutes after taking from the oven.

Tea Biscuit.—In the morning boil one quart of milk; when boiled, put in one cup of lard and half a cup of butter. Let it cool a little and add flour to make a sponge and two large tablespoonfuls of yeast with a little salt. Leave in a warm place until light, then add quickly enough flour, and let it rise again. Roll, cut into biscuits, and leave to rise for a short time. Bake in a quick oven.

Peach Tapioca Pudding.—Steep in warm water two tablespoonfuls tapioca until perfectly soft; peel and stew whole two quarts of peaches; when tender, stir in the tapioca, cook about ten minutes longer, then sweeten to taste and cook slowly for five minutes. To be eaten cold. Prepared in a porcelain kettle.

Suet Pudding.—One cup of suet, one of raisins, chopped fine, one of molasses, one of sweet milk, one teaspoonful soda dissolved in the milk, three cups of flour, nutmeg, cinnamon, and cloves, one or all as desired. Boil or stew steadily for three hours. Liquid or hard sauce as preferred.

Beef Loaf.—One and a half pounds of lean steak, chopped fine, two eggs, one tablespoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of pepper, one small cup or rolled cracker. Mix well and form in a loaf; put bits of butter on top and bake. A delicious relish for lunch or tea.

Chicken and Celery without Oil.—Take two chickens, boil until quite tender, then chop fine. Take double the quantity of celery that you have of chicken, chopped fine, and mix; then take three eggs, beat well, and mix with a cup of vinegar a large tablespoonful of melted butter, a small teaspoonful of mixed mustard, salt and pepper to taste; stir the whole together over a moderate fire until quite thick; when cold, mix with the chicken and celery.

Chili Sauce.—Twelve large ripe tomatoes, one large onion, four red peppers; chop all together fine; two cups of sugar, one tablespoonful of salt, one tablespoonful vinegar, one teaspoonful each of ground allspice and cloves. Boil until quite thick, then bottle and seal.

Roquet Pickles.—One gallon chopped cabbage, two quarts chopped green tomatoes, six onions, sliced thin, half an ounce ground pepper, half an ounce whole allspice, half an ounce celery seed, half a gallon of vinegar, one-quarter ounce whole cloves, one-fourth cup of white mustard seed, half a gill of salt, and half a pound of brown sugar.

Ginger Cordial.—Bruise and mix nine pounds of red and white currants, eight ounces of pounded or ground ginger, the rinds of eight lemons, two ounces of bitter almonds, blanched and pounded, and one gallon of brandy; stir the mixture frequently; let it stand for a few days, then run through a jelly-bag; add four pounds of loaf sugar; when the sugar is dissolved, it is ready to bottle.

Quince Wine.—Grate the best and ripest quinces as for marmalade; strain the juice through a muslin bag, then carefully through a flannel one, and to every gallon of juice allow three pounds of loaf sugar; stir well after adding the sugar; let it stand in jugs, filling up from another as it froths over; when quiet, bottle it.

Quince Jelly.—Slice the quinces without paring; put into a preserving bottle and just cover with water; put over the fire and boil until soft; remove from the stove and strain off the liquor; to every gallon allow four pounds of white sugar, and boil very fast until it becomes a stiff jelly.

Crab Apple Jelly.—Cut out the eyes and stalks of the apples, halve them and put in a preserving kettle with enough water to prevent burning. Cook until soft, then strain through a sieve, and afterward through a muslin bag; to every pound of juice allow one and a quarter pounds of sugar. Boil gently for twenty minutes.

Welsh Rarebit.—One teacupful of chopped cheese, one teacupful of milk, one egg, butter size of a butter-nut; boil milk, butter, and cheese until smooth paste; add the egg well beaten and turn at once upon half slices of toast well buttered. Serve hot.

Souffles.—A French dish. Take four eggs, beat the whites and yolks separately until a thick froth is formed; then mix the two and add half a cup of powdered sugar and half a teaspoonful of extract of vanilla and stir in quick; pour into a deep dish and bake for fifteen or twenty minutes in a moderate oven. This dish should be made and put in the oven just as dinner commences in order to serve while hot. It falls when cold.

Pickled Oysters.—One hundred large oysters, one pint strong vinegar, one dozen blades of mace, two dozen whole cloves, two dozen whole black peppers, one red pepper broken into bits; put oyster-liquor and all into a porcelain kettle; salt to taste; beat slowly until very hot, but not boiling; take out with a skimmer and cool; to the liquor add the vinegar and spices; boil fairly, and turn over the oysters while scalding hot; set away in a cool place, and the next day put in glass jars with tight tops. Keep in a dark cool place; air and light turn them black.

Ramequins of Pastry.—Make a light puff paste with cream and butter; roll it out quite thin, and spread over it half the weight of the paste in grated Parmesan or any fine cheese; fold and roll the paste twice that the cheese may be thoroughly incorporated with it; then roll out one-half inch thick; cut in rounds, brush over with beaten eggs and bake for fifteen minutes.

Green Pea Fritters.—One pint of cooked peas, mash while hot; season to taste; make a batter of two eggs; one cup of milk; one-fourth teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful cream tartar; one-half a cup of flour; beat hard and cook as griddle cakes.

Apple Snow.—One pint of the pulp of roasted apples strained, one-half pint of pulverized sugar, whites of three eggs; beat the eggs to a stiff froth, then add the apple and sugar alternately, a spoonful of each, and beat all together until it stands perfectly stiff on the spoon. Serve in saucers on a custard made of the yolks of the eggs, one pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and flavored with vanilla.

Newport Blanc-Mange.—To one quart of milk add half a box of gelatine; soak until dissolved, not less than two hours; add a small cup of white sugar, and place over the fire; when the sugar and gelatine are

mixed with the milk and the blanc mange is gently boiling; remove and add one wine-glass of sherry and half a teaspoonful of extract of lemon; stir while cooling to prevent the cream rising to the top; when cool pour into moulds, and set on ice.

Snow Eggs.—Whisk the whites of six eggs with a little powdered sugar to a stiff froth; set one quart of milk sweetened to taste to boil; drop the egg-froth into it by spoonfuls; a few seconds will cook them; when all cooked strain the rest of the milk. Let it get cold and mix gradually with it the yolks of the eggs with any flavoring you like. Put the vessel containing this into a saucepanful of boiling water, and keep stirring on the fire until the custard thickens; to serve, place your custard in a dish, placing the whites upon it; a bit of jelly on each spoonful of froth improves the appearance.

Fruit Cake.—One pound of butter, the same of good brown sugar, one cup of molasses, six eggs, beaten very light; add one teaspoonful each of salt, cinnamon, cloves, allspice, nutmeg, and mace, one pint of brandy, flour enough to make as thick as batter; two pounds of stoned raisins, one pound of currants, one pound of citron, and one heaping teaspoonful of soda dissolved in cold water, then stir in flour until as stiff as can be stirred with a spoon. This makes three large loaves. Should be baked in a slow oven about two and one-half hours.

Cocoanut Cake.—One-half cup of butter, two cups sugar, three and a half cups of flour, one cup of milk, whites of eight eggs, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in jelly cake tins. Filling: one grated cocoanut, the whites of three eggs, three-quarters of a pound of sugar. Beat the whites to a stiff froth, then beat in the sugar; put between the layers and sprinkle the cocoanut thickly over lower top sides, also with icing and cocoanut, a most delicious cake.

Chocolate Caramels.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of molasses, half a cup of milk, three-quarters cup of grated chocolate, piece of butter size of a hickory-nut, extract of vanilla. Boil until it crisps in cold water, then turn in buttered pans, and mark off in squares.

Chocolate Drops.—Four cups of white sugar, two cups of cream or rich milk, vanilla to taste; boil until it hardens in cold water; stir until cold, then shape in balls; have ready half a cake of Baker's chocolate melted; dip the balls in it, and place on plates to harden.

Ginger Snaps.—Two cups of molasses, half a cup of sugar, a heaping cup of lard and butter, a tablespoonful of ginger, half a teaspoonful of salt, one and a half teaspoonfuls of soda, half a cup of warm water; mix stiff enough to roll out thin.

Baltimore Delicious Bread.—Two common tumblers of rice flour, two teacupfuls of wheat flour, three teaspoonfuls cream tartar sifted into the flour, two tablespoonfuls of butter rubbed into the dry flour, a little salt, two well beaten eggs, two teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in two teacupfuls of rich sweet milk. Mix well and bake the same as stirred short-cake. Make it exactly by rule and you will never fail of a truly delicious bread.

Snowball Cake.—Half a cup of butter, two cups of flour, one cup of sugar, half a cup of sweet milk, the whites of three eggs, half a teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful cream tartar sifted with the flour; beat butter and sugar thoroughly together; add the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff foam, then the flour, milk and soda last.

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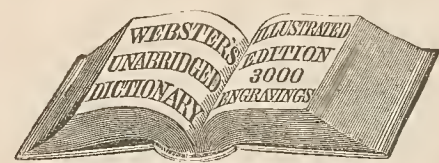
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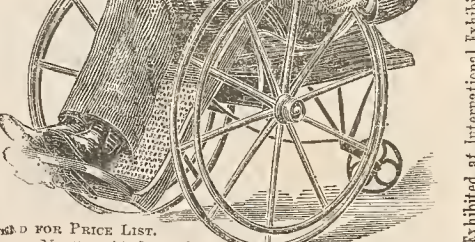
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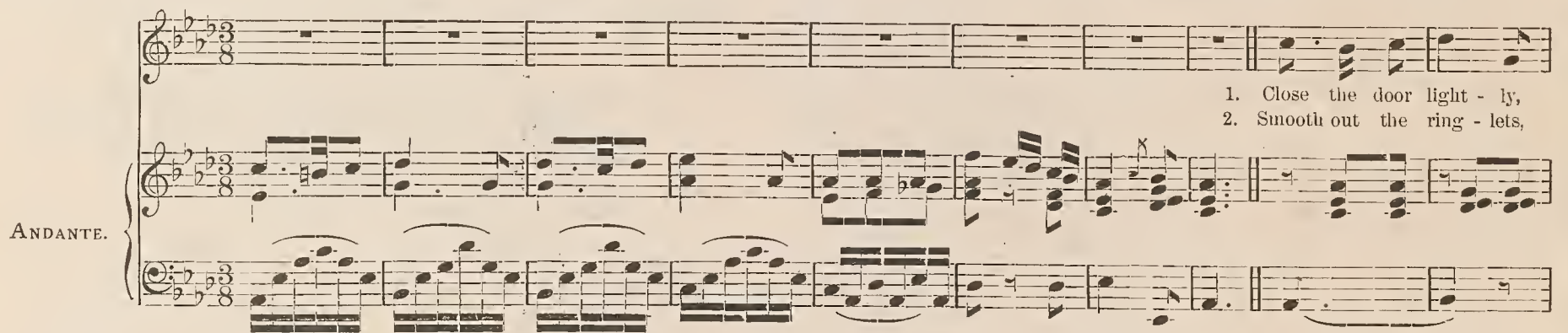
Mention this Journal.

The sweet Welcome Home.

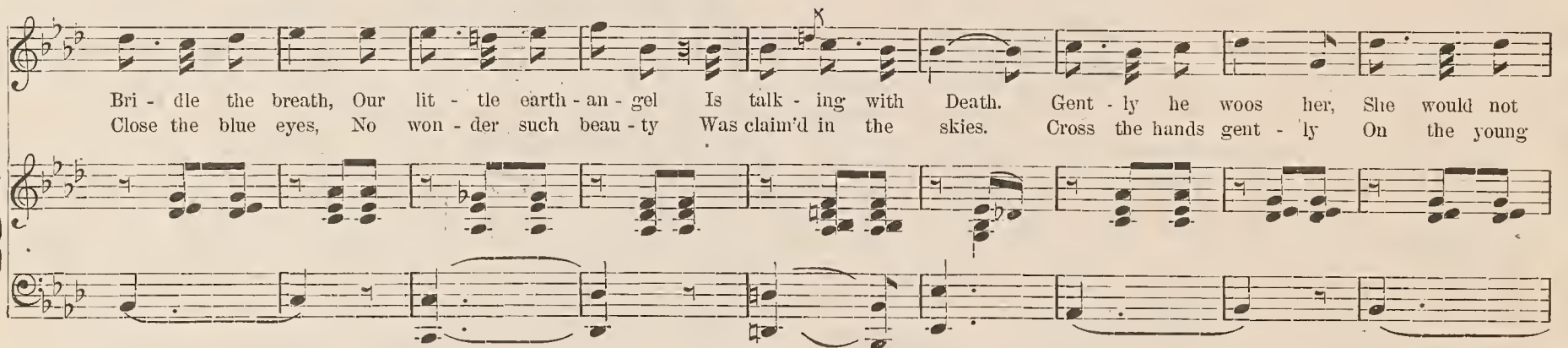
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Music by HENRY P. KEENS.

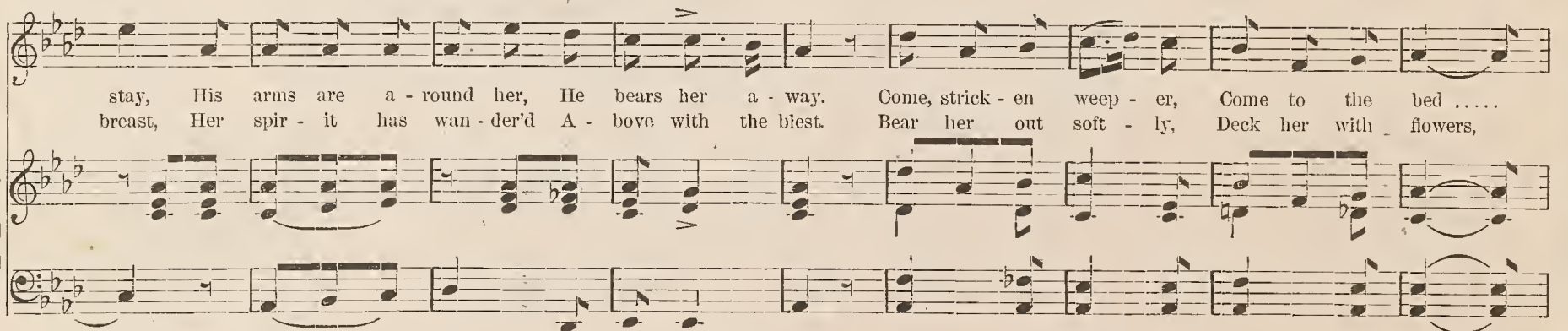
ANDANTE.



1. Close the door light - ly,
2. Smooth out the ring - lets,

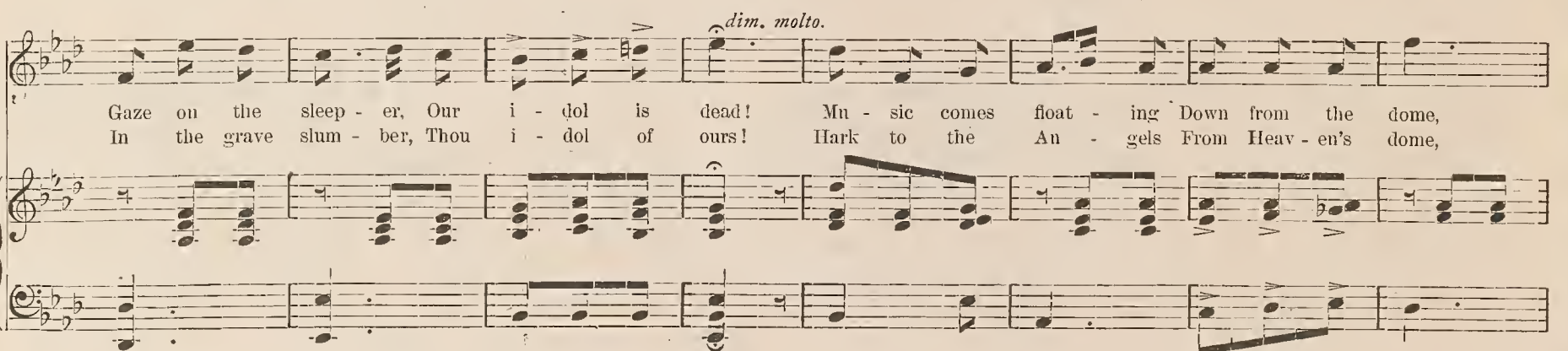


Bri - dle the breath, Our lit - tle earth - an - gel Is talk - ing with Death. Gent - ly he woos her, She would not
Close the blue eyes, No won - der such beau - ty Was claim'd in the skies. Cross the hands gent - ly On the young



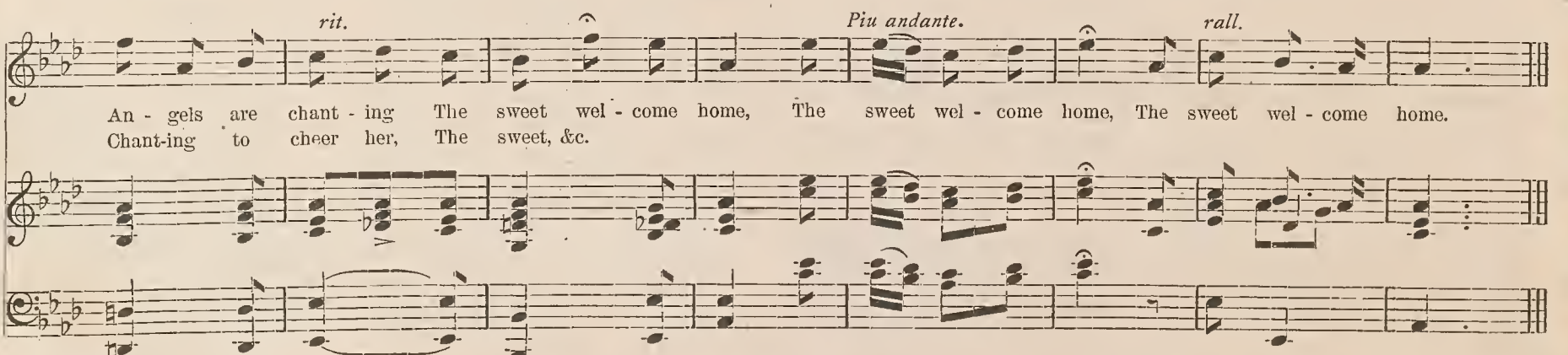
stay, His arms are a - round her, He bears her a - way. Come, strick - en weep - er, Come to the bed
breast, Her spir - it has wan - der'd A - bove with the blest. Bear her out soft - ly, Deck her with flowers,

dim. molto.



Gaze on the sleep - er, Our i - dol is dead! Mn - sic comes float - ing Down from the dome,
In the grave slum - ber, Thou i - dol of ours! Hark to the An - gels From Heav - en's dome,

rit. *Piu andante.* *rall.*



An - gels are chant - ing The sweet wel - come home, The sweet wel - come home, The sweet wel - come home.
Chant-ing to cheer her, The sweet, &c.

THE LADIES' *Floral* Column

BY HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

NEW YORK, MARCH, 1878.

No. 75. PRICE 12 CENTS.

DESCRIPTION OF WINDOW GARDEN.

[This sketch and article received first prize.]

This room is seventeen by thirteen and a half, and eleven in height. The windows are provided with trellises of a peculiar construction, made very light, of white wood stained black walnut, and project into the room fifteen inches. They are attached to boxes very narrow in front, but widening at the window, and are supported by brackets. The first window has Lophospermum and Madeira Vines, and a Japanese Woodbine, which will soon throw out its leaves. also Tradescantia to train up as well as droop around the boxes. There too is Portulacæa not yet out of bloom.

The stand is a revolving one, like that already described, and contains a variegated Abutilon in the centre, a Heliotrope, scarlet Begonia, two Carnations, red and white, a small Abutilon Striatum, a Fuchsia, all in bud and bloom; also a white Petunia. In the hanging pot is a golden variegated ivy-leaved Geranium.

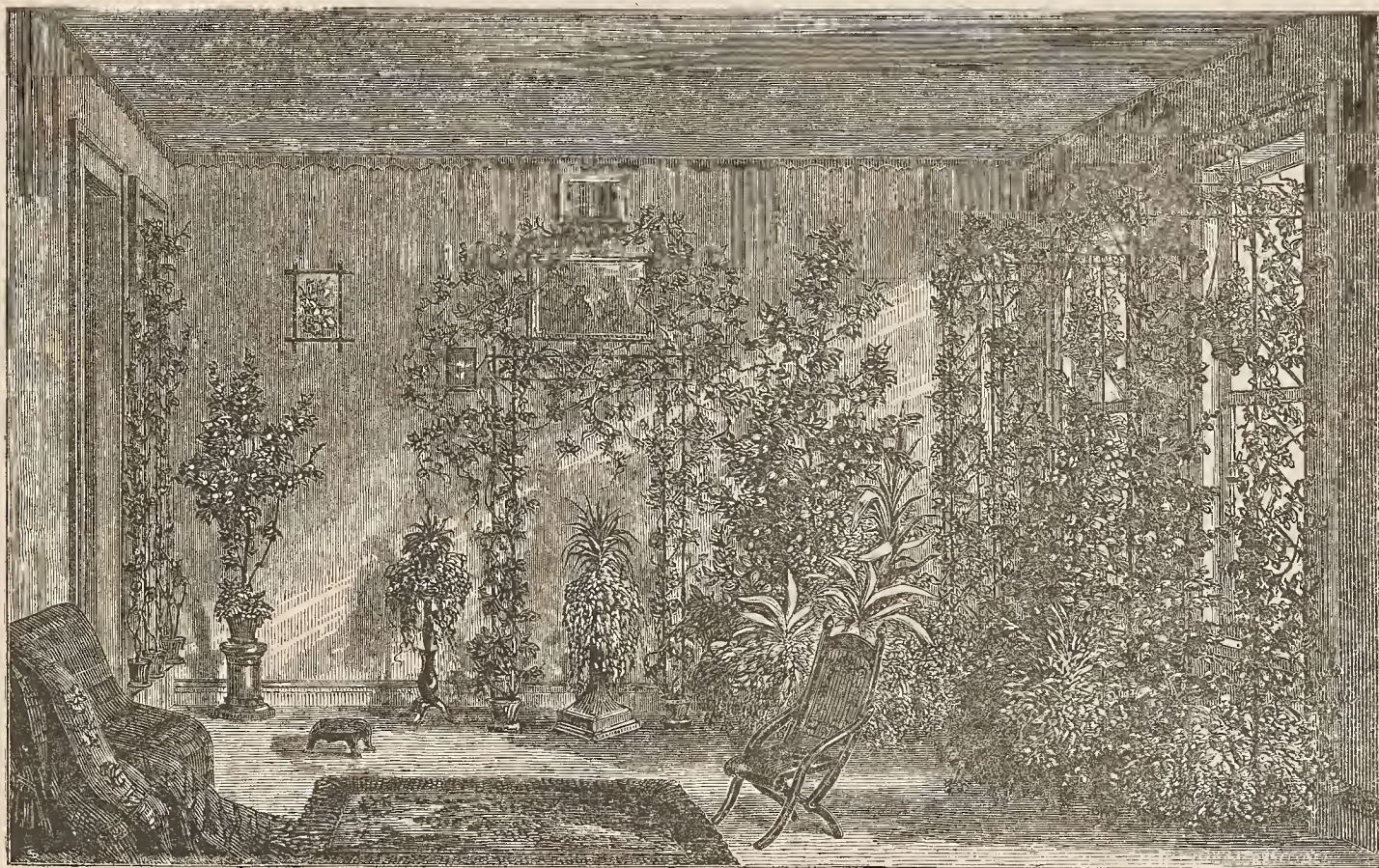
The second window has Cobæas, green and variegated, a Madeira vine, Woodbines, which, like the Japanese variety, will soon start into rapid growth, and Tradescantia to droop and climb. On the top of the trellis is a large plant of variegated Vincæ (Strong's Seedling), its long, trailing stems being very effective for festooning. The stand in the centre contains a large Calla in bloom, the Spotted Calla Maculata intermingling its leaves, Heliotrope, scarlet Bouvardia, pink Begonia, white Eupatorium, all in bloom, a fern-leaved Geranium, Centaurea, Golden Feather, and Coleuses, two dark and two crimson, grouped around the Callas. In the hanging-pot a blooming scarlet Tropæolum.

Between the windows, occupying the wall, are five black walnut brackets holding pots of Ivy and vari-

egated Tradescantia, a sketch in colored crayon of a scene among the Andes, two dark medallions, and a large Lily chromo. The corner is furnished with a broad shelf holding a large Crinum, Retinosporas, Plumosa, P. Aurea, and Squarrosa, five in number, and any occasional plants as required. The front edge has a very long and narrow zinc pan filled with Tradescantia, green and variegated, and at each end are pots of T. Febrina, which is very thick and long, the whole forming a very fine draping for a column of Colosseum Ivy, which stands directly in front, having for its base a double block of squares, the upper one the smaller. Directly over this hangs three moss baskets. The walls of the corner have four pictures,

Mingo beach. Directly in front is a square stand of black walnut, upon which is placed a part of the trunk of a small spruce tree, with a portion of its roots, forming irregular hollows and projections. Here are small ferns and mosses, with the bright berries of the Partridge Vine and other pretty little bits from the woodlands; choice sprays of variegated Tradescantia, its white and yellow markings thrown out in beautiful and effective contrast with the dark green of the mosses; the frosty Zebrina, with its crimson shadings and tiny crimson bloom, and Colosseum Ivy, its delicate foliage creeping down to the floor. On the top of the trunk a large flower-pot saucer, filled with Tradescantia, to droop down, and in it a large variegated

Yucca in a pot, also bordered with Tradescantia. On each side stands a pot of Ivy trained on a trellis, more than five feet in height. On each side of the trellis, and a little back of it, are two black walnut stands for single plants, ferns, or any others that suit. At present a Dracæna Terminalis, with striped Tradescantia occupies the one in sight in the drawing. The doorway at the left, from which the door has been removed, has a trellis with Akebia's Quinata, and, hanging over the centre, a very fine Ivy (Rhomboidia Obovata.) Through it is seen a window trellised and surrounded with



WINDOW GARDEN OF MRS. CLARA F. SWEETZER, PEABODY, MASS.

Autumn with its fruits in colored crayons, and a large oil chromo with figures and flowers, below, and two sketches of beaches in Manchester in colored crayons, above.

The wall garden seen in the drawing has for its central object a copy in oils of Landseer's "Two Dogs," surrounded by five large Ivies springing from pots on walnut brackets grouped on the wall underneath. Over it is a pair of antlers, around which the Ivies twine and droop. Above all a sketch in colors of

Ivies, with a large rustic hanging basket with Ivies in variety, English, and smaller leaved, Marmorata elegans, Chrysocarpa, Palmata aurea, and Lutea minor.

A stand of Geraniums is in the centre, which is draped like the rest with Tradescantia.

Between the doorways on the left, on a bracket, and trained to the wall, is a truly regal Ivy Regnoria, very effective in the size and texture of its heart-shaped leaves.

Floral Contributions.

THE CULTIVATION OF PLANTS FROM THE HOT BED.

In this I do not design to treat each and every variety that would come under this head, but of those only with which I have had several years' experience in cultivating, both in the open air and in the window, and the manner in which I have succeeded in collecting a sufficient number and variety that would stock a small greenhouse.

For the minutia of this I refer the readers to Williams's Window Gardening or Henderson's Practical Floriculture, or for those who cannot afford these, and belong to that oft mentioned class referred to by Mr. Vick, "those of much taste and little money," let them get the Home Florist, or Vick's Flower and Vegetable Garden; and let me here say, that one who attempts to grow flowers will save their price two-fold by having something of the kind for reference, as time of planting, pruning, potting, watering, soil, and fertilizers, etc., are systematically treated.

All can plant seeds, but can you make them grow? A man may lead his steed to water, but can he make him drink? Yet the tiniest one has the germ of life that it is in your power to kill, if not to develop; but provide it with the proper means, and in time it will bud and bloom.

It is understood that almost any one in these days knows how to conduct a hotbed, if not, almost any florist's catalogue will give directions, and in J. B. Root's Garden Manual are plans for hotbeds with fire heat.

I advise them to construct the bed as if for glass, plant the seed in soil, that should be a fine sandy loam. Sow in little drills, cover the small seeds with very little earth. It is recommended for such to sift on the slight covering, but it would always bake for me, so I have succeeded best by making a little drill with a small sharp stick, and then put back carefully on the seed the soil that formed the ridge; the larger the seed, the deeper the drill. When sown, label each row with a small piece of board with the name, which, if written on with a lead pencil if the board is dipped in water, the dampness from the earth will not efface.

Guard against putting in the seed too thick, for, unless the plants are thinned out they will damp off or be poor weak things, before they are old enough to transplant, and in very choice varieties this is an object to be considered. When all are planted, I take my clothes sprinkler, (cost twenty-five cents), as it is so much finer than the nose of a water-can, and dampen the soil; be careful, not too much, or the seed will rot; then lay on newspapers, putting on a little soil or stones to keep them down until the plants are up; then on mild days keep no cover on at all, unless it be the open lath cover; cover at night with boards, if cold, put the papers on top; if freezing, your mats or old carpets, or anything to keep out the cold. I prepare this bed the last of March or first of April, and we had ice here in Central Ohio, three-fourths of an inch thick, and snow six inches deep, when my plants were over an inch high, and when uncovered, they came out holding up their tiny heads to greet the sun, when I let him just peep in.

After being covered for several days, remove a little at a time and I think plants grow much faster, with this slight bottom heat, than in the open air, and are

still far better prepared to stand the shock of transplanting, than if raised in a hotbed, with glass, and I have tried all three plans, for they will be strong, stocky plants, and not have the weak-kneed habits of the Phlox Drummondii some lady mentions.

Of my choice and untried varieties, I keep a kind of register until I know the plants, and note the time of planting, blooming, height, color, etc., so I can thus select such from my seed beds that I wish for a definite purpose, without any trouble. Those I want for window plants I pot off, as soon as they have three or four leaves, in two-inch pots, for the "Thumbpots" so many use, dry out too soon for me, as an hour's delay has killed many, so I take a larger one with better success; I sink these in the ground; remember, do not let them dry out. When filled with roots, repot and continue to do so, always leaving the ball of earth unbroken; put them each time in a pot just a size large.

Use soil of well-decayed sod one-fourth, leaf mould and sand one-fourth, good garden soil one-fourth, and well-decayed manure one-fourth. This should be well mixed, and if you saved the weeds and cleanings from your garden walks and beds, they will be well rotted; add some of this and it makes an excellent addition, or the bottom of the spring hotbed can be used to a good advantage in making up the potting soil.

Transplant all annuals with due regard to light, colors, etc., and contrast it with some promiscuous planting and note the difference.

I can tell you of a lawn that was made entire, and much of the soil was hauled to produce the desired grade, and the whole cost, outside that done by the owner, for labor, seed and plants, did not exceed \$10, which received the credit of costing from three to five hundred dollars; of course, this does not include the walks and drives, just the grass plat and beds, and contain about one acre, with the building near the centre. Here were groups of Cannas, Zea Japonica, Cypress in a pyramid of six feet in circumference and nine feet high, a perfect mass of green, with its wealth of rose, scarlet, and white stars. Calladiums, whose leaves measured five and a half by three and a half feet, and whose bulb was as large as a medium-sized cabbage head when dried off. The Calla Richardia, with its spotted leaves. Roses, with nearly all the hardy bulbs and shrubs, with evergreens from one foot to thirty feet high.

Here the annuals vie with each other, and their finely mingled colorings, painted by that unseen Hand, and lovelier far than the richest of Parisian hues, covered with crystal gems, whose names were dew-drops, brighter far than Eldorado's shining treasure, and fairer still than the onyx stone.

The beds were four in number, one a star of five points, each alternate one of pink and white, with a trellis in the centre of each bed. Opposite was a moon, outside row Gladiolus, one foot apart; next Geraniums, one, a Gen. Grant, had at one time five clusters, and on one cluster one hundred and twenty-five florets and buds. In this was twelve different colors, both single and double; next Dianthus, then Verbenas, and it was indeed a beauty.

Now let me here say a word for Geraniums. I procured a paper of Zonale mixed seed, planted them in a box the last of March; first picked off the little husk, and I got twenty plants; transplanted to another box when they began to crowd, and into the bed in May, and they were in bloom the first of the second week in June, and were over eighteen inches in diameter through the top among the branches. I

let each one develop but one cluster of flowers, just to see what they were, and kept off the rest, and now one would fill half an ordinary window. Those that have made my beds gorgeous with their summer bloom, I lift before frost, prune off all the soft and very tender growth, and all the foliage, shake off the soil, and hang up by the roots to the ceiling of the cellar, free from frost, and they keep in fine condition. Do not throw them away in spring because they look dead, for with good soil, water, and plenty of sunshine, they will soon wake up from their winter nap.

Verbenas are grand because they last so long; the seed is sometimes three weeks in coming up, but will reward all care, and are as easy to raise as an Aster. The Lantana makes fine bedding plants; I had one raised from a cutting, whose branches spread six feet from May until August. The Abutilons are raised from cuttings, and are all fine. The Flowering Maple, flower scarlet and yellow, looks much like a large inverted Tulip flower, makes a fine single plant on the lawn. This and Boule de Nieve (white) will give the best satisfaction.

The Fuchsias are the regal queens, with their scarlet and royal purple, nothing can compare with these floral gems. I have two Speciosa six feet high, one year old, from the slip, and loaded with flowers. Carl Hatt is a beauty, but a slow grower for me. These are my winter bloomers; I have several other varieties, one the V. de Puebla, which is very fine. These are all easily raised from slips of the tender growth. The Colcus stands among the first for foliage. I rooted a small slip, about three inches long, in March, put in the bed in May, and when I took it up in August, it was ten and a half feet in circumference and four and a half feet high. The flower is very inferior, much resembling the wild herb catnip. But for growth, bloom, and easy culture, the Chrysanthemum is not half as much appreciated as it should be. Add a few of the Japanese to your collection, and see if they are not deserving of far more consideration. Balsams are next to Camellias.

My beds were of very rich and deep soil, the plants pruned to one and three branches, also much of the foliage removed, and oh! such flowers, as large and double as a Rose, and all shades of color, from deep scarlet to purest white; the latter always looked as though sprinkled with diamond dust. They make fine window plants, but their wants are imperative, deep, rich, mellow soil, and well pruned is the secret of their successful culture; they are very sensitive to frost or cold, and are easily grown from seed, and transplant well.

Pansies, those blue-eyed treasures; give them your secluded spots, and plenty to eat and drink, and see their great blue eyes open, and nod you a welcome good morning; can be grown from seeds or cuttings.

Then comes the Phlox, Dianthus, Carnation and Petunias. When we look upon each velvet petal and think that ere long they will be gone, we would fain inscribe upon each blushing flower and rustling leaf the words, "too lovely to die;" but a few more days can we admire, and their brightness will fade, their leaves will droop, their petals close, and we say, "too bright to last." But lo, see!

"Who splashed with red the sumach hedge—
The Sassafras with purple stain;
Gave Ivy leaves a ruby edge,
And painted all their stems again?"

"Who blanched my Thistle's blushing face,
And gave the winds her silver hair?
Set Golden-rod within her place,
And scattered Asters everywhere?"

MRS. J. PRACTICE.

Answers to Correspondents.

Insects on Roses, etc.—An insect has eaten into the stems of my hardy Roses, causing them to die. How can I prevent it? Are the Passion Flowers Pfordii and Van Volxemi hardy, and what is their treatment? R. T. HENDERSON.

Newville, O.

Answer.—The injury to the Roses' stems is caused by the larvæ of some species of bores. Gather up and burn all dead stems; watch the bushes and you will find minute holes in the stems with a fine wood dust underneath; run a fine wire into these holes and kill the grub. The Passion Flowers you mention are not hardy. They are best grown planted out in the border of a greenhouse, as they are too large growers for pot plants.

Calla Lily, etc.—How large should a pot be for a Calla? Is a Canna suitable for winter in the house? Can it be grown in a pot in the shade? Can the root be cut without damage? MARY A. HATFIELD.

Caseyville, Ky.

Answer.—The size of the pot for a plant must always be proportioned to the size of the plant. A twelve-inch pot would usually be large enough for a Calla, although we have seen plants fill tubs three feet in diameter. Cannas are not suitable for window plants; the foliage gets shabby and the plants seldom bloom. The plant may be grown in summer in a large pot with plenty of sun and water; it should be dried off and rested in a frost-proof cellar in winter. The roots may be divided into as many parts as there are growing points.

Plants for North Windows.—I have three large light windows facing north. What plants will grow in my windows? MRS. M. E. ROOT.

Answer.—It is difficult to make plants bloom in a north window, but you can have foliage. English Ivy will do well. Many of the dwarf evergreens, such as Retinosparas, are very graceful. Camellias would live and bloom towards spring if the atmosphere of the room was not too hot and dry. The old-fashioned Pittosporum requires but little sun. Succulents, such as Sempervivums, Sedums, Aloes, Echeverias, Agaves Hawarthias, would all thrive if there was plenty of light, and prove very curious and interesting.

Surplus Seeds.—Will any reader of the CABINET who has seeds to spare send some of the more common kinds of garden flowers to Mrs. Miles P. Mitchell, Whiteville, Hardeman Co., Tenn., who is passionately fond of flowers, but has no money to buy them?

Ivy Frozen.—What shall I do for my Ivy? It is four feet long, and was frosted this winter; some of the leaves have fallen off. What is the name of the thick-leaved plant which I inclose?

Western Nebraska.

MRS. A. T. KING.

Answer.—From the leaf sent your Ivy appears to have been frozen when growing. Cut it down to about one foot and new shoots will start from the axils of the old leaves. Give light and sun. The leaf sent was all broken up; it seems to be a species of Sedum, and if so, is probably hardy.

Name of Plant.—Please find stem and flower of plant which came from Jacksonville; it has just bloomed, five years from seed. S. A. STORY.

Winnington, N. C.

Answer.—It is probably a species of Cassia, but we cannot identify it.

Wax Plant Blooming, etc.—How old must a Wax Plant be before it blooms? What culture does it require. What is the treatment for Cactus, and at what age do they bloom? What is the treatment of Crape Myrtle? A SUBSCRIBER OF MISSOURI.

Answer.—Wax Plants often bloom very young; give your plant plenty of sun, never let it get chilled, grow it well in rich soil and it will bloom every summer. For culture of Cactus, see our answer to Miss Lowe, recently published in the CABINET. What you call Partridge Cactus is an Aloe, but it requires similar treatment to a Cactus. Crape Myrtles may be planted out in the garden in summer and wintered in a frost-proof cellar; possibly they may prove hardy with you. We cannot undertake to name varieties of the Scarlet (Zonale) Geraniums from dried leaves; it is an impossibility.

Name of Plant, etc.—I have a Night-blooming Cereus and a Sword and Club Cactus, also a Snake and Hedgehog Cactus. How can I make them bloom? What is the name of the flower I enclose?

Paw Paw, Mich.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—Give plenty of heat and sun, not much water, and do not repot the plant. The Cereus will not bloom till old and large; from the others you should have flowers. Your plant is Cyclamen persicum, one of the best window plants; it has no "common name."

Pæony Culture.—I have a Chinese Pæony which I planted in a box; it had four shoots; all died down but one, which formed three leaves and then stopped growing and turned brown; now (October) on looking at the roots, I find two sprouts. What shall I do? LUCY MEREDITH.

Upper Lake, Lake Co., Cal.

Answer.—Pæonies are perfectly hardy plants, and are not suitable for box culture. Your plant is in good condition. Plant it out in the garden in rich, deep soil, about nine inches to a foot below the surface. It will hardly give you bloom next summer, as your culture thus far has weakened it, but if well grown now will grow stronger each year and give plenty of bloom.

Seventeen Questions in One Letter.—1. What sort of a trellis is suitable for a Wax Plant? 2. What is the treatment of herbaceous Calceolaria in the winter? 3. How should winter-blooming Oxalis be dried off? 4. How shall I train a Fuchsia slip very easy? 5. Do perennial plants, such as Phlox, Daisy, Roses, etc., blend their colors if set near each other? 5½. Will the variegated Astilbe lose its color if placed near the plain green one? 6. Is Euonymus radicans rare, and is Lonicera aurea reticulata? 6½. Is Privet hardy "with or without protection? 7. Does Lonicera aurea reticulata retain its foliage as a house plant during the winter? Does it make a good house plant, and treatment? 8. Same questions as to Ampelopsis Veitchii? 9. Will double Feverfew bloom in the house in winter? 10. Summer and winter treatment of Hibiscus rosa sinensis and coccinea? It buds but soon blasts; will it bear the cellar? 11. Does it improve soil for plants to bake it? 12. Will soap suds, made from borax and sal-soda, injure house plants if applied freely? 13. Why do Fuchsias drop their buds before blooming? 14. Should plants received by mail be wet only enough to settle the soil, or be wet so water is seen on the saucer? 15. Are hardy

plants protected in winter as early as the same not protected? 15½. Should covers be taken off hardy plants, such as Tulips, Pæonies, Larkspurs, etc., before they start, or afterwards? 16. Do you know any remedy for a worm, reddish color, like an angle worm, and an inch or more in length, which burrows in Aquilegias just under surface of soil? 17. I want a true scarlet perennial Phlox, any striped or eyed variety, a Hallian Honeysuckle and a Chalcedonicum Lily. Who will exchange the above for almost any other kind of Lily, fine Phlox, Fuchsias, etc.

MRS. W. WICKWIRE.

Oneonta, Otsego Co., N. Y.

Answer.—1. Any light trellis of wood or wire will do for a Wax Plant. 2. Keep them rather dry in a light, airy place, free from frost, but cool. 3. Dry the Oxalis gradually, and when the foliage is yellow cease giving water entirely. 4. Keep pinching out the leading shoots so as to make eyes break. 5. and 5½. Of course not; think a moment and you will see the absurdity of the questions. 6. Neither of the plants mentioned are rare. 6½. The common Privet is perfectly hardy, the Japanese is tender. 7. and 8. The Lonicera and Ampelopsis are both deciduous and wholly unsuitable for house plants. They are tall climbers; you might as well grow apple trees in the parlor. 9. Double Feverfew will not bloom in the parlor until the spring; keep it through the winter in a cold frame. 10. Your Hibiscus drop their buds because they are too cold. Give a moist, warm atmosphere. They will damp off and die in a cellar unless very warm and dry, and even in such would be much injured. 11. Soil is sometimes baked to kill insects; it is not desirable to do it. 12. Your soap suds would probably kill any plant to which it was freely applied. 13. The air is too dry where your Fuchsias are grown. 14. Give the plants a free watering so as to well moisten the soil, but water should not stand in saucers. 15. Yes, just as early if the covering is removed. 15½. Remove covers as soon as danger of severe frost is over. 16. We have never seen the worm. Plant your Aquilegias in another part of the garden.

Name of Plant.—Please give me name of enclosed plant. It blooms in winter; is very tall and is covered with bunches of white flowers. Will it do to cut it back after blooming? KATE.

Broderickville, O.

Answer.—Your plant is an Eupatorium; from the specimen sent we cannot determine the species. It may be cut in after blooming, indeed, it is better to do so.

Clanthus Seed Sowing.—Will some one tell me about Clanthus seed, how to sow it, and when? Ripley, O. A. G. D.

Answer.—Sow in May in a spent hot bed, and water well; draw on the sash if the nights are chill. Do not attempt to transplant. The roots will find their way into the manure and the plants will grow rapidly, blooming freely in August and September.

Name of Lily.—What is the name of the enclosed Lily? It came from California. In six weeks after planting the dry bulb it had three stalks of flowers, very sweet and pretty. THOS. STACEY.

Horseheads, N. Y.

Answer.—Only a small fragment of a plant leaf was received, which was wholly unrecognizable. The plant is probably a Crinum, not a Lily.

Floral Hints.

A NEW PETUNIA.

A very desirable new variety of the Petunia, called *Petunia Grandiflora fimbriata flore pleno*, has just been introduced from Europe. It is most beautifully fringed, retaining the three characteristics of the *grandiflora flore pleno*, and the raiser has stated that among the seedlings "might have been seen flowers rivaling in double size and form those of the Double Garden Poppies, and emulating in color the richness and delicacy of tints of the finest Carnations."

This new variety has been obtained by most careful fecundation of the large-flowering, single fringed Petunias, with pollen taken from blossoms of the newest and best double fringed sorts. Blooms have been raised from these seedlings of striking beauty.

Messrs. B. K. Bliss & Sons have the credit of importation from Erfurt, Prussia.

A VOICE FROM THE WEST.

A few items from my own experience may not be amiss; as with most things I have been successful, and my failures in a few may save others from loss and vexation. To begin with the Rose, I put out quite a number of fine plants in the month of February, principally of the ever-blooming class; they began to grow and bloom most beautifully, but, alas! in my anxiety to see their unfolding loveliness, I had not courage to pick off the flower-buds; so, many of them died, the vitality of the plant being exhausted by the flowering, before being well established and rooted in the soil.

For diversity of color and constancy of bloom, I can recommend this class of Roses; we find no yellow tints among the Mosses or Hybrid Perpetuals; with the Washington for white, Madame Falcot for yellow; Giant of Battles and Madame Chas. Wood for crimson, we have Roses all the time.

The two latter, though classed among the Hybrid Perpetuals, are ever-blooming in this climate. Who has not heard of the Green Roses? and some are skeptical about its existence, but we have had it in bloom for about six months, and can testify that it is really green. I have heard that it was produced by budding the ever-bloomer on the oak, thus producing the color of the oak leaf in the flower together with the continual bloom.

The Mosses and Hybrid Perpetuals have grown splendidly, and in October the General Washington, belonging to the latter class, surprised me with a beautiful crimson flower; in the spring I transplanted a large Cabbage Rose bush—florists and Rose growers have discarded this old-fashioned name; it failed to bloom, in consequence of its removal, until October, when it was covered with blossoms.

With other shrubs I have been more successful. A short time ago I saw an inquiry in the CABINET about

white Oleander as a bloomer. I have one that was transplanted last spring, which flowered freely for five months; give it plenty of water and sunshine and it will reward you richly.

Cuttings from Oleander root readily in bottles of water, or by the side of a ditch where there is water all the time.

I have another which I raised from the seed planted last spring. Acacias, also, have grown from seed five feet high in one summer. Snowball, Crape Myrtle, Deutzia, Honeysuckles, Clematis, Hydrangeas, and many others have grown beautifully; but I have observed all the time that those from which I picked the buds to prevent blooming, immediately after being transplanted, have been most thrifty. With bedding plants I have had no trouble, save to put them out in the soil.

Verbenas and Sweet Allyssum, Periwinkle, Ground Ivy, and Tradescantia, have transformed a dusty yard into a green carpet all bespangled with flowers. Keep

the young shoots pinched off as fast as they become about four inches long.

Time and space would fail to tell you of all our Geraniums. How the Rose Scented grows into a miniature tree in the open grounds, and the scarlet flowering varieties bloom continuously, can be trained on a trellis or frame, like a vine; break off a slip and plant it ever so carelessly, soon it is quite large and the double varieties look like immense Rose bushes in bloom.

I attribute much of the beauty of my plants to the daily sprinkling they receive from our Chinaman, who is a firm believer in water and manure applied on the surface of the ground; this seems to imitate nature as closely as possible as the decay of vegetation and all other natural sources of enriching the soil are necessary on the surface.

And speaking of Chinamen, reminds me to tell how they grow Polyanthus Narcissus in water. They force them into early bloom to mingle with their New

Year's festivities, having a national superstition that if they flower well, the New Year will be crowned with success to them. Take two or three large bulbs and keep them in a basin of warm water for a few days until tiny green shoots begin to appear; then place them in a china or glass dish, or whatever you wish them to bloom in, with heads erect and surrounded by small rocks sufficient to hold them in place; fill the dish with water, and keep in a room where the temperature is mild, giving them the sun if possible, as that prevents them from growing too tall.

Every morning the bulbs, rocks and dish must be cleansed thoroughly with pure water. In a few weeks they bloom most beautifully, their beauty and fragrance repaying one well for the trouble.

I have not mentioned the half of our floral beauties, nor said how the grand old Century Plant becomes a nuisance in this climate; unless some enterprising florist will persuade it into bloom oftener than once in a century, we will be compelled to banish it from our garden; for ambitious California, with her enormous

vegetables, semi-tropical fruits, ever-blooming flowers, and sublime scenery, to say nothing of her intelligent and enterprising population, cannot afford to wait on anything that withholds its beauty for a hundred years.

CALIFORNIA LADY.

Variegation in any plant indicates effeminacy, or inclination to "sport." Plants that are healthy will soon return to their original color, and lose their variegation if placed out of doors long enough.

The Begonia (*glaucophylla scandens*), which is a climbing vine, bearing a salmon and pink blossom, is one of the prettiest of that family for hanging-baskets.



DOUBLE-FRINGED PETUNIA.

the old flowers picked off the Verbenas and they will bloom for six months. Sweet Allyssum blooms here all the time. Give the Ivy and Tradescantia plenty of water and shade and they will grow most vigorously. The latter plant is called by various names, Jacob's Ladder, Wandering Jew, Joint Plant, Inch Plant, and Corn Geranium; it grows finely in water, and has a delicate waxen bloom in the spring.

With annuals I have been equally successful; even now the buds of Zinnias, Petunias, and Sweet Scabiosa, are gorgeous; only let us be generous to cut the flowers regularly for bouquets, and they will not fail to bloom.

But the glory of our garden now is the Chrysanthemums; to have plenty of bloom, one must keep

Home Gardening.

A NEW MIGNONETTE.

A new and very desirable Mignonette has just been introduced this season, for the first time, being imported by B. K. Bliss & Sons, from England. It became of great notoriety when first shown in public at the Horticultural Exhibition of So. Kensington, in May, 1877, and was specially noticed then by Queen Victoria.

It is known as Miles' new Hybrid Spiral Mignonette. It is a remarkably robust grower, very abundant bloomer, and produces the largest flowers of any variety yet seen, which grow in erect column spikes of six inches or more, covered with fully expanded blossoms. Its habit is dwarf, with branches of eight to fourteen inches in length. By pinching the side shoots the centre spike will attain a length of from eighteen to twenty-one inches. It is found to be quite hardy, fully as fragrant as any other variety, and being so distinct in appearance is very desirable for decorating purposes.

It should be sown in the open ground in the months of April or May, covering the seeds about quarter of an inch deep. For winter and spring flowering, sow in pots of loam, mixed with a little leaf mould, in August or September, and protect in a cold frame. Thin out or transplant before the plants get crowded.

GARDEN FLOWERS.

Success in the cultivation of out-door plants depends in a large degree upon the selection of varieties suited to the climate, location and soil in which they are to be placed.

The choice having been made, care should be taken to procure good seed or cuttings, and if to these requisites be added a real love and interest in the work, the battle is half won.

Indeed, without the latter, the others would be of little value, for from the preparation of the soil and planting of the seed, until florescence, a constant war is waged with sun, wind, weeds, and insects to keep the plant alive. If the sun be too burning, the young seedlings must be shaded; if the wind threatens to tear them limb from limb, they must be staked and tied securely, weeds and insects must be fought with a vigorous hand. In short, it seems as if every vegetable production had its enemy ready to destroy it as soon as its leaves are above ground. Each cultivator will find peculiar difficulties to encounter, but patience and experience will conquer them all.

One of the charms of gardening is that one has something to plan and hope for continually; that he can make preparation this year for the next—that the mistakes of one season, will show the improvements of another summer.

While snow covers the garden, spend a few winter evenings in searching the catalogues of seedsmen and florists, in learning how to properly prepare the soil, to plant and care for the seed, and to transplant the young seedlings. Make a list of such flowers as seem most easy to raise, and when spring comes go forward

with a brave heart, letting each failure be an incentive to more strenuous exertions.

As much as possible, I save my own seed and add to it each year a dollar's worth of new varieties. Then for a small expense I obtain a large collection of flowers, which is increased by the addition of house plants and slips. I find no difficulty in rooting almost everything in sand. I have a shallow wooden box about four inches high; this has pebbles placed in the bottom for drainage, and is filled with sand that is free from sticks or stones. This I keep always wet, not muddy, and in the brightest sunshine. Whenever I have a cutting to root, I stick it into the sand, and when it is rooted, which is known by the growth of new leaves, I take it out carefully and plant in a small pot. Shade, a day or two, until well established, then let it go on unto perfection.

I usually germinate seeds in a hot-bed, but have

from the resemblance of the pericarp to a small cucumber, which opens at one end, disclosing a lace-like lining holding the four seeds.

The flower is deliciously sweet. Plant the seed in the fall in a rich bed where you wish it to grow, and in the spring you will find plants looking like young squash vines, which will climb like Jack's bean stalk, and amaze you with their rapid growth and long feathery white flowers.

Do not forget foliage plants in planning your garden. The bright yellow-green Golden Coleus makes a charming border, or any of the red-leaved species. If seeds are started in a hot-bed be careful to plant the finest, such as Petunias or Portulacca on the surface, and pat them into the soil with a light tap of the trowel. Water very gently lest they be washed away or drowned. Shade them by a covering over the glass lest the heat of the sun dry them while sprouting, which is sure death. Remember, within each little black shell there is life, for which you are responsible, and any neglect after the embryo starts to grow is destruction to its vitality.

The plants being well up, they must still be shaded from the most intense rays of the sun, watered by gentle drops, not showers, and given a breath of fresh air lest they damp off. Some sturdy growers like Balsams and Zinnias, will stand like sentinels and take a shower-bath without winking, but the delicate and most beautiful ones need petting and tender care.

We transplant in this northern climate as soon as the late frosts are over, about the middle of May or first of June, then if you would have vigor and quick growth and luxuriant bloom give them plenty of water, not once a week, but every evening during the dry season until the welcome showers relieve you from duty. I have no faith in the lazy plan of withholding water because "if you begin you have to keep it up." I have seen too many baked, starved-looking plants that had been tortured with such treatment. If I am thirsting, I want water, and I believe my plants like it as well as I do. Neither do I boil the tea-kettle before giving them their supper. I pump nice cool water from the well, and give them a good supply. I do not see that they take cold or go into consumption, but they laugh up into my face as if they enjoyed it, and grow faster and faster, and stouter and stouter, just like healthy children that are out in all kinds of wind and weather.

To those who wish to cultivate plants with little trouble, I would say, try perennials. These brave-hearted veterans will bear almost any treatment and live through it, but like everything else they enjoy a little attention. Choose such as will give a succession of bloom from early spring till fall. Fill the vacancies with hardy annuals that will soon sow themselves. Then by stirring up their bed in the spring, and giving them a covering for the winter you will be encouraged to go farther, and try a little more work with a proportionate amount of pleasure and satisfaction.

Much seed is lost if left to dry out of doors. It should be gathered when fully grown, and dried in the house, and then put up in labelled packages for future use.

E. L. E.



NEW HYBRID SPIRAL MIGNONETTE.

been successful in the house by taking a box of finely pulverized soil, which has been warmed in the oven, covering the seeds lightly, and placing over them a newspaper wet with warm water. Place the box on the urn of a coal stove or where it can get under heat; allow the paper to remain, and keep it wet until the plants appear. Thus the two essentials of germination are obtained, namely, warmth and moisture.

In selecting plants, the size of the yard, or the place to be ornamented, should be considered. Tall, large foliaged plants, like Ricinus Cannas and Caladiums, are too cumbersome for small quarters, but give a tropical aspect to a broad lawn.

Vines of rapid growth are desirable to cover unsightly walls or buildings. One of the best for this purpose is the Wild Cucumber or Lace Plant, so called

The Home Circle.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS, AND GOSSIP ABOUT HOME AFFAIRS.

A. M. L.—As your "handsome" table-cloth has lain away so long, the best way to remove the fruit stains will be to take some tartaric acid, and, putting it on the places, gather them up and tie each one into a little bag with the acid within, then put into boiling hot water, one after another, holding each place until it disappears; then wash and rinse. Wine stains you may remove by rubbing with salt and soft soap, or if claret, by at once rubbing salt on the spots.

Floor Covering.—Mrs. Anderson.—Matting would be the best material for covering your floor; with a few mats placed before each large piece of furniture, and a large one, or a piece of drugget, in the middle of the floor.

Stippling in.—Miss N. M. Merrill.—1st. By "stippling in" is meant introducing the colors by means of certain manipulations with the brush held in a perpendicular position and applied by innumerable light taps upon the surface to be painted, this produced a soft velvet-like appearance, very different from sweeping strokes. The best brushes to be used in your case are the stiff round bristle brushes, with flatly-cut bottom.

2d. No pearling is done by means of foil, but with thin pieces of mother-of-pearl, cut into shape, and fitted into spaces cut for them.

3d. A "set finished," as you suggest, in "ebony and ivory" would be beautiful. We would suggest your applying simple designs, as by this means it will appear more like the genuine inlaid work.

4th. Put gilding on after you finish up the entire work, staining, painting, etc.

5th. If you expect to stain your wood in imitation of walnut or ebony, plain pine will answer as well as any, and be very much cheaper than chestnut.

6th. Rub your wood first with emery paper, then stain; dry well, then varnish; rub down with powdered pumice stone, rinse thoroughly; dry, varnish again; and repeat as before until you have a surface as close and solid as ebony, though many only give the one varnishing and polishing which will make a surface fairly smooth, but not solid.

7th. We should advise for an organ, to finish in ebony, then send to Chas. Moller, 36 Maiden Lane, N. Y., for his Decalcomanie Catalogue, and select a set of musical characters, or devices, with antique borders, with which we would embellish any panels or flat spaces, or if you have talent and artistic skill, sketch for yourself; before staining and having your characters arranged, paint them yourself with oil colors. We are pursuing this pretty work, of painting on wood panels, largely in our own family this winter, and are delighted with it, but a few specimens in decalcomanie are also so exceedingly elegant, that one feels inclined to pursue the easier and less artistic method sometimes.

8th. As regards the patterns, you may copy from various things; sometimes a border in a book, a frontispiece or title-page; designs on wall-paper, fret-sawing patterns, etc., which you can easily mark off on paper by means of colored tracing paper, then prick the outlines, and, tying a little powdered chalk in a piece of thin muslin, pounce the pattern by dusting the powder on the paper; then upon lifting it

you will find the entire design in minute dots, and, having a soft pencil or crayon, mark it carefully out upon the wood.

Wax Crosses.—Mrs. Alfred Maxwell.—You will find full directions for making various wax crosses in "Ladies' Fancy Work;" it need not be an expensive art, for you may make various colors for "blooming" by the following method: Obtain aniline dyes, a few cents' worth of various colors, also a package of corn-starch, or arrow root, as preferred; put a teaspoonful of the latter into a saucer, and having dissolved the dye, unless you use the liquid kinds, pour on enough to color the starch, mixing it quite smooth. They allow it to become quite dry, when powder it quite fine, then sift through fine Swiss muslin, and bottle, when you will find it quite as nice as the expensive colors sold in the stores. The liquid dyes of Leannon's may be had in all colors, and by diluting with water, several shades of the same colors may be made. These dry colors are much the finest for wax flowers. Scarlet geraniums should be made of yellow wax covered with dry carmine. This for the Mrs. Pollock type, but for crimson reds, in geraniums, roses, Euphorbia, Amaryllis, etc., pure powdered carmine is best, as giving the richest, clearest tint. The most natural patterns are obtained by cutting them from dissected flowers, which practice we have successfully followed for many years. Such flowers as the Passion Flower, Pond Lily, Amaryllis, etc., may be easily cut in this way, and the entire formation understood by examining an entire flower. After cutting the paper-pattern by placing each petal on it, marking round with a lead pencil, and then carefully cutting, it is best to take another pattern from thin Bristol board, marking each petal 1, 2, 3, 4, etc.; put them in a little envelope, and, writing the name of the flower on the back, make any notes necessary, as the number of stamens and pistils, etc.

For minute flowers, the tin-cutters are indispensable. In "blooming" do not color the lower end or the wax will not adhere to the calyx, or ovary. All leaves may be copied by taking a natural leaf, laying it face downward on a table, then wetting the wrong side, and, placing a piece of warm green wax upon it, press it on every part, then with a small knife or large needle cut round the edges, place a slip of wax down the centre, lay on a piece of fine wire, for the stem, lay on another piece of wax covering the wire, then cover with wax a shade lighter for the back; press it firmly, cut off the edges, lift the whole and carefully remove the natural leaf. You will find a perfect impression. We like the gilt leaf-moulds, but often wish a leaf of some plant that cannot be obtained, or cannot wait, perhaps, or wish to save the expense, then we are glad to be able to make our own impressions. Stamens and pistils are made of finest wire, covered with wax, wax rolled between the fingers, or thread waxed and colored.

Some thick leaves, like Begonias, Water (Pond) Lilies, etc., are best made in a mould, thus: Make a little case of paper, which place round the leaf on a wet or oiled pane of glass; make a batter by mixing fine French plaster, such as dentists use, with water in which a little salt has been dissolved, which pour over the leaf until well covered; allow to "set," then lift the cake of plaster, and, picking out the leaf, you will have a neat mould, which varnish with shellac, dissolved in alcohol, to make it durable and give an enamelled surface.

Moulds of fruit, tiny cucumbers, etc., are made by embedding the one-half of the fruit in fine sand encased with a card frame, then liquid plaster poured

over; first oil the fruit. This operation must be rapidly performed, or the plaster will harden before putting it on the leaf or fruit. Lift out the fruit, trim off flatly, and cut three grooves across them; take a mould of the other half in like manner. For petals that require a shimmering sparkle on their surface, arrow root is required, and where a cross is wanted to look like marble, add a little diamond dust to the arrow root, which imparts a brilliant marble-like surface. Further inquiries will be cheerfully answered.

Miss Annie M. A., New Orleans.—Thanks for your kind and appreciative answer. Be assured it will always give us pleasure to answer any questions you or any reader of the CABINET may desire to ask, and we hope you will feel no hesitation in doing so.

Diaphanie.—A housekeeper, with some skill and small means, who loves to make home beautiful, would make some inquiries through the CABINET, if she can gain a hearing. Will "Aunt Carrie" explain more fully to a country housewife what vitromania or diaphenie plates are, and will she give more complete instructions as to how the work of ornamenting is done? My sitting-room has two windows looking east, one north and one south, opening to the floor like doors; now should the two windows that do not open to the floor, be curtained like those that do? Also will Augusta Larned tell the readers of the CABINET how those curtains of Canton flannel may be made to look like something so much richer. The idea is entirely novel to me; any light on these subjects will be gratefully received.

Answer.—1st. Vitromania or diaphenie plates may be obtained at the office of the FLORAL CABINET. Mr. Williams will select suitable ones if the size of the glass and class of subject desired be described. Or you may by sending stamp obtain a catalogue, containing illustrations of all varieties of subjects from copies of windows in XIVth, XVth, XVIth, and Renaissance styles, scenes in Europe, figures, or floral, with suitable borderings, groundings, corners, etc. All the materials necessary for this beautiful art-work, as well as full descriptions of the work, and extracts from foreign papers concerning its beauty, will be found in the catalogue. In "Household Elegancies" we have given many different methods for making transparencies by means of transferred engravings, colored or plain; painting with transparent colors; imitation of statuary, and many other really artistic modes. We have made several windows, desired to be private, extremely elegant, by the following methods: Cut from Swiss muslin or tarlatan any designs of some geometrical style, perhaps, or a regular diaper pattern, diamonds, stars, circles, etc., united at certain points, but with open spaces, showing the glass between. Paint these on one side with Damar varnish, and apply them to the glass, pressing it very closely against the glass. Allow to dry, then wash with a hot saturated solution of Glauber's salts, sal-ammonia, or Epsom salts, which will give different forms of crystallization. The one will give minute, scintillated stars of eccentric forms, the next six-sided prisms, broken into thousands of thread-like rays, the third four-sided prisms, crossing and recrossing each other in brilliant confusion. Apply with a varnish brush and keep the solutions hot during the process, then allow to dry. By a saturated solution is meant, to allow the water to take up all that it can possibly dissolve. 2d. Drape all the windows to correspond. Nothing gives such a "one-sided" appearance to a room as to see two windows with long and two with short curtains. The best arrangement for you, if your windows open in the "French style," with hinges like doors, is to hang your drapery to run on a rod of wood or strong wire. If you use a cornice, let the wire extend behind it, but if large fancy rings are used, support the heavy pole on brackets fastened at each end of the window frame.

Subscribers will confer a favor, if, when answering Advertisements, they will mention "The Floral Cabinet."

THE Ladies' Floral Cabinet

AND
PICTORIAL HOME COMPANION,
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Each box contains 80 varieties richly colored leaves, 1 doz. sheets green wax, stems, moulding-pin, &c., with full directions. We will send the above articles, neatly packed, by mail (postpaid) for \$1.00. These goods, by the usual process, cost from \$5.00 to \$10.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address,
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and other periodicals with the new **Wire Newspaper Binder.** One sent by mail, postage paid, for 25 cents, or two for 45 cents. Mention the length desired. Agents wanted. Illustrated catalogue of wire novelties free. Address,
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We offer to the subscribers and contributors to the **FLORAL CABINET** a full set of

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IN 10 VOLS. WORTH \$40,

for the best article descriptive of the use in domestic economy of

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All replies should be received by May 10th, in order to be published in June No. The successful article to be published in the **CABINET.** Those desiring to compete, or wishing to inform themselves concerning these celebrated Dyes, are requested to write at once to the proprietors. Any color sent for 25 cents. Book and Sample Card free.

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FLOWER SEEDS 800 best varieties at wholesale prices. 5 cent pkgs. for 25 cents; 10 cent pkgs. for 50 cents, &c. Send for Catalogue. **D. C. MCGRAW,**
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LADIES IF YOU WISH TO COLOR-- Use Leamon's Dyes. Warranted the best and cheapest Dyes for all fancy dyeing. Dresses, Cloaks, Coats, Ribbons, Ties, Feathers, anything, can be colored any shade. Anyone can use them. The expense is trifling. We especially recommend the black as much better than logwood. Sold by druggists, or any color sent by mail, large size 25 cents, small size 15 cents. Send for dye book and beautiful samples, free.

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EARLY OHIO.—Earlier than Early Rose. Ranked by general consent, in earliness, yield and quality combined, at the head of all early potatoes. **BURBANK.**—Medium late: a prodigious cropper; flesh remarkably white; quality excellent. **DUNMORE.**—A splendid late sort. A greater cropper than the Peerless, which it resembles in form, while far better in quality.

Each, per barrel, \$4.00; per bushel, \$2.00; per peck, 75 cents.
My Illustrated Seed Catalogue free to all applicants.
JAMES J. H. GREGORY,
Marblehead, Mass.

\$55 & \$77 a Week to Agents. \$10 outfit FREE
P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.



NEW YORK, MARCH, 1878.

A GOOD PLACE FOR YOUR FLOWERS.

Many people in this life are so situated that they have no money to spend for flowers; yet, if they knew it, flowers are like love, free to all. First consideration is to select a place for your flowers, and, if possible, the place should be southeast windows. I start my slips, all through the summer, as my friends give them to me. I never call on a friend who has choice flowers and come away without a slip of some kind. We do not term this begging, as I have often heard it termed, because we all keep slips to give away. Every lover of flowers that I have ever met loves humanity; this is the reason that flowers are free.

Now for these slips, I take a box six feet long and three wide and eighteen inches deep, and fill it with good loam, and set in my slips and remove to a shaded place where it will get only a little morning sun; and moisten by watering good at night, and only a little in the morning. After these have rooted and look hardy, I have ready three-inch pots, and transplant with care, so not to injure the young roots; then I have a box, similar to the first, half full of sand, in which I place all my new plants, watering them once a day. I let all remain out doors until frost.

Now I will come to my windows again. I have heard ladies say, "If I have flowers this winter, I will have to take down my curtains." That will depend on the kind of curtains you have up. Your curtains must be white muslin, no lambrequins allowed; have the muslin the size of your windows, with deep hem, cord and tassel, and I will show you a pretty design: fasten up your curtains and bring in your flowers and flower-stand, which can be made in many styles. My stand is a half circle, each circle being smaller than the other. A goods box taken apart and made in a square table, and the whole painted bright green, will look nice and answer well your purpose; any boy ten years old, with mother's help, could make either; or you could raise slips, and make hanging-baskets and sell them and get money and have a carpenter make you one.

You will fill your windows with the flowers you want to bloom first; as a plant blooms, remove it to the stand, and so on, until all have bloomed; but another suggestion, you can no more neglect these flowers and expect them to bloom than you could neglect your babies and not expect them to cry.

My hanging baskets I start the last week in August. I wanted new hanging-baskets last year, so all I had to do was to make them. I took an old washpan, and painted brown by mixing equal parts of putty and sealing wax; after heating, applied, and what was left I put on the fire, adding rosin and more sealing wax. To ornament my basket or pan, I had ready some cones, shells, and moss; filled out after my own taste; when dry, finished with good varnish. This all complete, you will be surprised; it is really beautiful. Put holes in and hang with scarlet cord. I fill with rich loam, and round my basket I have Wandering Jew, purple and green, Golden Feverfew in centre, and German Ivy for each cord. This basket is suspended as low as top of second sash. The German Ivy has grown thrifty; the whole upper window is one mass of green. You can imagine the effect over the white curtain. Then the curtain protects from sun and cold; too much of either is injurious to a rapid growth of vines.

I trained the Jew up either side of the window, and they now reach the top. Just above my stand I have another basket; it is made of a large gourd cut in two and notched round with a sharp knife and painted green, with holes in the bottom and at the top, and hung with green cord. I have Wandering Jew round it, pink Begonia in the centre, and Ivy for the cords. The Ivy has reached the top and gone over to look out at the window.

I must tell you what kinds of flowers I have in one window. I have a Calla Lily in bloom, an Acharanthus, "Blue Ella," its botanical name I do not know; Scotch Ivy completes the scene. In the other and on my stand, I have blooming Geraniums, scarlet and white, double and single, six varieties, Arbutus, Gilly, double Petunia, several Carnations, Roses, Chinese Ivy, Fuchsias, Coleus, and many small plants of less note, yet things of beauty. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever;" so I find my few flowers and plants, and would sooner part with anything I have, except my CABINET, than my flowers.

I have heard so much said about flowers not blooming; now under anything like fair treatment I cannot know how you can keep them from blooming; this is my experience. People who love flowers, take a little courage and have patience, and with little or no expense you can beautify your homes and learn your children to cultivate flowers; they soften down all that is harsh in nature, and if they love flowers, they will love the God that gave them.

LEONIA.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Chromo.—Subscribers ask if the Chromo and the Frontispiece, with the same title, "Treasures of Garden and Woodland," are the same, or each different. We answer yes—there are not two but one, which is both a chromo and is sent to our subscribers in the form of a Frontispiece. If it were mounted it could not go safely through the mails. Still it is a chromo as much as any that ever were made, just as pretty and useful, and made in the same way as chromos always are.

Purchasing Agency.—Should our subscribers wish any purchasing done for them in this city, we will execute their orders for anything, if the value is one dollar or over. New York prices for articles are so cheap, purchasers can save considerable by getting their orders filled here.

Are You Going to Buy Any Seeds this Spring?—Our offer of Seeds and Books in January and February Nos. is very fine. All who intend to plant seeds this spring should improve the opportunity. For every dollar's worth of seeds bought there is given fifty cents worth of books beside. Thus you get for your money honest value in seeds and good books beside for nothing.

Prizes for Household and Floral Articles.—The articles for which we give Prizes this year we want to be practical, and relate somewhat to experiments in growing the different varieties of plants and flowers, old and new. Our flower-lovers need a little more information about *what varieties to choose*, as well as how to grow them. Also how to lay out and ornament lawns and flower beds. In Household Topics, the articles should relate to anything connected with Housekeeping and the making of the little Household Elegancies and necessary articles in and about the house. As we have had so many Recipes, it is not worth while to send any for a few months. Good articles on Entertaining Company, Social Recreations, Christmas Presents, Home Enjoyments, Ladies' Work, etc., are all acceptable.

For best article on Floral Subjects.....	\$10 00
For second best article on Floral Subjects.....	5 00
For best article on Household Subjects.....	10 00
For second best article on Household Subjects.....	5 00
For each of next 50 best articles on Flowers or Household Subjects, choice of one hook, "Household Elegancies," or "Ladies' Fancy Work," or "Beautiful Homes," or "Evening Amusements," or "Window Gardening."	
For each of next 50 best articles one Silk Book Mark, or choice of one book, "Household Hints and Recipes," "Every Woman Her Own Flower Gardener," or "Ladies' Guide to Needle Work."	

Contributors will notice the following rules: 1. Label all articles, "For Competition." 2. Each article not to exceed three to five foolscap pages long. 3. Articles all to be forwarded to this office before April 15. 4. Award of prizes will be announced in May number, and prizes forwarded to the fortunate competitors. 5. Articles contributed, not specially marked for return, may be understood, as having the desire of writer to be used in FLORAL CABINET, as a voluntary contribution whenever convenient.

The object in offering these prizes is not so much to induce the writing of articles for the sake of pecuniary remuneration, as it is to encourage our readers and writers to contribute really useful information, which will be a help and benefit to others.

Advertisements.—Quite a number of advertisements are published in the FLORAL CABINET, offering many articles to our readers. So far as we can, we admit nothing but from people who will send the goods they advertise. The quality of the articles advertised seem to be worth the money asked. We do not suppose anyone will ever be able to get more than his money's worth, although many things appear very cheap and attractive. Articles of gold or silver must necessarily be *plated or washed*, or they could not be afforded for a few cents. If solid they would cost \$5 to \$10 each. We have taken pains to publish nothing deceptive, although we are not always able adequately to judge, but we mean nothing shall appear in our columns but from examination seems to be worth the price named, and that the subscriber will receive the article ordered; neither do we knowingly admit anyone of doubtful character and responsibility. Subscribers must, however, bear in mind that any gift offers are not made by us, but by the advertiser. We have refused, and still continue to refuse all advertisements which we are satisfied do not give subscribers the worth of their money.

Cinnamon Vine.—Subscribers who obtained them last year and the year before, will find that it takes two years to grow sufficiently strong to produce any perfume in blooming. Many who were disappointed last year, will find it much more promising this year. This name is simply a very popular name for what all florists call the *Dioscorea batatas*, or Chinese Yam. It is a very profuse grower, and is a valuable climber, often growing fifty to sixty feet in a season. We will send any who wish, for 50 cents, either a yearling Tuber or a package of Seed Balls.

Several of our subscribers have written as follows respecting it:

Miss Emma A. Field, of Elyria, Ohio, writes:

It is a splendid vine, of rapid growth, beautiful foliage, and a perfume that is perfect.

Mrs. Elizabeth Shauherger, Maumelle, Ark.:

The Cinnamon is doing well this year. It bloomed profusely, with the delicious cinnamon odor.

Mrs. Emma B. Mead, of Macedon Centre, N. Y., writes:

Our Cinnamon Vine has more than met our expectations. Its rapid growth, its fragrance, and amount of its perfume is truly wonderful.

Mrs. A. Walsley, Lansingburgh, N. Y., says:

My Cinnamon bought of you in 1876 grew this year eight or nine feet. When I nipped it off at the top it bloomed beautifully, and the flowers lasted a long while.

Mrs. H. B. Woodbury, Ashtabula, Ohio, says:

My Cinnamon Vine is a great success as far as being a lovely vine. It has grown at least twenty-eight feet this summer, but has not blossomed.

L. Baumgarten, of Buffalo, N. Y., says:

The vines are exceedingly thrifty and beautiful, but as yet no blossoms. I think there is nothing so pretty and ornamental as the Cinnamon Vine. Every one that saw the vine could not but admire its beautiful glossy foliage.

Mrs. M. C. Balcom, Steward, Ill., says:

The Cinnamon Vine tubers obtained from you in the spring of 1876 have this year come up fully to my expectations, having climbed over twelve feet and blossomed very profusely—the blossoms having a delicate cinnamon odor. Both vines and odor admired by all who saw it while in bloom.

J. F. Rung, Tyrone, Pa., says:

The vine grew about six feet in 1876, and did not flower. This season it has grown about eighteen feet, and was very full of bloom, with a delicious odor, scenting the air for a long distance. The foliage is very much admired, and is, withal, a desideratum in the way of vines.

Jas E. Badger, Jr., St. Joseph, Mo., says:

This year the Cinnamon Vine is a success. From one stem a dozen branches have started, ranging from twelve to twenty feet each, and blooming profusely; very fragrant. The root you sent was broken in two. Both were planted and grew fairly last year. There were no flowers and but little foliage. Then it looked very like a humming, and we could not imagine where the cinnamon came in. This year, however, we are more than satisfied.

John W. Wehh, Manhattan, Kan., says:

Vine received in the spring of 1877 has made fine growth, but no blossoms. Hope it will blossom next year. Vine alone is very attractive.

A GREEK WEDDING.

Weddings among the Greeks are for the most part solemnized in the evening and at home, and from the nature of the rite must be very trying to the persons principally concerned. A small table is placed in the centre of the room, on one side of which stand the bride and bridegroom, each holding a long, lighted candle; on the opposite side the officiating priests. Behind the former the best man takes his place; he has an important part to fill in the ceremony, and is ranked as a relation from the time of the marriage. The room is of course brilliantly lighted, and the numerous guests throng as closely as they can towards the centre, in order to gain the better view.

Many prayers are chanted by the priests and their assistants, unintelligible even to the ears of a classical scholar, with the exception of the often-repeated "*Kyrie eleison*," which forms so prominent a part in almost every Greek service.

There is very elaborate ritual—the signing bride and bridegroom on the forehead three times with the ring; the blessing two wreaths, which are afterwards placed on their heads by the best man, and, at a later part of the rite, interchanged over and over again; the drinking of wine three times from the same cup; the kissing by both

of the office book and of the priest's hand who has made them one; and, finally, the strangest part of the ceremony, when the clergy, closely followed by the bride and bridegroom hand in hand, the best man and the nearest relatives of the newly-married couple, make

festive part of the evening begins. Servants appear on the scene, carrying large trays heaped with bou-bons, sugar-plums, and artificial fruit of different sorts. These are presented to the guests, who are expected to help themselves liberally, and to take to their friends at

home as much as they care to carry. Cooling drinks of various kinds are also bro't in never-ending supply, and the evening ends, sometimes with a ball, sometimes with the departure of bride and bridegroom for their own home.

The Violin for Girls.

—A recent number of the *London Queen* contains an article commending the violin as an instrument peculiarly appropriate for the use of ladies. It protests against the custom of teaching girls to play the piano forte only, arguing that they should have a larger field in music. There is certainly no reason why girls may not gracefully handle the bow, and it is stated in the article referred to that "they can learn the violin in half the time the boys can" —a state-

ENGLISH COURT LADIES OF OLDEN TIME IN PROMENADE.

the tour of the table three times. This is said to be a relic of heathen days, while the drinking of wine from the same cup has been continued from the Jews.

When the ceremony, which lasts three-quarters of an hour, is over and the young couple have been duly kissed and congratulated by their assembled friends, the

ment which indicates that a goodly number of girls somewhere have had the opportunity of learning. In this age of progress girls may certainly have a choice of instruments, and an opportunity to pursue the delightful art of music in whatever way they choose.



Household Hints.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

I noticed in the October number of the CABINET a description of a rug made of lambskin, with a border of applique. The design is beautiful; but I think it could be improved by coloring the wool on the skin some bright color. This can easily be done with fuchine or Leamon's dye. The prepared dye is best, but fuchine is cheaper, and green and red can be colored with fuchine.

Wash the skin in a strong soapsuds, so as to cleanse it from grease; rinse in warm water. Use rain-water for washing and coloring. Stretch it on a clean board. Have your dye ready, not too hot or it will injure the skin. Wet the wool thoroughly, using a sponge for this; let it dry, and if it is not dark enough repeat the process until it is the color you desire.

For a cheap carpet, I think straw matting is the best; it is cool and pleasant in the summer, and can be made to look warm and cosy for winter by the use of rugs.

A very pretty rug can be made from a coffee sack. Cut the rug the size you desire, then work in the centre a cat, dog, or any figure you fancy, with Germantown yarn, in simple cross stitch the same as on canvas. A border of leaves, worked with green yarn, would be very pretty for fringe; ravel the sacking to the depth of an inch or more, with bunches of the yarn worked an inch apart, using the same color in fringe you used in working on the sacking.

A pretty way to train vines on a long porch or portico, is to have strings from the ground to the roof of the portico. After they are half way up, draw them apart and loop them like a curtain; in the arch thus formed is a beautiful place to hang your bird cage. Another way is to tie a large hoop in making a green wreath, or you can hang hoops from the ceiling of the porch; and if you have Madeira vines growing outside, you can bring in enough branches to cover them.

A very pretty summer-house can be made by driving four cedar posts into the ground, with one in the centre; it is better to have them forked a little at the top; lay strips across the top and plant honeysuckles or Wisteria vines outside; train them up to the post in the centre.

Not having a convenient place for my wardian ease, except where there is only fire occasionally, I took the ferns and plants out and put them in the cellar, sent to the woods for a nicely shaped cedar, put it in the centre of the case, gathered a quantity of Chrysanthemums of all sizes and colors, cut off all of the leaves, as they turn brown very soon; put the flowers among the cedar, hiding the stems; the flowers are as bright and pretty as when put in two months ago, and my case is as pretty as when I had growing plants in it.

A pretty way to decorate your portico in the winter is to grow Ground Ivy in a shady place during the summer, and in winter fill your hanging-baskets with it; all it needs is a little water occasionally, as freezing does not hurt.

For your vases use Arbor-vitæ; this can be grown from seed sown in the spring. Thus when winter, with its icy breath, has killed all of your delicate flowers, you can still have something to supply their place.

A pretty bracket for the porch can be made and

trimmed with burs. Make the frame of the bracket large and strong enough to hold a good sized pot. For the lambrequin take heavy cloth; white pine burs are the best; boil them in water to soften them; sew the scales on the cloth carefully, lapping them so as to show only the brown ends; finish with a bouquet of small burs in the centre; burdock burs make a pretty finish for the edge of the lambrequin. A chain made by stringing small burs, and hung in festoons, make a nice addition to it; give two coats of varnish and you have a bracket impervious to the weather; it makes a very suitable shelf to set a pot of Ivy to decorate the front door. Another pretty and unique bracket can be made by cutting out a nice frame, to which fasten three shells of the land terrapin in the same way as cocoanut shells are described in "Household Elegancies."

A very interesting and instructive pastime is to collect a cabinet of curiosities. With the aid of a fret-saw any lady can decorate one after the frame for it is made, which would cost but a trifle. To fill, put anything you think interesting or curious in it. I saw one on a visit to the eastern part of the State that afforded entertainment to guests for several hours. Many of them the family had collected, quite a number of them had been given to them by friends. They had every kind of birds' eggs, from a little wren to a hawk. The large eggs had been opened at the small end and the egg taken out, leaving only the shell. Among other things was a small bird's nest with three eggs in it that were petrified as hard as a rock. They had a number of small purple rocks; they said they had given the largest of these to a physician from the neighboring town; he gave it to his daughter who carried it to Washington city to a jeweler, who pronounced it an amethyst, and made it into settings for two rings, making her a present of one. We may not often have the opportunity of picking up real jewels, but in collecting things of this kind we encourage a taste for it in the minds of the children, and gain much useful information.

Now that poultry feathers are used for trimming hats, it has been a matter of surprise to me that country people will pay an extravagant price for them when by the use of a little ingenuity and taste they could prepare them as well. A lady was showing me her hat. I remarked upon the cost; she replied the feathers made it cost so much; it was trimmed with *plume de coqs*. I had made equally as pretty one out of the tail feathers, finished off with the neck feathers, a few days before, at no cost at all. Many chicken feathers are of that peculiar bronze-green that is so fashionable this winter, and you can color a beautiful cardinal red with Leamon's scarlet dye. Another pretty ornament for a hat is to color three or four long feathers a dark blue and some neck feathers a pale blue, shading out into white; to make the feathers bend in the shape you desire, shave off the under side of the quill, or to make the feather curl up in small rings, scrape them with a penknife.

Pigeons' wings make pretty ornaments for hats; you can get them pure white and color them. A pretty wreath for a young girl's hat can be obtained from the small green feathers of a pea fowl, the long feathers are too glaring; sew them on a strip of cloth, use care in lapping them, and then to extend over the edge far enough to hide the cloth.

Of course, wealthy people have no need of these small economies, but to people with large families and limited income, it is necessary to save; and this can be done and yet present a nice appearance. Country people waste their resources.

A nice dessert can be made from pigs' feet. Soak all the salt out of them, or use before salting; boil until tender in plenty of water. Strain the liquor, after removing the feet, through a jelly bag; flannel is the best; sweeten to taste, as sugar is not necessary to make it jelly, and to every quart of liquor add the juice of one lemon. If you have jelly moulds, mould it in them; if not, use egg shells for moulds; to color it add a little tumeric for yellow, or beet juice will color it red; nice jelly moulds add greatly to the appearance; those I saw were in the shape of an ear of corn; nothing could be prettier than jelly colored with tumeric and moulded in the form of an ear of corn. To be eaten with cream and sugar. Blanc mange, and the different kinds of jellies from gelatine, can be moulded and colored in the same way.

Another nice dish for dessert is to pare and slice six large cooking apples; put alternate layers of them and bread crumbs in a baking dish, a small quantity of water, tablespoonful of butter, a cupful of sugar; less would do; grate nutmeg on top; bake in a hot oven; before it is quite done, beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth; season with lemon, sweeten with sugar, and spread over the top, and let it slightly brown.

AUGUSTA.

A Barrel Chair.—I am a subscriber of the CABINET, and think a great deal of it. I should feel quite lost without it. In it I first got the idea of a barrel chair among the many other things. I tried it quite to my satisfaction, only instead of putting ropes across for the seat, which is some trouble, I leave the bottom in, and fill it up with any soft material, which makes it more comfortable.

We have discovered a new way of making mottoes which look very pretty. It is simply to take three or four sheets of cotton wadding, lay them together, and cut from them the letters required; then wet the surface a little with mucilage and sprinkle with diamond dust. Of course the wadding should be white, and the diamond dust, together with the thickness of the letters, make them look like marble. Then place on black, scarlet, or any colored ground desirable. We have the word "Welcome" made this way, and placed on a ground of scarlet in a frame made of walnuts cut in two and a slice taken from the centre and used, filled in with grape seeds. The frame should be made deep according to the thickness of the letters.

Can any one give me directions, through the CABINET, how papier mache work is made, also how to make hair pictures, such as were seen at the Centennial?

HATTIE SEARLES.

Hanging-Basket.—Take an old pint dipper, and with a pair of pincers wrench off the handle. Cut a strip of silver perforated cardboard long enough to go round the dipper and join, and about two holes wider. Join, and crochet a bottom to just fit the bottom of the dipper. With shaded orange single zephyr work the cardboard in rows, slipping a silver glass bead on each stitch. Crochet a border round the top with the worsted; also crochet four cords to hang the basket with. Fill the dipper with rich earth, and plant Tradescantia, or anything which will live without drainage. These sell rapidly at fancy fairs, etc.

ANABEL C. ANDREWS.

Household Art.

MOSS PAINTING.

Moss from pine woods or rocks is best; keeps its color best. Place the top of moss on paper, near the fire, dry it quickly, but don't scorch it. When dry keep it in a dark place till wanted. If dirty, wash it before drying.

Have good thin paste, paper muslin, pasted on pasteboard, glazed side up, or have fine Bristol board, the size you want your picture.

PUTTING ON THE MOSS.

First put a thin coat of glue, just a small place at a time, so you can cover it before it dries, where you want the branches and leaves, also where the ground is, then around the old building, or in the crevices of rocks; pick the moss to pieces, place a leaf at a time on the glue with the lightest color, on the outside of the branches, and mix with the dark color for the ground, so that it will look like small patches of sunshine on the grass; have running moss for representing Ivy, then leave it flat to dry. For clouds get tubes of flake white, maple yellow, vermillion, ivory black. Light, fleecy clouds are made by working maple yellow, tipped with white; for dark clouds use white and black, edged with maple yellow. Water is edged with dark green. Use yellow ochre, black and white, for mountains. Get fine sand of different shades, have it sifted; bluish gray for mountains, dark reddish brown for rocks, a lighter color for roads. Take a small brush, put a thin coat of Spaulding's glue on the surface, where you wish to have the mountains, roads, and rocks, and next small places; where you intend for the beach of the ocean, put on the glue very true, sand the places thickly, take the lightest color; for the most distant mountains, darker for the ground; let it dry, then shake off all loose sand. For castles, get (a short time dead) some bark of birch or elm; scrape off all imperfections, then cut it the shape and size you want it for the castle, fit the light and dark together, that part of the building will look like it is in the sunshine, while part is in the shadow. After the bark is cut, place it between smooth boards, with weights sufficiently large, till it is flat and smooth, then glue them on the wrong side, put them in the place you design for the building; then put it under weights, and let it dry.

Take old rope for trees, untwist it, wet it well with glue, press out all superfluous moisture, then place it where you have marked it for the trees, divide the strands for the top and the branches of the tree. Take flake white, maple yellow, senna, burnt umber, vermillion, ivory black, for coloring.

If you want to make a rustic frame for your picture, go over your frame first with copal varnish, then put on putty and cover it with burrs, nuts, shells, or in any style that suits your fancy.

RUSTIC ORNAMENT.

Take an earthen flower pot, five or six inches deep, have some holes bored just below the line for the cord to hang by fastened with a knot inside, spread over the outside some putty, thick; put some in the hole inside; then a large cone and little ones around it; put a row of large acorns around the top, with the points up, then cups below them. Then a row at the bottom with the points downward. Between these, half way down, put a row of acorns laying the points of each on the top of the last acorns, then on each side of these put a row of pine scales, fill up accord-

ing to taste or fancy. Then varnish with two coats of furniture varnish; when dry, fill up with crystallized grass, and running moss.

A RUSTIC MOSS CROSS.

Gather leafy moss and ferns from the forest and garden, wash clean, spread it out to dry flat on boards in the shade. Have a Bristol board the size you want it; now cut a cross, the size to suit your fancy, out of white stiff pasteboard, cover this all over with moss, after you have put on some glue—or flour paste will do with a little glue in it—fasten each corner down to keep it from rolling up while drying. After it is dry put some Paris green in some gum-arabic solution, take a small hair brush, and go over the cross to keep it green. Then when it is dry, put some paste on the wrong side; then place it on your Bristol board just where you want it. Get some sprigs of fine white artificial flowers and leaves, place them over the cross like a running vine from the bottom to the top; now put each side of the cross some of the moss two or three inches high to represent grass, placing some ferns above it, and if you will make a rabbit or lamb, out of white eanton flannel, and set it close to the cross or to one side, it will be a pretty addition. Have a frame with a recess deep enough to receive the cross and lamb without crowding.

To make a pretty rustic frame, get the flat white moss such as grows on rails and old logs, some white and red lichens, nuts, or small acorns, or anything that would suit you. Glue or paste the frame, then cover with your ornaments, and place it under weights till dry; then varnish. I have made one, and it is very much admired, looking like wax work.

A HOUSEHOLD CONVENIENCE.

Get a dry-goods box the size you want, have some one put plain strips on the corners and around the edge of cover. Then paint it black or dark brown, have it smooth as you can make it by rubbing with sand paper. Have ready some pressed flat autumn leaves, flowers, and ferns, also some small pictures that are painted; cut them out, have birds, flowers, and butterflies; glue these all over the box; when dry, varnish two or three times. If you like you can have the top covered with a cushion, also have some handles on each end, and castors under the bottom. For the inside you can have a pocket on the lid in the shape of an envelope. Then at each end have a narrow box fastened towards the top for holding ball of yarn, stockings, or anything and everything that gathers in a mother's basket. This is pretty enough for any one's sitting-room.

A handsome rustic frame can be made for a bouquet or a wreath of autumn leaves, with the buds of a common cherry tree. Glue them on the foundation very thickly, making it heavier through the middle than at the edges. Apply two coats of varnish, and you will have a frame the beauty of which will surprise you.

Few are, perhaps, aware of the value of some of the darker varieties of the Antirrhinum as a window plant. The smoothness of the leaves renders it very easy to keep clean, while their rich velvety texture presents a most beautiful appearance. They are very hardy, and will endure cold; and will also stand the dryness and heat of our living rooms to a remarkable degree.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

A beautiful wreath can be made of autumn leaves and flowers that can be pressed flat. Take a white sheet of Bristol board, draw upon it a circle the size you want your wreath—the prettiest size is about twelve inches in diameter—and make with a lead

pencil the letters you wish to put in the centre. Now take an ounce of gum-arabic and dissolve it in about half a pint of water; have your leaves ready, and dip them in the gummed water, taking care that every part is wet; then let them drain until the water ceases to drip, laying them upon the circle, following it carefully. If the maker has a delicate touch, the tendrils can be made of the real tendrils of flowers; if not, they can be drawn and carefully colored.

The letters are to be made in the same way; you can place a butterfly on the wreath; of course, any such addition as this is according to the maker. In making mine, I introduced a small varnished, painted bird, and roses with their leaves, and thought it an improvement, enhancing its beauty. Every one admired it. When the leaves are dry, place it where it will harden, letting no dust settle on it; then carefully washing it over with a brush, dip in the gum to keep the edges from the air.

M. A. H.

Pretty Spatter-Work.—A pretty picture can be made, at a trifling expense, and with little trouble, in the following way: Take a pane of common window glass, of any size preferred, and fit to it a sheet of white paper, and piece of stiff pasteboard. Cut an oblong piece of paper, and lay on the centre of the white sheet; now arrange in the centre of the margin that is left some pretty shaped leaves in the form of a vine, and pin them down closely so that no ink can get under them; now dip a fine-tooth comb in black ink, and scrape it over the paper so that the spatters will fall evenly and not too thickly over the whole picture. But little ink at a time must be taken up on the teeth of the comb, as too much will cause large drops to fall, which will spoil the picture. When the ink has become dry, remove the leaves and paper, and you have a pretty "spatter" margin for the centre-piece. In this arrange prettily some bright-tinted autumn leaves, ferns, pressed Pansies, and other flowers, gluing slightly the backs to keep them in place. Lay this upon the pasteboard, place the glass over it, and bind the edges together with gilt paper, using glue for the purpose. Before fastening together, loops of strong kid or small rings must be sewed to the back of the pasteboard to fasten the hanging cord by.

S. A. D.

Shoe Box.—A nice stool can be made by taking a soap box or any small sized box from a grocery store; fix a lid by nailing pieces of leather on for hinges; fasten a piece in front to lift it up, then cover it with pieces of carpet tacked on with brass-headed nails; cut some pieces of old quilts to pad the top, then cover with carpet and trim around the lid with any old cast-off fringe. This makes a convenient piece of furniture, useful for keeping shoes in, out of sight.

Old Felt Hats.—Take all the old felt hats, such as boys have laying around under foot, of different colors. Put them into a tub of water; when done washing, soak them; then wash them on the board with soap till clean; then stretch them on boards or tack them on the side of the house to dry, smooth them out as flat as possible; when dry you may cut mats for the table and bind them with scarlet braid; you may form the words potato, meat, etc., on them with spatter work. You can also make mottoes for the dining-room and kitchen by cutting letters out of the felt and pasting on old cloth torn from old pants; bind them with plaid braid, and form the letters to read thus: "Coffee and hot cakes at four." Make loops on the back and hang it up.

Household Elegancies.

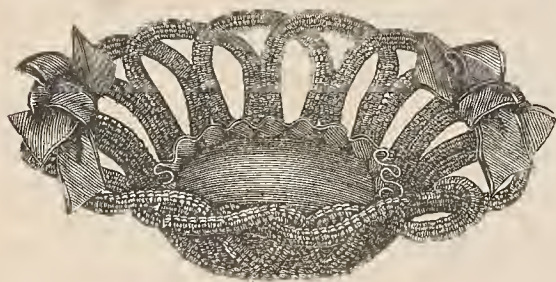
HOUSEHOLD ELEGANCIES OF HOME MANUFACTURE.

A BASKET TO HOLD ORNAMENTS.

A basket to hold ornaments, sewing materials, etc., with cushion in the bottom for pins and needles, may be made as follows: Cut for the bottom a round piece of pasteboard two inches in diameter; cover this on one side with pink glazed cambric, and fasten to the edge of the covered side the wire loops, which are wound with beads and form the edge of the basket, as shown by illustration. For each loop take a piece of covered wire, six inches and a half long, and wind it closely, first with pink zephyr wool and then with crystal beads, which are strung on pink silk; leave two-fifths of an inch of the end of each wire without beads. Bend each wire into a loop of the form shown and sew the ends to the bottom so that the loops lie over each other about half their width. The two loops coming together in the middle of each bead-loop are fastened with pink silk thread. Cover the inside of the bottom with a cushion of suitable shape, made of pink satin and edged with box-pleated ruffle of pink ribbon three-fifths of an inch wide. Cover the outside bottom with pink cambric and ornament the basket with pink bows.

FOOT-STOOL WITH CROCHET COVER.

This is fifty-two inches in diameter and four and a half in depth. It is made of gray linen stuffed with curled hair, and the bottom is covered with gray enameled cloth. For the covering of the top, crochet



A BASKET TO HOLD ORNAMENTS.

eight triangular pieces in single crochet. Begin these parts at the point with a foundation of six stitches, and on this work one single crochet on every foundation stitch, two single crochet on the last stitch of the round. Work one chain, turn the work and work one single crochet on every stitch of preceding round; but in this, as in all the following rounds, insert the needle under the two upper veins of every stitch, and work two single crochet on the last stitch of every round. Besides this, in every second following round, work in a strand of red zephyr worsted containing twelve threads in such a manner that after every stitch this strand shall lie in a loop three-fifths of an inch on one side of the work. The part consists of forty-five backward and forward rounds. After it is completed, cut the loops open and trim them off. After working eight parts in this manner, sew them together on the under side, at the sloped edges, fasten the cover on the foot-stool, and in the middle of the cushion, where it must be sewed through so as to form a hollow, place a large red ball made of worsted. A row of such balls trims the edge of the foot-stool. It is easily made, and the colors can be varied to suit that of the furniture of the room.

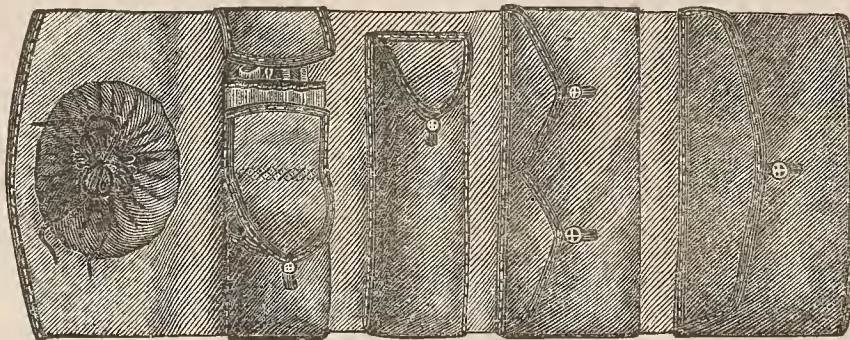
A TRAVELLING CASE.

This travelling case is intended to hold combs, brushes, and small toilet articles. It is made of brown enameled cloth, with lining and pockets of oiled



WATCH AND JEWEL CASE.

silk. Cut of the cloth and silk a strip twenty-three inches long and five and a half inches wide, slightly rounding the ends. An inch and a half from the end sew on the round pocket for holding the sponge. To make the pocket take a round (that is, a piece of the oiled silk nine inches long and ten wide and unite it in a round), bind the edge of this round with narrow ribbon, and half an inch from the edge of this pocket work eyelet holes, through which pass a silk cord to draw the pocket together. Now join this pocket to the lining. For the pocket at the other end of the case, cut a straight piece fourteen inches long and five wide. Out of each end of one side of the strip, cut a piece an inch and half square, and sew together the edges. Sew the side thus shortened, and the ends of the pocket, to the lining of the case; at the sides the pocket forms a fold. The edge of the pocket left free must be bound. For the flap of the pocket take a strip of silk eleven inches long and two wide, bind it and sew to the lining. Make the remaining pockets and the bands to hold scissors by illustration. In order that the pockets may have the requisite width allow extra material to form a fold at the ends of the pockets. Bind the edges



A TRAVELLING CASE.

WATCH AND JEWEL CASE.

The frame is of black polished reeds. Take two fine reeds, each twelve inches long, bend them in the

manner of illustration; lay the reeds for a while in hot water to make them flexible; fasten them together in the middle of the upper part with small pegs, and set a reed ring four inches in diameter an inch from the under edge of the reeds in the same way. Cover this ring with a piece of gray canvas four inches and a half square, which forms the bottom of the case. Ornament it in embroidery with blue and black twist, and trim the edges with blue silk fringe three-quarters of an inch in width; fasten it to the reeds with black silk. Place a brass hook and bows of blue ribbon on the upper part. Instead of reeds the frame may be made of several layers of wire wound with cotton and afterwards with beads.

A SHOE BAG.

Last, but not least, in convenience is a shoe-bag, which is easily made in this way: It is of calico and bound with the same material; a pretty contrast is red and green. One yard and a quarter of green and half a yard of red is required. Cut two rounds of green each seven inches in diameter, cord one of them with red for the outside, then take one width of green half a yard in length, and bind the top with red about one inch wide. Join together to form the bag. Take two widths more of the green, each about eleven inches long, sew together and bind the top with red to match the other piece; this piece is for the pockets, which sew around the bag at equal distances. Gather both pieces together at the bottom and sew round the corded piece for the bottom; then turn the bag and sew on the plain round, so that the gathers come between the rounds. Run a ribbon in the top for a string to hang



FOOT-STOOL WITH CROCHET COVER.

it by. The small pockets are for shoes and the large one, or bag, for stockings.

MRS. JAMES A. MAGAN.

A LOVELY LITTLE BASKET.

Take a strip of white perforated cardboard nine inches wide, and the length of the sheet. Cut a strip four inches long, and ten holes wide; then cut out a strip exactly like it; continue thus the entire length of the cardboard. Take blue split zephyr, and with a fine needle crochet all round the edge of the strips, joining the basket by lapping the last two; work a delicate little pattern on each strip, a different one round the basket; now fasten each strip down on the outside of the basket, so that it will puff a little, by two large silver or wax beads; sew in a bottom of Bristol board; make a handle in the same manner as the strips, fasten it on with beads, and tie bows of blue ribbon where it is joined. Fill the basket with gray moss, lichens, and tiny shells.

A. M. B.

Fireside Reading.

HE WANTED TO JINE.

"You wan' to jine the ban', do you?" said an old negro preacher to a young convert.

"Yes, sar, I wan' to jine."

"Well, sar, do you believe Geriah, a pickaninny little shaver, slewed a great big mau called David, that was longer dan de Centre market, wid a pebble dat was no bigger dan a huckleberry? Eh?"

"No! I don't believe nothin' like dat," was the reply.

"Den you can't jine."

"Well, den, I be'leves it. On wid de katekise."

"Do you be'leves," continued the deacon, "dat dar war a man called Joner who swallowed a whale and kept it down a awful long time before he spitted it out?"

"No, sar; can't make me b'leve dat," was the response.

"Den you can't jine."

"Well, now, by jingo, I b'leve dat, too. Go on wid de katekise."

"Do you b'leve dat dar was a man named Delilia, and dat a woman called Samson got down in de cellar of a big house what weighed more'n de Centennial, and lifted it kerslap clean out ob de world?"

"Don't b'leve nothin' ob de kind," was the indignant reply.

"Den you can't jine."

"Don't want to jine. I don't b'leve dat fish story you just told me, either."

There was no further "katekise."

An old lady living in Springfield has a very high-tempered boy. A day or two since he came in and asked permission to go down street to see the array of

presents in the shop windows. The mother refused, and the boy went through the house slamming the doors after him with terrific force. The old lady calmly remarked, "'Pears to me Jimmy's doin' a heap o' wooden swearin' this mornin'."

Spurgeon says he has often thought, when hearing certain preachers of a high order speaking to the young, that they must have understood the Lord to

A new definition of politeness: "Politeness is like an air-cushion—there may be nothing solid in it, but it eases the jolts of the world wonderfully."

A gentleman travelling through one of the most picturesque portions of the White Mountain region saw a farmer at work, and, being of a sociable disposition, approached the man and expatiated on the beauty and majesty of the surrounding scenery, concluding with the remark:

"I suppose, my friend, you enjoy this glorious view that people come so far to look at?"

"Why, yes," was the response; "but if I'd had the sortin' of these hills, I'd made 'em a little peak-eder."

A lady that would please herself in marrying, was warned that her intended, although a good sort of a man, was very singular.

"Well," replied the lady, "if he is very much more unlike other men, he is much more likely to be a good husband."

The color of a girl's hair is regulated by the size of her father's pocket-book. If the latter be plethoric, the girl's tresses are golden or auburn; if the old man's wallet is lean, we hear the daughter spoken of as only "that red-headed gal." You never saw a rich girl with red hair.

"So there's another rupture on Mount Vociferous," said Mrs. Partington, as she put down the paper and put up her specs; "the papers tell about the mountain, but

the bursting lather running down it don't tell how it got fire."

A Montana justice of the peace doesn't splurge any when he marries a couple. He says: "Arise! Grab hands! Hitched! Six dollars." And that is all there is to it.



IN THE LIBRARY.

say: "Feed my camelopards," instead of "feed my lambs," for nothing but giraffes could reach any spiritual food from the lofty rack on which they place it.

Inscription, copied verbatim et literatim from the handsome trade-wagon of a Lake street grocer, of Chicago: "H. Wichert, Dealer in Mustards, Spices and Hoarse Radish."

House Amusing.

A TASTEFUL HOME-MADE TOILET-TABLE, ETC.

With an ardent love for pretty furniture and belongings of all kinds, I unfortunately possess but limited means of satisfying them, and therefore feel thankful for such an opportunity of learning to make tasteful articles at home and cheaply, by using our own exertions and ingenuity.

Now, can you tell me how to make some kind of a washstand and dressing-table, with other furniture, for a bedroom, for which I haven't one single article excepting a cottage bedstead, which has a head and foot-board, but being only of pine wood stained, has become very shabby. By the way, can I renovate it to look a little less forlorn. TOPAZ.

Answer—I would advise the repainting and ornamenting of the bedstead, and the making of the entire set to correspond. For instance, taking the bedstead, rub it all off, first with fine emery paper, using care to rub the grain of the wood, then give a coat of enamel paint, made by mixing zinc-lead with Damar varnish, and making it of any tint desired, a lavender gray, or sage gray, for instance. When dry, if not quite smooth, give a second coat; when dry, embellish with simple lines of color, or obtain a set of transfer designs, Decalcomanie. On the grounds just mentioned, moss rose-buds are beautiful. The best method for putting light lines on such a surface is by means of stencil-plates, cutting narrow lines from a sheet of tin, and placing them flatly against the wood, paint in the line, moving the plate onward, and using care to let the lines unite each time. I have painted wide and high walls in this manner, and always found it an easy mode. The floor I would cover with wood-paper, then give a coat of shellac varnish, and finish with one of copal. Make a bright rug for the centre, and one for the bureau, bedstead, washstand, chairs, etc. Now as regards the furniture, several pretty home-made pieces have been offered in the CABINET during the past few months, and such a washstand and drapery for the bedstead, with two or three cosy chairs and an ottoman to stand in front of the dressing-table would prove exceedingly attractive, I think, draped with some pretty chintz, or even calico.

I am reminded of a charming room that I visit very frequently in summer, the pretty furniture and drapery of which is the handiwork of a young girl of sixteen, and the latter consisting of five cent calico! Yet what a dainty bower it is, made by her deft fingers and artistic taste. There is a grain of comfort for you! Well, this room of ours, let me advise that in any case a certain amount is invested in an entire piece of material for draping, as expensive as you choose, or perhaps of coarse Swiss, for summer, and calico or Tycoon reps; for nothing imparts such an air of cosy comfort, or airy daintiness as drapery, overhanging the head of the bed, shading dressing-table and washstand, covering chairs and ottomans, and hanging as lambrequins from mantel and bracket. Follow a certain plan throughout; for instance, high above the bedstead head-board nail a plain wooden bracket, made, perhaps, in each case, of only a triangular piece of wood with a half circular shelf nailed on it, cover with your material, and from it allow long full curtains to fall about the head of the bed; then hem a long strip and twine it around the bracket like a scarf, or cut a lambrequin

and tack round it over the hangings, with gilt headed nails. Place similar brackets over washstand, as

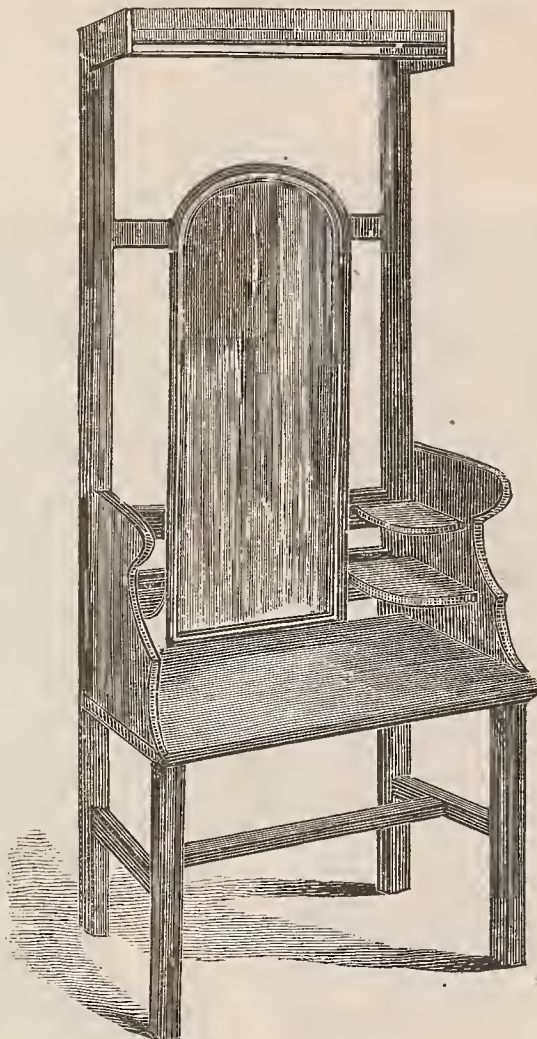


FIG. 1.—FRAME OF DRESSING-TABLE.

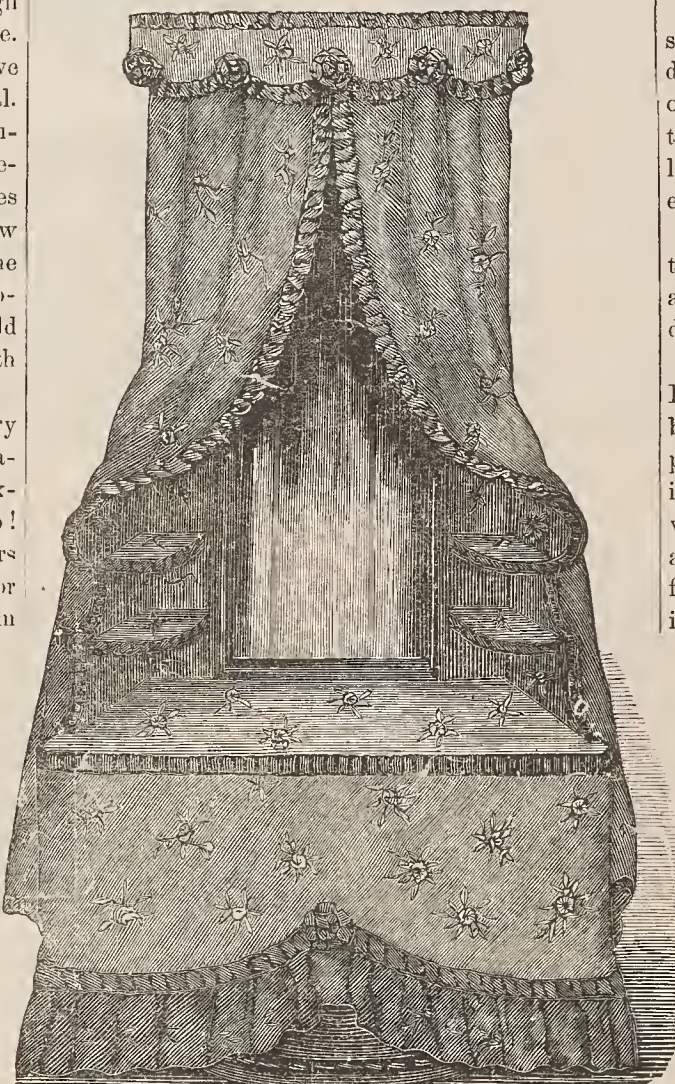


FIG. 2.—DRESSING-TABLE COVERED AND DRAPED. shown in a previous number, and sawing out barrel-chairs, pad and cover them, and arrange also a tasteful

dressing-table. Fig. 2 is easily made; the lower part may be framed as shown in Fig. 1, or you may utilize some old washstand or even a packing-box, turning it, with the bottom for the back; then putting shelves within and curtains in front, you have a place for clothes, brushes, shoes, or various appliances of the toilet. With a very little aid, I once made such a table; nailed end pieces against the sides of the box, then two laths across the back with two strips eight feet long, extending upward with another lath above, as a brace, and also to support a long mirror, dismounted from the garret; from these two uprights I fastened horizontal pieces, the length of half the depth of the box; with another strip, uniting them along the front, this hood, projecting over the glass and tastefully draped, as shown in the illustration, triangular pieces of board, rounded across the front, were nailed in each of the back corners of the lower part, and not only served as brackets for the toilet set, but when prettily covered and dressed with narrow ruffles of the material used for the hangings, proved a beautiful addition. AUNT CARRIE.

POMPADOUR DRESSING-TABLE.

I once saw in a furniture warehouse an elegant Pompadour or dressing-table of leather-colored wood and gilt, blue satin curtains, etc., the price \$150, all of which was out of the question so far as my purse was concerned, also out of the question to one who has a "seuse of the eternal fitness of things." I set my wits to work to have one that would correspond with the surroundings, be pretty and very inexpensive. I succeeded. It is simple, elegant-looking, and cost but \$1.

The frame is of wood, with a mirror in centre, two shelves on either side; the covering is a worn-out dress of white organdie, with pink rose-buds scattered over it. The dimensions are as follows: Height of table, twenty-six inches; width, eighteen inches; length, thirty-six inches; height of frame, seventy-eight inches; width of glass, twenty-one inches.

Cover the wooden frame completely with white cotton cloth, then put on the outside covering smoothly and nicely, and you will have as pretty and fresh a dressing-table as any one in the land.

I also want to tell how to make a dainty "Hair Receiver," made of perforated paper, blue silk, and blue sewing silk. Take a piece of the perforated paper, ten inches long, round it at the top, and five inches wide; work in cross stitch a Grecian wreath with light blue sewing silk an inch from the edge, and all around this piece of paper. Take another piece, four inches across or deep, and five and a half inches in width; work the wreath as before, and one inch from the edge; put this over the large piece of paper, to form a pocket, at the bottom of both, large and small pieces of paper; gather a piece of blue silk to form a bag, then box pleat narrow blue ribbon with corded edge. Surround both bag and pieces of perforated paper; leave a slight space between Grecian wreath and the box-pleated ribbon. Put loops of ribbon to hang up by, and you have a dainty, pretty, useful article, and do not put it in the "spare chamber," keep it in your own, and admire it. Company is of secondary importance.

Young ladies' bedrooms are too often mere stopping places, sometimes utterly devoid of home-made "elegancies." In this we can reform without the "lords of creation" giving permission. A. L. DARRAH.

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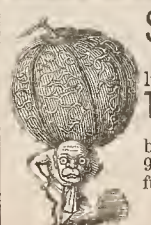
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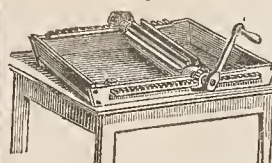
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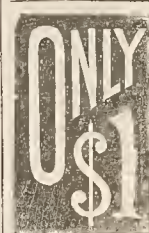
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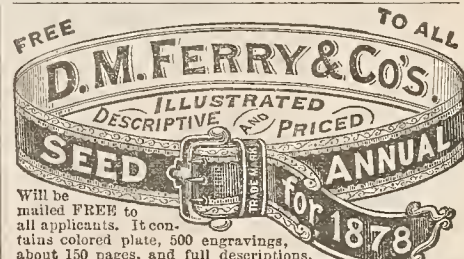
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Sung by Mad. ANTOINETTE STERLING.

Words by ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

THE LOST CHORD.

Music by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Andante
Moderato.

Seat-ed one day at the or-gan, I was wea-ry and ill at ease, And my fin-gers wander'd i-dly o-ver the noi-sy keys; I know not what I was play-ing, Or

what I was dream-ing then, But I struck one chord of mu-sic, Like the sound of a great A-men, Like the sound of a great A-men.

It flood-ed the crim-son twi-light, Like the close of an An-gel's Psalm, And it lay on my fe-vered spir-it, With a touch of in-fi-nite calm, It qui-et-ed pain and

sor-row, Like love o-ver-com-ing strife, It seem'd the har-mo-nious e-cho From our dis-cord-ant strife, It link'd all per-plex-ed mean-ings, In-to one per-fect peace, And

trem-bled a-way in-to sil-ence, As if it were loth to cease; I have sought, but I seek it vain-ly, That one lost chord di-vine, Which came from the soul of the or-gan, And

en-tered in-to mine. *f* It may be that Death's bright an-gel Will speak in that chord a-gain; It may be that on-ly in Heav'n I shall hear that grand A-men, It

may be that Death's bright An-gel Will speak in that chord a-gain, It may be that on-ly in Heav'n I shall hear that grand A-men.

THE LADIES' Floral Calendar

BY HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

NEW YORK, APRIL, 1878.

No. 76. PRICE 12 CENTS.

WINDOW GARDEN.

[This sketch and article received first prize Floral Decorations.]

This garden represents two large sunny windows. In front of each are placed ornamental window boxes made to stand upon feet. The size of these boxes is forty-eight by eighteen inches; their height is twenty-two inches. Each box is provided with a zinc pan six inches deep, this being filled about half full of lumps of charcoal and broken bits of plaster, the remaining space then filled with rich soil. At our right hand window an automatic fountain forms the centre piece, whose trickling waters keep time with the merry songster swinging near. The ever-faithful Calla, with its white eup, so pure and chaste, stands stately by. Graceful ferns, variegated Agave, a modest trailing Fuchsia and waving Palms, all live here in sunshine together.

Upon the brackets are a double Scarlet Geranium and a white Hyacinth. The hanging-basket contains German Ivy, Smilax, Moneywort, Centaurea, and grasses.

At our left hand window a small fernery occupies the centre, this being supported by an iron frame, while upon either side of this a Dracæna and Calla form a background. An ornamental leaved Begonia, a charming mat of Smilax, some ambitious sprays of which have crept up the iron bracket supporting the fern case, forming a lovely green pyramid. A Cyclamen perfumes the air with its exquisite odor, and Tradescantia Zebrina reaches out its tender vines in

every direction. Upon the lower bracket is a Mad. Lemoine Geranium, while a pure white Carnation blooms just above it. Basket filled with German Ivy, Smilax, Linaria, Colens, and Centaurea.

At each corner of boxes next the windows, English Ivies are planted, which are allowed to run to the ceiling; the ends are here pinched off, while branches shoot out in all directions, forming a pretty decoration to windows and mirror.

A fancy stand, holding an aquarium, rests between the windows in front of mirror. Oil-cloth mats are

in summer. Pot it in October, and grow in full light. When late the next spring the shoots dry up, let the root rest, but not so dry as to shrivel, till the autumn. Plant in rich sandy loam with good drainage.

Begonia Unhealthy.—Please tell me what to do with my leaf Begonia. It is in the same soil and temperature as my others, and still as fast as one leaf attains a respectable size and another starts, the first gradually dies. It seems as if it could not entertain more than one idea at a time. I have a small Zonale that does the same.

MARIE.

Answer.—Re-pot your plants in light, rich soil and give them an airy sunny place. The ornamental leaved Begonias usually do well in the parlor if the air is not too dry, but the markings are never so good as when grown in the greenhouse.

Moles in Flower Beds.—In the Nov. number, M. S. Sayers asks: "What will prevent moles from destroying bulbs and roots in gardens?" I know of two beds for bulbs which are mole proof. A

description may be of use to some lover of bulbs. One was once a barren spot where lime had been burned, but a border was made and filled with good soil, and moles or mice cannot penetrate it. The other, a trench was dug eighteen inches in depth, and bricks were placed against one side of the trench, extending around the bed, standing on end three bricks deep, the last layer projecting above ground and forming the border. The trench was then filled with earth.

Smilax Culture.—Please give me some hints on Smilax culture. I have some which came from seed last spring; it grew only a few inches, but has started finely.

A. E. H.

Answer.—The Smilax will grow in winter and rest



WINDOW GARDEN OF MRS. T. C. HAYDEN, SUN PRAIRIE, WIS.

Floral Contributions.

MY GARDEN.

Perhaps my experience in gardening may be a little help to some of the sisterhood of the FLORAL CABINET. Having little of either money or time, but, being very fond of flowers, I tried my best to make a pretty garden even in a smoky city, having quite a large lot beside the house.

That you may understand me more readily, I will give the shape, with my plans, my successes, and, I am sorry to say, numerous failures. The space is about twenty-two feet wide by forty long, that I used as our flower garden, fronting northeast with a picket fence, an ugly black frame house and high board fence on one side. The place was sodded some time ago, but last year was used as a croquet ground, and the grass nearly all worn off. I marked off a long narrow bed about two feet wide, the whole length on each side, two oval beds running across, a large diamond, with four three-cornered beds to fill out the square, and two more ovals. I had them dug up, and left the sod between for the paths, which I made at least three feet wide. Along the ugly fence I planted the dainty, graceful Balloon vine, and the whole summer it was a mass of bright green, with its dainty sprays and airy balloons; it is beautiful as a single plant, or grown thickly. Along the house I put a row of Morning Glories, the common pink, white, and blue, and the large, blue velvet ones with white margin and crimson throat; in front of them a row of Four O'clocks, the old-fashioned name "Pretty-by-night," will remind you at once that here were ornaments provided for both morning and evening. The narrow bed on the other side was devoted to Portulacca, of which I had a nice collection of seeds, all single, but so many colors or shades, making a brilliant show in the bright sunshine. One end of the bed was so much shaded they did not bloom well.

In the oval bed nearest the front fence, there was a stone, too large to remove, which suggested the idea of a few more to make a very modest rockery. From a building opposite I got some pieces of stone which I put together as carelessly as possible to have them keep together, and planted in the crevices some Ground Ivy and Moneywort, and a few little Ferns, and between some stones, where it was much shaded, a little plant of Trailing Arbutus, but city air probably did not suit it, for it died. This was one end of the bed; at the other I piled the stones rather higher, around a white lead keg, in which I have had an English Ivy for two years; it grew very nicely and the stones were soon covered with its Yankee cousin, Ground Ivy, and a Balloon vine in the middle of the bed; put a few Cypress vine seed, which grew around a stick, to give some color to my bed.

In the next bed I had a row of Sweet Peas, (such beautiful flowers, I think), in the centre; made some little frames to support them; they bloomed very well; I had a Wall-flower at one end; it looked very green and flourishing all summer, but had very few flowers; also a Lemon Verbena, quite a large one, is three or four years old.

In my diamond bed was, for a centre-piece, a box partly filled with earth (a soap-box, I believe), with a Madeira Vine Tuber in each end; on this box, a square about eighteen inches, on each corner a tin fruit can, put on with nails; in two of them had Moneywort, and in the other two Lobelia, the best

blooming plant I ever saw. The box was filled with earth, and had on top an old china pitcher that had lost a handle, with a basket plant in it. Do not laugh at my centre-piece; for I can assure you it was very pretty when my vines got well started. Had one on each side on the ground, and some Ground Ivy in the boxes to help cover the sides. Planted Madeira Vine, for bordering the bed, but had not time to train it, or it would be very pretty, it grows so fast and embraces everything; put a large Rose Geranium in one point, a Red Rose, monthly, in another, and a Hermosa in a third, a Salvia making the other corner. The corner beds were filled, one with Petunia, which was pretty the whole summer, and kept green until late in November; Mignonette in another, which did not give me one blossom; Zinnias, which were gay all summer; and Asters in the fourth; some of them bloomed very well, and others the grasshoppers spoiled every blossom. Do not know why they singled out some plants, but it was so.

My next oval bed had a row of Gladioli in the middle, but they did not bloom at all; had a Bleeding Heart at one end, and Sweet William at the other; in my last bed filled the centre with sweet peas. During the spring and early summer got plants in market every few days, and planted wherever there was room. Had two plants of Joseph's Coat, which were very pretty, but no seed ripened; had, also, a dark, ugly-looking plant, which before the summer was over became the ornament of the garden—having the whole top carmine, it was very much admired. Had a few Pinks, some beautiful Pansies, two Chrysanthemums, two Fish Geraniums, which didn't bloom; some very beautiful Balsams, red, speckled, pink, and one in particular, the faintest shade of pink and very double, but did not have one seed on it. Some Verbenas that bloomed moderately.

The ground is poor and stony, and the spring was late and cold; but, with all our drawbacks, we always had flowers in the house and some for our friends. Am afraid that I am transgressing the limit allowed me, so will not write any more. Will be very glad if I can give any pleasure or help to any one in their pursuit of a flower garden. MRS. E. H. E.

PLANTS BY MAIL—HOW TO TAKE CARE OF THEM.

The safe transportation of rare plants is a subject of interest to both florist and amateur. Thanks to the floral establishments for the many ingenious modes of packing plants for the perilous journey, thereby manifesting an interest in the safe arrival of plants at their final destination.

Thanks for the facilities of the transportation of plants afforded by the United States Mail. For a few cents the choicest exotic—bulb, evergreen, shrub, plant, and seeds may be transported in safety through the United States Mail to ornate the homes of the million.

The distribution of plants, seeds, bulbs, etc., by dealers through the mail, has diffused a zeal in the cultivation of plants, by amateurs, hitherto unknown. The home is rendered more Eden-like by the introduction of rare and beautiful plants.

Thanks for the FLORAL CABINET to teach us how we may cultivate and adorn our homes with flowers, and where we may interchange our ideas of culture. Isolated from society on the edge of the green wood, with the wide prairie before us, we think the CABINET a welcome visitor each month; and think there are

many more like circumstanced and like interested. When received, it is never laid aside until the last line is perused.

First—Plants should be obtained as near home as possible. Seeds and bulbs are able to travel long distances; also deciduous trees and shrubs, if transplanted during their term of rest, can make long journeys in safety, with very little moisture, bound up in packages of moss excluded from the air. Avoid washing the roots as this is very injurious. A better plan is, to take some good soil in a bucket, add water, and stir until the consistency of batter, dip the roots in the mortar, and then wrap them securely in a sufficiency of dry moss to retain the moisture; around the moss use parchment paper, oiled paper, or any material that is both air and water proof. The plants thus prepared may be carefully packed, with several companions for the journey, in a strong box—aye, it needs a strong box, or else no box at all. A package with a sufficiency of wrapping is better than a paper box. Many a choice plant has come to grief by being carefully laid in such a nice, frail paper box to go a long journey in the United States Mail.

Who knows, or who cares for what is contained in those huge canvas bags! A tender message for the absent. News of those gone on before to the other side the river. The coveted plant on its perilous voyage, it is all one. Hurry with the mail; pell-mell the mail bags are thrown into the car and off with express speed to the distant station.

But, to return to the plants—succulent plants do not stand long journeys; particularly if the temperature is above what is known as growing temperature. They become water clogged; and, although the leaves may look fresh when received, in a few hours they will all drop off; mildew sets in, and the vital spark of plant life is too feeble to recover, or may perhaps linger, an invalid plant, for a little while.

Evergreens should be carefully handled—under no consideration allowed to droop. Exposure of the roots to the air, or, when transplanted, to suffer sunshine to wither the foliage, is very fatal. But limited space forbids my saying much more.

After an experience of many years in receiving plants from both florists and amateurs, transported through the mail, we consider the safest plan, and most satisfactory, to allow as short a time as possible to elapse between the time the plant is taken up and transplanted.

If the few facts mentioned is of any service in assisting the lovers of Flora to send a friend a plant, my end is accomplished. Loose packing, and in frail boxes, liable to be smashed up, will surely bring disappointment. Oil paper or silk should always be placed around the plant, or the wrapping will absorb all the moisture. We have received packages done up in moss and newspaper, as destitute of moisture as the linen on the white wire line under a tropical sun.

Says one, "Drown them in the tepid bath." Says another, "Bury them in damp soil." We did both. Poor plants! they were gone before they came. But enough to be thankful for bloom all the year round, souvenirs from the old home, contributions of friends.

The last novelty in the way of Aline Sisley—Stephanotis Florabunda, from England. A splendid Hybiscus seed from China. Roses, Roses, and a score of others, from professional culturists, have come along with the United States Mail, and are dwellers in my garden.

FLORA Z.

The Ladies' Floral Cabinet and Pictorial Home Companion.

Answers to Correspondents.

Rooting Camellias.—Ferns.—How are Japonicas rooted from cuttings? I have tried and failed. Where can I get a good selection of Ferns?

Quincy Fla.

Mrs. T. R. LOVE.

Answer.—Camellias may be propagated from leaves taken off with the dormant bud and rooted in sand. Any florist can send you a catalogue of Ferns.

Geraniums, etc.—I have several Geraniums grown from slips. They began to bloom as soon as they were well rooted, but I pulled off the buds and now they are between eight and fifteen months old and will not bloom. Should I shake or change the water in which German Ivy is growing?

Summerville, Tenn.

UNA.

Answer.—Your Geraniums are probably growing freely and all run to growth. Check them by giving less water and more air and sun, and towards spring they will bloom. Do not shake the water. A bit of charcoal will keep it sweet, and as it evaporates fill in fresh.

Name of Plant.—Enclosed find flower and leaf of a plant blooming in winter; the root is a bulb.

Pittsburg, Ind.

MAY MCBETH.

Answer.—The leaf was lost, but the flower is *Oxalis cernua*.

Name of Plant.—Please tell me the name of enclosed plant. When I bought it the leaves were mottled and it had a flower like a Fuchsia. I put it on the east side of my house; the leaves dropped and then came green, and it does not bloom.

Amesbury.

E. A. C.

Answer.—Your plant is *Abutilon vexillarium pictum*, which has reverted to the normal form from being kept in too cool or dark a place. Give light and heat and it will give variegated foliage and flowers.

Names of Plants.—Please give me name of woody vine of rapid growth with beautifully variegated leaves. Does it bloom? I enclose a leaf of something like a Wax Plant. What is it? Where can I get Spanish Moss for baskets?

L. T. HALL.

Harrisonville, Mo.

Answer.—Your vine is *Lonicera aurea reticulata*, or variegated Japan Honeysuckle. It has a white fragrant flower. The leaf was so crushed as to be unrecognizable. Mrs. D. Tuttle, Canto, California, offers to send Spanish Moss.

Musk Plant.—What soil does Musk Plant require? Does it need much water, and should it be in sun or shade? When should it be watered?

Deandale, Del.

FLOWER LOVER.

Answer.—It is very easily grown and needs no special culture although apt to rot off if kept too wet. A common sandy loam suits it, and it likes full sun; there is no special time for watering.

Roses Unhealthy.—The leaves of my Roses curl up and seem to have mildew. How can I cure it?

Burnt Corn, Ala.

A. B. BETTS.

Answer.—You are right in thinking it mildew; the remedy is to dust flower of sulphur over the foliage; it is caused by damp, close atmosphere or sudden changes of temperature. It is a fungus.

English Ivy.—What will make the English Ivy grow fast? Mine has not grown an inch all winter.

Mrs. A.

Quincy, Cal.

Answer.—A good sweet soil, plenty of light and air and not too dry an atmosphere. The Ivy is very hard to kill and will live anywhere, but to start it must have attention.

Name of Plant.—Please find enclosed a leaf of what we call "Sweet Fern" here. It is very fragrant—will perfume a whole garden, grows in the sun, or anywhere, very rank, and three or four feet high. Please tell me what you know about it.

Stewartville, Mo.

CLARA P. SHELTON.

Answer.—We cannot promise to name plants from a single leaf. What you send is certainly not a Fern, nor is it the "Sweet Fern" (*Comptonia*) of the Eastern States. Your plant resembles the Chamomile.

Azaleas, etc.—Can I raise Azalea indica from seed, and when will it bloom? Please give some information as to Acacias and Rhododendrons.

De Graff, O.

A. M. S.

Answer.—It is very tedious raising Azaleas and Rhododendrons from seed, and is only done to procure new varieties. If ungrafted, seedlings do not bloom until very large, say seven to ten years. The plants are so cheap now, seedlings are only raised by large growers. Acacias are best raised from seed; they grow rapidly and bloom as soon as they attain good size; the time depends wholly upon how well they are grown.

Seedling Greenhouse Plants, etc.—Can Abutilon, Agapanthus, Begonia, Anricula, and Cyclamen, be grown from seed, and how soon will they blossom? I have a Cactus ten years old which has never blossomed.

Mrs. H. GILMAN.

Plymouth, Wis.

Answer.—Abutilon from seed blossoms in about a year; Begonias in nine months, Auricula in nine months, Cyclamen in about eighteen months. Agapanthus would take several years. The time of a plant's blooming from seed depends so much on cultivation that no fixed time can be given; for instance, Cyclamen seed sown in April will bloom the next winter if well grown, though often it takes three years to make a blooming tuber. Give your Cactus a good roasting in the summer's sun.

Hardy Yucca.—What treatment must I give the Spanish Dagger (*Yucca*, I believe)? Will it stand the winter out of doors?

M. E.

Answer.—The true Spanish Dagger, *Yucca aloefolia*, is not hardy and must be kept in a cellar or greenhouse in winter. *Yucca filamentosa* is perfectly hardy as is also *Y. angustifolia*. *Y. recurva*, one of the finest species, is hardy south of New York. There are many species; all are very ornamental. They look well in vases on rockeries, on the lawn in masses, or as single plants.

Mountain Ash.—*Oxalis*.—What can be done to increase the growth of my Mountain Ash and make it bear berries? The soil is sandy. Should *Oxalis* be dried and rest awhile?

Answer.—Dig well rotted manure around your Mountain Ash and make the soil rich. This will encourage growth and the tree will bear berries when large. *Oxalis* should rest all summer. Pot them about October; they bloom in autumn and winter, going to rest in April.

Tacsonia Van Volxemi.—I have a plant from seed called *Tacsonia Van Volxemi*; it is about fourteen inches high, but grows slowly. Please tell me how to treat it, and if I have a *Tacsonia* at all.

Andover, N. Y.

SARAH M. BOND.

Answer.—*Tacsonia Van Volxemi* is a greenhouse climber of very rapid growth, producing very handsome red flowers on long drooping stalks. It requires good sandy loam and moderate heat. We doubt your being successful with it as a window plant, as it does not bloom until large, and in a dry atmosphere the buds are apt to drop; the plant, however, is very pretty in foliage; give it plenty of sun.

Day Lily Culture, etc.—Please tell me how to grow Day Lilies. Why do not Oleanders, when fully headed, mature their blossoms? Please name enclosed leaves.

Mrs. S. C. BURNHAM.

Bear Valley, Wis.

Answer.—The Day Lilies (*Funkia* and *Hermerocallis*) are hardy garden plants. All they need is to be planted in good soil; they come up every spring and bloom freely during the summer. Your Oleander probably has received some chill when in bud, or the air of the room is too dry; either cause would make the outer petals shrivel and the buds drop. We cannot name plants from leaves; those sent were almost microscopic.

Growth of Oxalis Roots.—This summer I had a Yellow *Oxalis* bulb, about as large as a pea, which I put in a three-inch thumb pot. Some time ago it commenced growing and grew so fast that to-day, Oct. 29, I thought best to remove it. On taking it out of the pot, I found a root at the bottom of the earth, of a transparent white, seven-eighths of an inch in circumference in the largest part, coiled up, and in the shape of a snake. A perfect little snake, head, tail and all, and connected with the bulb on the top by only one very small root, and at what appeared to be the head, was two buds. Did any of the readers of the CABINET ever hear of such a thing?

E. M.

Answer.—This is not peculiar; *Oxalis* grow in this way, but it is very curious and interesting.

Plants in Rooms.—Do you consider plants in a living room unhealthy to persons living in the room and sleeping in an adjoining room?

New Lebanon, N. Y.

H. A. ASHBY.

Answer.—Unless there are so many plants as to make the air damp, no possible injury can result from growing plants in a living or a sleeping room. The writer last winter slept in a room with twenty-five very large plants in the windows and an immense banana stretched its leaves almost over the head of the bed.

Names of Plants, etc.—Can you tell me the name of the enclosed plant? The leaves are of many colors; it roots from slips. Also the wild flower which looks like a Snap-Dragon? What soil should I plant Silver Geraniums in to keep the leaves from curling and turning green?

Mrs. S. E. CHILDS.

Santa Barbara, Cal.

Answer.—The plant is *Alternanthera versicolor*, a very good and brilliant bedding plant. The wild flower is a species of *minulus*. You are probably growing your Geraniums in too rich a soil, and perhaps they are too wet. All variegated plants have a tendency to revert to the green state.

Floral Hints.

GLOXINIA, GESNERIA, ACHIMENES.

These three varieties of plants I met with first about two years ago, and was so delighted with them, that I concluded to try my skill, and the result has been so gratifying, I hope to tempt others to try. They seem comparatively but little known outside of the greenhouse, and many think such necessary for their well-doing, but with care and some patience any one may enjoy them.

The Gloxinia is a bulbous root; there are two varieties, many colors of each kind, the erect and drooping; the shape of the blossom of the latter is quite similar to that of the Maurandya Vine, only much larger. They can be raised from seed, or leaf; if by the latter, insert the base of it into a small pot filled with sand; keep moist and in a warm shaded place, in about two weeks little roots make their appearance.

Into a small pot put broken crock and dry moss, then the earth with a good proportion of sand; in this plant the rooted leaf to form the bulb; keep in same temperature; when the bulb has made some size, it will throw up tiny leaves; now place in a sunny window; water sparingly, but be careful to keep the water off the leaves.

When the flower-buds make their appearance they will be very close to the root and bent as if intending to bury themselves out of sight; but as they grow raise up, and when in bloom, borne on a long stem far above the leaves, are stately, rich and beautiful; will remain in bloom from May to September. If some are retarded by keeping in a cool place after blooming should be gradually dried off; leave in the earth and keep in a cool dry place; give them two or three months rest, then repot in fresh earth, giving but little water until vigorous growth has commenced.

The seed should be sown in soil prepared as for the leaf; water the earth, sprinkle on the seed, but being very fine, do not cover; put a piece of glass over it, and place in a moist heat; when they sprout, they will be lying on top, and are very difficult to handle. One would find a quill a good thing to lift them with, and set them into the earth; keep shaded for a few days, then put as near the glass as possible. When they have made some growth, pot off singly; it will be quite a year before they come into bloom, but such a great variety of colors are thus obtained, one feels quite well repaid.

The Gesneria is a tuber composed of tiny scales. There are many kinds; a well-grown plant is a beautiful sight, with its soft velvety leaves, the red or ruby color is gorgeous, the bloom of scarlet, is very rich, but insignificant in comparison to the foliage; another is of green and brown mottled, looking like the old-fashioned embossed velvet; are grown in perfection and much used in wardian cases; can be propagated from the little scales and from the leaf, treating in like manner as the Gloxinia; but be very careful and not let the water fall on its leaves; it will soon cause ugly brown spots to appear which gradually destroy the leaf.

The Achimenes is a tuber similar to the Gesneria, increased by scales or by cuttings; in appearance is very like the old variety of pink summer-blooming Begonia, growing so freely from seed, the leaf a pale green, with ribs red; it should be grown in a warm, moist place, and would thrive in the first stages of

growth in the kitchen, if no other place had the proper heat.

As they grow, tie to little stakes, as they are easily broken; pinch them often, as they are inclined to grow spindling. The flowers are of all shades and are very lovely, making a fine show used as a basket plant; put several into a wire moss-lined basket, give plenty of water, and syringe it daily. They thrive well with the great heat, which is death to many plants used for that purpose, and a very pretty sight it is, as it hangs, to see the rich effect of the sun through its leaves.

So few of our basket plants bloom, the Achimenes is quite an acquisition. This, like the two former, needs a season of rest, but a month would be sufficiently long for this. By following these few rules, the most inexperienced will rejoice in the creation of much loveliness.

For whose careth for the flowers,
Will much more care for Him."

IRENE H. WILLIAMS.

DISEASED BULBS.

It is a grievous annoyance to find one's rarest Lily dying, when symptoms of decay were unsuspected. But whence originates bulb disease? Is it from excess or lack of moisture? Too great or too little depth of soil? Is it from excess of heat, or excess of cold? Or are there elements in the soil deleterious to the imported bulb? If we could confidently determine any of these the cause of disease, we might still be puzzled to say why some of our choicest Lilies thrive and bloom a few years after being brought to this country, and then suddenly decay.

The disease of bulbs bears some analogy to the potato rot. In some cases the substance changing to a soft, dark, pulpy mass, of most disagreeable odor, not unlike ordinary vegetable putrefaction. In others, and perhaps the greater number, we find something analogous to the dry rot of the potato, with no perceptible odor.

I do not mean to say the diseased spots have that pithy appearance noticeable in the potato. On the contrary, the structure often appears unchanged, except in color. Taking a Lily, for example, you will find red spots more frequently a dull copper color on the scales.

Some of these are very minute, others covering the width of a scale, especially near the base. This seems to indicate a layer of sand beneath the bulb, as often recommended for Hyacinths, might be a preventive. And yet, freely as I use sand in preparing a Hyacinth bed, I doubt its utility with some varieties of Lilies. I think, for two or three years, my Candidum Lilies had too much sand and sunshine. I think my Japan Lilies were nearly ruined by the same. Yet in neither case did I discover signs of disease in the bulbs. They grew puny, dwindled, had few blossoms, and the foliage died early. But just as I had decided sand was ruinous, a friend, who had grown luxuriant Japan Lilies ten or twelve years in a very rich soil having a yearly dressing of stable manure and no sand, informed me her spotted Lilies were all dead.

My Excelsum Lilies were planted in a loose, sandy, well-drained soil. They bloomed so well, I had no suspicion of disease until wishing to remove them one autumn, I found the bulbs three-fourths consumed, and the remainder spotted nearly to the centre. My Washingtonianum was planted in the same soil. It came up and wore a healthy look, so far as I could

judge, for one month. Then it disappeared. I found no trace of it in the fall.

My first Chalcedonicum was planted in the centre of my Hyacinth bed. I wasted a few regrets that I did not plant Washingtonianum there, as I knew it was not possible for a bulb to rot in that bed where nothing ever failed. The next spring I waited till the middle of April, then dug it up to find the lower part of the bulb a dark, pulpy mass. Then, as I had previously done with Excelsum, I cut off all the discolored portions, washed the mutilated scales and the little central core, which, if I remember rightly, had its base also removed by the knife, and planted them with pulverized charcoal under and around each fragment.

Not wishing to wait for my dismembered patients, the following autumn I ordered another from Hovey, of Boston. While preparing to plant this in the same place, I laid bare a small but healthy-looking bulb, well supplied with rootlets, the result of my spring treatment.

I have often been amused reading directions for taking up Longiflorum Lilies and keeping them in sand in the cellar during winter. I considered my Longiflorums as hardy and self-reliant as any bulbs. They never failed to come up green in February. I would almost as soon have thought of bringing in a maple tree to keep it alive during winter. But one warm, windy day, last spring—they had been green six weeks or more—I discovered tufts of leaves blowing from them, and, upon examination, found them rotted off close to the ground. Upon digging, I found the bulbs so spotted and speckled that it became necessary to cut them nearly all to pieces. They had bloomed four or five years in the same place.

I do not understand the causes of bulb disease. In the cases mentioned, it was not caused by excess of moisture or by excessive cold.

Some suppose they are injured by the heat of summer, and advise planting all the choice Lilies in pots. Heat could hardly affect Washingtonianum and Chalcedonicum above-mentioned, as both died before their first summer.

In regard to the efficiency of charcoal and surgery, I am not prepared to say all I could wish. I have never lost a Lily entirely when I have used it; yet in the cases of Excelsum and Chalcedonicum, where but one came up the following spring, I suspected that one was from the central core or heart of the bulb. When bulbs grow from scales, they are always formed at the lowest corner. Sometimes a tiny bulb at each corner of the base of a scale. It hardly seems reasonable to expect bulblets after the base has been cut away; and yet, as I dig up three or four scales of the diseased Longiflorums, planted last spring, I find little bulbs growing on them; one scale scarcely an inch in length and less in breadth, having a tiny bulb in each corner of its lowest side. I cannot help thinking that these very scales passed under the pruning knife. The largest number, of course, perished, but if only one were saved, it would be worth the trial.

MRS. L. M. MCFARLAND.

The best time to sprinkle plants is in the morning, and before the gas is lighted at night.

The leaves of large foliage plants, if standing in rooms that are occupied, should be daily dusted.

The leaves of Ivy plants should be sponged and carefully wiped weekly.

Rustic Work.

RUSTIC WORK, BRONZE WORK, Etc.

It is a fact well known to ladies who love flowers, that nothing is so hard to obtain as suitable receptacles for them. Although fancy baskets, etc., are not very expensive, the money paid for them is spent grudgingly, also the time when masculine muscle is pressed into service. That "necessity is the mother of invention" I have found to be a fact. Last summer, while on a prairie farm, I made the discovery that fence willow was "just splendid" for rustic work; and I "give in my experience" for the benefit of those who ruefully say: "What can we have pretty away out here on the prairie!" The willow is easily worked, when taken in the spring peels readily, and is so pliable and soft that it can be made into any shape. My first attempt was a seat for croquet ground, which I made between two trees. I nailed willow poles on each side of the trees, from one to the other, and upon them, at each end, placed a short cross piece, and up on the cross pieces laid lengths of willow long enough to fill up the space between the trees. Two pieces twisted together and curved in proper shape, and braced with cross pieces, formed the back. An apple tree, which was blown down and demolished, formed the end piece of another and very pretty rustic seat, made on the same principle as the above. Also, rustic chairs and trellis for portico. It is the very best material I have ever tried for rustic work, out of doors or in. To make a plant stand, saw off the bottom of a barrel, leaving a tub five inches deep; also, two kegs of different sizes; with these form three baskets. For the first, peel the willows and cut into lengths a foot long; bend and nail the ends at the bottom six inches apart; the curve extends above, forming a scallop. Allow each piece to lap half way over the other; then twist three slender pieces together and place around the bottom, which finishes quite a nice basket.

Form the other two in like manner; nail legs braced with cross pieces to the largest, and inside the centre nail firmly a section of wood upon which to place the next in size, which forms a pyramid. Barrel heads can be used for a foundation of the frame work; and old tin pans of graduated size placed inside, and the whole painted brown.

A nice basket-stand can be made by only using the bottom part of the above, with the addition of a handle formed of willows twisted together. Paint and small nail kegs, finished in the same way, make pretty hanging baskets.

To make a window-garden, procure a box as long as the width of the window, one made with semicircular front would look best; make in the same way as the baskets. Support each end with a framework of fancy curves made in the willow; nail to each corner long willows; twist those at the ends together and form an arch above. One made the same way, with a very shallow box, and filled with pretty stones around the pots, makes a nice house rockery. Or one can be made by simply nailing a narrow strip on the edge of a board, placing the board on a stand, and pile rocks and shells around your pots, covering them. Place the tallest pot in the centre, having small pots of vines, the pots entirely hid. The Dewplant looks beautiful near the lower edge, and Cactus looks much better arranged this way than in any other. Miniature rockeries can be built around a pot or box, and

cemented with plaster of Paris, or stuck on with putty.

A corner what-not, made of three-cornered boards, suspended by cords, can be ornamented on the rounded front with a shallow basket-work of willow, and painted brown. Brackets made in this way are nice for holding pots of plants.

Twigs of soft maple, cut in the spring, in a few days become very pliable and tough, and are good for rustic work.

I must digress, and tell of a cute little play-house, which would delight the heart of any little girl; besides, it is quite ornamental to a yard. It is a neat little log cabin. I saw nothing new in the Centennial, in rustic work, but a hanging-basket in form of a boat, made of sticks of uniform size, bent in shape, with three perpendicular ones in front, the centre one the longest. I saw there an oval table made of pine, with wreath of leaves and ferns, in brown spatter work.

I have had a large frame made with flat surface and moulding on each edge. The moulding I stained dark brown. On the flat surface I placed leaves and ferns, and spattered with the same dye until a light brown; then removed the ferns and spattered lightly. Spatter work is so well understood, I need only say that on wood the spatters should be large to give a mottled appearance; and, after going over lightly, should be allowed to dry, in order to keep the speckles from running together. But if too dry the leaves will curl.

Among the novelties at the Centennial I saw a muff and cape, made from the cotton of the milk weed. I had often wondered if something nice could not be made of it. It can be taken in bunches and woven with fine wire, like hair or worsted flowers, then made into mats, fairy baskets, etc. I took down an item in hair flowers, which is, to put a gem picture, of the person of whose hair the flower is made, in the centre of it.

Another idea was stones for holding doors open, painted scarlet, with a small picture upon them, for which the modest sum of five dollars was asked. These could be made with decalcomanic pictures, as could shells in imitation of hand painting.

No ornaments are at present so popular and tasteful as those of bronze. Elaborate instructions have been given for imitating these with plaster figures. I have found that aniline, dissolved in alcohol, makes a beautiful greenish bronze, but requires some experience to mix and apply: first, dissolve aniline in hot water, in which dip the plaster figure, and see that every part becomes colored; and when perfectly dry put a small quantity of aniline powder in a dish, and moisten with a few drops of alcohol, and apply with a small brush immediately. Where a smooth surface is not desired, articles can be painted brown and dusted with aniline powder, before dyeing. The bronze used for dyeing shoes produces a bronze of a different hue, is easily applied, and will cover a multitude of deceptions, and with a supply of putty will produce a variety of hybrid articles, such as vases made of a lamp and bowl of a goblet—or a card receiver made of a cracked preserve dish on a stem of goblet.

Covers of glass dishes often accumulate. These can be made into handsome card receivers by placing them on a stand made of three short pieces of knotty wood, fastened together in the middle to form a rack (old parasol handles are good for the purpose), bronze both rack and dish; a saucer can be used in place of the glass dish.

Flat receivers for holding stereoscopic views are

made of plates or soap dishes. Either bronze all over, or leave ovals by pasting on pieces of cloth, which are to be removed and fancy pictures stuck in their places. Lamp chimneys of vase-like form, fastened upon a wooden base and bronzed, make respectable vases. The base of these may be ornamented with acorns, nuts and shells, put on with putty, or with figures made with putty alone.

To make crystal baskets, have pieces of window-glass cut into suitable shape; paste a binding of muslin on each piece and sew together; then cover the muslin with ribbon.

Something new in the way of wreaths of grasses and mussels is to make them up with flowers made of the different colored fungus which grow upon logs and stumps. These flowers, with the lichen which grows on hickory trees, make beautiful baskets, and can be made into frames, brackets, and cornucopias. Pretty little frames and card receivers are made by soaking in hot water rough-looking twigs of an evergreen (I cannot give the name), and braiding in a wide flat braid.

Being a woman, I cannot help concluding with a tidy, and crochet rock. For the tidy, cut circular pieces of muslin, turn the edges and run a thread around and draw up, leaving a circular opening. Sew these wheels together into whatever shape desired. This tidy is not new, but there has been improvements made; one is to sew tufts of zephyr in the circles. They are pretty, made in this way, of white paper muslin. Toilet mats can be made in the same way of colored cambric. I have seen a basket crocheted, of coarse brown cotton, the top crocheted in a shell pattern and stiffened with gum-arabic. A basket could be crocheted of any cord, stretched stiffly, painted and varnished.

Little pitchers, knitted or crocheted, of fancy wools, and filled with candies, are nice for the children, and suitable for fancy fairs. Also, miniature boots made of coarse net cut in shape, laid together and "button-holed" around, and filled with candies. A pretty tidy is made by crocheting strips of white cotton and sewing scarlet dress braid between, crocheting a border all around.

A beautiful lamp mat is made of an ounce of shaded green and half an ounce of white zephyr. Wind a thread of zephyr around your hand three times; hold between thumb and finger, and proceed as in batting, making the stitches half an inch apart; then cut half way between, all except the strand which forms the stitch, and which leaves it tufted; sew these on a foundation leaving five spaces for the white, which is put on in bunches. LEE ELLIS.

How to Take Care of the Yellow Oxalis.—

This is one of the most desirable of the Oxalis family, as the blossoms are large and in large clusters, and very enlivening and showy, and as abundant as the small pink and white. But it cannot be treated the same way as the others, and therefore many bulbs are lost in the time of summer rest. When the plants have done blooming take the little bulbs from the ground and put them into dry earth and store them away safely in a dry atmosphere until about September, when they may be potted, in rather deep pots, and set to growing for winter bloom. They will begin to throw out their robust looking flower stalks about the middle of January, and will continue blooming for four months or more. Do not mix them in a pot with other plants, but give them plenty of room, air and light and they will not fail.—*Laws of Life.*

The Home Circle.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS, AND GOSSIP WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

Curtains.—We shall be very glad to hear Miss Larned's description of the curtains to which she alluded. We have used both unbleached muslin and Canton flannel for hangings, embellishing them in many different ways. An elegant set, that has been greatly admired, we made by cutting a border of foolscap paper, consisting of a serpentine vine, made by reversing a half circle six inches in diameter, then marking a line within it, half an inch from this first one, we arrange sprays of Ivy leaves and berries along this main branch.

In order to facilitate matters, we transferred this one section of the design to a long strip of cheap wall-paper, on the wrong side, then cut it carefully out, and there was a pattern for all our different large pieces; piano-cover, curtains, lounge-covers and portieres—for we hold to using drapery rather than doors between certain apartments, it gives such a cosy appearance compared to those folding or sliding doors in their hard woodiness.

But about our unbleached muslin arrangements: besides this Ivy vine we used for corner-pieces groups of light feathery ferns, etc. Now, having purchased a bolt of the unbleached sheeting muslin, double fold, we proceeded to cut out our various covers, etc., and then fastening the patterns in place began our work of casting the spray, and how do you suppose we did it, and what did we use? Neither more nor less than Leamon's brown dye, and an atomizer. We have tried with excellent success the brush and comb, sieve, wire-cloth, etc., but can assure you an atomizer is by far the best article. This work requires care, but once done, you have the most superb set of covers and drapes that can be imagined.

Any color preferred may be used; crimson, blue, and green are charming, especially for chambers. As we desired the lovely, creamy tint of the material only to appear blank in certain parts, and thus to effect a positive delusion, we cut single clusters of two leaves and a tiny delicate spray which we dotted over the entire surface, covering with spray, put on with infinite care and delicacy around them for a distance of some three or four inches, heavy, of course, near the figure, then gradually fading into mere mistiness. The spray or spatter-work has been so often described that it is useless to repeat the *modus operandi* here.

A set of Canton flannel can be made to appear like the richest oriental fabric, for these unbleached cottons of our American looms possess the true oriental tint, that soft, creamy white, so long desired, and which foreign manufacturers have made fruitless efforts to imitate; and, lo! here we have it, without an effort, and among our cheapest fabrics.

Now, we all know that in this day for a fashion to assume the appearance of antiquity, is to be stamped *au fait* by Mrs. Grundy, so how fortunate it is for us middlingers, or middle people, to be able to arrange our belongings, so that they not only appear, but truly are old-fashioned, so we may, in case of our hangings, just turn to some engraving or picture of "ye olden time" and then we shall see across the upper part of all window-hangings and portiere curtains, one or more figured stripes or bands running horizontally across the curtains. These are from eight to fourteen inches wide, and in some cases we will find three of

them about four to eight inches apart, but in many there will be only one twelve inches deep, and above it a diaper design. These are richly embroidered in the costly Indienne fabrics, but in others velvet or woolen bands take their place, and right here, let us mention that no one article of embellishment is so admirably adapted to carry out this ancient impression than common horse-girthing, which retains in a singular and special manner its ancient individuality as regards fabrication and embellishment. To carry out this assertion let us quote from Sir Chas. Eastlake's "Household Taste":

"* * * Another French material called "Algerine" appeared for a while in our London shops. It was made of cotton and was designed with horizontal stripes of color on an unbleached ground. * * * Some very beautiful specimens of portiere curtains have recently been made from the respective designs of Mr. A. W. Blomfield, architect, and of Mr. C. Heaton; they are composed of velvet and other stuffs, embroidered by hand, and decorated with deep stripes of alternate stripes of velvet and common horse-girths. It is a remarkable fact that horse-girths, as well as certain kinds of coach-trimming, traditionally preserve the spirit of some very excellent designs, which have probably varied very little in pattern and general distribution of color during the past century."

Two specimens of the curtains are given, the one is decorated in applique embroidery, with representations of *Æsop's fable*, "the Fox and the Stork." The other the "horse-girth" stripes.

Now, instead of the *Æsop's fable* illustration, we obtained some large figured curtain chintz, which was covered with curious Japanese and Chinese figures. We cut these out carefully, and gummed the wrong side, then arranged them in square blocks forming one of the stripes; above and below we used bright colored horse-girthing. The applique embroidery we fastened by means of buttonhole stitching along the edges, using scarlet and other colored linen-floss.

You can form no adequate idea of the elegance of such a set of curtains, which will not cost one-tenth the sum of an imported set not any handsomer in appearance, and which none but a connoisseur could distinguish from the genuine article.

In making your curtains, we would advise your covering sofas, etc., with similar material, making stripes to extend perpendicularly across the back one in the centre, and one on each side of it, also the seat with narrower ones, extending from the front edge to the back. The new work Mr. Williams has just published, "Beautiful Homes," will give you full instructions regarding the furnishing and arrangement of every room in the house.

To Renovate an Old Sofa.—Please tell me, through the CABINET, how to renovate an old sofa which needs it very much. I can cushion it, but that is not the work that troubles me; I do not know how to go about varnishing, etc. Also, tell me *all* about finishing a bedstead when purchased new, without paint, varnish, etc. By answering these questions you will greatly oblige your friend,

MRS. MARY M. MEDLOCK.

Answer.—If the sofa has a coat of old varnish on the work-work, remove every vestige of it, first rubbing it very carefully, with the grain of the wood, first with finest emery paper, then with a flannel cloth made wet with clean cold water and covered with pulverized pumice stone. It must feel quite smooth

under the hand; then rinse perfectly clean and wipe dry, rubbing hard with an old cloth of some kind. Next have some copal varnish and a soft varnish-brush, and in a warm room, free from dust, give the work a smooth, even coat of varnish. If it appears to "drag" under the brush, thin it with a little turpentine. Allow this to dry, and if you wish the polish very fine, rub it down again with pumice, and rinse, then re-varnish; the oftener this is done the higher the polish; we have in some cases rubbed down or pumiced and re-varnished a piece until it assumed a hard, solid, uniform surface as fine as papier mache or polished marble. We would advise the use of gilt-headed tacks and such covering as suggested to. A covering of stone-colored drilling, spattered with bright green, is one of the most chaste and elegant pieces of upholstery imaginable. We will suppose your new bedstead is of plain pine, with head and foot-board, simple and quaint in form, *a la* Eastlake. See that it is perfectly smooth. Now decide upon some color for the grounding. It may be black or of any intermediate tint or color between that and white; brown, stone, lavender, buff blossom, straw, drab, pearl, cream, pale green, or blue, will any one of them be satisfactory. Obtain the powder color, unless some house painter can be relied on to mix your color for you; rub it up with a little pure zinc-lead, and then add Damar varnish until of proper consistency, about like cream. Lay on a smooth coat of this over every part of your wood-work; dry well and apply a second; dry and varnish with Damar; then polish. Now you are ready for any embellishment you may desire. We would advise bands of color around all the margins; for instance, a fine illuminated effect is produced by painting a ground of sage-gray and making bands of vivid scarlet, blue, and green, with thread-lines of black separating them. The best method of applying such lines of paint is by forming impromptu stencil-plates. Go to your tinuer and get a strip of tin two inches wide and a foot long, having him cut you three open spaces in it a half or fourth of an inch wide, and then you have it; place this on your foot, side, or head-board, and with your red, blue and green brushes paint directly across each slit, then raise it, pass it to the space below, and thus proceed; have the one end of your tin cut entirely out, so that you will have no trouble in placing it on the extreme end of each space just finished, as you continue the lines. After these lines are dry, the black, white or yellow division lines may be easily made by means of a stiff bristle brush of small size and a ruler. An inch below such lines put on some pretty border of decalcomanie. We have used vines, geometrical designs, Grecian Key, etc., in gold and colors, with charming effect, only use care in selecting the designs not to mingle incongruous objects; if flowers, birds in the light French style are used, then do not apply a Grecian goddess in some panel medallion, or if the goddess, with illuminated borderings; do not have an Egyptian or Assyrian mythological group, a Japanese temple or Chinese mandarin. Each style of embellishment is perfect of its kind, but do not confuse them; it is like putting on colors that are antagonistic—red with green, yellow with pink, etc. They absolutely swear at each other. On black or dark grounds gilded decalcomanie designs in imitation of illumination will be found very effective, and is a favorite style with us. An entire suite thus embellished will give you a room so entirely lovely as regards furniture, that you will find nothing wanting. Imagine a floor covered with matting, and such a suite in cottage style, ground, a pale turquoise blue, with bright rosebuds in pink with miniature roses for a border, within a band of gold and scarlet, a medallion in the centre of each panel, on head and foot-board of bedstead, centre of all drawers and doors, with large floral design, a basket of roses, etc., blue walls with a rambling vine of pink roses and convolvuli, curtains of Swiss, with blue spray-work, lined with rose-colored cambrie, mantel draped with a lambrequin of same, water-color chromos, if not painted, in white-wood frames—and—but we dare not proceed or our other questions will be crowded out. AUNT CARRIE.

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"Studios of ornament, yet unresolved
Which hue the most approved, she chose them all."

The materials used in making the Centennial "Floral Cabinet" are pasteboard, glass, strong silk binding, chenille, very fine or small sized silk thread, and satin of red, white and blue colors, and any other color to cushion the inside, everlasting flowers, fine grasses, and green French moss, and strong paste and gum. Cut a pasteboard bottom, round, and eight inches across, and a paper of the same size, which makes the measuring easier; fold the paper in middle three times, which forms a cone shape; cut the cone across the large end; unfold the paper, lay it on the pasteboard, and mark it around with a pencil, and cut it the same size as the paper; rule the paper and pasteboard both alike, with lines across marking the eight divisions, and a line three-quarters of an inch from the edge all around. There is to be an eight-sided hoop of pasteboard, three inches wide, and nineteen and a half long, fastened edgewise on this line; the flowers are to be sewed on the outside of it before it is fastened in; rule lines two and a half inches apart, and bend it on each line, making eight divisions; cover each division with alternate red, white, blue, white, then red, and so on. The bottom of the box outside of the strip must be of the same colors.

Cut eight glasses three inches square; bind them by pasting the ribbon around the edges with strong paste, and let them dry perfectly before you sew them together; then sew them around the eight-sided pasteboard bottom; sew on for feet four large round but-

tons; arrange in the centre of each division of the red, white, and blue strip a little bouquet of everlasting flowers, green moss and small grasses; and sew it in its place. Put dark flowers on the white, and yellow and light on the red and blue. You must have eight red and white and blue pieces, to cover the top, between the glass and flower strips; they measure three inches on one side, two and a half on the other, and three-quarters of an inch on each end.

You will want eight more just like them to hold the same situation on the cover, when that is made to rest on these when the cover is shut. There must be another strip of pasteboard to fit closely inside of the flower strip to sew the cushion on to, and then paste it in, finishing the edge with fine chenille gummed on; paste the bottom cushion in first; an eight-sided pasteboard, cushioned. Highly perfume the cushion, as this being a "Floral Cabinet," of course there must be a cloud of fragrance whenever the cover is raised.

"A box where sweets compacted lie,"

as when you turn the leaves of THE LADIES' FLORAL CABINET, of which this is a memorial.

"Another Flora there, of bolder hues
And richer sweets, beyond our garden's pride."

The eight glasses composing the cover, are four inches long, three inches wide at one end, tapering to one inch at the other; the small ends are to be sewed around the flat top piece; each side of the top piece measures one inch; it is two and a half inches across from one point to the opposite point. The inside pasteboard cover is made of pieces two and three-quarter inches long, two and a half wide at one end, tapering to one inch, to be sewed on to an eight-sided flat piece like the glass one, covered outside, to match the rest, with red, white, and blue, the colors to be in stripes from the bottom of the box to the top. Perhaps it would be easier to cushion each piece before they are sewed together, or make the cushions on other pieces and sew them or paste them in afterwards; sew the flowers on the side next the glass first. There must be a strip, three-quarters of an inch wide, between the flat top glass and the pasteboard under it where flowers are sewed on, the strip goes all around the glass, bent in eight divisions, each measure an inch, and colored red, white and blue.

Where the cover rests on the box, sew eight pieces in a circle, from the glass to the pasteboard, each piece measuring three inches on one side, two and a half on the other, and three-quarters of an inch on each end, exactly like those around the top of the box. The cover is sewed, where hinges ought to be, not too tightly, and sew ribbon inside to keep it from falling back, and a loop to open it by, or anything handsomer. The right kind of old odd ear-drops would do. Then, the inside being finished, you must cover the joinings outside.

A very pretty thing for that purpose made of knit zephyr worsted, is

IMITATION MOSS

of different shades of green; yellowish colors, and a little brown. Cut the knitting in strips, sew it on, and then ravel it out; it looks very like moss.

Pin or sew a bouquet inside the cover of the Centennial "Floral Cabinet," and it is finished. It is a very pretty thing when done; but a greater sensation would be

"THE LADIES' FLORAL CABINET" ENLARGED.

Make the frame of wood, any size you please, the panels where the flowers are to be, like a window-sash, so you can have pasteboard on the back of the door, and glass on the front; an inch is space enough,

unless you would like to introduce a stuffed bird or so; then it ought to be an inch and a half at least. Cover the frame of the "Cabinet" with muslin, and paint it to look like wood, or cover it with handsome cloth, and trim with fringe; you can make it all yourself. Putty the glass in on the outside, and paint putty and sash all one color; the inside rim of the glass frames color, suppose, brown; cover the pasteboards with brown cloth, sew on the flowers, in a wreath or bouquet or clump, and fasten it in and paste paper over the whole door or doors inside, or cloth of one color, and line all the conspicuous parts with the same. Set a showy bouquet of everlasting flowers or grass on top of the "Cabinet."

It is a thing that can be made very ornamental, and with little expense. Saw out of thin boards or cut out of cardboard, a border to go around the top of the "Cabinet," and ornamental pieces for the corners of the flower panels. You can make the panel appear any shape you please.

Color the scroll work to correspond with the rest, and if you place gold paper behind it, it will look like walnut and gold, if you paint the "Cabinet" with Vandyck brown.

THE GOTHIC "FLORAL CABINET"

might be made like a bow-window in front, with three panels, or five, if you want it large. Cut it all out with the scroll saw; tack the glass inside, and make a frame of lath that will just fit around it, or glue a strip of pasteboard in the lath frame to rest on the glass to keep it in its place; cut a pasteboard to tack on the back of the frame to sew the flowers on. It would be better to bore the tack holes when you fasten the lath frame in its place behind the glass; therefore procure a good bore-ax. Line the whole "Cabinet" with crimson cloth or paper; paste gold paper on the lath frame between the glass and flowers. The background of the flowers would look well a light blue, like the sky, and when it is done, it will be a handsome thing for an exhibition. Put a plaited piece of cloth the color of the lining around the lath frame inside to look nice when the door is open.

THE RUSTIC "FLORAL CABINET"

made of a packing box, covered with roots and branches, is a novelty; but don't put them on so the door won't open. Saw large oval holes for the glasses on three sides. Arrange the flowers to look as if they grew up from the bottom of the opening, and let wheat seem to be growing behind, and don't forget the birds and butterflies; the background should be sky blue; nail the roots around the glass, to look as if you were looking through a vista, in the woods, to a flowery plain beyond. Line the "Cabinet" with sky blue, and stand stuffed birds on the top.

The largest roots should be nearest the glasses, and small ones around the outside. If legs are put to it, and ornamented with roots and grape branches in gothic style, it will be handsomer still. If everlasting flowers are scarce, or there is a "corner" in the market, you can fill up with artificial flowers. There is no end to the things that might be made on this plan. It is almost worth while to raise everlasting flowers on purpose. We hope our readers can gather an idea of what the capabilities are of THE LADIES' FLORAL CABINET.

ZIVORE.

WILLIAMS' HOUSEHOLD PUBLICATIONS.

"Beautiful Homes;" No. 4, Williams' Household Series. Price, cloth, \$1.50; gilt, \$2. "Evening Amusements;" No. 5, Williams' Household Series. Price, cloth, \$1.50; gilt, \$2. "Household Elegancies;" No. 2, Williams' Household Series. Price, cloth, \$1.50; gilt, \$2. "Ladies' Fancy Work;" No. 3, Williams' Household Series. Price, cloth, \$1.50; gilt, \$2. "Window Gardening;" No. 1, Williams' Household Series. Price, cloth, \$1.50; gilt, \$2. "Every Woman her own Flower Gardener;" Williams' Household Manuals. Price, paper, 50c.; cloth, \$1. "Ladies' Guide to Needlework;" Williams' Household Manuals. Price, paper, 50c.; cloth, \$1. "Fret Sawing for Pleasure and Profit;" Williams' Household Manuals. Price, 50c. to \$1 each. "Fret Saw Designs;" Williams' Household Manuals, 7 Books, 30c. to \$1 each. "Household Hints and Recipes;" Williams' Household Manuals. Price, paper covers, 50c. "How to Make Home Beautiful;" contains 32 pages, many illustrations from above books, with more full description of contents; sent free on receipt of 3c. P. O. stamp. All above books for sale at all book stores and news agents', and will be sent, post-paid, by mail on receipt of price by HENRY T. WILLIAMS, publisher, 46 Beekman Street, New York.

WHO SHOULD BOW FIRST.

Who has not heard ladies express mild surprise because some man who had been presented to them had not bowed to them on meeting them on the street, at the theatre, or in the drawing-room? If you ask them, "Did you recognize him?" they will be apt to reply, "Oh, no; of course not. He should have spoken first." Being reminded of the well defined etiquette bearing on the subject, they are likely to add: "I know that very well; but no woman wants to take the initiative. Men should do that; it's their business; it doesn't belong to us. No one expects us to make ourselves so bold."

The truth is, the majority of women are naturally so accustomed to man paying court to them, to his making the first advance in everything, that they can't find it in their womanly sensitiveness, in their severely conventional selves, to obey a mandate they originally issued, and still insist on perpetuating. Not one woman in ten thousand has any fault to find with the rule; in fact, we have never known a woman to object to it. Nevertheless, she seldom follows it in her own ease. Sometimes a woman says, as a sort of self-justification, "Supposing I should speak to a man, on meeting him after an introduction, and he should not remember me! How awkward I should appear; how overwhelm-

ed I should be with shame to observe that he did not recognize me. I can't afford to place myself in a position to seem to be cut by any man."

If any number of women feel thus, the point of etiquette should be changed in order to save their sensibilities. In truth, however, the objection is not well made. There is not the smallest danger that any man, presuming him, of necessity, to be a gentleman, at

least in respect to his observing the ordinary forms of courtesy, would refuse or hesitate to return the acknowledgment of a woman, even though he might not have the remotest recollection of ever having seen her before, or though he were convinced she had confounded him with somebody else. And the fact that he had been recognized by a woman would be the strongest presumptive evidence that he had been presented to her. Men are not likely either to forget their femi-

An assistant soon brought up the bonnet, and while the customer was duly inspecting it, the store proprietress ventured to inquire:

"How do you like it, ma'am?"

"It is simply horrid!" was the reply.

"But it is just as you ordered it," was the short and sneering answer. "I am really sorry, but—"

"Well, never mind," broke in the buyer with set lips, "what's the expense?"

"About \$7, I guess," said the shopwoman, timidly.

The money was paid over and the bonnet ordered up to the house, when the purchaser pranced out upon the street, and immediately exclaimed to an accompanying lady friend:

"Isn't it perfectly lovely?"

"Yes," replied the friend, "it's ravishing; but how could you talk so to that woman?"

"Talk so?" exclaimed she of the new bonnet; "why, if I had let her know how much I liked the hat, that woman would certainly have charged me \$15; but now, you see, I've got it for \$7."

The other woman said she had never thought of that, but would profit by her friend's ripe experience, and never like an article again until after she had bought it.

A handsome wrapper is made of very light pearl-colored merino; the front is made of blue silk; the back



AN INTERESTING LETTER.

nine acquaintances, or to mistake Mrs. Thompson for Mrs. Robinson, or Miss Blank for Miss Dash.

How She Manages It.—"Is my hat done?" inquired a cold-looking lady at a Chicago millinery establishment, one pleasant day last week.

"Yes, ma'am," politely responded the shopkeeper, "it will be here in a moment."

has a wateau pleat, beginning at the neck, where is placed a long narrow ribbon bow; the sleeves are of silk with merino cuffs having at the outer seam a double box pleat of blue silk, fastened with a band of merino. The bottom of the wrapper has a flounce of the merino gathered on to the skirt so as to form a heading; the edge of the flounces has two rows of knife-pleated silk sewed on so as to give the appearance of a double ruffle.

House Furnishing.

A SCARLET ROOM.

"Blessed be scarlet flannel," said Laura Gay, "and blessed be the man who invented it."

She had certainly done wonderful things with it, and viewed her work with pardonable pride. Such a lovely scarlet room as she had gotten up for poor Cousin Annie, who was well-nigh crazed with a decade of "plain living and high thinking," never being able, as she said, to have her surroundings represent her in the least, until this deft-handed maiden appeared upon the scene, and, waving her magical wand of red flannel, made

"— the low, rude-furnished room
Burst flower-like into rosy bloom."

Mrs. Mathers had scarcely been delighted, at first, with the advent of her city visitor, three small children, and doing her own work, left little time for extras, and she had no idea that Laura would prove so helpful and gifted. No airs, either, but just took right hold and worked as though she had always been used to it. So charmingly frank, too; her most admired dresses, she confessed, had been made out of old ones, her bonnets were fashioned by her own hands, until her cousin declared, half enviously, that she believed there was nothing those hands could not do.

But that scarlet room was her crowning triumph.

"What is the use of your telling me," said Mrs. Matthews, one day, "of the wonderful things that can be done in the city with a little money and a great deal of genius? I am not in the city, I haven't the 'little money,' and I certainly am not gifted with genius. It is like saying that things can be bought for a mere song, but if you can't sing the song, what then?"

She was rocking in an irritated frame of mind in a most ungainly rocking-chair, one of those hideous sprawlers that are always entangling themselves with people's feet; she was fresh, too, from the kitchen fire and "baking day," and altogether a sense of injury was strong upon her.

"I have never had anything I wanted in the way of furniture," she continued, "and I never expect to. I like pretty things, as well as any one, and know them, too, when I see them; but just look at this parlor! It makes me mad every time I come into it. I've got about twenty dollars saved from the chicken money—I have the sale of the eggs, you know—but what would that buy, even if they kept anything at the stores here that one wanted?"

Laura glanced around the bare, unattractive room, and said very quietly:

"Curtains would be a great improvement."

"Undoubtedly they would," was the reply, "but where am I to get them?"

"Will you let me spend your twenty dollars for you," was the smiling question, "if I will engage to refurnish the parlor so that you would scarcely know it?"

"Spend it and welcome; I am sure that you will get at least a hundred dollars' worth of goods with it. Only, you will find nothing in B——, my dear."

"They keep red flannel at the stores, I suppose?" asked Laura, demurely.

"I suppose they do," replied her cousin.

"And unbleached muslin?"

"And unbleached muslin, to the best of my belief.

But what, in the name of common sense, has that to do with civilizing the parlor?"

"A great deal, ma'am, as you will speedily see; but first, as you are not a mad bull, I take it for granted that you have no objection to scarlet?"

"None in the least; indeed, I think it a beautiful color, and it wears admirably."

"Precisely my own sentiments; we will go out this afternoon and do our shopping."

But first, Laura, who was a very exact little body, did a great deal of measuring; she measured windows, sofa, rocking-chair, mantel-piece; eyed a great, awkward table very severely; and, finally, appeared to be satisfied.

The salesman at the dry-goods and grocery store evidently considered Miss Gay a lunatic on the subject of unbleached muslin, and had his own views in regard to her passion for red flannel; but the young lady pursued the even tenor of her way, and returned triumphant.

What she did with her purchases was this: Curtains were made of the unbleached muslin, which hangs in the softest and most graceful of folds, and trimmed about half way down with cross bands of red flannel, one-half a quarter wide, and on either side of it, at a little distance, another just half that width; there was the same trimming at the bottom; and the cornices were plaited flannel. They were looped back, quite low, with bands and rosettes of the same.

The sofa was covered with oriental-looking stripes of unbleached muslin and flannel alternately; and a delightfully comfortable pillow to match at each end, with a scarlet worsted tassel on every corner. The rocking-chair was treated in the same way, after being sawed low and a few yards of rockers sawed off, and a moss cushion fitted to the uncomfortable back and seat. This, and the front of the sofa, were ornamented with scarlet worsted fringe; for Laura never believed in doing things by halves. The fringe was knotted with a crochet needle on a piece of scarlet braid, and then tacked on the furniture.

The table-cover, a round one, was fitted closely to the table, of unbleached muslin; then a lambrequin, or hanging border, of the same, attached, and trimmed with graduated rows of flannel, the whole finished with scarlet worsted fringe.

The mantel-shelf was a high, narrow abomination of wood, painted white; this was covered with scarlet flannel, and finished with a prettily-shaped, pointed lambrequin trimmed with the fringe. On the shelf Laura placed two plain white vases of graceful shape, a present from herself, and filled them with drooping sprays of *Tradescantia*. The effect of the scarlet, green, and white, to a color-loving eye, was simply charming.

Two chairs had their seats covered in stripes to match sofa and rocker; but to Mrs. Mathers' intense astonishment, two or three cane-bottomed chairs were banished and their places supplied with some respectable-looking wooden ones from the kitchen. But these wooden ones were first painted vermilion, and emerged from the process things of beauty. Some common little pine picture frames were treated in the same way; and as they enclosed passably good engravings of pleasant subjects, they proved very ornamental.

Brackets were not forgotten; small wooden shelves of circular shape were covered with the inevitable flannel and finished with the inevitable fringe; plaster busts, not particularly strong as works of art, were nearly concealed by vines growing in bottles behind them, and produced a very pretty effect.

"You must certainly have a couple of footstools," said Miss Gay, when she had arrived at this point; "but woe be unto the presumptuous he or she that shall place desecrating feet upon them!"

The footstools were made of round salt or sugar boxes for a foundation, covered with unbleached muslin that was ornamented with scarlet braid, an applique figure cut out of flannel for the centre, and fringe around the edge. They were really beautiful, the tops having first been nicely raised with moss and covered with old calico.

Laura's busy fingers worked swiftly to accomplish all this; for she disdained help from her cousin, who certainly had enough to do without adding any fancy touches to her pile of duties. But Mrs. Mathers looked and wondered as the parlor steadily grew in beauty; and frankly acknowledged that she would not have known it.

"Now for a wall-pocket," said the indefatigable workwoman; and after adding some pasteboard to her stores, and producing a lovely chromo-lithograph of Little Red Ridinghood from her own portfolio, she began operations in this way:

A piece of pasteboard, fourteen inches in length by about eleven in breadth, was cut in the shape of a shield, covered on one side with gray paper of a very delicate shade, and on the other with scarlet flannel. It is better, however, to have two pieces of pasteboard, as they can be covered more neatly and the back is firmer. Sew on the edge of the gray paper piece, with tiny stitches on the right side, a binding of scarlet worsted braid; baste the scarlet flannel on the other piece, making the edges very neat; but the two are not to be joined until the entire front of the pocket is completed. Sew neatly on the flannel piece a loop of braid to hang the pocket up by.

Cut out two more pieces of pasteboard, with straight edges, measuring seven by nine inches; cover one piece with scarlet flannel, the other with gray paper bound with braid like the back piece; on the gray paper side carefully paste the picture, which should be of a size to leave a margin of gray all around; edge the picture with a narrow strip of gilt bordering of the kind used with scrap-book pictures; put the same bordering on the inner edge of the braid binding. Then unite these two smaller pieces by a neat overhand or slip stitch done with scarlet silk. Next cut two gores of scarlet flannel to attach the pocket to the back; sew neatly, placing the pocket on the gray paper side of the back in the middle of the shield.

Now join the flannel side of the back to all this in the same way as the pocket sides were joined; crochet a deep fringe of scarlet worsted fringe on the lower and pointed end of the shield, and the article is finished. This is Miss Gay's receipt for a wall-pocket, and it is as beautiful a one as can be manufactured with the needle.

The days went on, and the parlor was finished. It was unique, and the whole family were in a state of admiring ecstasy over it.

"Now," said Mrs. Mathers, decisively, "how much have you spent, Laura, over and above the twenty dollars? This is worth paying for, and I shall soon have some more egg money."

"You wish me to give you an account, then, of 'moneys expended?'" replied her cousin. Here it is: unbleached muslin, two dollars; scarlet flannel, five dollars; worsted braid, paint, silk, and sundries, two dollars; total, nine dollars; sum remaining in the exchequer, eleven dollars, which I herewith deliver to the rightful owner.

"And do you mean to say," gasped her hostess, "that my parlor has actually been refurnished in this exquisite manner for nine dollars?"

"Yes," replied Miss Gay, modestly, "wonderful are the capabilities of scarlet flannel."

But, she might have added, scarlet flannel, like paint, has to be mixed "with brains, sir," to produce the desired effect.

ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

Household Hints.

COUNTRY HOUSEKEEPING TOPICS.

As I have received both pleasure and profit from reading in your pages the experiences of other housekeepers, I think it will be only fair for me to show my "little rushlight" and see if I can do to others what they have done to me.

I never had any experience in country life until the famous 19th of April, 1861. My husband had the fall before bought a farm on the river S., and as the excitement in Baltimore was fearful, we left the city, as did thousands of others. Then began my experience of country housekeeping. The house was very small and the place rough and unimproved, though in the midst of the most charming scenery.

Our arrangements we were obliged to make on the principle of those in "The Deserted Village" where Goldsmith speaks of "the chest contrived a double debt to pay," etc. There was no stove in the house, and only the old-fashioned fireplace to cook by.

One of our contrivances was to roast a piece of beef by tying a strong string to it, and hanging it before the fire from the mantel-piece, putting a pan on the hearth under it to catch the gravy. It was a great amusement to us to twist the string, which would set the meat to turning so as to cook it equally on all sides. You may be assured that was a prime piece of roast beef.

We were so much pleased with the country, that we built a pleasant house and had the grounds laid out and terraced down to the river, and have since spent our summers here, until within the last two or three years we have sold our house in the city and lived here altogether.

I try to learn the lessons both of beauty and economy in housekeeping, the latter not only in money, but time also. The most important economy in time that I have learned is in preparing the various parts of pork at killing time. We always raise and kill, on an average, about twenty hogs in the early winter, so that we shall have the meat to feed our "hands" on during the year. The manure we consider pays for the feed in raising them. The hams, lard, sausage meat, etc., we put up for ourselves. The people around me were in the habit of boiling each kettleful of lard a whole day, for fear it would not keep. It would take me a week to try out all I put up in that way.

The way I go to work is, to have the "gut fat," as it is called, taken off the day the hogs are killed, and put into salt and water over night. The next day is a busy time, I assure you. I hire some of the colored women on the farm, and with my cook and dairy-woman, we go to work. As fast as the men cut up the pork, the parts I want are sent down to me, and I divide my force, some of us cutting up the lard for trying out, some cutting out the pieces for sausage-meat, some grinding the same, and between times, some of them cutting up the thick fat pieces and packing them in salt for baked beans. We fill all the preserving bottles we can put on the stove, with the pieces cut for lard, adding enough water to prevent it from burning. As fast as enough boils to be perfectly clean and transparent, we dip it out and strain it in jars, putting fresh pieces into the kettle as fast as we have some for them.

By eight o'clock in the evening the dreaded job is over, several jars of sausage-meat and about a dozen

gallons of lard made and half a keg of pork salted down. As I fill each jar of lard, I drop a handful of salt into it while hot, and the lard is as sweet at the end of the year as at the beginning.

Now for my hams, of which we are all proud, and we never buy any that we think equal to them. The recipe for the pickle I took from the Germantown Telegraph. One gallon of water, one and a half lbs. salt, half a pound of sugar, half an ounce saltpetre, half an ounce potash. Instead of the potash, I double the quantity of saltpetre. Increase in that ratio. Sprinkle the hams with a little saltpetre and rub in salt and leave for a day or two. Then boil and skin the pickle, and when cold pour it over the hams. In four or five weeks take them out and let them drain for a day or two. Then take old barrels, without tops or bottoms, and make little shallow places in the earth to set them in, and in the centre pile corn cobs, chips, etc., wet, to make a fire. Put old broomsticks across the tops of the barrels and hang your hams on them inside the barrels, but not touching each other, not more than three to a barrel. Put a thick covering over all to retain the smoke. Now light your wet chips and cobs, so that you have no blaze, but a thick heavy smoke. Watch constantly and keep it up the entire day. Keep the fire smothered and do not let the hams scorch, or the barrels catch fire. Now hang them up and keep them in the usual way, and I think that in the course of a few weeks you will acknowledge that you have never eaten finer hams. You have saved a great deal of time and wood in the smoking and your hams are more juicy and of a finer flavor than if they had been hanging in the smoke-house for several weeks.

We have been arranging our house for the winter, and think it looks very pretty. We have newly papered the library, which is our favorite sitting-room. The paper is lovely, and just suited to the country. It is a light stone color, with sprays of grass of a darker shade, and white Marguerites, and little birds, about an inch and a half long, gray with light scarlet heads and breasts. The grass and Marguerites are scattered all over the paper, without any stiffness, but look as though they had been thrown on, and the birds are some standing on the sprays of grass and some flying. To follow out the effect of just a touch of scarlet here and there, I took about five yards of turkey red, and with part of it I made a narrow frill on some cornices of plain wood. Then I divided the rest of the material, and threw half of it over each cornice in the middle, pleating it carelessly. That left it hanging half on one side and half on the other. Then I threw the ends the reverse way over the ends of the cornice, letting them hang down a foot or so, drawing one edge tighter than the other, to form festoons, pinning the upper or tighter edge to the cornices to prevent leaving a space. They made, with very little trouble, two pretty, graceful lambrequins.

Then we have scarlet cord on the pictures, bitter-sweet berries among the grasses in the vases, and the centre-table cover of a corresponding color. We happened to have a set of books bound in scarlet, which we put on a book-rack independently of the book-case. Now, with our bright wood fire in a good sized fireplace, and our greenery, about which I will tell you, and at night a porcelain shade on the lamp to soften the light, I think no one can help saying that we have a charming room.

Now about the greenery. I have had, for years, a reel that was used to wind the pavement hose on in the city. I did not allow it to be destroyed, as I al-

ways thought I could make something pretty out of it, and sure enough I have. It is about three feet high, and my son split some small round sticks with the bark on, pointed the ends and nailed them around the top and bottom, *a la florist*. I had a large galvanized iron pan, with a rim two inches deep, made to set the whole thing in, making it broader at the bottom than at the top, and set the pan inside the upper pointed sticks. Then I filled top and bottom with earth and moss, and planted in it Ferns, Tradescantia, Ivies, etc., and put a hanging-basket over it filled with the same, and set them in front of my double window, and the vines now completely cover the whole and form a beautiful pillar of green six or seven feet high. There are window shelves on each side holding Callas, Geraniums, etc. At the other window we have a rustic stand with a box on it filled with Geraniums, Begonias, etc., and Tradescantia festooned around the sides, and Madeira vines trained up from it to festoon over the pictures. A little distance above we have a window shelf with different plants on it, and a beautiful shell suspended from the centre of it filled with moss and a Begonia, and still higher, a basket each side of the window holding baskets hanging from them.

MRS. MILTON WHITING.

A Home-Made Washstand and Lounge.—

A board nearly four feet long, nearly two feet wide for the top; two more for ends, thirty-two and a half inches long and twenty-two inches wide. Before nailing the top on, at one end, a foot from the outer end, put in another board thirty-two and a half inches long but only twenty-one inches wide, and on the back a board to close this part; then fit in a bottom to it and put in a shelf a foot or little more from the top; between this part and the other ends, six and a half or seven inches from the top, fit a shelf; it will be about thirty inches long and twenty-one inches wide, and at the back have it all closed, and a little below the shelf, or the whole back may be closed, only that would make the article heavier. Now nail on the top. Cover with chintz or any material on hand. The covering is fastened firmly on the ends, being large enough to come round in front where it meets in the centre. Fasten a wire at each side close to the top, which projects a little, letting the pieces run by each other a little in the middle, and run the wire, either through rings screwed on the chintz, or through a hem across the front. A ruffle can be sewed on one edge of the front, where it meets. The top covering can be of the same material, loose, so as to throw back, or covered with the oil-cloth they have to imitate marble. In this article there is plenty of room for wash-bowl and pitcher, pails, and boxes, and in the wider open part a trunk can be kept. It was to get a trunk, which was very necessary to have round, out of the way, as well as the washstand, that these were combined. Covered with a piano or table cover, it resembles a small organ. I think the floor is papered with wall-paper, same as the walls, and then varnished, would not do for a room used much. I have a cage made for stuffed birds, and a design for a mat made of strips of cloth, which may be of use to any one else, if so, I can send to the CABINET.

S. M. BARBER.

Color for Kitchen Floors.—Oak is the best color for the kitchen, pantry, and like floors.

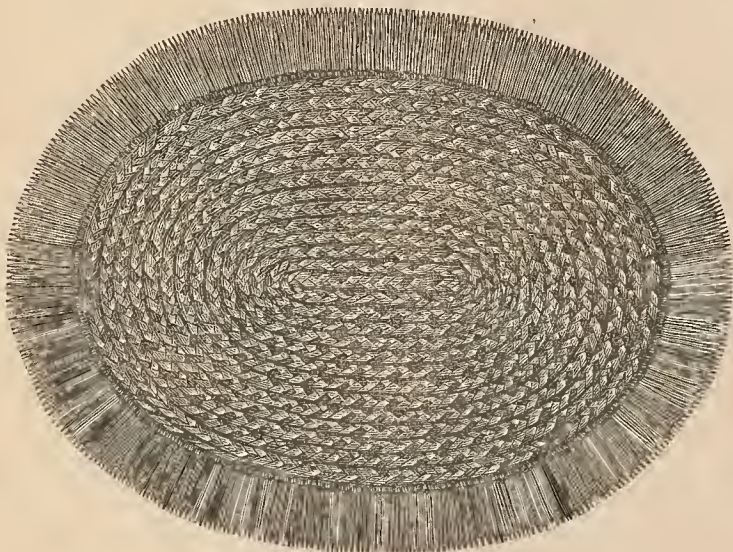
Household Elegancies.

BRAIDED RUG.

We show on this page a braided rug, which is not only neat and even tasteful, but economical withal, as it may be made of old garments, or pieces of carpet. It may consist of any number of colors or of blocks, light and dark pieces mixed promiscuously. Strips are cut about two inches wide, until a quantity of each color is accumulated. As regards material, any pieces will answer, whether woolen or cotton, and carpeting cut into pieces an inch wide will make an article both strong and durable. The pieces are sewed together, as for carpet rags, then folded lengthwise, and three strands (black, lighter shade, or some bright color, and white) are braided together; then commencing in the centre, a piece a few inches in length is taken, and, placing it flat, the braid is turned round and sewed down one side of it, coiled round the other end, and so on, until the entire mat is sewed, coil after coil, around the centre; this gives an oval shape. If the rug is desired round it will require the central coil to be worked round only an inch of braid, instead of a strip of central braid. The fringe is made of ravelled carpeting.

The other illustrations in this page consist of another design for a sewed rug made nearly the same as the first described, and with rosettes around the edge. A large design is given for colored silk or worsted embroidery which is intended mainly for hanging in a rich frame.

Shaving Paper Case.—Take a collar box and on the lid paste a picture so as to cover the reading, etc.; around the rim of the lid paste gilt paper; cover the box part with gilt paper and all around it paste small chromos. Take sheets of thin tissue paper and cut



BRAIDED RUG.

it into circles so they will lay in the box smoothly. Fill the box with these; bows of ribbon may be added to the lid to look like handles, if wished.

Rustic Basket.—Again get a collar box and cover the outside with moss, lichens, etc., leaving the lid off. Now take a narrow strip of cardboard and form a handle to the basket you have just made; cover this

with moss also; line the basket with colored paper or silk; fill with autumn leaves, ferns, etc.

Horn Basket.—Get a nice white horn and scrape it clean with a piece of glass until you have a quantity of shavings from it. Then make the foundation of



DESIGN FOR SILK EMBROIDERY OR WORSTED WORK. your basket with pasteboard, and sew the shavings on the pasteboard in small clumps. Cover both inside and out. These baskets are beautiful.

A Match Lighter.—Take a stiff piece of cardboard and cut it into a circle about the size of a saucer. Next take a piece of sand paper, and, laying the cardboard circle on it, cut a circle the same size; paste the piece of cardboard to the circle of sand paper, leaving the rough side uncovered; around the edges paste a narrow strip of gilt paper, and near the edge of some part of the circle paste a little chromo. Above the chromo fasten a little ring with which to hang it by.

Card Basket in Photophamie.—First take cardboard and cut it and form into some kind of a basket; you can do it better than I can tell you. Around the edge put little bows of ribbon. Now for the photophamie: Take a small picture, say the picture of a dog or cat, and in some part of the basket fasten it; all around the edge of the dog or cat prick pin holes; then remove the picture and you will still

have the form. Make these little pictures all over your basket. This is odd and pretty.

A Needle Book.—Take two little advertising circulars, and on the side with the reading put a chromo so it will cover it. Bind the edges of both with ribbon. Then cut a pretty piece of flannel like leaves of a book, and sew them to the ribbon edge of

the back of the cover, which you must overhand together, and put a ribbon string on each side to tie it together.

A Comb and Brush Box.—From a fancy store procure a pasteboard box a little longer than a hair brush, and about five inches high. Cover it all over with blue or red cambric. Then take a piece of book muslin and cover the cambric with that. Next take quilled ribbon and put it all around the sides and top and around the bottom. Cover a button mould to match for a knob to lift the cover off by.

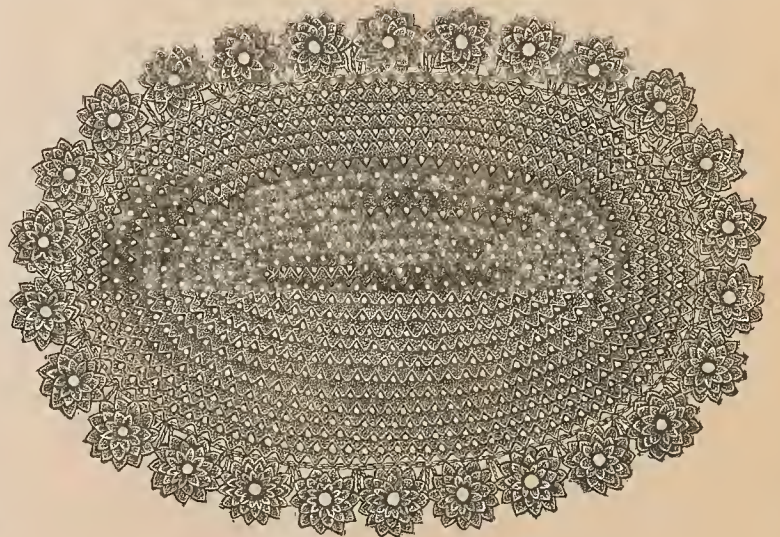
Pocket Pincushion.—

Draw two circles on card by a wine glass, and cut them out. Cover them with bright bits of silk or velvet; settle it neatly, so there are no wrinkles; baste with thread on the wrong side; drawing all the edges together in neat plaits, and then overhand them together. This is a pretty little present for a little girl to give to a gentleman.

Coral Ornaments.—

The first thing to do is to twist common bonnet wire into the shape you wish it, a bracket, picture frame, etc. Next tie all over the wire little pieces of corn. Now take some white wax and melt it in a clean pan; then put into your wax some vermilion, mixing them together until they form a red paste. Then dip your wire frame into the paste two or three times and hang it in a cool place to dry. These articles are really beautiful, and I hope the reader will try and make some. I know they will succeed. I would like to tell you how to make a great many more things, but I fear I have already taken up too much room in your valuable magazine. E. L. E.

Clean cashmere lace by dipping or rinsing it in the gasoline, being careful not to rub it so as to get the meshes and figures out of place. Dry it out of



RUG WITH ROSETTES.

doors, then lay it on a cloth in good form, and place between the leaves of a book to press.

To Make an Alum Basket.—First twist the wire into the shape you wish it and then dip it into hot alum water until a thick coating of that substance is formed; hang in a cool place for twenty-four hours to cool.

Hireside Reading.

In an assize court the crier was old and deaf. "Call Arabella Hanks," said the Judge. Entertaining much doubt of the name, the crier arose from his seat and said with a much puzzled look, "What, your lordship?" "Call Arabella Hanks, crier," repeated the Judge, much provoked. The old crier thereupon, with a countenance indicating both doubt and desperation, in his loudest voice called out, "Yaller Belly Shanks! Yaller Belly Shanks!! Yaller Belly Shanks!!! come in to the Court!" It is needless to say that the seriousness of the Court was compromised; and quiet was restored only to be again disturbed by the laughter caused by the crier, who, in answer to the Court as to whether or not the witness replied, said, "No, my lord; and I don't believe there is such a person in the town, for I have lived here forty years, and I never heard of him before!"

An inquisitive traveller, noticing that the man who sat beside him in the railway carriage had a band on his hat, said, "I see you are in mourning. Was it a near or distant relative that you lost?"

The bereaved one replied,

"Wal, he was pooty distant—'bout thirty miles or so, by the turnpike."

The intention of the old deacon was good, but the way in which he worded his notice was infelicitous. He said: "Any members of this congregation who have left off wearing apparel will please contribute the same to the poor." A quiet smile pervaded the house.

The coldest storm wave of the season was experi-

enced by a young man from Syracuse, who escorted an East Rome girl home Sunday night, and was detected by her father just as he was putting his mustache where it would do her the most good.

Patron.—"Oh, the hanimal be all right; but, I

"Yes, my son," said a fond parent to his attentive son, "the very hairs of our heads are numbered." "Huh!" exclaimed the youth, gazing inquiringly upon the baldness of the aged parent's head, "that's nothing."

Why, Indeed?—Aunt Towser supposes that the

Lord Chambermaid must have been interfering with the theatres again, as she reads at the St. George's Hall they are performing, 'Once in a Century.' Why don't he shut up the place altogether?

"Have you a copy of the Koran?" asked a young man in one of the city book stores a few days ago.

"A book about corn?" inquired the clerk, evidently somewhat puzzled.

"No, the Koran—al Koran Mahomet."

"What is it, a novel?" asked clerk No. 2, coming to the rescue.

"Must be something just out," suggested another.

"No, no," said the customer, "the Koran, the Mohammedan Bible."

"Well, who is the author of it?" Exit customer in great haste. Fact!

The recent discussion of the question of future punishment recalls an anecdote of Elder Shaler, some years since a well-known Baptist minister at Haddam. He was to preach in Clinton, and upon going into the house was told that the Universalists were making head in the parish. "Ah!" said he. "Well, I'll give them a touch," and he did. "My brethren," said he, in beginning his discourse, "some say that all men will be

saved, but we, my beloved, hope for better things."

"Mariah! Mariah! please slet me in!" said a man to his wife, who was looking out of the window watching him trying to open the door with a toothpick. "Ish tread on my key, and it'sh all flattened out."



PREPARING FOR THE PARTY.

say, can't ye put me a-'oldin' of 'is 'ed, an' the missis a-feedin' 'in? an' our Billy moight be on 'is back, an' Hiserbeller an' Mary Hann a-lookin' on; an' while yer 'and's in, ye moight chuck in the twins. What's a dab o' paint more or less?"

Household Hints.

HOUSE-CLEANING.

House-cleaning is one of those domestic episodes to which one looks forward with dread, and backward upon with a sigh of complacent relief. I have heard of housekeepers of very methodical turn of mind, who, by a regular daily supervision of every part of their domain, and a certain moral force exerted upon their domestics, by which they contrive to secure a faithful performance of all duties, know nothing of this much-dreaded infliction; but such paragon housekeepers are, it must be confessed, seldom seen.

It has been the custom from time immemorial to overturn, scrub, scour, and reconstruct, when spring, with balmy breezes, comes; which, by the way, could never have been intended to apply to our variable climate, in which, as Gail Hamilton beautifully remarks, "Winter lasts until the Fourth of July and breaks out in spots all summer."

Do not let the first mild day beguile you into taking down your stoves and commencing operations, or a raw nor'easter on the following one may fill you with regret, to say nothing of colds and neuralgic reminders. Wait until you can open your windows without a shiver, and the sun is powerful enough to dry your floors quickly and thoroughly.

By a little system and forethought this dreaded season may be robbed of half its terrors. It is an absurd custom to clean every room at once, and thus make the whole house a scene of discomfort. House-cleaning, like large payments, should be done by instalments, so as not to drain the treasury and exhaust the strength.

Decide before you commence just what it is necessary to do, and if there is an easy and a hard way to do things, choose the easy one, even though the result may not be quite the same. Life is too short to be spent in everlasting cleaning, and an immaculate house is not the end and aim of life. It is not to be denied that daintily clean surroundings are a desirable thing; but if this cannot be had without perpetual work and worry, let it go; content yourself with doing the best you can.

In some households there is such a mania for cleanliness, that everything else is subservient to it. Comfort is entirely disregarded. A speck on the wall, or a scrap of paper or thread on the floor is sufficient to disturb the whole family, and an overturned inkstand or spotted carpet makes more commotion than the direst national calamity. This effectually prevents home from being what it should be, a place where peace and comfort reign supreme. Our space is too limited, however, for further moralizing, so we will return to more practical matters.

It makes no difference whether you begin at the cellar and go up, or at the garret and come down, though the latter is, for some reasons, to be preferred. If your attic is like that of most people, filled with superannuated furniture, things that are "too bad to use, and too good to give away," it will not be necessary to do more than remove the articles from one part of the room to another until all is cleaned; brushing down the cobwebs and cleaning the windows will be all else that is needed.

Secure every convenience that modern inventive genius has supplied to lighten and facilitate your labor. Among these a good step-ladder is indispensable; by having one with castors upon three legs, you can by lifting the remaining one push it anywhere

about the room with ease. Beside the necessary brushes for cleaning, scrubbing, etc., have a small soft brush, a paint brush will answer, for cleaning the corners of window-sashes, and edges of mouldings. A small pair of bellows, which can be procured at almost any furnishing store, will be useful to blow the dust from carved frames and from bronze or other ornaments.

Gilt frames may be improved by applying with a soft brush a mixture made of two parts white of egg to one of potash or soda. If your Parian or alabaster ornaments are discolored, lay them in a washtub filled with clear water in the sun for several hours, then dry in the sun. This will make them like new. Ivory ornaments can be whitened by carefully brushing with soap and water, rinsing in plain water and bleaching in the sun.

Before you rehang your pictures, examine the cords unless they are hung with wire, which is much better, to see that they are not moth-eaten. Sometimes it is desirable to insert screws or hooks in plaster; to do so, make a hole about twice the size you need; fill it with plaster of Paris, such as is used for fastening the tops of lamps and put the screw in the centre; when dry, it will be firmly fixed, it will be impossible to move it.

Instead of using soap for cleaning paint, rub with flannel dipped first in warm water, then in whiting.

Clean silver-plated door-knobs and hinges with a soft cloth slightly moistened with oil, then dipped in whiting. Ink stains on wood can be removed by covering the spots with bits of oxalic acid, pour on a spoonful of water, and lay a heated flat-iron on it. Spots can be taken out of marble with finely powdered pumice stone mixed with verjuice; let it remain on for several hours, then wash off and wipe dry; or you may rub the whole slab with a flat piece of pumice stone, kept wet while using. Gray marble hearths, if spotted, can be cleaned by rubbing with linseed oil. White stains can be taken from dark wood by rubbing with a mixture in equal parts of vinegar, sweet oil, and turpentine. Grease spots can be taken from carpets by spreading on them a thick paste of potter's clay. Over this tack brown paper and let it remain for several days, and if one application is not sufficient, repeat as before. A freshly made spot may sometimes be removed by scrubbing with boiling water and soap. Grease can be extracted from floor by applying a paste of wood ashes; leave on if possible two or three days, then wash off.

If your wall has been whitewashed, and is to be papered, it must be first washed with vinegar to neutralize the alkali in the lime. If the wall has been papered before, by all means remove the old paper before applying the new. Many layers of paper with their accumulated masses of paste, make a room unhealthy. Dampen the wall with a cloth saturated in saleratus water, and it will come off with ease. If you are troubled with roaches, sprinkle their haunts with powdered borax; some use Paris green, but it is a dangerous article, being poisonous. Ants may be exterminated by red pepper sprinkled upon shelves of closets, etc., first scrubbing them with carbolic soap. Powdered quick-lime will answer the same purpose. If you do not take up your carpets, loosen them at the edges, sweep up what dust you can, then moisten the carpet and floor with turpentine before replacing. Some sprinkle with benzine from a small watering pot, others apply a hot iron to destroy what eggs may be concealed.

If you take up your carpets, after shaking spread them on clean grass in the sun, sprinkle thickly with

salt, and sweep; this will brighten the colors astonishingly. Matting can be cleaned with a damp cloth dipped in salt and water; it should not be made very wet or it will be apt to rot it.

To clean furniture, mix one-half pint olive oil with one pound soft soap, boil and apply with woolen cloth, afterward polish with dry cloth. Another excellent preparation for cleaning furniture, walnut, and rose-wood particularly, is made by mixing white wax and oil of turpentine in about equal quantities, together with one-quarter as much rosin, all melted together. After standing for twenty-four hours, it will be about the consistency of butter, when it is ready to use. The furniture should of course be perfectly clean and dry first.

If you have lace curtains to wash soak them two or three days previous in warm water, changing it every day. The greater part of the dirt and yellow will be removed in this way, therefore much rubbing at the final washing will be avoided. Boil and blue as usual, and they will be beautifully clean and white. Wring with a wringer, which will not break or stain the lace as with the hands. Spread sheets upon the floor of an unused room, spread the curtains on evenly and smoothly, pinning down the edges, and let them remain until dry. They should be starched with thin starch and not ironed.

If pieces of furniture or any other articles want glueing, attend to it now. The best way of making glue is to crack it in small pieces, put it in a bottle; add common whiskey, shake up, cork tight, and in a few days it will be ready for use. Made in this way, it will keep any length of time, and is at all times ready for use, no heating being required except perhaps in the very coldest weather when it might be the better for warming.

Hot Cross Buns.—Three cups of sweet milk, one cup of yeast, flour to make a stiff batter. Set the sponge over night; in the morning add one cup of sugar, half a cup of melted butter, half of a grated nutmeg, a little salt and flour to roll out like biscuit. Knead well and set to rise five hours. Roll out half an inch thick, cut in round cakes and lay on a buttered pan; let them stand half an hour, then bake a light brown; brush over with the white of an egg, beaten up with a little sugar. I always scald the milk I use for raising bread or cakes, unless I do, it very often sours in the sponge.

Delicate Cake.—Beat to a thick cream one cup of butter, and two of white sugar, mix one cup of Duryeas' Improved Corn Starch with one of sweet milk, add it to the butter and sugar; then add two cups of flour, and the whites of four eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Before adding the flour sift and mix thoroughly into it two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, and dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in the milk before mixing it with the corn starch. Flavor the icing with lemon.

Mrs. Webb's Salad.—Take equal parts of nice firm white cabbage and celery stalks, with a few of the blanched leaves; chop them fine, and pour over a dressing made as follows: One well beaten egg, a tablespoonful of butter, a level teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper, one tablespoonful of white sugar, and one cup of good vinegar. Mix all together and set on the stove; stir it constantly until it is the thickness of cream, but do not let it boil. When cold pour over the salad. This dressing is very nice for chicken or any other salad, and will keep good several days in a cool place.

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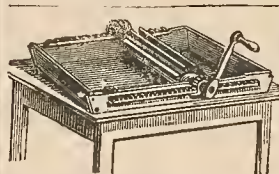
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4 Gloxinias, 8 Gladiolus, or 8 Tuberoses (Pearl),
4 Grape Vines, 4 Honeysuckles, 4 Hardy Shrubs,
8 Heliotropes, 8 Lantanas, or 8 Petunias,
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16 Verbenas, distinct and splendid sorts,
25 varieties of Flower, or 20 varieties of Vegetable Seeds,

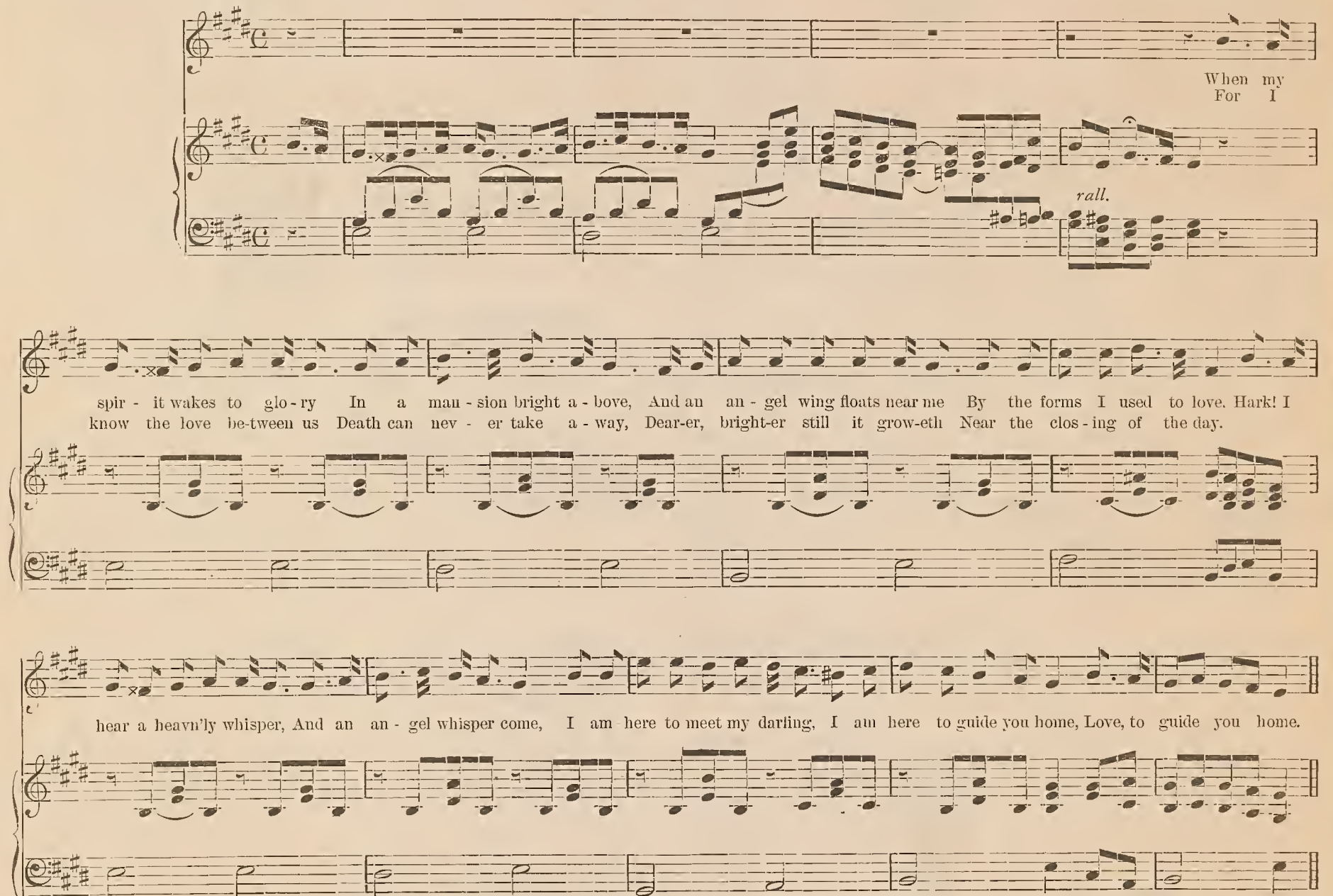
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PETER HENDERSON & CO.
35 Cortlandt St., New York.

When my Spirit wakes to Glory.

Arranged by C. THATCHER.

Words & Music by R. GORMAN.



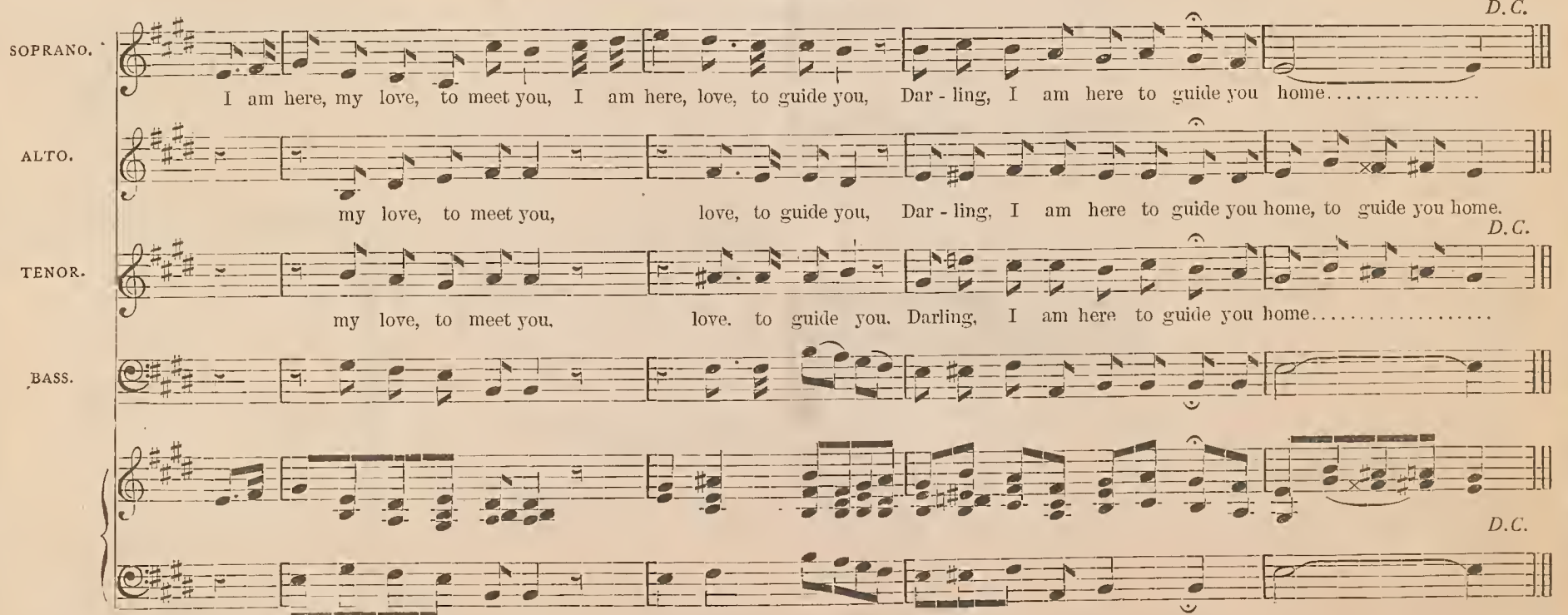
When my
For I

rall.

spir - it wakes to glo - ry In a man - sion bright a - bove, And an an - gel wing floats near me By the forms I used to love. Hark! I
know the love be - tween us Death can nev - er take a - way, Dear - er, bright - er still it grow - eth Near the clos - ing of the day.

hear a heav'nly whisper, And an an - gel whisper come, I am here to meet my darling, I am here to guide you home, Love, to guide you home.

CHORUS.



D.C.

SOPRANO. I am here, my love, to meet you, I am here, love, to guide you, Dar - ling, I am here to guide you home.....

ALTO. my love, to meet you, love, to guide you, Dar - ling, I am here to guide you home, to guide you home. *D.C.*

TENOR. my love, to meet you, love. to guide you. Darling, I am here to guide you home.....

BASS. *D.C.*

THE LADIES' *Floral Cabinet*

CAMBRIDGE N.Y.
JUN 1 1888
H.W. TROTT
WARREN
FL-DEC.

By HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

NEW YORK, MAY, 1878.

No. 77. PRICE 12 CENTS.

DESCRIPTION OF TABLE DESIGN.

I had long wished that I could afford to have one of the beautiful glass stands which are made expressly for flowers, but finding that wishing 'didn't do any good, I set my wits to work to contrive something.

Amongst other things, I thought one of our bronze candlesticks might possibly be made to do duty, and it seems that my husband had been thinking the same thing, for, one day he brought one of the candlesticks to me, saying:

"Here's the very thing you want for your table design; you can use it I am sure."



A TABLE DESIGN.

So I decided to try it. At the end of each of the three branches there is a lily-shaped cup for holding a candle. The standard from which the branches spring supports another cup. Those on the ends of the branches I unscrewed and hung in their places baskets made of sauce plates filled with moss. I had to make a netting of fine wire over the plate and moss, in order to suspend it. I found that the top of a "March Stand" could be fitted to the central cup. Into this I fastened with wire a glass trumpet vase; then by filling in moss, I formed a sort of ball at the foot of the vase.

The next thing to be done was to fix the bottom. To do this I had a shallow tin pan made, then putting the candlesticks into it, bound pan and candlestick firmly together by means of strong annealed wire. I should say here that I had holes punched—two inches apart—around the edge of the pan in order to let the vines through. The pan was then filled with moss, nearly covering the base of the candlestick. My stand was now ready for the flowers.

I have made no attempt to represent in my sketch the flowers that I used in filling my stand, but I will give a list of those used in the different parts.

FLOWERS USED IN VASE AT TOP.

Pink and white Asters, medium sized, and small; buff and pink rosebuds; *Polygonum maritimum* (a lovely little wild flower, found on the marshes in September), wild ferns and leaves of carrot.

AT THE FOOT OF THE VASE.

Tuberose, Carnations, Asters, pink and white, rosebuds, *Phlox Drummondii*, in shades of pink and crimson, *Polygonum maritimum*, *Lygodium scandens* and wild ferns.

BRANCHES.

Buff rosebuds, blue *Browallia*, white *Phlox Drummondii*, white *Eupatorium*, fragrant Myrtle and ferns. Edging of leaves, and scarlet berries of *Rivina humilis*.

BASE.

Rosebuds, pink and buff, Asters, pink and white, *Phlox Drummondii*, in white and shades of crimson and pink, white Carnations, pink *Gloxinias*, *Polygonum maritimum*, Sweet Alyssum and *Viscaria*. Edging of wild ferns, (*Aspidium Spinulosum*, a variety which, besides being very beautiful, keeps well), and sprays of *Selaginella Wildenovii*.

If I had had a greenhouse at my command, I should have made a different arrangement of flowers; as it was, I had to depend on my own garden for all my flowers excepting rosebuds.

M. P. G.

DESCRIPTION OF FLOWER-STAND.

This is a circular revolving stand, finished with bark and placed upon feet of black walnut. In the centre, which is somewhat raised, stands a cast of the "Fisher Boy," and near his right arm rises a tall *Abutilon*, the top of which is more than eight feet from the floor. There are four *Ivies* twining around the statue, the gold-

en, silver edged, palmata, and paniculata. A very fine *Aspidistra*, a variegated *Hydrangea*, *Ancuba Japonica*, *Ophiopogon*, and *Tradescantia Discolor* occupy appropriate places, and among them all the lowly ferns in graceful profusion and variety. A remarkably large and free-growing *Hypolepis reptans* throws up its tall fronds, rivalling the "Fisher Boy" in height, *Asplenium viviparum*, *Adiantum cuneatum*, *Pteris Tremula*, and falcata, tape fern, and the charming *Maideu-hair*. Near the edge are placed two rows of *Tradescantia*, the green and white striped, and crimson-shaded *Zebrina*. Outside of all the green *Tradescantia*, which



A FLOWER-STAND.

is now quite profuse, and in the spring will be a mass of foliage reaching to the floor. The diameter, including foliage, is about four feet.

MRS. CLARA R. SWEETZER.

The best soil for house plants is two-fifths of new loam, one-fifth of leaf mould, one-fifth of well decayed and decomposed manure, and one-fifth of sharp and clean sand.

Hare's foot fern is one of the prettiest of the Fern family. The fronds are tall and waving—a singular hairy foot-shaped piece grows out from its roots.

Floral Contributions.

A SMALL GARDEN.

I am going to write this for the benefit of those who have but a few hours during the week to devote to flowers, but who would like to have a small garden of their own. To such I will give the benefit of my experience; it has not been a very long one as yet, but has been very satisfactory so far.

I am a farmer's wife, and have very little time to spare for out-door work; but I like flowers, and so I made time to have a few. I had a small garden made and commenced to experiment. I began with flowers that were easily grown, and the result was very satisfactory. How well I remember that first garden. There were Asters and Balsams, Stocks and Pansies, with a Verbena, and two or three other varieties of flowers. And here I must stop and tell about my Balsams. I had twelve different colors, and they were as double as some varieties of Roses. And such Pansies! I have never been able to raise any such since. They will give any one who begins to raise them as much if not more pleasure than greenhouse plants, and you have this assurance, if you save seeds from Pansies and plant them year after year, you can get almost unlimited colors, for they very seldom come up the same color of blossom twice.

The best time to plant the seed is early in the fall so they can get an early start before freezing weather comes; then when frost begins to come, cover with evergreen boughs or straw, then in the spring after danger from severe frost is over, uncover your Pansies. Prepare your bed where you wish to transplant them set them a foot apart, and if you can have a bed made where it is partially shaded from the sun, your Pansies will like it all the better. You can hardly get the ground too rich for them.

Balsams, Stocks, and Asters will find no fault if you give them rich ground, but will bloom all the better for it. Perhaps the reader will think I have given too much space to the description of Pansies. If I have, this must be my excuse, for next to Roses there is no flower that I admire and love so much as the cheerful little Heart's-ease.

After you have tried once and succeeded, you will want to venture farther, and will begin to study the catalogues to find varieties that you can plant; you will be tempted by many choice varieties, but my advice is to take the common ones at first; you will find many beautiful kinds among them.

It is a very common mistake with beginners to look at their catalogues and read the description of choice varieties and make their selections of such as the most experienced gardeners have to take great pains with to be successful. The result is disappointment to the amateur gardener, and this verdict passed on the unfortunate seedsman that furnished the seed, "He is a regular fraud, and I will never buy of him again," when in nine cases out of ten it was the beginner's inexperience that caused the failure, for it is very much like beginning to read: you must first learn your letters, then to put them together to form words, and then you will keep on learning. So with flowers—there is something new to learn about them all the time. And you will be surprised how much time you will find for their culture, for the work in the open air will give you renewed strength and health, and consequently the work in-doors will go off all the more quickly, and there will be less doctor's bills to pay,

and the overtaxed nerves will get a better rest than any medicine can give.

Perhaps some will say, "I would like flowers, but I can't take the trouble to plant seeds every year." If you don't wish to plant seeds, send for ever-blooming Roses, and you will have flowers from year to year without planting seeds.

But you say, "I have no place to keep them in winter." To such I say, keep them out of doors in the beds where they have grown through the summer. You may think the winter will kill them, but it will not if you cover them properly. In the first place, before it becomes too cold, cut off half of their branches, then have some boards fixed to keep the covering in place. The way my boards are fixed is on all four sides of the bed, making a kind of box; then put branches over your Roses; then leaves and something to keep the leaves from blowing away. The branches will keep the leaves from settling too close to the Rose bushes, and so rotting the stalk if there should come a heavy rain.

I have nineteen varieties out this winter; among them a *Marchal Neil*, and I would say here that it is as easy as any Rose to grow and blossom, for this summer I had some of the most magnificent blossoms and buds on it; it fully sustained its reputation of being the most magnificent Rose grown.

My Roses blossomed so well that I ventured to send a basket of them to the Horticultural Fair in the fall, and they received a premium.

Among the varieties that I have is a green Rose. I sent for it out of curiosity; it is very sweet-scented and a strong-growing Rose, and blossoms true to name every time. I had blossoms on my Rose bushes until frosty nights came and killed them. They require rich ground and frequent stirring of the soil, and plenty of moisture.

If you have not money to spend after the first that you buy, and do not object to having two or three of the same kind, they are easily raised from cuttings, and in this way you can have as many bushes as you wish. The easiest and surest way is to take a glass dish of any kind, fill it with sand, put your slips in the sand, after taking off the large leaves, and keep the sand wet enough so that water will stand on top; put it in the sun or anywhere that it will get plenty of heat, and you will find that you can root Roses as easily as any other plant.

I have a friend who has rooted eighteen this winter, so I do not write this without proof of its being a successful way to root them. I have rooted some in chip dirt, but I like the sand method better, as it is quicker and a more certain way.

To the flower gardener, that prefers raising flowers from seed instead of roots, I would say, don't forget to include Sweet Alyssum, Phlox, and Petunias in your list of seeds.

S. E. P.

HOW TO START FLOWERS AND PLANTS.

A correspondent of *The Journal of Health*, after seeking for many years to find some simple way of starting slips, plants, etc., with bottom heat, without the aid of experience, greenhouses, or outdoor hot beds, at last hit on a plan which works like a charm, and thus writes about it:

"It is just a delight at this season of the year, when every growing thing responds to the influences of the season and only wants, while waiting for May, a little boosting to send it climbing skyward, to watch the

cuttings grow and the seeds spring up. Many arrangements to suit place and means could be suggested. Having a large spare wash boiler, we placed it in the south kitchen window, so that its top comes to the window sill, resting it on two inverted flower pots. Three good sized, old sheet iron baking pans well filled with clean creek sand were put across the boiler, which had been filled with water at about 90°. The sand was duly moistened and in it set all sorts of cuttings of plants for the flower border, and on it were sowed seeds of those plants and vegetables which we wish to start early. Sometimes we set the cuttings in thumb-pots of light soil and plunge these in the sand. When all was arranged, we just lighted a safe brass kerosene lamp and placed it on the floor under the boiler, and we keep it burning night and day, and nothing can be jollier.

The water is kept at about even temperature, the evaporation from the sand and the warmth and moisture from the kitchen range and the abundant light from the broad window supply all needed conditions of growth. The seedlings that start in the sand we prick out as soon after germination as we please, into boxes of earth, setting them into other windows when there is not room for them over the tank. Sometimes we start our Tuberoses here and some on a sheet iron shelf suspended over the range, which is kept burning night and day to supply hot water for the chambers.

We thus get a few Pansies, Phloxes, Nasturtiums and even Sweet Peas to put out in vases, balcony boxes and other sheltered places, very early, and make very much longer the blossoming season, which is quite an object in our climate. We have found it a great luxury to gather the brightest and sweetest of Painted-lady Peas in April and May, and mingle with Geraniums and Heliotropes from the windows, to send to our friends as a delightful surprise. With us Peas will not do well unless started early in the house or planted in a trench in late autumn, and heavily covered over with litter until growing time in the spring. We grow four or five tomatoes, pricking them from the seed-pan into tin cans and have them in blossom when it is time to set them in the garden, and thus get ripe fruit very early. Ornamental window boxes for sitting-room and parlor can be arranged to hold water in the bottom, and this kept warm by concealed lamps."

A Giant Geranium.—A gentleman in our town, (says *The Journal of Health*, Danville, N. Y.), had, standing on his piazza last summer, a Geranium immense in its size, and prolific of its great trusses of double scarlet flowers. It had been grown the winter before in the south bay window of his sitting-room and tended by himself. The young plant was set in a rustic basket, the bowl of which holds nearly a bushel of dirt. This was a mixture of cultivated black muck taken from a corn-field, garden earth and thoroughly decomposed manure, in about equal proportions. It grew rapidly, taking a gallon of water day by day. As soon as danger from freezing was past it was set out, and during the summer averaged near a hundred trusses of brilliant flowers, often twenty five spent trusses would be cut from it of a morning, and it made such growth that when taken into the house in autumn, branches six feet in length had to be cut from it. This is almost equal to California growth.

Answers to Correspondents.

Camelia or Japonica?—I have a fine double white Camelia just in full bud; every winter it gives me many splendid flowers. Now, one of my Boston friends says I must not call them Camelias, but Japonicas. Now, I see in some books "Camelia Japonica alba pleno var fimbriata." Can you tell me whether that is the name of mine, or may I still call it only Camelia?

Answer.—Your question is a good one, and in order that you may understand our answer, we will begin at the beginning. Living where you do in the central portion of New England, you have no doubt observed that the trees you see around you growing wild all have some general likeness; that is, that the maples, oaks, hickories, birches, etc., differ from the palms of which you may only have seen pictures, and that your Roses, Lilacs, Snowballs, Dentzeas, and others, are very much unlike the Lilies, Gladiolus, Grasses, and Tuberoses. Now, your native trees have in the trunk or any branch, first in the centre of the wood, then between the heart-wood and the bark, a more moist and sappy portion, where the annual growth takes place, the centre of any maple tree being the oldest. Now, in a Lily, as you can well see, the centre is the youngest. A maple is an exogen, a Lily is an endogen. These divisions are called classes. These classes are further divided for convenience into divisions called orders or families, each member of which resembles all other members in a greater degree than it does a plant of another; again, orders are divided for the same reason into genera (singular genus), and they into species, the genus and the species together constituting the botanical name. Thus, your plant is Camelia Japonica, Camelia being the genus, Japonica the species. It belongs to the class of exogens, and to the Camelia family, or order Cameliaceae. The remainder of your name is what is called a variety, meaning alba pleno, white double, and fimbriata, is fringed.

Silver Sand, etc.—What is silver sand? What is peat? What is loam? Should loam be without clay?
J. L. H.
Norfolk, Va.

Answer.—Silver sand is the fine white sand used by glass makers. When silver sand is recommended for plants any fine sand, not salt, will usually answer the purpose. Peat is the mass of close vegetable fibre found in fresh meadows; it may be wholly decomposed and look like black earth, or it may be very fibrous. Loam is common garden soil; it may be of various colors; the surface of the ground is usually so called; it is composed of vegetable matter thoroughly decomposed.

Lime in Soil, etc.—Can you tell me whether lime in the soil is good for plants? Should I mix guano with the soil, and in what proportions? What treatment should Cacti have?
E. N. MAXWELL.
Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Answer.—Lime is not good for plants; indeed, many plants, such as Heather, die in a limestone soil. Guano should be used very cautiously as it is a very powerful manure. It is best applied in a liquid form in the proportion of a teaspoonful to a quart of water; use this about once a week. We have recently given directions for Cactus culture. Consult former numbers of the CABINET.

Spanish Moss.—Where can I obtain Spanish Moss?
S. B. DICKENSON.

Answer.—Miss Lillie Taylor, box 189, Fernandina, Florida, will for twenty-five cents and return postage stamp send a package of Spanish Moss to any address.

Insects on Plants.—For two months I have been troubled with what I am told are wood lice on my plants. It is a gummy lump which forms and in it are little flat insects. They begun on the Passion vine, then took the Fuchsia, Lantana, and Oleander, but did not touch the Rose Geraniums. Carbolic soap suds, sprinkled and powdered hellebore, did no good. What can be done for them?
J. M. L.
New York City.

Answer.—Your plants are troubled with a large scale; they are not wood lice. The only remedy is to wash them off with strong soap suds, using a tooth brush with bristles cut short. Or you may kill them by dipping the tip of a fine camel's hair pencil in kerosene or alcohol and touching the scale; but kerosene must be very carefully used, or it may injure the plant. Rose Geraniums are not troubled by insects.

Treatment of Russellia, etc.—I would like to have described the treatment of Russellia juncea, Hibiscus Cooperi, Saxifraga Sarmentosa, as regards soil, etc. Also of Primula Japonica, Coccoloba and Calycanthus. My seeds of Silver Fern (Pteris argyrea) Lomaria Gibba and Pilea muscosa, sown on the surface, in fine earth, and tried in sun and shade, under glass and without, in heat and out, have failed to germinate. Can the seed have been good? How is Farfugium Grande propagated, and where can I get it?
R.

Answer.—The Russellia is a warm greenhouse plant, with drooping rush-like leaves, and red tubular flowers. It is not suitable for a window plant. In the greenhouse it looks best in a hanging-basket, or grown with a tall centre shoot from which the sprays fall like a fountain. Soil, peat and loam with a sprinkle of sand. Hibiscus Cooperi is a stone shrub and unsuitable for parlor culture; indeed, it is not a very desirable plant, the variegation soon becomes shabby and the flower is not as showy as most species. It needs plenty of heat and water when growing; soil rich sandy loam; it is a very free grower. Saxifraga Sarmentosa is a very pretty plant for a hanging-basket in a window. Give it plenty of sun, do not let it dry up and it will not disappoint you; common soil. Primula Japonica should be raised from seed, sown in light soil; when large enough to handle the plants should be potted and shifted on from time to time as they grow. The soil should be sandy loam, and care should be taken not to over water as the plants easily damp off. They bloom easily, and a package of seed will give a variety of shades, but the plant is disappointing; we never saw a flower one-half as good as the colored pictures represent it. We presume you mean Coccoloba platyclada, a plant with flat green leaves and infinitesimal flowers in the axils. It will grow in any soil and warm situation, but is of no value except as a curiosity. The Calycanthus are hardy shrubs, with fragrant chocolate-colored blossoms. They only require to be planted out of doors in spring and will take care of themselves. Farfugium Grande is a very pretty plant if well grown. It does not need heat and does well in the window. It is propagated by division, and needs a rich loamy soil. You ought

to find it at any large greenhouse. Your Fern seed should certainly have come up, especially the Pteris, which is easily raised, if the spores were good. Did you not cover too deep, or over water and rot off the minute plants or burn them up in the sun? Pilea muscosa is not a Fern.

Oleander, etc.—How can I make my Oleander bloom? The buds of my double Geraniums form, but when half grown drop off. How old must a Camelia and Vallota be to bloom? I have been troubled by white worms in the pots, but I put about a tablespoonful of wood ashes; dig it in with a hair-pin and water with warm rain water; the worms do not like the lye, but the plants flourish.
PANSY VERNON.

Answer.—Your Oleander should bloom in spring if large; keep it warm and give plenty of light, and in summer set it on the piazza. Oleanders like plenty of water. Give your Geraniums more sun. The blooming season of a plant depends more upon its growth than on its age. Plants usually bloom when strong. A seedling Camelia may take ten years, but if unarched it blooms at once. Vallotas bloom when very small. Your remedy for white worms is good, but is the hair-pin necessary for success?

Names of Plants, etc.—I enclose a small vine which has a flower like a Snap Dragon. Can you give me the name? Shall I set out Lily of the Valley and Pansies in the fall or spring?
L. J.
Hawley, Pa.

Answer.—Your vine is the Coliseum Ivy (Linaria cymbalaria). The other flower mentioned was not received. Lily of the Valley may be planted either in fall or spring, but your Pansies should be planted in the spring. The best way to raise Pansies is to sow seed in July, prick out the plants in a cold frame, draw on the sash in winter, protecting from sun, and uncover in early spring.

Hardy Yellow Rose.—Which is the best hardy yellow Rose?
MRS. J. A. MILLER.
Woonsocket, R. I.

Answer.—The best is Persian yellow. Yellow Harrison is also very good and a few days earlier in blooming.

Pelargonium not Blooming, etc.—Why does not my Pelargonium bloom, it is over three feet high? I have a red Cactus six years old that has never bloomed. Tell me why.
MARY SEACHRIST.
Columbiana, O.

Answer.—Give your plants less water and more sun; let them become a little pot-bound. You are probably growing them too well.

Camelia, etc.—When shall I sow Camelia, Azalea, and Rhododendron seed? How soon will they germinate? How must they be treated afterwards to make them bloom?
G. A. DENVERLINE.

Answer.—The seed may be sown at any time in the greenhouse; that of Azaleas and Rhododendrons is very small and the plants are very minute. The time of germination varies; we have had it come up soon and again not for months. As soon as the plants are of any size, say in two years or more, pot them off from the seed pans, and when about six inches high the Rhododendrons and Azaleas, if of hardy kinds, may be planted out in prepared beds. The time of flowering depends wholly upon the culture you give; the better you grow them the sooner they will bloom, but at the best you will wait many years for flowers.

Floral Experiences.

FIRST EXPERIENCE IN FLORICULTURE

Perhaps my experience in cultivating flowers may assist some lover of them to try her skill unaided by greenhouse or hotbed.

The first year of my housekeeping I saw the first number of James Vick's *Floral Guide* advertised in Moore's *Rural New Yorker*, to be sent to any address for ten cents. Very soon I possessed one, and it was studied faithfully, and from it I learned something new; therefore resolved to try my hand in raising flowers as fine as those described in the *Guide*. The plan of sowing seeds in boxes in the house and then to transplant in the open ground when danger from frost was over, was new to me; also to all of my neighbors.

Having filed on his order-sheet the names of those seeds best adapted to amateurs in floriculture, it was enclosed with cash for seeds. Very soon the seeds came all right with some extras. Mr. Vick is sure to add more than is ordered.

Now came the first sowing of seeds in boxes or pans, the premises being thoroughly ransacked for boxes or anything that could be utilized. My better half was willing to lend a helping hand in procuring soil and making a few new boxes.

In order to know flowers from weeds, the soil was committed to the stove oven until all seeds and insects were killed. Sifted soil on the surface to receive the tiny seeds. Balsams, Aster, Tenweeks, etc., were put in an inch or more apart, so they were easily transplanted when second leaves appeared. Besides, I knew whether the seeds all came up, for they were in rows, counted, and the number and name placed on each box or on a label. Some were saved for a second sowing. To my surprise nearly every seed grew; only a few damped off. How anxiously each seedling was watched until time for transplanting.

Next came the making of beds for my pets. Now came the need of stronger hands than mine, and I found the same ones that made the boxes and brought the soil from the woods ready to assist. Soon all was ready.

Guide and trowel in hand with box of Balsams or Asters, as the case might be, just before a rain, the tiny plants placed in the beds according to directions, so many inches apart, so different from the then usual way of crowding so many plants in one little bed promiscuously. You may be assured, the care bestowed on those seeds and plants doubly repaid me when they bloomed. Such lovely flowers! and many a bouquet from my yard adorned the homes of my neighbors. How they did wonder at my success with flowers, and how they grew so "perfectly splendid," as some said.

Since that time great improvement has been made in this town in floriculture, it being the first experiment on the new way, as it was termed then.

Let every ardent lover of flowers get a "Floral Catalogue" and order a few seeds, and follow the directions in it and they will be repaid for all the expense and labor in one summer.

I made a scrap-book for any pieces found treating on the culture of plants or anything about flowers, also illustrations adorn its pages. A journal of floral work, such as dates of sowing seeds, germinating, transplanting, blossoming, etc., I have kept for several years, which has been very valuable for reference. Note the time of slipping my house plants, and the

time of rooting, both in water and soil, also of repotting house plants.

I read everything I can find written upon this subject. The *CABINET* is just what we ladies need, also is "Window Gardening." ALMENA.

CALLAS AS HOUSE PLANTS.

Several weeks since I cut from some daily paper a slip taken from the *FLORAL CABINET* on the Calla grown as a house plant in water, and I had a desire to try one or more in that way. It also said a few minnows introduced into the water would usually thrive. I looked about the house for a stone jar the depth mentioned, but found none, and made up my mind that a glass jar would be better, so the whole plant could be seen, when one day just as it began to grow dark, I was coming home from a walk, and I met three small boys who were cautiously calling a kitten in an alley, and thinking, of course, they were going to torment her, I said:

"Boys, don't abuse the cat."

They said, "No, we were going to give her some fish."

I said, "What kind of fish have you?" and found they had twenty-five minnows they had caught in a bottle in our public garden pond. I asked them if they were alive, and what they would sell them to me for; they said they were, and I might have them for five cents; so I hurried home and put them in a pail of water in our laundry room; there I kept them two weeks, changing the water two or three times daily. At last I found time to buy a glass candy jar twelve or fourteen inches deep, in which I planted my Callas in earth with a layer of sand and pebbles, in all seven or eight inches deep, and poured in water several inches above that; then I went down and got my fishes in a tin dish of water and brought them up in the warm room, where I had my Callas. Finding the water muddy, I thought I would wait awhile before putting them in, so turned to some other work; but what was my surprise, when I went to look at my treasures again, to find only four or five fishes in the dish, and the others seemingly lifeless on the floor, and on and in the marble bowl the dish stood upon. I called my sister, and we soon had them all picked up, even the two or three that were almost out of sight down the spout of the bowl, and gave them a pail for a pond again.

Can any one tell me whether it was the small size of the dish or the heat of the room that made them leap out? I have not the courage yet to put them in with my Callas for fear there is not water enough, or the rich earth I got at the florist's will kill them, and when I try to turn the water out of my jar the earth wants to come too; then again, won't the water be too hot for them if the Calla stands in a sunny window; and if I put in cold water often, will it agree with my Callas? What food do fishes need? I have given them crumbs, but I can't see as they eat them, and worms dug from the yard which they nibble upon. If any one can give me some information, I shall be greatly obliged, for it is a disappointment to me, and I do not feel ready yet to give up my Callas for my fishes. J. L. H.

MESEMBRYANTHEMUMS.

This is a class that, to me, possesses an especial charm. Like the Cactus, it assumes various forms, bears neglect patiently, requires little water; is not troubled with insects, and is readily propagated by

seed and cuttings. *Mesembryanthemum cordifolium*, the Dew Plant, and *M. crystallinum*, the Ice Plant, are well known varieties. I once had a fine specimen of the latter, that entirely covered a wooden water-pail. It set on the north side of the house, and during the hot summer days on the prairie it was a delight to look upon. The radical leaves were very broad, and the whole plant glittered with an icy coating. Another variety had broad (spatulate) smooth lanceolate leaves—quite a singular-looking plant—so very smooth and pallid green, but over susceptible to moisture. Still another variety had long cylindrical, pale green leaves.

I have grown the above four varieties from one packet of mixed seed. I have a specimen of the last-mentioned, I think, growing in a miniature earthen tub without drainage; it was a little cutting last spring. The leaves are seven inches long, are clustered a half dozen together, about two inches apart, on the shrubby stems, which hang down eighteen inches and then curl back. The leaves, which are fleshy, are as wide as an oat straw, are "one-half cylindrical, three-cornered, elongated and recurved," and a pale green color.

Loudon, in his "Encyclopedia of Plants," enumerates three hundred and seventy-nine varieties of this class.

The desire to learn the specific name of the one last mentioned, and the hope that others may write of their favorites, and so bring newer species into notice, has induced me to write this article. Will some one give me the botanical name of the Cinnamon Vine, and how it succeeds in the latitude of Pittsburgh?

MRS. KATE SHERMAN.

THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.

Frequent mention has been made through the columns of the *CABINET* of the plant named above. But my experience differs widely from what has already been given, and perhaps it may interest the reader to hear it.

The June of 1874, a friend sent me a small leaf of this plant, not more than four inches long; the September of '76, it stood a well branched specimen, between four and five feet high, with one blossom upon it. As I gave a description of it at the time in other journals, I will not repeat it now, except enough to distinguish it.

The flower measured nine and a half inches in diameter; was pure white, with straw-colored anthers, and of the finest texture imaginable. Aside from the blossom, this variety is worthy of a place in any collection; its broad flat leaves, when in a thrifty condition, are of a lively green color, and very glossy. Sometimes in winter and spring, it sends up long round stems, which in turn put out long flat leaves, the blossom coming from a notch in the leaf.

I grew it at a west window, in a compost of garden loam, sand, wood's earth, and old, thoroughly decomposed cow manure, changing the soil in May, giving plenty of water when growing rapidly, but withholding it almost entirely in the winter season.

MRS. G. W. FLANDERS.

The manner in which cut flowers are arranged in dishes has greatly to do with their beauty. A large flat saucer of pansies is the most suitable for the hat stand or corridor table. The edges of the dish should be fringed with "dog-ear ferns" or a cordon of smilax.

Floral Hints.

ROSES.

With almost every other flower there is more or less difficulty in cultivation; and it is very seldom that luxuriance of foliage is followed by corresponding bloom; but the Rose requires so little care, and a few good varieties furnish such a vast amount of pleasure from June to the middle of November, it will amply repay for the attention bestowed.

It is really only in preparing the soil for its reception, and the month or so following the planting, that the care is needed; and when well started a half hour every morning in mellowing the soil and watering them, will be found sufficient to keep two or three dozen plants in order.

The soil they most delight in is a stiff loamy one; and if never used before for Rose culture, it is astonishing the growth the plants will make, and the size of the flowers. If the soil is a clay one, it must be well drained, and with sand and good earth well mixed in, will be found to answer nearly as well; for the coolness and moisture furnished the roots by such ground during the hot, dry summer months, is very grateful to them; but in either case the Rose-bed must be properly enriched; such a gross feeder demands a very rich soil, and this can be accomplished by mixing the fertilizer with this before planting, and also frequent watering with liquid manure.

The digging and preparing of the Rose-bed should be done in early spring, as soon as the frost is sufficiently out to allow working, adding liberally well decayed material from the cow-yard; when warmer weather comes, this has become so well incorporated with the soil as to nourish the plants as soon as set out; but so few persons think of preparing a Rose-bed until seeing the plants in full bloom at a florist's that such will be obliged to depend upon the liquid fertilizer for the summer, and defer further operations until autumn, when a heavy coating of material should be given it, digging well into the soil the following spring.

The long drouths to which we are subject are very trying both to the young plants and those of larger growth. After experimenting in various ways, we have found this to be by far the most successful manner of watering them. Dig a hole by the side of the Rose-bush, not near or deep enough to injure the roots, however, and plant a flower-pot about four inches in diameter; do not fill the pot with earth, but leave it empty, and have it either even or a little below the surface of the ground. When necessary to water the plant, fill this pot with water, and it will be astonishing to see how very rapidly the water is absorbed; refill two or three times; the water given in this manner goes at once to the roots where it is needed, when, if applied to the surface of the ground, most likely would not be given in quantity sufficient to reach the roots; besides, surface watering tends to bake and harden the soil. Liquid fertilizers can be applied in the same manner, and should be given in moderate quantities, and not too strong, twice a week.

Frequent stirring of the ground is necessary; this is best accomplished by a very simple but exceedingly efficient little implement introduced the past season, and called the "Excelsior Weeding Hook;" it is galvanized and about the length of a trowel. Just imagine the foot of a chicken with the joints bent at right angles to the foot, and you have the implement at once.

And now for the varieties; it is perfectly useless for amateurs to experiment with those untried, and introduced by many of the florists as "superb" and "splendid," when very often the description and high price demanded, are in striking contrast to the plant itself. It is only now and then one finds a new Rose worthy of purchase; while so many of the old ones are really fine, and can be obtained at reasonable rates, it is better to select from them.

First in the list stand the hardy Tea-roses; they are few in number, but nothing can surpass them in delicacy of color and exquisite fragrance—a fragrance peculiar to themselves alone. The Glorie de Dijon, creamy, pinkish white, with a buff centre, for its tint, perfume, and luxuriance, stand unrivalled, and, what is very rare, the half-opened bud and full-blown Rose are equally perfect. There is always a succession of bloom, and the flower does not soon wither; the foliage is a beautiful glossy green; it is a climber and rapid grower; one bush has in the last ten years covered the side of a house, and is now one mass of bud, blossom, and perfect leaf-spray; if possible, a south-western exposure should be given it.

The Brugere, of a peculiar, indescribable tint, is very perfect in its long, slender buds, which remain half-closed a long time. La Pactole will be found very valuable for its constant bloom and beautiful foliage; it is not a climber and the flowers are of a canary-yellow color.

Safrano is perfect in bud, but loose and open when full-blown; the color is extremely rich, a sort of orange-yellow, and there should be one of this variety in the smallest collection. Clara Sylvain and Madame Brary, both white, but the former a climber, are desirable.

There are a number of others, valuable for tint and perfume, which unfortunately are not hardy; among these is the Devouiensis, delicate in color, with the perfume of the Magnolia; the plant may live through three or four winters, and then again we have been obliged to purchase every spring—but we must have it.

A hardy plant, always in bloom, of the class called Bourbon, is the Souvenir de la Malmaison. The Roses are immensely large, very double, of a delicate flesh-color, and altogether one of the best in cultivation. Of the same class are Leuson Gower, salmon rose in color, and Sombriel, a white Rose, the early bloom of which will be found rather inferior, as it seldom expands perfectly; but the later Roses are all could be desired; the bush is inclined to climb, but if preferred more stocky, can be pruned into shape.

But it is among the bloom of the Hybrid Perpetual lovers of dark, rich velvety Roses will revel. The crowning glory of this class is one we purchased several years ago, labeled Professor Koch; as it has never been found at any of the florists since similar in color, we imagine it to have been an imported Rose, wrongly labeled; it is a climber of the most luxuriant growth, and surpassing all others in glory of color, perfect outline, and velvety petals; a trellis covered with this Rose, and the Glorie de Dijon, both in full bloom, with the sunlight bringing out the depth of color and rich tints of each, is more beautiful than could be imagined.

Next to this Rose, and in every way desirable, stands Prince Camille de Rohan; it is very similar to Professor Koch in color and form, only not uniformly so handsome; but where the two varieties cannot be compared, the Prince would be considered superb. Napoleon and Emperor of Morocco are so very similar in every respect, it is not necessary to add both to the list; the flowers of each are very dark, the edge

of each petal tipped with black, rendering them both unique and handsome. General Jacqueminot is a rapid grower, very hardy, fine bloomer, and every way desirable; the bud is perfect, but the full-blown Rose is rather too open.

King of Spain, of a dazzling color, should be added to every collection, while General Washington, of immense size, a beautiful shade of crimson and extremely double, is invaluable.

Geant des Batailles is showy, but the full-blown Rose is so wanting in color, and there are so many others more desirable, we have discarded it entirely. Victor Verdier, a beautiful, clear pink, and Anna de Diesbach, similar in color, are to be recommended. Baron, not Baronne, Prevost, one mass of magnificent flowers, each Rose large and full, of a bright rose-color, is a free and constant bloomer; as it inclines to climb, support should be given it.

La France, a delicate, satiny pink, is fine, both for color and rapid growth. The Archduke Charles is classed among the Bengals, but of so much greater luxuriance of habit, it hardly seems in place. Geuese Marble is another name for the same Rose, and is too valuable to be omitted from any collection; the outer petals are a dark crimson, and shaded to the centre, which is very light; a fine bloomer and fine grower. Celine Forrestier belongs to the Noisette family, which are those blooming in clusters; in color it is entirely distinct from any other, and is a very superior Rose. Marshal Neil is a superb Rose of the same class, but is so tender, it can hardly be depended upon; the beauty of the flower is so great, that it repays one to purchase a new plant every spring.

As the list of desirable plants I have given only comprises about two dozen varieties, it will be found sufficient for a small plot of ground, and when a larger space is to be filled, duplicates of many of these varieties would not be amiss; but this list really embraces those that best repay the care of cultivation, and for variety of color, hardiness and free blooming qualities, cannot but prove satisfactory.

The best time for transplanting is early in the summer, and after sunset should be taken in preference to earlier in the day. If done just before a shower, the ground settles nicely around the roots. The plant must be shielded from the sunshine for a week or so, until it is well established; this is best done by putting over it an old loosely woven basket, which will admit free passage of air, but not admit the sun's rays, and should be much longer than the plant. Another way is to drive a stake near the plant and incline a large square board, changing its position in the middle of the day, to follow the sun; at sunset the basket or board must be removed for the dew to fall, and replaced about eight o'clock the next morning. With care, Roses can be moved even in August. In purchasing do not select the largest plants, as transplanting checks their growth, while small ones hardly feel it, and make healthier and finer bushes.

If the leaves of a Rose-bush turn yellow, and it looks unhealthy, taking up in the morning, putting it in milk warm water and carefully washing the roots, is very beneficial; it should remain in water, sufficient to cover the roots, until evening, and after mellowing the soil, again set it out; shield from the sun a few days. A weak decoction of soot water is excellent; but it must be applied very weak and not too frequently.

Early in June a small green worm, called slug, appears, and if not checked, so destroys the leaf sprays, they look as if scathed by fire; if applied before the worm appears, early in May, whale-oil soap is a certain preventive; it is bought by the pound or can, and dissolved in cold water; a quarter of a pound to two pails of water is the right strength; applied by means of a syringe every evening for a week, effectually destroys all trace of the nuisance. They only appear once during the summer. SUSAN GIBBONS.

Household Hints.

ECONOMY IN VARIOUS THINGS.

I presume we would all be more or less interested in anything treating on economy, and although much has been already written, and many excellent ideas have been presented by the writers in the CABINET on that subject, perhaps I may be able to add a little yet.

I will begin in writing where I begin in practice, that is, in Dress. I think I admire elegant dresses, stylishly made, as much, perhaps, as any one does; but they are unattainable by many of us, and we must forego them. But those who are economically inclined, and who have some ingenuity and taste, will find that dresses and other garments that are fit and appropriate for a lady's wearing, are not beyond the reach of a very meagre purse.

There is no need that dress should be expensive if we wish it to be otherwise. I think I have proved this to my own satisfaction. I know that there are dozens of girls who can, and do, come out in an entire new suit of a fashionable color, made by a stylish dressmaker, at a stylish price, and with hat, ribbons, and gloves to match, every season, or it may be, every month, and who have no need to think of the cost. I have no fault to find with those who can afford to dress in this way; but I know well that I cannot, and I do not think I envy those who are more fortunate.

I have admired these dresses, but I know well that I can buy every article of clothing that I need for a year for what one or two of these beautiful suits cost. I always make my own dresses, and those for the rest of the family.

Almost every family now has a sewing machine, and every family of girls ought to have one dressmaker among them. It is very easy to learn to fit nicely with the aid of a good chart or dress-fitter, and good patterns for every garment that is worn can be had for a trifle. It is not only the saving of money that would be paid to a regular dressmaker, and this is considerable, as it frequently costs as much for the making as for the material of a dress or suit, but you can have your dresses made just as you want them; you can calculate with certain knowledge just how much material will be required; you will be able to get them out of much smaller patterns than a dressmaker would be at all likely to do, and they will be almost certain to be better made.

After one has learned to fit themselves nicely, they would be very unwilling to carry their material to a dressmaker again. Not that I have anything against the trade at all, or am afraid of ruining the business, if all that read this should follow my suggestions. The dressmakers that I know are generally overerowed with work. I know that there are enough women and girls who will always have their dresses made by other hands than their own. Some will do so from choice, and some from necessity, but my aim is only to suggest a remedy to those who, like myself, cannot afford it.

I do not own many dresses at a time. There can be so many changes made now with polonaises, loose waists, and sacques, that they assist very much in making a scanty supply into a plentiful one. A large stock of dresses of cheap material, poorly made and abundantly trimmed, is a very poor stock to have on hand. I do not buy cheap goods at all, except calico. In getting material for a dress I always put the cost into quality and not quantity.

I do not buy as much goods for trimming as is required for the dress. I have never worn but one suit that had more than twelve yards of material in it. I seldom alter a dress, though I have sometimes taken them all apart, and turned them inside out, or upside down, as they seemed to need, but I do not know that I ever altered a dress merely because the fashion had changed, for I try never to make up a dress in a way that will appear ridiculous as soon as it is a little out of date.

My calico dresses wear out about equally all over, except the back breadths of the skirt, and these are torn out, when the dress is ripped to pieces, and left nearly full length, hemmed around, a binding put on, and they make excellent kitchen aprons.

I do not say, in all this, that I have taken a way of my own choosing. Doing my own dressmaking—and I do my own milliner work, too, for the most part—has been the source of considerable labor and some vexation to me, but I am the oldest of half a dozen children, and am forced to consider the wants of others of equal importance with my own.

Of course we keep a rag-bag, and it is soon filled, but nothing but the smallest bits that cannot possibly be of use in any other way goes into it. Some writers, I notice of late, have taken to deerying patchwork quilts.

I am sure I do not know why, and I have wondered what such housekeepers did with the nice bits of new calico that every housekeeper always accumulates more or less of. I have nothing to say about those monstrosities called strawberry quilts, basket quilts, etc., in which red, green, or pink calico is cut into shape and hemmed on white muslin. I do not imagine I shall ever be tempted to undertake anything of that kind, or that I shall ever buy calico to cut out and piece together, only as a little may be needed to join together prettily what we already have on hand. In a large family there are many bedquilts needed, and we have a quantity of calico pieces left over from dresses, aprons, sunbonnets, shirts, etc., and why should we not have the pleasure of making them up into some pretty design and quilting them. We have one now in process of piecing that is made almost altogether from pieces left of light calico shirts, and I bought enough of one kind of bright red calico to make up with it.

There are so many pretty designs for piecing blocks that every quilt may be made different, and every bed in common use in the house may have a pretty pieced spread for the top quilt, no matter how faded and worn the under quilts may be. For some of the quilts it will not be necessary to buy any calico only for the lining, as every piece-drawer will contain both light and dark calico which may be nicely arranged and put together. Piecing blocks is very attractive work for children, and it is very convenient to put in your pocket when you spend an afternoon visiting. It is very nice light work for evenings, and, for girls, will make a pleasant variation from crochet work or tatting. And not the least value of such quilts is that they will descend to one's children as the work of their mother's hands in her girlhood, and pieces like dresses that she wore when a girl will be sought out and remembered.

Sewing carpet-rags is also pleasant work for evening. Every old garment that has fully served its purpose, and every bit of new stuff too small for other use, but large enough to cut a carpet-rag from, is used in this way. Then they are sewed together, at intervals, as such work can come in with the necessary making and mending, the long evenings serving well for such

work. They are assorted, the various colors mixed well as they are sewed, and by the time a new carpet is needed the rags are generally ready for it. The rag-bag only takes its turn after everything is turned into carpet-rags that can be used in that way.

Worn-out bedquilts, folded to the proper size, or cut if too large, make the nicest kind of cushions for chairs, lounges, stools, or anything else that you happen to want a cushion for. We have cushioned several stools in this way lately. We cut six thicknesses of the quilt, each just the size of the top of the stool. Then they are carefully laid in place, the sides just even, and two or three long tacks are driven through them all into the stool to keep them in place. Then the cover is laid on and tacked around the sides with common tacks, being stretched tightly over the top, and tacked alternately on one side and then on the other to keep it straight. Then the fringe is tacked lightly around with small round-headed tacks. We have made and covered, in this way, a pair of walnut stools that are covered with green rep, and trimmed with fringe to match; a pair of round ones, stained very dark and covered with black cloth with an embroidered spray in the centre, and black fringe, and a pair that were covered with the two sides of an old-fashioned carpet-bag, and trimmed with worn dress-fringe.

All were home-made, and all, we think, look very neat and workmanlike. For a chair cushion, six thicknesses of the quilt would be hardly enough unless the quilt was very thick. For this the pieces are cut to fit the chair-seat, all the same size, and tacked together in several places with a darning needle and cord.

This cushion is comfortable, and much more satisfactory every way than feathers, which is too soft, and any other material is too hard. The next best thing that we have found and used for this purpose, is our old woolen rags. They are of no other use, only to throw on the manure pile, so we cut them into pieces about three inches square and make our cushion the proper size and shape of ticking or other strong stuff, and fill rather tightly with the rags. They may be tacked in places, but for a small cushion, I prefer to leave them loose and shake them up frequently, as the cushion will be much softer than when tacked, as the rags would soon become packed from use. This, too, makes a much nicer cushion than feathers. Of course, you can have the outside as pretty as you choose, and every housekeeper has bits of bright worsteds and silks to piece up into such both useful and ornamental articles.

I have one in mind that I intend to make this coming winter. We have had a roll of soft, silky stuff that was originally a baby's hood, but has been ripped up and laid away for several years, that is now a pale pink, but is to be dyed crimson, that I want to piece with black velveteen, of which I have quite a large roll that has been left over from trimmings. I think I will cut the pieces hexagon shape, putting a black one in the middle and six crimson ones around it; then another circle of black ones.

For our sitting-room rocking-chair, I am going to piece one of scarlet flannel and the pieces that were left of my water-proof cloak. This, I think, I will cut diamond shaped, beginning the cover with a star of the scarlet.

When there are three colors to be used, there is no pattern prettier than the teabox, which is only diamonds cut so that three will fit together, the two darker pieces making the sides, and the lightest piece laid in sideways, making the top of the box.

AMARANTH.

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NEW YORK, MAY, 1878.

GOOD CHEER.

I want to tell you about our beautiful hanging-basket, the charm of our country home all last summer. We set out a few roots of Moneywort in a little gallon pail, painted and pretty, and perforated in the bottom. It grew slowly and honestly and the vines were hardy. When they were about a foot long, we snipped off the ends with scissors, and each end sent out two or three new branches; when they had grown about another foot, we clipped them, and in turn they rewarded us with new vines, and we did this until the waving mass of delicate vines hung like an airy, dainty drapery of green, perhaps a yard and a third in length. We might have continued the clipping and sprouting, only we feared for the one single stem of each that hung over the edge of the pail.

This beautiful hanging-basket, the delight of ourselves and our neighbors, we hung on a back porch between two large white pillars, and it beautified the whole house. The doors opened from the front veranda, so that it came in full view from the parlor, seen directly through the rooms.

The women pretended that "that was nothing," and that it merely chanced to hang there in sight of every caller—but, confidentially, we did it purposely. I told the girls when there was such a marvel of beauty about any one's house, it should be made to do its whole duty, and give out all its usefulness.

Poor old father don't like "foolish fixins," but I have seen him come in from the field and wash in the cool water, and while he slid the comforting towel over his hot forehead, his eyes would rest admiringly on the beautiful curtain of swinging vines that made his cosy porch prettier than any woodland bower. We always placed his chair near it, and the picture of that white-haired old man, sitting reading, while the swaying vines almost touched the crown that the years had so gently placed upon his head, has often made the mist of tears bedim my eyes.

I never had any one thing, green and growing,

about our house whose influence was so gracious and so gratifying as was this marvel of a hanging-basket, and I hope others may secure to themselves the same pleasure by the same means.

Just here I pause and look back over sentences, and when my eye falls on the adjective "comforting" before towel, I smile and say to myself, "the women will think that word is far-fetched."

If they only knew! Well, I will tell you how I came to use that old grand, motherly word, "comforting." It is because our towels and bed and table linen are so sweet with the perfume of roses all the year round. Why, I can bury my face in my fresh pillow in the winter when the wild winds are wailing and sobbing without, and I can bring all the glory and the sweetness of the summer, with its

"Gracious roof of gold and green"

right into my very life. In the season of roses we gather them and pound the petals in an iron mortar until they are made almost into a paste, then we make this into small cakes, say a thimble full for a measure, roll between the palms until it resembles a marble, spat it out into a little cake, and dry in the sunshine on a plate. Turn them two or three times, and when perfectly dry put them in little lawn bags or pockets, tied up, and scatter about in trunks, wardrobes, hand-boxes, bureaus, and wherever you desire. They will keep for years. We have some that was made ten years ago, and they are as fragrant as ever. One does not need to hurry in making them; the paste will grow dark colored by remaining over night in the mortar, but it does no injury. The cakes will be brown any way. This is an odor that never wearies one, nor sickens, nor becomes old, like all others do. It is always fresh, and delightful and suggestive.

Do you women really know that the Madeira Vine is, *par excellence*, the vine? I could not get along without it. Like a good dog, it "will come when it is called." I had a bushel of tubers last spring, and after I had sent a lot to all the women in my neighborhood, there were a good many left, and hating to throw them away, I planted them along the palings, inside of the garden, and let them take their chances. Truly, that bed of vines was my best paying bank all summer. They worked into every pretty thing I made in which a bit of living green was required. To assist any of you I will tell you how useful and obedient they are.

To begin with, you know they are succulent vines, and like the traditionary, tough, lovable, old Yankee women they can "live on nothing and look well." In July I made a fern basket, or bought the pretty, large green wire basket ready made, to order, with a high, lattice-work, wide handle. The ferns were found in a very shady place—Cedar Point—oh, where they have grown for a century, until the very earth is knotty and gnarled and knobby with their splendid roots—where

Down deep in a hollow, from morning till night,
Dun shadows glide over the ground,
Where the glow-worm at noonday is trimming his lamp,
And hardly a sound from the thicket around.

Where the rabbit and squirrel leap over the ground—
Down deep in the dell where the bees never come;
Where the shade is too black for a flower:
Where jewel-winged birds, with their musical hum,
Never flash in the night of that bower.

Well, as "I remarked to say," the ferns filled the basket, and made it look like the ideal I have seen with my eyes closed, only I needed vines over the handle, and about the edges, and to hang over in places. I went to my bank and drew out just the kinds I needed; broad leafed, to fill a vacancy; a cluster to hide a bare place; a heavy vine for each side of the handle; a fine, dainty one to run about the rim like a bit of embroidery, and a glossy, waxen one to run in and out among the plummy ferns; my very imagination was satisfied and my most practical wants, likewise.

ROSELLA RICE.

SPECIAL OFFERS

FOR

Subscriptions to Floral Cabinet,

DURING MONTHS OF

MAY and JUNE.

Any one now a subscriber to the FLORAL CABINET who will bring the name of one new yearly subscriber to the CABINET, during the months of May and June, will receive a choice of one of the following EXTRA PREMIUMS. These offers are made to induce our friends to make a little extra effort at this time. The travelling last winter was so bad, no one could get up clubs, but now we get cheering reports from many agents that travelling is fine, and the *hardest of the hard times has passed*, so that they say it is easier to get up clubs now than at any time for a year past.

To encourage all our friends to work now, we give these new offers, good only until July 1st.

SPECIAL PREMIUMS.

For One New Subscriber.

1. Book, "Ladies' Guide to Needle Work," worth 50c.
2. " " "Household Hints and Recipes," " 50c.
3. " " "Every Woman her Own Gardener," " 50c.
4. " " "Fret Sawing for Pleasure and Profit," worth 50c.
5. Three Patterns of Embroidery, for Java Canvas Ties, Worsted Work, etc.
6. One package Starch Polish.
7. One package Tidy Fasteners, set of four, each different color.
8. One Combination Pen and Pencil Holder.
9. One book, "Language of Flowers."
10. One Silk Book Mark, or
Ten Papers Flower Seeds. }

Any one bringing two new Subscribers, may choose two of above Premiums, and for each new name an additional Premium for each name.

For Two Subscribers.

11. Any of above-named books, bound in cloth, price \$1.00
12. Wood's Compound Magnifier, a splendid little article, price \$1.00, which is invaluable to all flower lovers for examining flowers, insects, and the common uses to which a microscope is applied.

For Three Subscribers.

13. Book, "Household Elegancies," price, \$1.50.
14. " " "Window Gardening," " 1.50.
15. " " "Evening Amusements," " 1.50.
16. " " "Ladies' Fancy Work," " 1.50.
17. " " "Beautiful Homes," " 1.50.
18. " " "The Wonders of Prayer," " 1.50.
19. " " "The Pacific Tourist," " 1.50.
20. Warner's Health Corset, price \$1.50; the best corset for ladies' use.

N. B.—These Premiums are given only for new Subscribers sent to us *after this date*, and before July 1st, and cannot be applied to subscriptions forwarded before this date, nor after July 1st. Full descriptions of any of the above books are found in our illustrated catalogue, "How to Make Home Beautiful," sent to any address on receipt of 3c. stamp.

These are the finest offers ever made to our subscribers to get up new clubs or to induce their friends to subscribe. And the opportunity is one which will attract general attention as splendid in every respect.

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(six times the size of illustration) is the most frequently useful of all microscopes. Its magnifying powers of ten, thirty-five and one hundred times, reveal myriads of interesting and valuable facts and phenomena of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, which would remain concealed without it. It is by far the best detector of counterfeit money, the best for examining the textures and fibres of cloth, for discovering shoddy materials; the best for examining plants, flowers, insects, minerals, etc. To children, as well as adults, this little *Pocket Companion* affords an endless source of instruction and amusement, cultivating habits of observation that are worth a hundred times its cost. It will last a lifetime, and is warranted to give perfect satisfaction. Price, \$1.00, postpaid.

Directions for Use.—Hold the glass close to the eye, and the object, which must be in a *strong light*, from one to three inches from it until it can be seen clearly, or the right focus is obtained.

DR. WARNER'S IMPROVED HEALTH CORSETS.

Of the many corset contrivances for compressing woman's form into the unnatural and hideous shapes which the soulless and senseless Goddess of Fashion is supposed to require, Dr. Warner's is probably the least objectionable. Hence we are very fortunate in having secured from the manufacturers such terms as enable us to make the above announcements. The Adjustable Pads and the Skirt Supporter features of the Warner Corsets will be appreciated by those who value health or comfort, while in all other respects the Warner Corsets are fully equal to any others in the market which can be bought for the same price (\$1.75). The fact that they are approved of by physicians will also recommend them to many of our readers. The size required must accompany every order, and every order must be mailed to us before July 1st. Price \$1.75. For \$2.10, will be sent this corset and one year's subscription to the CABINET, or any \$1.50 book named above.



PRIZES FOR HOUSEHOLD AND FLORAL ARTICLES.

Owing to the work of examination, which is very close and laborious, the announcement of prizes must be deferred another month.

THE GARDENS OF ST. GRATIEN, NEAR PARIS, FRANCE.

The scene in illustration is from the Gardens of St. Gratien, belonging to the Princess Mathilde. They are situated in the Department of Seine-et-Oise, near Paris, and are considered among the prettiest of the gardens which surround the mansions and chateaux of sunny France.

The summer house, arbors, vases, flower beds, and massive verdure of the forest, are in splendid contrast with the lake, and the prospect from the veranda of the villa is of extreme beauty.

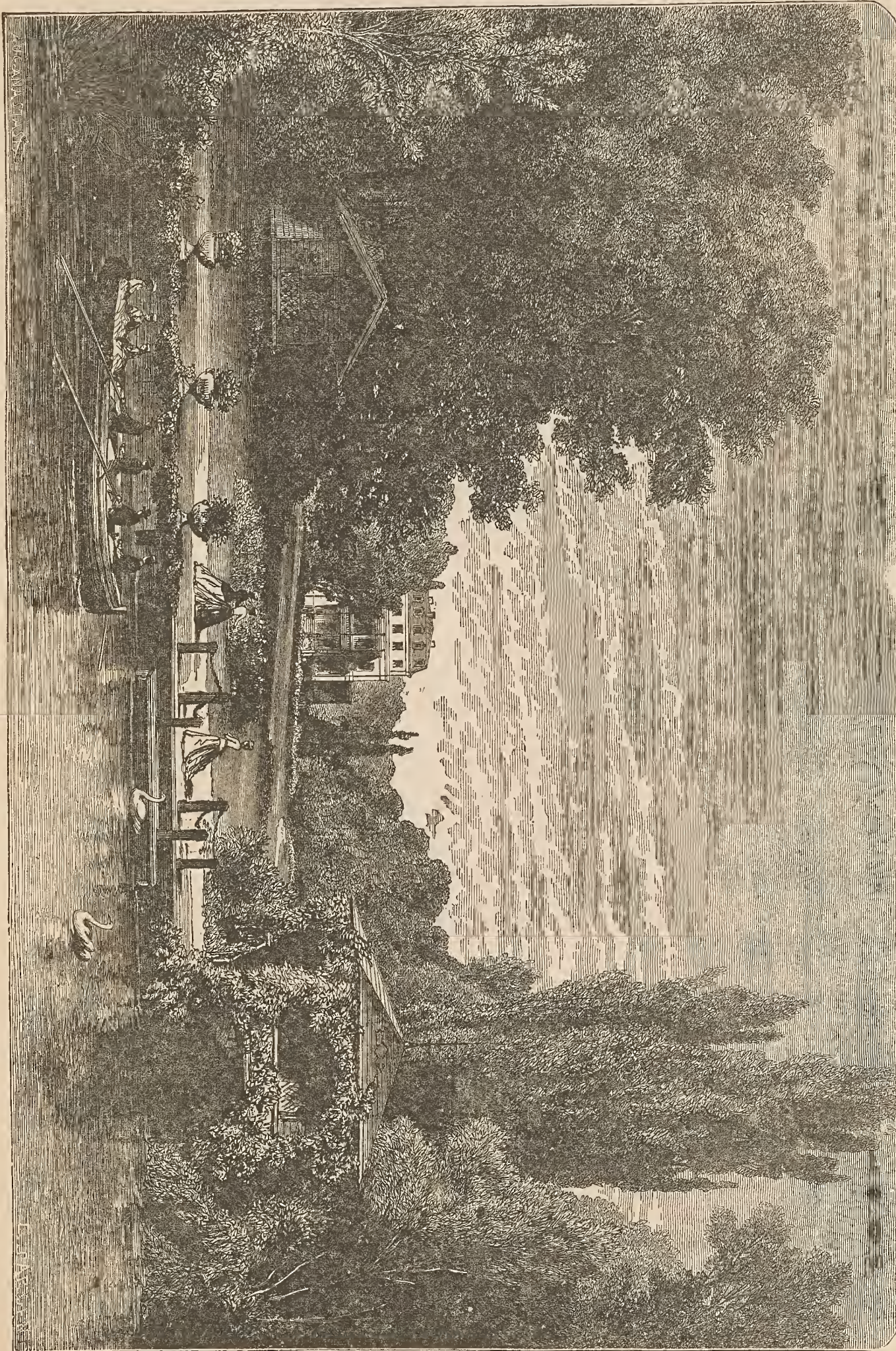
Beautiful Legend.—We find in a sermon of Theodore Parker the following story. The subject of his discourse was "Rest." "They tell a story that one day Rabbi Judah and his brethren, the seven pillars of wisdom, sat in the court of the temple on fast day disputing about rest. One said it was to have attained sufficient wealth, yet without sin. The second said it was fame and praise to all men. The third that it was possession of power to rule the State. The fifth, that it must be only in the old age of one who is rich, powerful, famous and surrounded by children and children's children. The sixth said that all were vain unless he kept all the ritual of Moses. And Rabbi Judah, the venerable, the tallest of the brothers, said: Ye have spoken wisely, but one thing more is necessary: He only can find rest who to all things addeth this—that he keep the tradition of the elders. There sat in the court a fair-haired boy playing with lilies in his lap, and hearing the talk, dropped them in astonishment from his hands and looked up—that boy of twelve—and said: Nay, nay, my fathers, he only can find rest who loves his brother as himself and God with his whole heart and soul. He is greater than fame, wealth and power; happier than a home that is without it; bet-

ter than honored age; he is law to himself above all tradition. The doctors were astonished. They said, When Christ cometh shall he tell us great things? And they thanked God, for they said: The old men are not always wise. Yet God be praised that out of

of the thousands who throw old shoes after bridal parties as they are leaving home, know anything of the origin of the custom. Like almost all our customs, its origin is ancient, and can be traced to Bible times. It was then the custom for the brother of a childless man

to marry his widow, or at least, he had the refusal of her. If he chose to reject her, the ceremony was public, and consisted in her loosing his shoe from his foot, and spitting in his face. His giving up the shoe was a symbol of abandoning all dominion over her; spitting in his face was an assertion of independence. There was an affair of this kind between Ruth and Boaz. In some parts of the East it was a custom to carry a slipper before a newly-married pair, as a token of the bride's subjection. The custom, as it exists with us, is very old in England and Scotland. The usual saying is that it is thrown for luck, and that is the idea in this country; but originally it meant a renunciation of authority over the bride by the parents. It was formerly a custom among the Germans for the bride, when she was conducted to her bed-chamber, to take off her shoe and throw it among the guests. Whoever caught it, in the struggle to obtain it, received it as an omen that he or she would soon be happily married. Train, in his "History of the Isle of Man," says: "On the bridegroom leaving his house, it was customary to throw an old shoe after him, and in like manner, after the bride on leaving her home to proceed to church, in order to insure good luck to each respectively; and if by stratagem either of the bride's shoes could be taken off by any inspector on her way from church, it had to be ransomed by the bridegroom."

In Kent, England, after a couple have started on their tour, the single ladies are drawn up in one row, and the bachelors in another. An old shoe is then thrown, and the ladies run for it, the successful one being the first who will be married.



THE GARDENS OF ST. GRATIEN, NEAR PARIS, FRANCE.

the month of that young suckling has his praise become perfect."

Throwing the Old Shoe.—Very few, probably,

Household Art.

TWO PRETTY ROOMS.

We lately entered a family sitting-room, where is household adornment in all its beauty. The first thing that meets the eye is a beautiful illuminated text, "God bless our home," which seems to throw an atmosphere of safety over all. On the mantel is a deep frame, filled with exquisite flowers, made of shells, all painted and arranged with great skill. In one of the corners, between two windows, is a rustic stand whose dark crimson leaves are intermingled with the green, and whose Ivy climbs lovingly over an arched frame.

In each window is a box—fitted to the sill and upheld by a bracket—filled with delicate dainty plants and vines which clamber up each side of the windows. In front of the rustic stand, is a small centre table, which holds a lovely bronze image, with a background of Ivy, and stray green leaves peeping here and there over its dark beauty.

On another side of the room is a lounge, with a soft cushion, both covered with cretonne; at the head of the lounge is a wall-pocket which contains a weekly paper, a monthly magazine, and one of the dailies. Then there were fine engravings, one or two bright pictures, and, above all, or rather under all, a pretty carpet, a dark green with trailing vines. Here is a beautiful cross, covered with dried moss, gathered during summer's ramblings, and twined around it are bright tinted wax autumn leaves, forming a beautiful ornament. All is bright and cheerful; none would imagine that here some deep sorrow lingered in their hearts.

But though we have taken so long to describe the room, we had perceived its contents at almost a glance, and were now giving our attention to the slowly-recovering young girl. See how confusedly she turns from one face to another; all seems a maze whose intricacies she cannot unravel.

But just now the door opens. Alice—for such is the young girl's name—looks up and a brightness of great joy breaks over her wan features, and, reaching her hands out entreatingly, cries, "Mother!"

For a few moments all is confusion, and we, being strangers, were of course unable to guess the meaning of this strange scene; but by dint of patient listening we discovered that Alice was the beloved and eldest daughter of the family. She had, years ago, married a man who possessed every requisite to make his bride happy. His home was far away in the sunny South, and thither they directed their steps. Letters were sent often by Alice to her dearly loved home, till a few years had passed, then they ceased suddenly, and she had never been heard of from that time till now. Alice, with tears of sorrow falling fast, told how, after a few years of happiness, her husband had shown a fondness for the wine-cup, and, after many bitter trials, and finally the sad one of his death, Alice resolved to return to her former home. She wrote to the old address, but after weary waiting, and no answer, she started with what money she had to find her friends. When we first saw her she had been in the city a few weeks, but her family having moved far to another part of the city, Alice knew not how to find them, till Chance, or rather Providence, led her to the very spot she had so longed to reach.

After long and interesting conversation, the mother said that Alice must have rest, and forthwith led the

way upstairs. Again we followed, and oh! that such an ideal of a room for rest should be in existence, unknown to any one.

In the first place the carpet; it was a delicate pearl tint with blue Forget-me-nots thrown occasionally here and there. The wall paper matched the carpet, and had been placed on the wall by Alice's sisters. The furniture was a cottage set, all pearl and blue; but, oh! such beautiful hangings over the bedstead, of pearl silk, lined with blue.

In addition to the dressing-case usually sold, there was one something like the one pictured in the FLORAL CABINET; but in this one the Swiss was lined with blue paper muslin, and blue silk bows outside. On the dressing-case was an elegant pincushion, a beautiful and new-fashioned hair-receiver, a very pretty comb and brush box. Then the window curtains were white Swiss looped back with blue cord and tassel; the lambrequins were blue with a large A. worked in pearl colored silk. There were pictures and two or three pretty statuettes.

"My daughter," said the mother fondly, "this room was fitted up for you when you first left us, and it has waited for you untouched all these years, but now rest and peace awaits you."

The mother left her, and Alice, gazing dreamily at the little Forget-me-nots peeping forth gently from the carpet, sank back upon her pillow and was lost in the happy oblivion of sleep, and the evening star shone peacefully on, and the moon smiled serenely on the face of the happy sleeper.

TO MAKE A PRETTY CHAIR.

Buy two pieces of dress braid, only about an inch wide, one drab and one blue. Cut into strips the length of the seat of a chair; place them over and under each other, like the darn of a stocking, blue and drab alternately. Fasten securely by sewing. Prepare another piece the same way to fit the back of the chair, but twice as long. Take a seatless chair, tack old carpet, or any strong cloth, where the seat ought to be; fill with straw, cover again with carpet, then tack the joined braid neatly over the seat. Tack one end of the braid for the back of the chair, to the back of the seat; bring the piece over the top of the chair down again, and tack the other end over the same place as the first end, thus finishing an easy made but very pretty chair. Those who wish to make the other pretty things in Alice's room, must try to obtain that much-to-be-desired book, "Household Elegancies."

C. E. C.

GUEST CHAMBERS.

In the first place have a guest chamber. However welcome you may make a guest, if she finds that an inmate of the family has given up a room for her, she will feel disposed to shorten her visit, and will hesitate long before she repeats it.

She will feel sure that the person will be glad to get back to her own room, and that is about equivalent to rejoicing at her departure. In the next place, warm it in some way. A room that has been unoccupied, and that is not affected by the fire, is not a comfortable or even safe place for any one to sleep in cold weather. The attention that was called to this subject a few years since, and the articles that appeared in our papers, produced a change in this matter.

Housekeepers generally expect to warm the guest-chamber in some way. The room should also be provided with matches. Many persons are somewhat

nervous when away from home. If startled in the night, it is a great comfort to be able to have a light. Our homes are much more beautiful than they were ten years ago. Particular attention has been paid to ornamenting sleeping apartments.

Blue rooms are very attractive for guest-chambers. Let the wall be kalsomined in blue, and finished with a blue paper border. Place white shades in the windows with blue tassels. Put a blue and buff carpet on the floor. The set of furniture must correspond with the taste and purse of the purchaser. A black walnut set, with marble tops, is both elegant and durable.

Before the dressing bureau and washstand lay bur-lap mats, embroidered with blue shaded Germantown wool, with a fringe of the same. These mats are ornamental, and will also save the carpet where it is in most danger of being injured.

A white Java canvas tidy, worked with blue worsted, may be put on the rocking-chair. A toilet set of the same kind of canvas as the tidy, worked in blue and buff worsted, should ornament the dressing bureau. The set should consist of four pieces. A large mat—upon this a pincushion should be placed—and upon each side of the cushion there should be a small mat. Upon the dressing bureau there should also be a hairpin-cushion. This may consist of a small basket, filled with horse hair, covered with a very coarse white net. Over the net place a piece, knit or crocheted in loops, from blue worsted. The hair-receiver can be made of perforated card in the form of a cornucopia, trimmed with plaited ribbon, blue, and ornamented with one or two decalcomanie pictures. It should be attached to the dressing bureau by a bow of blue ribbon.

The pictures upon the walls may be framed in blue and gilt frames. Spatter work pictures, worsted wreaths, home paintings, and many other things that are not regarded as pretentious enough for the rooms below stairs, are just the thing for the guest-chamber, and will be interesting to the visitor. The stand should be provided with a few entertaining books.

Let the guest-chamber be a room to which you can invite your guest with satisfaction, and which the visitor will leave with regret, and feel constrained to go home and make her guest-chamber as attractive as the one she has left.

M. R. T.

Directions for Making Blackberries.—Take a piece of wire, bend the end and tie on cotton. Dip this in melted wax colored with lampblack. Mould the berry while the wax is soft. After the shape is perfect, dip the berry once in melted wax to give a smooth surface. Take the seeds from asparagus berries, and rub them carefully. Put these on the wax berries, with dissolved glue, colored with lampblack. After the berries are thoroughly dry, varnish them with copal varnish. Make the calyxes and cover the stems with green wax, and then rub them over with brown powder.

Blackberries can also be made by using small globules instead of asparagus seeds. These are formed by melting rosin and wax, colored with lampblack, then dipping a brush in the mixture, and shaking it over cold water.

I have recently made very natural blackberries in the ways described, and, having placed them under glass, expect them to last a generation or more.

M. R. T.

Housekeeping.

SCRAPS.

Scraps are exceedingly useful morsels in this world; scraps of news, scraps of sense, scraps of wit, we can often make more use of than whole articles on weighty and important subjects.

Especially are scraps of use to the housekeeper, for she often has but few minutes for anything, and a great deal may be done, with many scraps, in a very short time. It is profitable for her to get in the habit of looking out for scraps.

There is much said, and with truth, about American housekeepers wasting scraps in cooking; there is also waste in cutting garments.

Often there are scraps of time, when one can rest between the thing accomplished and the one to be done, that might be utilized by lifting the mind from the routine of labor and letting it work out a scrap of thought.

Housekeepers seldom have any well-trained habits of thinking, but occupy their minds with planning their work, or in reverie.

By practice one can train their minds to work on short notice, and in a few minutes evolve some scrap of thought that may linger and please the imagination all day.

But the most careful saving of scraps will be almost useless if one is not possessed of true artistic economy in using them.

Scraps of food may be saved and put on the table in a careless, untidy manner, and the result will be a decided disgust, or they may be neatly prepared, put on in an artistic manner, and eaten with pleasure.

And so with scraps of cloth, they may be saved and used for patchwork of meaningless patterns or be made into things of beauty.

All scraps of new and pretty calico, good worsted, even if somewhat worn, silk and woolen, should be saved in separate boxes or bags.

The woolen scraps may often be badly worn or faded on the right side, and still be good on the wrong side, if strong.

As fast as the boxes become full, or time is available, the scraps may be used for mats or quilts, the mats to be put where necessary instead of using dirt-accumulating rag or other carpets all over the floors.

Commencing with the heavy woolen scraps, they may be made in mats we may designate as mosaic.

Make or find patterns of simple mosaic work, decide upon the scale on which you wish the mat made, cut the patterns in pasteboard a seam larger than you wish the pieces to be in the mat, then arrange them on the floor or table and decide the colors for the different parts.

The greatest skill is required in selecting the colors, or rather shades, for grays, browns, and black will be most common. Plain colors are best; checks, stripes or figures spoil the effect.

No two pieces of the same color should come together, yet the fewest different shades used, if harmonious, the handsomer the mat. All the pieces of one shape should be the same color.

After one becomes interested, they can find or invent all manner of pretty patterns, so that no two mats need be made alike, and by using different patterns, the scraps not the right size or shape for one may be used to a better advantage in another.

After the scraps get too miscellaneous for mosaic mats, several "log-cabin" mats may be made.

Old cotton cloth is good for the block foundations;

tear it in squares, the size you wish; about sixteen inches is a good size; then build your log-cabins on them around centre blocks of red, making one or two sides light, and the other sides of each block, dark.

The blocks can be put together so the light and dark will come in squares, diamonds or stripes.

The beauty in the "log-cabins" even more than in the mosaics, depends on artistic skill in arranging the colors and shading the light and dark distinctly. Eight blocks, two in width and four in length, make a good sized mat.

Long strips of black or dark brown may be used to border the mats, and they should be lined with good cloth; denim or sacking does well.

After all the "log-cabins" have been made that you wish, the remaining scraps may be cut in squares or circles about an inch and a half across, then taking good sacking for the foundation, they are folded twice through the centre and sewed through the folds of the centre on the foundation quite thickly so there will be no open spaces.

These mats may be of any shape, but the shades of color should be arranged in some order.

The strong, good bits of cloth still left may be used for another kind of mat, by cutting them into such form as to resemble fringe, making the slits about an eighth of an inch apart, and leaving an edge by which they are sewed very thickly on the foundation, then the fringe must be sheared evenly.

After a little practice the cutting into fringe may be done very quickly and evenly.

Still another kind of mat, very similar, may be made with scraps of yarn raveled from old stocking feet, etc.

The yarn is wound several times around two fingers, then slipping the fingers out, the loops are sewed near one end on to the foundation; more yarn is wound and again sewed on until the mat is done. The sewing on should be commenced at the outer edge and working toward the centre.

This makes a very warm nice mat, and is pretty if the dull browns and grays are nicely arranged, and a row of bright yarn put in occasionally.

Some pattern or method of shading is to be followed in these last two kinds of mats, like all the others.

The worsted pieces can be used to good advantage in quilts made generally after the "log-cabin" style. Like the "log-cabin" mats, no two need be alike. And here, also, the beauty is the result of artistic taste in the maker.

If one is so fortunate as to possess plenty of silk pieces, a handsome quilt may be made after the best of your mosaic patterns.

The smallest scraps, even of old ribbons, make beautiful "log-cabins."

What is left of the worsted and silk pieces will make pretty patchwork for cushions, ottomans, etc.

Calico quilts can, undoubtedly, be made as artistic as those of silk or worsted, though requiring even more skill because of calico being so much more figured, and sometimes far from pretty.

By making them as "log-cabins" on a foundation of old white cotton cloth, the same as silk or worsted, they will not require quilting.

The makers of calico quilts usually seem to be trying to find out how many microscopic pieces can be put in one quilt, and how many absurd and ridiculous patterns can be invented.

Perhaps the mosaic pattern could be introduced in calico quilts.

The only calico quilt I ever attempted—and that is not yet finished—is made from pieces of every calico garment I ever had. It is commenced in the centre

and built outward, in an original pattern, and is intended to be a little personal history.

Now I will suggest an innovation. Have all the pieces of any patch-work correctly cut out and arranged, then sew them on, on the machine. It is thus done much quicker and better than by hand. I know the sewing is usually accounted the fun, but the pleasure should be in the artistic part, not the mechanical.

KATE PRICE.

BREVITIES.

Who can tell the number of homes that have been brightened since the existence of the dear FLORAL CABINET? How many feminine minds are stored with the most valuable knowledge gleaned from the instructive pages of that paper.

It is hailed with delight in thousands of homes by women and children, and even our sturdy "Isaacs" and "Jacobs" look upon it as something wonderful in the paper line "for the women;" and often we see them puzzling their brains over "chicken croquets," "Zephyr Lycopodiums," "Erythroniums," "barrel chairs," etc., and call us to the rescue. But, for fear of intruding on valuable space, let us lead you into a home where the CABINET has been a visitor for several years. You meet something that snacks of refinement and culture at every corner—something dainty and nice. I will mention a few little things for the benefit of others.

FLOWER STAND.

Get your elder brother, or carpenter, to cut out of soft wood, a circular piece, about eighteen inches in diameter, and not more than one inch and a half in thickness; make a hole in the centre on the under side, deep enough to hold steady a leg three feet in length and three inches thick. Then make three small feet, carve them and screw them firmly on the bottom of the leg that supports the top of the stand. Give it a thick coat of varnish, and set away to dry. It will hold several small pots of flowers, and, as it is light and portable, you can move it whenever and wherever you please.

RUG FOR BABY'S BUGGY.

Take a piece of heavy canvas—dark colored—four feet and a half long and three-quarters of a yard wide. Take purple and yellow zephyr and work a large bouquet of Pansies in the middle, using green zephyr for leaves. The stitch to be used is the common darning stitch.

The border should be about eight inches wide all around, and must be worked in vines and roses with leaves intertwined; work with different shades of red and green. When this is done, fill up the unworked space with brown Berlin wool. Line it with cardinal red flannel, and bind all around with green worsted braid. It is beautiful and very warm and comfortable.

COVER FOR FOOT-STOOL.

Take scraps of velvet of two colors—blue and black—cut them into small hexagons, one inch and a half across; baste them over stiff paper hexagons—the same number of each color—and whip closely together, the colors alternately, in a circular form. When it is as large as you wish, fill out the edge with half hexagons so as to make it even all around. When finished, cut out the paper upon which the pieces are basted. Put wadding enough on the stool to form a gentle slant towards the edge. Finish with a row of black worsted fringe around the edge. It looks dainty and nice.

Small table covers are pretty made on the same order.

VICKIE BLUE.

Household Elegancies.

A COMFORTABLE SOFA.

We give the design of a comfortable sofa to show how an old worn sofa may be repaired and renewed. Supposing the seat, arms and back have become worn, procure sufficient material of whatever kind desired, and, measuring the size of each part accurately, fit the cover over and tack firmly to the wooden frame. The arms will require the greatest care, and as the form varies so greatly it is impossible to give a particular pattern, but it is not a difficult matter to cut the shape of back and arms with front piece, as shown in the illustration; in our own family it is such a usual thing for us to recover our furniture, that it has come to be considered as simple a job as the making of a dress or shirt.

Nothing helps the appearance of a sofa so much or imparts such an air of comfort as cushions. Where the depth will not admit of back-cushions, divide the covering of the back and tack it, so that when filled it will simulate cushions as in the illustration. The old-fashioned bolsters are again much esteemed, and give a quaint and cozy appearance to the seat. After covering the sofa as described, finish off with cord or flat furniture gimp and fresh tassels; fringe around the bottom is very elegant if deep and heavy.

AN ELEGANT DRESSING-TABLE.

We show on this page a dressing-table, which will be found quite ornamental and useful.

It consists merely of a plain dry-goods box for the foundation; in size, three feet in height, four in width, and two feet six inches in depth—or about these dimensions—this has four blocks of wood one inch thick and four inches square nailed beneath each corner, to which castors are screwed. The box is placed with open side out, and this fitted with a shelf, or two of them, for containing various articles; the whole interior should be neatly painted or papered and varnished.

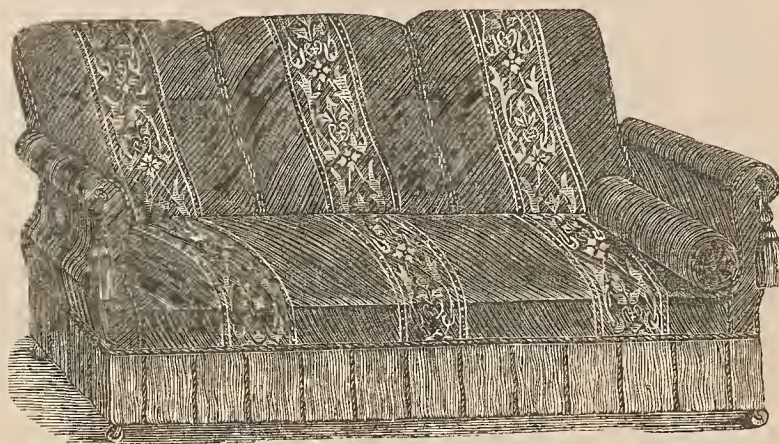
On each side (at the back) of the top are fastened two long narrow boxes, which may be obtained generally, from the drug or dry-good stores. These should be about two feet long and one wide, and from eight to ten inches deep. By sawing pieces of lath to fit the sides, and tacking them on in proper position, shelves may be made that will be convenient for holding various articles.

The covers to the boxes fitted with small hinges will make doors, and the whole must be neatly finished with mouldings put on with small brads, and an ornamental top and base made of square boards an inch or two deeper than the cases themselves. To these are screwed a pair of the iron brackets, which we can purchase for from 35 to 50 cents, or for 75 cents to \$1.00 fitted with lamps complete.

These cases are screwed or nailed very securely on the top of the table, as they are to sustain the glass which as shown by the illustration is of "comfortable

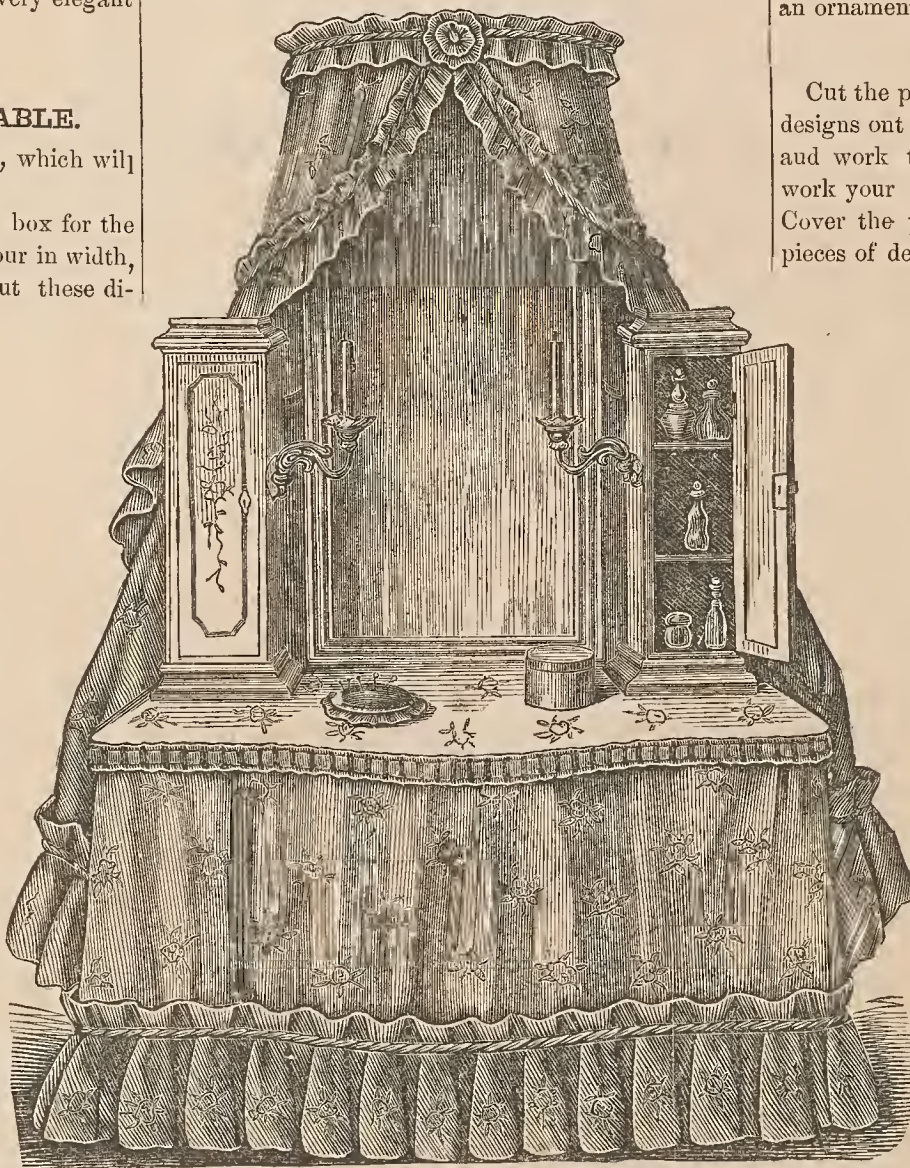
size"—perfectly plain but of good quality and neatly framed. Such a one can be purchased new for three or four dollars, and at second-hand, frequently for the half of that sum.

Over the top of the glass is fastened a frame, similar to the one described for the bedstead, around which is draped a hanging made of Swiss (figured or plain) lined with rose-color, or other tint. First, a width



A COMFORTABLE SOFA.

reaching from the top to within a few inches of the floor, is fastened to the upper back-ends of the semi-circular tester, the ends finished with a deep ruffle of the same, then on the tester above this is arranged two pieces, made by tacking a width of the Swiss and lining two yards long, folding it diagonally from corner to



AN ELEGANT DRESSING-TABLE.

corner, cutting and trimming the two cut edges with ruffles of the same, and arranging them as shown in the illustration; around the top tack another ruffle made with an edge above the cord, which runs along the centre of all the ruffles.

The table-top is covered with a piece of the Swiss over a lining like the curtains, and a drapery arranged around the front, made with rings at the top, which slide on a wire beneath the narrow ruffle finishing the edge. This allows access to the shelves within. The wood-work of this beautiful table should be carefully polished and ornamented to correspond with the rest of the furniture, which may be ebonized, enameled in colors, embellished with marquetry, ivory-inlaying, Decalcomania, painting, bronzing and gilding, or enriched with carvings at pleasure. Any one of these methods of beautifying will be found elegant, and may be made perfect of its kind. C. S. J.

USEFUL ARTICLES.

POSTAL CARD-CASE.

Take three pieces of pasteboard about seven inches long by five wide; round off the corners of one end of each piece. Take bright-colored pictures—the largest for the bottom piece—and paste them neatly on the pieces of pasteboard with flour-paste. Bind each piece with blue worsted braid. Place the three pieces lengthwise, so that they will lap over each about half way. Tack them together and sew two pockets on the under side of the pasteboard. Put a blue worsted loop on it to hang it by, and it is done. The cards are to be slipped in from the outside. It is quite an ornament, and very useful.

PRETTY WATCH-CASE.

Cut the pasteboard in shape of a slipper; cut pretty designs out of stiff paper, and baste on scarlet delaine, and work the patterns in white glass beads; also work your initials on the upper piece of the slipper. Cover the pasteboard smoothly with the ornamented pieces of delaine and line the back of the case with white cambric. Make a heavy fringe an inch wide of beads for the lower part of the case, and for the sides and upper part, make only small loops of the beads, as fringe would not hang gracefully from the sides and top. Make a loop of a piece of scarlet velvet or ribbon with which to hang it by, and you have a beautiful little receptacle for your watch.

VICKIE BLUE.

Rugs.—I make my braids small; I assort my colors and shade them in, if desired, by first taking one strand of the next shade and two of the present, then two to one, and lastly three. Another rug is made cubework, three shades so blending in as to look like a pile of boxes; this is of heavy cloth and lined with a paper flour sack, and trimmed with scarlet and black pinking; but a much prettier one is a wreath of autumn leaves on a black ground. I cut them from patterns of the real, and of every shade from red to yellow, or green to brown, baste them on to suit my fancy in wreath or bouquet, then

buttonhole stitch them around with shaded zephyr; one ounce of red and one of green will form a variety, perhaps working a green leaf with the yellow shade, or a stem with the dark red, running in some strands to make the veinings. E. R. W.

Fireside Reading.

HOOK'S PRACTICAL JOKE.

Strolling one day arm-in-arm with Daniel Terry, the actor, up a street in Soho, Hook's nostrils were assailed by a most savory odor. Looking down an area, he saw the servants in the kitchen below dressing up a very fine dinner. "A party, no doubt," said Terry. "Jolly dogs! What a feast! I should like to make one of them," "I'll take a bet I do," replied Hook. "Call for me at ten."

Leaving his friend, he mounted the steps and knocked at the door. Believing him to be one of the expected guests, the servant conducted him to the drawing-room, where a number of persons were already assembled.

Making himself perfectly at home, he had half a dozen people about him laughing at his *bon mots* before the host discovered that a stranger was present. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said, addressing the uninvited one, "your name? I did not quite catch it, servants are so incorrect." "Smith, sir, Smith," replied the unblushing Theodore. "Don't apologize. You are quite right, sir; servants are great block-heads. I remember a most remarkable instance of their mistakes." "But, really, sir," interrupted the host, mildly, "I did not anticipate the pleasure of Mr. Smith's company to dinner. Whom do you suppose you are addressing?" "Mr. Thompson, of course," answered Hook, "an old friend of my father's. I received a kind invitation from you yesterday, on my arrival from Liverpool, to dine with you to-day. Family party, come in boots, you said."

The host at once disclaimed the name of Thompson or any knowledge of the vivacious Smith. "Good heavens! Then I have come to the wrong house," exclaimed the hoaxer. "My dear sir, how can I apologize? So awkward, too; and I have asked a friend to call for me."

The old gentleman, probably thinking so witty a personage would make an excellent addition to his party, begged him to remain. With a profusion of apologies, Hook at first pretended to decline; ultimately accepted. Everybody was delighted with him. All the evening he kept up a constant fire of wit and

repartee, and ultimately sat down to the piano and sang extempore verses on every one present. In the midst of these the door opened, and, true to his appointment, in walked Terry, at the sight of whom, striking a new key, he sang:

"I'm very much pleased with your fare;
Your cellar's as fine as your cook,
My friend's Mr. Terry, the player,
And I am Mr. Theodore Hook."

Mortarfyng Occurrence.—"You see, my dear," he explained, "the man was climbing the ladder with a hodful of mortar on his shoulder. Just as I passed

"Hush! Cudjo, you musn't talk that way; what stories were they?"

"Why, he tells the people no man can serve two massas—now dis is de fust story, 'cause, you see, old Cudjo sarves you, my ole massa, and also young massa John. Den de preacher says, 'he will lub one and hate de oder,' while de Lord knows *I hate you boff!*"

A little five-year-old could not quite understand why the stars did not shine one night when the rain was pouring down in torrents. She stood at the window pondering on the subject with as much gravity as Galileo when he looked at the swinging lamp in the cathedral at Pisa, and with equal success, for all at once her countenance lighted up and she said:

"Mother, I know why the stars don't shine. God has pulled them all up so as to let the water come through the holes."

A gentleman, whose proboscis had suffered amputation, was invited out to tea.

"My dear," said the good woman of the house to her little daughter, "I want you to be very particular and to make no remark about Mr. Jenkins's nose."

Gathered about the table, everything was going well; the child peeped about, looked rather puzzled, and at last startled the table:

"Ma, why did you tell me to say nothing about Mr. Jenkins's nose? He hasn't got any!"

The Rev. Mr. G——, of Stirling, remarked to one of his hearers that he had heard that he was about to be married for the third time. The reverend gentleman added:

"They say, John, you're getting money with her; you did so on the last two occasions; you'll get quite rich by the wives."

"Deed, sir," quietly responded John, "what wi bringin' them in and putting them out, there's nae muckle made o' them."

Little Mary P.'s father had gone to Europe. During his absence she prayed continually for him that God would take care of him and bless him. On his return she ceased praying for him. "Why don't you pray for father now?" asked her mother. "We have got him at home now, and we can take care of him ourselves!"

"Why do you use paint?" asked a violinist of his daughter. "For the same reason that you use rosin, papa." "How is that?" "Why, to help me draw my beau."



CHILDHOOD'S JOYS.

under it he slipped, and the whole contents of the hod came down on my head."

"How ridiculous you must have looked!" she replied.

"On the contrary, my dear, I was sub-lime."

"Did you attend church to-day, as I charged you?" inquired an old planter, in the old time, of one of his slaves, as he returned to his dwelling.

"Sartin, massa," was Cudjo's reply: "an' what two mighty big stories dat preacher did tell!"

Housekeeping.

PRIZE RECIPES FOR COOKING.

Lemon Cake (Delicious).—Beat one and a half cups of butter, three of sugar and the yolks of five eggs together thoroughly. Add one cup of sweet milk, four of flour, sifted, and one teaspoonful of soda. Grate the yellow peel from one lemon in a separate dish and squeeze out all the juice, no matter if some of the pulp does go in; add to the mass, lastly, the well-beaten white of five eggs.

Ruth's Lemon Pie.—Stir one tablespoonful of corn-starch in a little cold water, then pour over it, stirring diligently, one teacup of boiling water. One cup of sugar, one egg, reserving the white to beat to a stiff froth, with the addition of a little sugar to frost the top, (I use for my small family the round tin pie dishes, and the white of one egg will just cover one; this must be borne in mind throughout these recipes), and the grated peel and juice of one lemon. I can recall an ignominious failure in my earlier efforts at pastry making. Having in my mind the oft-repeated—as often as we had lemon pie—descriptions of pies eaten on the Mississippi steamers, made by darkey cooks, I was inspired to make an extra good one. So I sliced two lemons very thin, put in the other ingredients, and had two crusts, according to the directions of the afore-said admirer of Mississippi steamer pies. It is sufficient to add that I have never since used anything but the peel, pulp and juice, the thick fleshy part being always discarded, the bitterness of the last-mentioned pie being equal to gall and wormwood.

An Old Way to Keep Lemons.—In the summer when lemons are cheap, I cut them in slices one-fourth of an inch thick, take out the seeds, saving all the juice. Then place a layer of sugar in the bottom of a jar, then a layer of lemon, and so on until full. Keep in a cool place. It is excellent for dried apple (in the absence of green apples) pies in the winter, and for lemonade when one is “ten miles from a lemon.” Few people are aware what an improvement a slice or two of lemon, or even a little fresh lemon peel, is to rhubarb pies.

Spice Cake.—No eggs; one-half cup of butter, one and a half of sugar, one of buttermilk, two and a half of flour. One teaspoonful of soda, do. of cinnamon, do. of cloves, and half a nutmeg. By adding raisins and Zante currants, it make a good and cheap fruit-cake.

Debbie's Cream Cake.—Beat two eggs in a cup, and fill the cup up with sweet thick cream; one cup of white sugar, one of flour, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, one-half do. of soda; add salt; flavor with extract or essence of lemon, the latter is far cheaper, purchasing by the ounce. My first trial of this recipe was a miserable failure, occurring from using a scant cup of flour, whereas it should have been a little heaped, which shows we must not be discouraged at the first attempt.

Em's Cream Pie, most Delicious and Cheap.—One egg for one pie, or three for two round tins; one quart of milk, three eggs, reserving the whites of two to frost the top, two-thirds of a cup of flour and one and a half of sugar. Pour a little of the milk on the flour gradually to wet it up free from lumps; add the beaten eggs, a pinch of salt and the residue of the milk. Have a kettle of water boiling, over which place the pan containing the custard; stir diligently

until it boils, adding lemon extract to taste. Meanwhile line your pie tins with paste, allowing for shrinkage, and bake. Beat the whites to a stiff froth, adding two tablespoonfuls of white sugar; fill your pies, and lay the frosting over evenly with a knife, return to oven until a delicate brown. If you are successful with this recipe, you will discard all other custards, even though it is more trouble, until one becomes accustomed to it.

Cream Pie, No. 2.—Take the cream from a six-quart pan of milk, one egg, a heaping tablespoonful of flour, and nutmeg to taste. I prefer baking the crust first for custards; prevents being soggy.

Boiled or Strained Custard.—Beat four eggs thoroughly, one cup of sugar, one quart of milk, a little salt, nutmeg or lemon to taste. Cook in a spider over the fire, or over a kettle of water; the first is the speediest method, the latter the safer.

Crullers.—One egg, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, do. of buttermilk, do. of butter, half teaspoonful of soda, flour sufficient to mix thick enough to roll out well; add nutmeg, fry in boiling lard. Cut in squares of two by three inches, then cut five slits across the shortest way, thus making six bands; twist the second band over the third and the fourth over the fifth. A cousin, from whom I obtained this recipe, said it was her province one entire winter to make these crullers for their “surprise parties.” When a party was decided upon, it was, “Josephine, you must make the crullers.”

Mother's Crullers.—No milk; one and a half teacups of sugar, half a teacup of butter, three eggs, three tablespoonfuls of water, salt and nutmeg. Mix very stiff, roll thin, cut in sections two by four inches, then cut six or more slits in each section, across the narrow way, about one-fourth of an inch from each edge, press the two ends firmly together, thus giving the appearance of a little basket; it must be given a final squat, so as to press the little bands outwards just as it is dropped into the hot lard. These excel any fried cakes, or more properly, boiled cakes, that I ever tasted; perhaps one cause may be, that my mother has made them for nearly half a century, and no one else that I ever knew.

Cookies Without Eggs.—Two cups of sugar, reserving one-half cup, three-fourths cup of butter, one cup of sour cream or milk, one teaspoonful of soda, flour to roll well. After rolling out the dough, sift over the reserved sugar, pass the rolling-pin over again and cut out.

Velvet Cake (Good).—A correspondent sent this recently. We have tested it, and pronounce it excellent. One pound of sugar, do. of flour, one-half do. of butter, four eggs, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, one-half do. of soda, one teacupful of cold water, flavor with lemon. Beat the sugar and butter to a white cream, mix the cream tartar in the flour and sift. Dissolve the soda in the water, add to the butter and sugar the flour and water, stirring well. Have the whites and yolks well beaten separately, then add and beat all together about three minutes. Bake an hour. It makes good fruit cake by adding currants and raisins. It is delicious chocolate cake by baking in layers and filling with chocolate frosting.

Chocolate Caramels.—One and a half cups of molasses, two and a half of sugar, one and a half of sweet milk. Butter the size of a large hen's egg, half a cake of chocolate; add lemon or vanilla. Butter a tin baking pan, pour in, dip a knife in cold water, and mark off in squares. This is delicious, indeed.

Mock Oysters of Green Corn.—Grate the corn from a half dozen ears, or what is a quicker mode, shave off the outside of the kernels with a sharp knife and throw away, then scrape off the remainder of the ear, add salt, and allow one egg to a cupful of the corn mixture and flour sufficient to make a batter. Have ready a spider or skillet, or whatever you call it, with the bottom covered with hot butter or meat drippings, and drop the batter in in spoonfuls about the size of oyster patties, and fry brown, turning them like griddle cakes; to be eaten hot with a little butter. They require no milk, as that from the corn is all-sufficient. Some prefer them without either flour or eggs, adding merely pepper and salt. My family think they cannot breakfast without them during the green corn season.

Egg Omelette for Breakfast.—Add to six well beaten eggs three heaping tablespoonfuls of flour and a half teacup of sweet milk, and salt. Have four tablespoonfuls of butter or drippings in a frying pan, when hot pour in the omelette. Watch closely, cut in sections like a round pie and turn over, fry a delicate brown; carry to the table immediately and eat hot.

Steamed Pudding.—This is the best manner I know of for disposing of pieces of stale bread that will accumulate in the best regulated families. At night I put to soak in two cups of fresh buttermilk as much stale bread crumbs as it will cover. In the morning I squeeze out, with my hand, any hard lumps that may remain, add one egg to each cup of milk, a little salt and a teaspoonful of soda to a cup of sour milk. A cup of raisins, or dried cherries, strawberries, raspberries, or such dried fruit as farmers are apt to possess, and flour sufficient to render it very stiff. To be steamed two full hours. For a sauce we use a cup of sugar, a lump of butter the size of an egg and two heaping tablespoonfuls of flour; one pint of boiling water, add sugar, butter and flour, after gradually stirring in some water to prevent lumps; boil till of the proper consistency; flavor with nutmeg.

Steamed Corn Bread, without Eggs.—In winter, when there is usually a dearth of eggs, I endeavor to recall all such recipes as do not require them. Two cups of corn meal, do. of flour, do. of buttermilk, half a cup of molasses or sugar, if the former, add a handful more of flour and a half teaspoonful more of soda, two teaspoonfuls of soda, do. of salt; it requires to be very thick. Steam two full hours and bake half an hour, or until brown. My rule is to allow one teaspoonful, well mashed and spoon levelled off with a knife, of soda or saleratus to a teacup of sour milk.

Graham Minute Pudding.—Drop a small lump of butter into a kettle to prevent burning. Pour in one quart of milk, and when boiling add gradually sufficient Graham flour to render it very thick. Meanwhile have a cup of raisins cooking, and just before all the flour is put in, add them, having previously put in a spoonful of salt. Dish out in little teacups, turn upside down in saucers, and when the cups are removed they are molded. Eat with sweetened cream.

Graham Gems.—One cup of buttermilk, teaspoonful of soda, salt and lump of shortening the size of a hickory nut, and Graham flour sufficient to make very stiff. Have the gem-pans heating on top of the stove, grease with lard the first time, the second panful will require none; demands a very hot oven. I sift my Graham flour and use the bran, after dampening well with water, to sprinkle over the carpets to keep down the dust. I find it of great assistance in preserving my plants from this mortal enemy of the housekeeper.

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Moderato.

PIANO.

1. Long years a - go, ere my hair had turned gray, Friend gath - er round de
2. Mas - sa and miss - us both sleep on de hill, Where lit - tle birds their
3. Tho' I'm here a - lone, I won't have long to stay, Chil - dren are call - ing

old cab - in home, Hap - py, con - tent - ed, we passed de time a - way, But now deys' in heav - en, and beck'ning me to come.
song love to sing, Time has done its work, and used de old place up, De weeds are high, de fen - ces down, and dried up is de spring.
me for to come. Dey's op'ning up de gate, and I think I hear dem say, Un - cle Dan, de good ole man, we'll wel - come to his home.

CHORUS.

TENOR. *pp* INVISIBLE CHORUS. *pp* INVISIBLE CHORUS.

I hear them sweet - ly sing - ing, Wel - come, wel - come o'er, They seem to smile and beck - on me To the gold - en shore;

Full Chorus.

Where I shall meet them all, And der lov - ing fa - ces see, Com - ing, chil - dren, com - ing, Oh pre - pare to wel - come me.

THE LADIES' FLORAL CABINET

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JESSE E. MCKEE
CAMBRIDGE, N. Y.

H.W. TROY-DES.
J. H. M. CO. N. Y.
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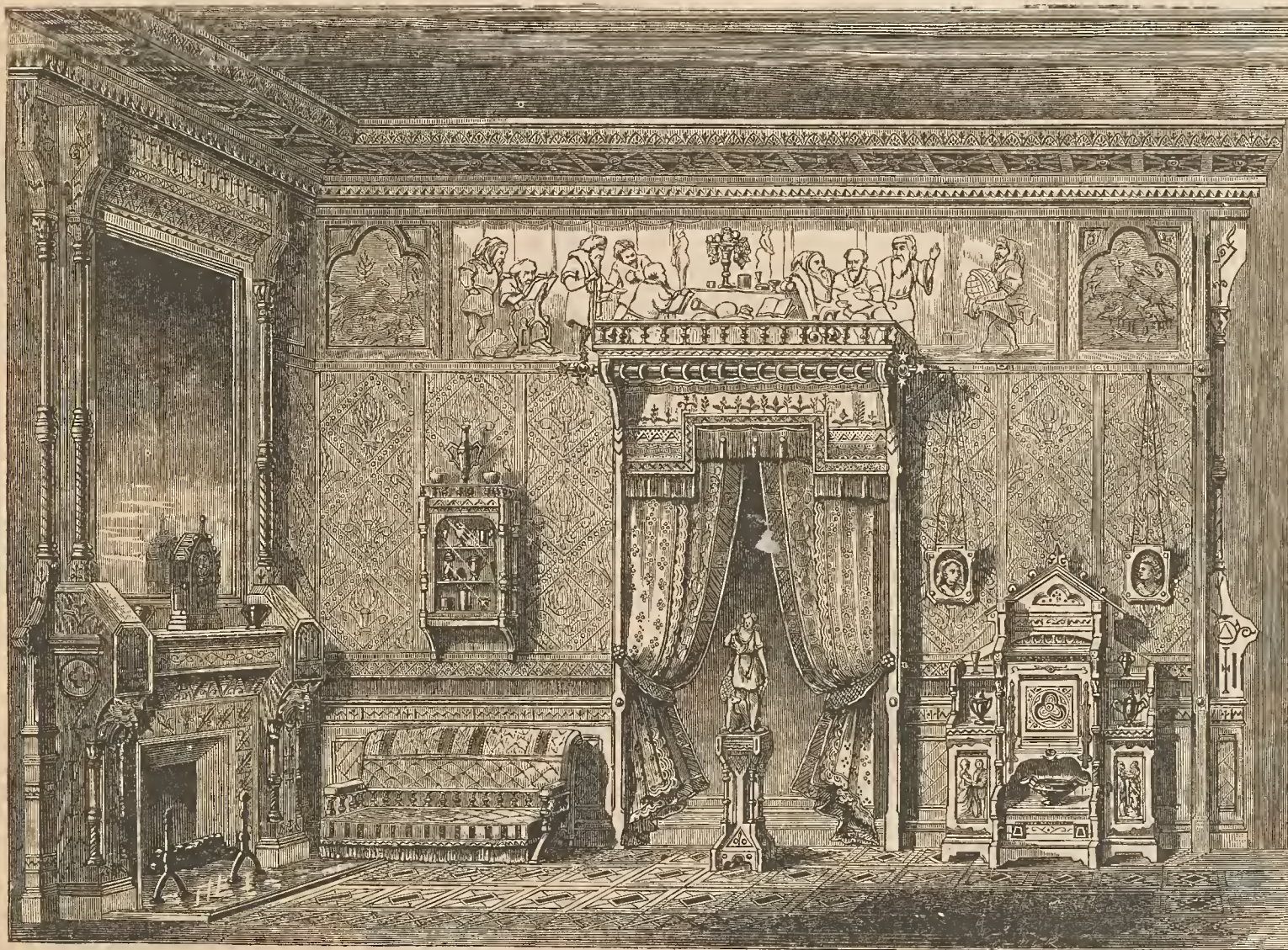
SEEDLING PLANTS.

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I sow the seeds early, in a hot-bed or in a box in the house. When danger of frost is over, I transplant to a bed composed of sandy loam and earth gathered about old, decayed stumps, and well enriched with rotten manure. In a bed like this they grow vigorously, and seed-bearing does not seem to diminish the blooms.

which cuttings of all kinds can be readily propagated and soon become well-rooted plants.

I take a box five or six inches deep, put in the bottom two inches of cow-manure and rich vegetable mold, next three inches of pure sand, and on the top one inch of good soil. Saturate with water and stick in your cuttings. Keep moist, and in a short



DESIGN FOR MODERN GOTHIC DRAWING ROOM.

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In case of a severe drought, it is well to give them a good sprinkling in the evening.

I preserve the glory of my beds long after the first heavy frosts by covering them with any old carpet, and removing the next morning.

I must give the friends of THE CABINET a plan by

time you can multiply your stock greatly. I think the sand retains the moisture better by being covered with soil; so, if the cuttings are occasionally forgotten, they will not suffer.

H. A. EARHART.

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Floral Contributions.

ORNAMENTS FOR WINDOW-GARDENS.

I WANT to tell the readers of the CABINET about my window-garden, which is very beautiful. I think in the first place I took an old stand and took off the top, and put in its stead a deep box, deep enough to hold plenty of well-rotted manure and good, rich earth, well mixed. Then put in as many plants of different kinds as you may wish. It will hold a large number, and you will be surprised at the effect. A thing of beauty you will have, with very little trouble. You can have a box large enough, with legs and casters if you like, so as to move it easily, which is much more handy than so many pots and much more beautiful. Plants, to thrive, should and must be sprinkled with warm, weak soap-suds as often as once in two or three days, and they will never have those terrible green bugs on them and will thrive continually. Give plenty of light and plenty of warm suds; and in return you will have plenty of beautiful foliage, besides very many beautiful buds and flowers. I can pick a bouquet most any time for my friends, which is a great recompense. Never be afraid to pick your flowers; because the more you pluck off the more you will have and the longer they will blossom. The proverb, you know, says the more you give the more receive. It can be wisely applied in this case, as I can testify.

It is well to start your Madeira Vines, also a large number of Ivies, for verandah decoration. They are the most beautiful of all climbers, very easily propagated, and after frost in autumn can be transferred to the sitting room, and the balance put in the cellar, for future use. Any kind of slip of Ivy will grow if kept well watered, which is a very important consideration to most plants, especially if the sun strikes them the most part of the day. Most plants need plenty of warm water, and above all plenty of light, but not wind. That is death to most house-plants. I have a bay window where I keep mine (although a bay window is not absolutely necessary), and they thrive as if in summer, and even better. Don't forget to sprinkle freely with warm soap-suds, and you will not be troubled with insects of any kind or those terrible little wire-worms. I think this is my experience, and I always keep very many plants, also raise very, very many annuals. I wish some of the readers of the CABINET could see my flower-garden this summer, presuming, of course, I shall be successful. Of course, I shall be successful. I always am with my flowers. I think those who love flowers and try to raise them will study their nature, their likes and dislikes; and, of course, will prosper with the majority of them. I always do all the weeding very early in the morning. You have double benefit. You have not only the pleasure of training your vines where you want them to run, watching the seeds springing up, and destroying weeds; but oh! the beauties of Nature when everything seems rejoicing and thanking its Creator. Those who are slow to rise lose the very sweetest part of the day. It signifies labor; but to me a labor of love. Rose-bushes in the yard should be thoroughly immersed in warm suds when you wash. It will pay you well to do so. I will try to tell the readers how to make a basket for dried grasses and everlastings. It can be made very easily in the following manner: Take cardboard, any color you may wish (mine is black), count off fifty holes

each way, and cut in squares; make five of these; embroider each piece around the edge, any way you wish; then sew each corner together, one after the other, then take the fifth (which is not sewed with the rest) for the bottom, sewing the corners together, to the bottom piece. Bend the top corners over to make it flare like a basket. Sew tiny bows on each corner that is sewed together. Put dried moss in the opening at the bottom, then fill with dried grasses and everlastings. You can color your grasses by dipping first in gum Arabic water, then in any colored paint you wish. They are elegant. They are also very beautiful for vases.

I make a pretty little ornament by taking an old glass globe, placing it on a large plate, putting inside the globe a small pot or tin can, putting earth in the can, then put Ivy and Creeping Charley in them. Around the globe and all over the plate put green moss. You can find plenty in the nearest swamp, and it is beautiful of itself. Wet the whole thoroughly, then sprinkle with grass seed. In a short time it will be a mat of velvet green and beautiful to look upon.

MRS. A. VANAKEN.

HILLSDALE, MICH.

CHINESE LILIES.

PROBABLY many readers of the CABINET have seen an article going the rounds of the papers, taken from a Nevada newspaper, about the "Chinaman's beloved Lily." In Nov., 1877, a floral friend near Verona, Ill., sent me a generous supply of them, with these instructions: "Take a dish (delf, glass, or china), place the bulb in the bottom and pile stones and shells around it and over it, and water enough to keep it moist." Her's were brought the previous year from San Francisco, and were said to have come directly from China. Her's is in a fish-globe, which holds the long leaves together. She says: "In less than three weeks from the time it was set it had over thirty florets, for they grow in clusters. White and yellow and are very fragrant." The bulbs looked precisely like Narcissus, the description answered to it also, and I had decided it was *Polyanthus Narcissus* before the "California Lady's" letter appeared in the CABINET. The bulbs were scarcely large enough to warrant blooming, so I was not disappointed at their not. The leaves in March were thirty-three inches long. The blooming of this class in water was altogether novel to me, and I am endeavoring to grow mine so as to insure their blooming next winter. If any reader of the CABINET has large bulbs of this variety, I would suggest the experiment. I always put charcoal in the bottom of pots that have no drainage. It prevents all ill smells. I put it in bottles of water when rooting plants, and in vases to hold fresh flowers. It keeps the water pure. The charcoal I use was obtained in so peculiar a manner that I am tempted to chronicle the occurrence. One night in the spring of 1877 we were startled from our slumbers by a terrific peal of thunder, and in an instant the surrounding country was illuminated. Rushing to windows and doors, we beheld a cattle-shed some fifteen rods distant, that was covered with straw, on fire. The next morning revealed a singular freak of lightning. A post of a wire-fence was struck, shattering it to fragments; then followed the wire twenty rods west and thirty rods east (skipping the rotten posts and shivering the solid ones to pieces), until it reached a pig-pen, against the fence, which communicated with the shed by a covering of straw. It was raining all the time; but the flames ran up underneath the shed, and, seizing on the dry straw, in a short time it was reduced to ashes. The posts and boards furnished me with charcoal ever since, and it is a scarce commodity on the prairie in a coal region.

MRS. KATE SHERMAN.

STREATOR, ILL.

WINDOW PLANTS IN SPRING.

Now, as the spring is approaching and the days are lengthening, we must try and stimulate our plants, to force them to bud and bloom. One of my rose-bushes, not more than a foot high, has sixteen buds and roses on it. My yellow one has three as large as a coffee cup. Oh! how beautiful! I hear repeated many times a day. Heliotropes, Verbenas, Geraniums, Fuchsias, Roses—all treated in the same manner.

Surely, there is nothing that will give us such pleasure and satisfaction as that we receive from our window-garden. Our flowers perfume the air, please the eye, and make us acquainted with Nature, and are something to care for and love. If they cannot love us in return, they do not annoy us. Every house is made beautiful with only one pot of flowers. Contrast a room where the windows are filled with beautiful flowers, hanging baskets, vines twined around the pictures, with a room where not a green thing is visible, and mark the difference. The one attracting and inviting; the other, no matter how rich its surroundings, has not the charm of the other. I take hen-manure about the size of an egg, dissolve in a gallon of hot water, letting it stand and cool long enough to use, watering my plants thoroughly once a week. Do not make too strong, as it will cause the leaves to fall; nor sprinkle them with the liquid. Flowers treated in this way will push forth most vigorous growth, and amply repay us the extra care we bestow upon them.

MRS. E. L. FREEMAN.

EAST ORLEANS, MASS.

TROPICAL TREES AND PLANTS.

THE sweet-smelling Screw Pine (*Pandanus odoratissimus*) bears a fruit that, when perfectly mature, resembles large, richly-colored pineapples and plays an important part in the household economy of the Coral Islanders of the South Sea. The inhabitants of the Mulgrave Archipelago, where the cocoanut is rare, live almost wholly on the juicy pulp and pleasant kernels of the fruit. The dried leaves thatch the native huts and are made into mats and raiment. The wood is hard and durable. The natives use the flowers for decorative garlands, and the red and yellow nuts for ornaments. When the tree is full of blossoms the whole air is sweet with perfume.

But, while enchanted with the colors and scents of foreign woods and flowers, let us not overlook or undervalue our own. Our Cedars, our Balsamic Firs and Spruces and Pines, and pungent Balm-of-Gileads, and fragrant Hackmatacks and Junipers can equal, if not surpass, the trees and perfumes of any country under the sun.

M. J. CUMMINGS.

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

THE Cedars, which still bear their ancient name, stand mostly upon four small contiguous knolls, within a comparatively small compass. They form a thick growth, without underbrush. The older trees branch into several trunks, and thus spread themselves widely abroad. The others are cone-like in form. Some of the trees stand out alone, exhibiting beautiful symmetry of outline. The older growth is much broken and will ere long be destroyed. Travelers carry off sections as relics, and vandal hands of those who pass the season in these regions burn the limbs for fuel. Thus destruction goes slowly but surely on. The wood of the Lebanon Cedar is white, with a faint, pleasant odor; but in beauty and fragrance it is far inferior to the Red Cedar of America.

M. J. CUMMINGS.

Answers to Correspondents.

Vallota Blooming Often.—Caladiums in Winter—Moist Atmosphere in Rooms—White Worms in Pots.—Seedling Acacias.—Starting Cannas.—Allow me to inquire if any of the readers of the CABINET have ever had *Vallota purpurea* blossom more than once a year? A catalogue from a New Jersey firm says that theirs bloom three or four times when kept growing, and usually do in winter.

The same catalogue says that *Zephyranthes* will flower in three weeks' time from starting, any time in winter. Now, I never knew an instance of the kind, and have grown both bulbs several years. I think it very wrong to assert such things, to induce people to buy.

Can Caladiums be kept growing all winter? I have a very small one, which was given me by a friend in the fall, and I potted it, and it is now growing; but I did not know as I ought to allow it.

Will some one tell us the best way of keeping the air in a room moist, without spoiling the wall-paper and gilding on picture-frames?

Some complain of small white worms in flower-pots and wish to know what causes them. I think where partially decomposed vegetable matter is present in the pot—whether leaf-mold, decaying plants, or bits of grass-roots—that you will always find them. Merely heating the earth will not kill the germs; but if you put the earth in an iron pan (tin will not stand the heat) and leave it in the oven until the vegetable matter is charred and turns black you will cure the trouble. These worms will attack young seedlings and kill them; but I think only in the absence of decaying vegetable matter.

How long are seedling Acacias, the greenhouse plant, in flowering from seed?

What time should Canna roots be started in the spring? F. A.

Answer.—1. The assertions in the catalogue to which you refer are false. Vallotas bloom in summer and autumn, and usually but once a year. Occasionally a bulb may give a winter flower. Vallotas should always be kept green. It is one of the *Amaryllis* family, which is injured by drying off.

2. The chances of *Zephyranthes* flowering in winter are very small.

3. Caladiums may be made to grow at any season. Some species are evergreen; but most do better if allowed to go to rest part of the year. As your plant is growing, keep it so and dry it off in the summer, though the usual resting season of deciduous varieties is winter.

4. The best way to keep the air of a room moist is to evaporate water upon the stove or in the register of the furnace. For this purpose long earthen jars are made, which may be bought at stove stores. No moisture you can give in this way will be sufficient to affect wall-paper or picture-frames.

5. Thanks for your remedy for white worms. You are right in your theory of their generation. Your plan certainly is death to every worm; but haking does not improve earth, and repotting in fresh soil is often easier and quite as efficacious.

6. Acacias grow rapidly from seed, and, indeed, are usually thus increased. They bloom young, but the time depends much upon the species and the culture given. Some are shrubs; others immense trees. The former, of course, bloom earlier than the latter.

7. Cannas should not be started into growth until about the first of May. The best way is to put them in a mild hot-bed, and transplant to the garden about June 1st.

Azalea Seedlings.—Cyclamen.—Smilax—1. I wish to inquire how to treat the Azalea. I sowed the seed early this spring, in the house. It germinated very well and came up; but the tiny plants have now only the third leaf and seem very delicate. There may be a dozen plants in one pot. Shall I transplant them, and when? Do they need the open sun.

2. Also, how shall I treat Cyclamen bulbs raised from seed this spring? I have set them out in the open border, in partial shade.

3. Will the Boston Smilax bear the hot sun in the open air, and can it be transplanted out in the flower-garden? MRS. E. A. WARNER.

Answer.—1. You do not say whether your Azaleas are of hardy or tender varieties. If of the former, they may be set out in the open air in a carefully-prepared bed of peat soil. If of the latter, potted off. But it is best to let them grow in the seed-pot until they are larger. They have done well and are all right so far.

2. Take up your Cyclamen, pot them, and grow them well. You may get flowers by spring.

3. The Smilax will bear sun, but not frost. So it must be taken up in the autumn. Either pot it or cut off the vine and keep the tubers for planting out next spring.

Raising Seedling Gladiolus.—Wintering Petunias.—Can you tell me how to raise Gladiolus from seed? When shall I plant it and how treat it?

Will Petunias, double and single, keep in a cellar in winter, if kept above freezing? E. HOGE. LOYDSVILLE, O.

Answer.—1. The seed of Gladiolus may be sown at any season. Prepare shallow boxes or pans of sandy loam. Sow the seed and cover lightly. It is usually kept in a greenhouse or under a cold-frame; but out of doors in a shady place will do. The young plants will soon appear, looking like fine grass. Give more sun, plenty of air, and do not allow them to dry up. If kept growing, continuously flowering bulbs may be made in about a year; but any check in growth is fatal to this. If the foliage withers, the little bulbs must have a rest, and then be again started into growth. The time required to bloom them depends wholly upon culture.

2. Petunias will not usually keep in a cellar. They look well for a time and then die off. If, however, the cellar is very light and warm, they may succeed; as they are easily kept in a parlor and make good window plants, blooming freely toward spring.

Fuchsia Culture.—I have a double red Fuchsia of which the flowers are very small and soon drop off. There are no branches at the bottom, but it keeps growing tall. How can I make it heavier? MATTIE W. B. SACRAMENTO CITY.

Answer.—Fuchsias need plenty of light and air, but not much heat. We think you keep the room too hot and dry. It will be very difficult for you to make your plant throw out branches (or break, as gardeners say) at the bottom, as the wood is probably hard and old. Your best way will be to start slips. When they are a few inches high, pinch out the leading shoot, which will make the dormant buds at the base of the leaves break. Then pinch the ends of the side-shoots from time to time, until you get the plant as thick as you wish. If your old plant was cut into a bare stick, it would break; but probably unevenly.

Name of Plant.—Geo. A. Sawyer, Hampshire, Ill.: Your plant is probably a *Pyrethrum*; but it is difficult to identify a plant from a single leaf. If as we say, it will not bloom until Spring. The flower is large, like an Ox-eye Daisy (*Chrysanthemum leucanthemum*), with rays red, pink, or white.

Fuchsia Culture.—How can I make Fuchsias grow? They are my favorite plants. MRS. ANNA MURDOCH.

CUSHMAN, ILL.

Answer.—Procure your plants in spring. As they grow and fill the pots with roots, repot them, pinching the shoots from time to time, to make the plants bushy. During the summer grow them on a light piazza, where they will bloom. In autumn, put them in a warm, dry cellar; but be careful they do not dry up. In early spring repot the plants and start into growth. If of the winter-blooming varieties, grow them in winter in the greenhouse or parlor, where they will bloom freely; and in summer plant them out in the garden, taking them up before frost.

Lemon Tree.—Please tell me how to raise a Lemon tree. The leaves of mine are eaten, as if by caterpillars; but I cannot find an insect about it. E. C. MAXWELL.

WILKESBARRE, PA.

Answer.—There is usually no difficulty in raising Lemon trees; but before they blossom and fruit they become rather large for window plants. They need good soil, plenty of drainage in the pot or tub, and a cool room. When not in growth, be careful not to overwater. They bloom in spring and summer. We do not know of any insect that would eat the foliage, as it is too aromatic. If your tree has been out of doors in summer, a saw-fly may have cut holes in the leaves. We have had Palms and Dracenas much injured in this way.

Propagating India Rubber Tree.—I wish to inquire how to propagate the *Ficus elastica*. Have made cuttings of one eye and planted, with a single leaf attached. The leaf continues to grow until the pot becomes filled with roots, but the bud will not start; and after a while the leaf falls off and the plant dies. If you can give me information so that I can propagate them successfully, I will be greatly obliged. T. E. CHAPIN.

OQUAWKA, ILL.

Answer.—You probably have not heat enough to start the eye into growth, or the eye was blind. Your mode of proceeding was right in every respect, as the plentiful growth of roots shows.

Victoria Regia Seed.—I noticed a description of Victoria Regia, seeds of which are sold by Mr. Washburn, of Boston. Can you give me his address, as I want some. Do you know of a variegated Cactus, the edge of the plant maroon? I. F. B. GALENA, ILL.

Answer.—1. The address is E. F. Washburn, Horticultural Hall, Boston.

2. We do not know such a Cactus.

3. The plant, of which you enclose a leaf, is probably a species of *Tillandsia*.

Fuchsias Ever-Blooming.—Does it do to let Fuchsias blossom constantly? H. M. HAMMOND. E. ATTLEBORO, MASS.

Answer.—It will not injure your Fuchsia, if you keep it well grown. Very few of the varieties, however, are ever-blooming; but most of them rest at some season of the year, as we have written above.

Moles in Gardens.—Can you give me a remedy for moles, which trouble me very much in my garden? MRS. W. D. WELLS.

Answer.—One remedy is to trap the moles, baiting with raw meat. Another is to rub stick phosphorus on raw meat, cut into small pieces, and lay in the vicinity of their runs.

Floral Experiences.

FLORAL FESTIVAL, OR MAY QUEEN.

1st Maid of Honor: "Accept, fair Queen, this crown of flowers in token of our united esteem. We have sought the fairest flowers of summer, have twined them into wreaths of beauty, woven for you a bright coronal of Nature's sparkling jewels, to grace your youthful brow. Of this floral tribute may each fragile blossom whisper to your gentle heart, in the soft, yet impressive accents of its own poetical language, assurances of our affection. Each dewy petal is fraught with a mission, and the tear-like drops, which glisten here and there with trembling confidence, reveal the fond sentiments of our souls more forcibly than cold human language could portray. And, while we find ourselves incapable of giving utterance to the emotions that swell our hearts, we can only point to those lovely orators and bid you heed their silent eloquence."

Queen:

"Thanks. Many thanks, dear companions, for this offering of flowers."

You have made me your Queen, on my forehead I wear
The crown which your own loving hands have placed there.
And mine is a crown which priceless shall be,
As a pledge of your love and your fealty to me.
There are chords of my soul which your friendship hath swept,
That ever till now have all silently slept.
But those chords, newly awakened, shall slumber no more
Till they reach the dim verge of eternity's shore.
Oh! when, as it must, either early or late,
Grief's shadowy form on my pathway shall wait;
When the winter of life crowns my head with its snows
And the bright crimson tide seems to ebb as it flows;
Oh! would that these lips, though faintly, could tell
But a part of the trust that my inmost heart swells."

2d Maid of Honor, presenting Herbarium: "On to-day a memento we would offer—a silent though lasting reminder. And when in after years you search amid Flora's vast domain for rare treasures, to place side by side with those we have gathered, let each flower and twig remind of absent friends, and warn you, too, that "the fairest flower that blooms must die."

Queen: "See, how beautiful, how thoughtfull! Faded flowers; meet monitors to say how swiftly speed the joys of earth, how ephemeral are beauty, youth, and worldly splendor. These, at least, have preserved a form that bespeaks their wonted glory. Nay, more than that. See! What do I read? 'Culled on the shore of the Rhine.' Your gift, Hattie."

3d Maid of Honor: "Yes; and well chosen, I trust you will deem it."

Queen: "It speaks, indeed, of your poetic taste; and I imagine it grew upon some shelving rock, overhanging the placid waters of that historic stream."

3d Maid of Honor: "Now, do not ridicule me, if I am fond of poetry. And why should I not love that majestic river? The mere mention of its name recalls to mind all that is glorious in war or lovely in peace. When I gaze on this faded flower, methinks I see near it the blue Forget-me-not, the verdant plain, the rising mountain. I hear the murmur of the breeze rushing against the ivy-clad battlements of antique castles. With it are blended sounds sweet and low; tales of days gone by. Its waters keep time to the proud, patriotic hymn; to the soft, thrilling notes of the wakeful nightingale. They tell of valor and poesy. They are grand! They are noble! Blame me not, then, if I love the mighty old Rhine."

Queen: "You have grown enthusiastic, indeed; and, far from censuring you, we feel you've communicated to us something of your admiring spirit. (Turns to next page.) But near your valued Fern I find a Laurel leaf. Oh, see the crimson stain! Your name, Mollie, is attached."

4th Maid of Honor: "Twas brought from Italia's

strand. The foot of an apostle tread on the soil that nourished the parent shrub. Meekly, humbly he walked the proud city of the Cæsars. Pagan Rome yielded to the truth he taught—a lesson of wisdom and strength. There is victory in suffering and woe; glory in contempt and death. Hence, this Laurel leaf (tinged with red) should remind us never to quail in the hour of trial and gloom; but, though bleeding and sore, still hopefully to turn to the Laurel unfading, the Laurel of truth eternal, the victory that belongs to God."

Queen: "Well you have expressed it, my charming little friend. Yours is a token sacred; one 'tis hallowed joy to keep. And who so loves the sunny land of France as to seek a floral tribute on the banks of her beautiful streams?"

5th Maid of Honor: "I scarcely dare present my Fleur de Lis, for on its petals, too, there rests a gory stain; but 'tis the atoning price of infidelity and guilt. 'Twas culled near the banks of the Seine. Oh! lovely, peaceful Seine! How proudly thy waters flowed through the capital, queen of refinement and beauty! Alas! a dark cloud arose and broke into a fearful storm—the storm of defiance to lawful authority. And this men would call freedom! Yet, when from thy murmuring waves I look to the blue sky above, my soul is filled with hope anew. Thy waters, made holy by the blood of martyrs, a new baptism impart. Laved in repentance, France will arise!"

Queen: "Trusting that your words may be verified, I will treasure your sweet Lily. But here the eye is greeted by a bright green Ivy leaf, which looks as if it might recall more cheerful thoughts."

6th Maid of Honor: "That leaf was plucked from a vine that covered a desolate ruin near the celebrated Thames. Ah! could this Ivy leaf but speak, what tales might it not reveal, caught perhaps from the Thames's dark-rolling waters, for they pass by the Castle of Windsor and lash against the battlements of the Tower of London. But of these I would not speak. The Ivy of Time has cast a mantle over them. I wish not my gift to recall thoughts of gloom."

Queen: "It will not, my precious little friend. From Adna's eager glance I fancy her selected memorial comes next in order. See the Orange blossom, resting on its glossy leaf. From what quarter of our own loved land comes the well-known token."

7th Maid of Honor: "From a blest spot, whose fragrant shores are gently washed by the crystal waters of the mighty ocean. 'Twas nurtured on the soil of San Salvador, whence first resounded the voice of Christian worship in the New World. What magic power association lends e'en to a tiny object! Here Columbus and his noble achievements rise to my delighted view. What hero can boast so great a conquest? And yet, what was his reward? But posterity will be more just. These are the familiar memories my flower would recall."

Queen: "Thanks for these reminiscences. Ever shall they be treasured in our hearts. Last comes Lucie's floral souvenir."

8th Maid of Honor: "Yes; last, but not least, in every sense, would I have my tiny offering deemed. A Violet white and one of delicate blue."

Queen: "Name the magnificent river whose banks your beauteous flowerets decked."

8th Maid of Honor: "It was a nameless stream in Florida's balmy land, whose odor-laden air and enchanting climate led the discoverers to believe that it was the fountain of perpetual youth. In unpretending simplicity it runs the course marked out for it by a wise Providence. It feels no ambition and knows no discontent, but silently pursues its beneficent labor."

Queen: "So may it be with us; for Him who gave even to the nameless rivulet a worthy object on each of us has bestowed an ennobling mission. May we then, like the modest little stream 'neath Heaven's blessings, nurture buds and flowers of virtue, till their fragrance fills our souls and spreads its balmy odors on all around."

MISS HELEN SANDERSON.

PRAIRIE VALLEY, TEXAS.

FLOWER-BEDS.

My beds consist of two circular beds, three yards across; one oval bed, five yards by three; one triangle, seven and a half by three and a half yards; and the straight beds, which are over a yard wide. Taking them altogether—those around the house, next to piazza, and around door-yard fence—make over one hundred yards. In the spring I uncover the beds, spade them, and rake as soon as it will do. One year I did one bed when the ground was entirely too wet; and the bed was not fit to sow seeds in for two years, for, instead of the ground being mellow, it was like little stones, about the size of peas and hazel nuts. One year, thinking to have some plants grow extra nice, I went to an old sheep-yard, though hogs had run there for some time, took off the course litter, then carried some nice rich dirt to my beds. Some time after, finding the plants not doing as well as expected, found, on examining the ground, it was filled with slender worms, nearly an inch long, of an amber color—great clusters or knots of them, as large as a walnut. Soon took out all that dirt, and poured boiling water around the old plants. Now I don't know whether they were owing to the sheep or hog manure. Another year I found a rather queer lot of worms. My Star of Bethlehem not coming up good, thought I would see what was the matter. Found a perfect mess of brown worms, not quite as large round or as long as the cut-worm. Took out a bushel of dirt; but not a worm except where those bulbs had been. When digging up my flower-beds, I find the potato-fork much nicer than the spade. It doesn't cut the roots of the bushes and it's much easier for the one digging. I fork up two or three yards; then hoe and rake awhile. It's hard work, and yet a comfort to know that your plants are neither missing or destroyed. Farmers have too much to do in the spring to attend to flower-beds, and with most of the hired men the plants grow less in size and fewer in numbers. I find Linaria, Larkspur, Phlox, Candytuft, and Clarkia do much better to sow late in the fall. Clarkia will grow two feet high; perfect little trees. I have used them with good effect, when transplanting, to set them two feet or more apart, with Asters between. The Clarkias are done and pulled up when the Asters come on. I find Canterbury Bell, Ipomopsis, and Sweet William are apt to rot unless I put some sticks or a little brush amongst them before I cover with leaves and manure. Pinks and Sweet William sometimes make a great show. Have had friends from the East say: "They exceed anything they ever saw." My bulb-bed, which is the triangle, is truly a thing of beauty from early in the spring till Jack Frost takes possession. I often hear of people riding by to see "those Tulips"; but with me the charm commences when the Bulbocodium first pushes its lilac blossoms out of the ground, though it will not compare in beauty with *Scilla Siberica*. That's the brightest, most intense blue I ever saw. I potted some for the conservatory, and they were admired very much; but they are brighter outdoors. Flowers are blossoming nearly a month earlier than common. Myrtle, Daffodils, Adonis, Liverwort, and Bloodroot have also been in blossom some days. Our winters generally are very severe. Thermometer has been down 28° below zero; but this winter is an exception. Every three years I take up my bulbs. In the fall I take out a quantity of the dirt and put in fresh in the bed. Then I also do up twenty or more packages of about a pint of small bulbs, with a dozen or so of flowering bulbs, and send around where I think they would be acceptable or where there are children; for I think the love of flowers, may be, can be instilled, if not inherited. And now, to finish this chapter, I'll tell you how I fix my FLORAL CABINET. I sew and cut before I read a word; for I well know, if I commence to read, it will be turned and twisted and maybe torn. At the end of the year I sew the numbers all together, and get old pasteboard boxes at the village store to bind them with. It's heavier than common pasteboard; and, with a bouquet now and then sent to the store, they think they are fully paid for their kindness.

AUNT KATE.

Floral Hints.

OUR FLOWER-GARDEN.

I WILL tell you of my success in the cultivation of plants. As it is my greatest delight, when I can possibly spare a few moments from my domestic pleasures I spend it in the garden among my pets. I have cultivated plants ever since I was ten years old, and I am now more delighted with my flowers than when I was a child. I find I learn something new every season as it regards the treatment of plants and shrubbery. I have a flower-garden sixty-two by two hundred feet. Ninety feet in front I use exclusively for flowers, the back part being used for shrubbery and fruits. It has a southern exposure on the front, with an iron fence and a gate in the center, entering from the street into a walk three feet wide, which runs through the entire length of the garden. About eighty feet from the front gate there is a summer-house, which is entirely covered with vines—the Wisteria, Virginia or Silk Vine, Ampelopsis, Roses, Madeira, and Cinnamon Vines. The inside of this house is converted into a rockery, as it is very cool and shady. One side is used for the native Ferns and the other for exotics and Lycopodiums. It is built up two or three feet high with stone, and then filled in with leaf-mold and rich soil, in which we plant the Ferns and Lycopodiums. The latter grow beautifully. We often press specimens two feet long, which we use for decorating the walls in winter. The front of the garden is divided into six different parts by walks three feet wide. Each part is divided into beds of various shapes, so as to form a circular bed in the center of each part, which bed is used every year for Verbenas. When the seed ripen, they drop, and come up the next spring, without planting, and produce a great many very beautiful varieties; and in this way I have very fine ones. When the plants have three or four leaves we add a little rich soil and stir the soil around the roots. I have used these beds for many years with great success in growing fine and handsome Verbenas. I have tried several plants for bordering, but find nothing so good as the Dwarf Iris. The walks are all made of coal-ashes, which makes them very firm and prevents the grass from growing in them. I have one hundred and seventeen varieties of Roses, including the Hybrid Perpetual, Bourbon Chinese, Teas, Noisette, Moss, Prairie, and many varieties of the June. It is beautiful beyond description to go into the garden in the months of May and June, to see the various colors and tints of the Rose. In the month of August I prune them. In the fall I have them mulched with well-rotted manure, and in the spring have it forked and spaded in; after which put about one pint of air-slacked lime three or four inches from the main stem, and fork it in so it will reach the roots. It is a great preventive from the bugs and worms. Early in the spring we rake all the leaves and trash from the beds and have it thrown into an obscure corner of the garden for a compost-heap, which supplies us with leaf-mold. We apply well-rotted manure to all the beds before spading. This makes the plants very thrifty.

On each side of the front gate there is a bed of Pansies. In the center of each there is a large bunch of Lemon Lily. My Pansy beds have been a mass of bloom ever since the first of May, and now (snow on the ground) would afford several bouquets. I use liquid manure very freely all summer, and find it

improves the color and size of the flowers, as a great many measure five inches in circumference and are of the most beautiful and brilliant colors. Early in May I take all my plants from the house to the garden (with the exception of a very few, such as the Fuchsia, *Buchan's Amazonica*, and Night blooming Cereus, which have bloomed beautifully in the house) and put them in beds, each class to itself, and cultivate them accordingly. I use a rich soil for my Geranium beds and keep them well cultivated. My neighbors often ask me where I get my soil to make my plants bloom so finely. I tell them it is the good care they get. I use soap-suds once a week on my rose beds and keep the buds picked off, so that I can have them in bloom in winter, which they are doing; and upon my beds of Phlox, Pinks, Asters, Petunias, Plumbago, Ivies, Gladiolus, Mignonette, Sweet William, Tuberoses, and various Lily beds I use nothing, but keep the soil well stirred once a week with my trowel and fork. I have very fine Oleanders—crimson, pink, and white—eight or ten feet high, which are very great ornaments to the garden and attract the attention of every one that passes by. I treat them to a pail of weak manure-water every week. The Bananas I gave the same treatment, and they grew very rapidly. I imagine such treatment suits them very well, as one grew to the astonishing height of eight feet and had leaves measuring five feet and two inches in width in five months. On my Crape Myrtle I used soil from the pig-pen to great advantage, as it bloomed all summer very profusely. I set my English Ivy out in June, and when I took it to the house in October it had grown astonishingly. One branch had grown seven feet and several others had grown five. I grew it entirely in the shade and sprinkled it once a day. My Grasses for winter bouquets excelled all our expectations. The *Erianthus Prævenæ* grew twelve feet high and had forty handsome plumes—enough for myself and a few of my friends for winter. These were in one small clump.

ROSE GERANIUM.

FLOWERS, GREENHOUSES, BAY WINDOWS, Etc.

WRITING from the Empire State of the Sunny South, as I do, where perpetual summer is supposed to reign, my Northern friends, who are snow-bound, and whose pleasures of the garden are limited to a few house-plants, will expect to hear of a variety of garden treasures from this more fortunate clime. And I will not disappoint them.

Though only the first weeks in January, we have blooming abundantly in the garden Camellias, Hyacinths, Narcissus, and the invaluable, profuse blooming little garden favorite, the modest Blue Violet.

I have an extensive garden, comprising twelve large flower-beds, and each one has a bordering of Violets. Frequently the whole air is laden with their fragrant yet delicate perfume.

My greenhouse, too, is an inexhaustible source of entertainment and pleasure. I have over two hundred plants. Many varieties of Geranium already budding for the early spring blooming, while the scented varieties are indispensable for bouquets, for which the winter-blooming Begonias, Bouvardias, Primroses, Salvias, and the Coral Berries give me abundant materials. The rapid-growing Parlor or German Ivy makes a pretty garland around the entire greenhouse, occasionally straying from its course and entwining it self lovingly around the plants; while Ferns, Palms, and the stately Calla Lily add their tropical beauty to the whole.

Now a word about bay windows. I think I would give them the preference over greenhouses, or, indeed, any other convenience for keeping house-plants, because it enables one to have the constant companionship of their flowers, and that is what we need, what

we desire, and the reason why we give ourselves so much trouble for their cultivation. We need their cheering influence, surrounding us constantly, as a bright oasis in the long, dreary desert of winter. Especially do we need it in bad weather, rainy days, when we are prisoners to the house. The eye, weary with the dismal prospect outside, has but to turn and feast itself on the incomparable beauties which our forethought has provided as a relief against this dreary time, and immediately everything becomes as bright, as cheerful, and as hopeful as in spring-time.

It may be urged against bay windows that the flowers cannot be watered abundantly; cannot be showered with a total disregard to carpets, etc., as in a greenhouse. I would never have the floor of a bay window covered. Have it painted, so that the boards will be impervious to water, and it will be much more satisfactory. The plants will not starve from insufficient watering.

We cannot be too grateful to the obliging editor of THE CABINET for the space he gives us in his delightful paper to converse on the ever new and attractive subject of flowers.

I have for three years entertained THE CABINET as an inestimably delightful visitor, and now, regarding it as so perfectly indispensable, have constituted myself a life subscriber.

GEORGIA.

ABOUT THE CACTUSES.

THE Cacti possess the stiff form of the Aloe. Their fleshy stems exhibit bunches of hair and thorns, instead of leaves. The Torch Cactus rises to the height of fifty or more feet, generally branchless, sometimes throwing out arms like a candelabra, while other kinds creep like ropes along the ground or hang snake like from the trees. The Opuntias are without symmetry, constructed of thick, flat joints, springing one from another; while the melon shaped Echinocacti, longitudinally ribbed or covered with warts, remain attached to the soil. These plants vary astonishingly in size. One species, which grows in Mexico, attains several feet high and a yard in diameter and often weighs nearly two hundred pounds; while another dwarf Cactus is so small and slightly rooted that a dog passing over it may with his toes detach it from the soil. The splendid colors of the Cactus flowers are in vivid contrast with the ungainly, unsightly stems.

So, dear reader, we often notice pure, holy thoughts and rare gifts and talents outspringing from an ill-favored body.

The Cactus family prefer the arid sands, the naked plains, where the tropical sun pours his vertical rays. They are a strange, wonderful feature of the barren desert.

It is said that none of these plants existed in the Old World previously to the discovery of America. Be that as it may, they now have a wide range of growth.

The Nopal (*Cactus opuntia*) skirts the Mediterranean, along with the American Agave, and from the coasts has penetrated far into the interior of Africa, everywhere showing conspicuously among the primitive vegetation of the land. Although chiefly tropical, the Cactuses have a perpendicular range peculiar to their species. From the low sand-bars of the coasts of Peru and Bolivia they ascend, over ridges and through valleys, to the high peaks of the Andes.

Whether these wonderful plants hang dizzily over the mountain cliffs or blossom in the sandy desert wastes, they teach us still another lesson of Divine economy in fitting everything to its place; and an appreciative admirer of trees, shrubs, and flowers has a rich strata of poetic and artistic life underlying the uncongenial surroundings of every-day existence.

M. J. CUMMINGS.

Floral Hints.

HOUSE-TOP GARDENING.

A FRIEND of Mr. Vick writes to him in his *Magazine* of the great success of a lady in her attempts to grow a garden on the top of her house:

"This garden is on the top of a five-story building, in the very heart of the city of Boston, occupying the entire roof (except the skylight for lighting the rooms below), seventy-five feet long, twenty to twenty five feet wide, surrounded by a corrugated iron fence four feet high, and a wire fence or trellis work on top of that three feet high, for the support of running plants, vines, etc. The roof is what we call a flat roof, covered with composition. On top of that planks are laid for walks, etc. Around the entire roof inside, next the fence and attached to it, are wooden boxes, elevated from the roof on standards about two feet high. The boxes are from fifteen to thirty-six inches wide, from twelve to fifteen inches deep, holes bored thickly in the bottom, covered with potsherds for good drainage and circulation of air, and filled with rich loam. Besides these boxes, around the outside, in the middle of the roof, and in every place where they will show to the best advantage, are various other boxes, tubs, stands, flower-pots, etc., filled with plants. She has had this garden for two seasons. The first year was devoted more especially to a vegetable garden, raising successfully Watermelons, Cantelopes, Cucumbers in great abundance, Tomatoes and Lettuce, Peas, Radishes, etc. The past season was devoted more to flowers, with a few vegetables—Cucumbers, Lettuce, and Peas in abundance. A row of Peas were sown around the outside of the boxes, next to the fence, taking very little room, covering the fence with beautiful green, making a good background for the flowers to show. Sweet Peas were mixed with them, and these were beautiful. About fifty feet of the boxes were used for Geraniums. In that space she had about sixty plants, and they made a most splendid show all summer long. About twenty Roses, about the same number of Carnation Pinks, a box of Diadem Pinks, some very fine, and Pansies, Daisies, Balsams, Marigolds, Gladiolus, Heliotropes, Verbenas, Tuberoses, Japan Lilies, and several other varieties, Tropæolums, Clematis, Morning Glory, Phlox Drummondii, etc., Portulacas, the most splendid I have ever seen, blooming all summer long—in fact, everything seemed to do quite as well as on *terra firma*; and it was said by those who saw them that hardly any one had such beautiful things as grew on the top of that house. For herbs there was Thyme, Peppermint, Spearmint, Catnip, Wormwood, Sage, etc. For watering, a large lead-lined tank, holding about five or six barrels, is used. It is elevated six or eight feet above the boxes, receiving its supply from the city pipes. This tank was kept filled by a float-valve; but the water stood in it for some hours before using, that the temperature of the water might become about that of the air. The very hottest and driest days it might take two or three barrels of water, applied by means of a hose reaching from the tank to all parts of the building, to give them a thorough drenching; but it does not take as much water as one would naturally suppose. Then in stormy weather Nature does the work herself far better than art can.

"We found things raised here last year were about a month ahead of those on the ground, having no extra deep earth to warm, and up high and dry, where the sun could have full force at them. Sheltered by the fence, watered just right, the way they grew was surprising; and I must say it did look like a little paradise in the 'waste, howling wilderness' of brick walls, slate roofs, and skylights."

HOW TO DESTROY INSECTS ON FLOWERS AND HOUSE PLANTS.

MR. CASE, in his practical little "Botanical Index" instructs his readers about the necessary efforts to destroy insects on all flowering plants, and we quote them in full for our readers' benefit:

"Insects are a very serious drawback to healthy and vigorous plants, and a most vigilant watch should at all times be set for them; but, in spite of all our care, they will appear and increase with such rapidity that no time should be lost in destroying them. No plants, however, should be taken into the house until thoroughly cleansed. Cultivated plants seem to furnish food for several different species of insects, and the treatment necessary to destroy one form will not answer for another. The black and green fly, or Aphis,* are always the most numerous, and are first seen on the new growth of house plants; but in an amazingly short time spread to the older leaves, especially to the soft-wooded ones, as well as flowers, absorbing the juice and vitality of the plant. It is easy enough to fumigate a greenhouse, to destroy insects, which, of course, could not be done in our dwellings, and many plans have been recommended. One says, sprinkle Scotch snuff on the foliage and let it remain two or three days; another says, a weak solution of carbolic acid, applied with a swab or feather; and still another says, take a little coal-oil—just enough to make a colored scum on the surface of a tub of water—and dip the inverted plant in it, not allowing the pot to touch it. Others recommend hot water, and we have found that to be the least objectionable. Our plan is to dip the plant in a tub of water that will register 120° with a thermometer, repeating it the following day. Of course, the plant must not remain in the hot water, as it would be soon cooked. To destroy the green fly in greenhouses or conservatories, the most approved method is fumigating, which is done by placing on a pan of live coals a quantity of damp tobacco-stems, filling the house with a dense smoke and keeping it closed until morning; but, as Heliotropes, etc. are liable to be injured by smoke, spread paper over the plants while fumigating. It is better, however, to fumigate two or three nights in succession than to risk too dense smoke. But the most destructive and least known insect is the red spider (*Tetranychus*). It is too small to be readily seen; but its presence is easily detected by gray or yellowish spots on the apparently dying leaves. The little insect lives upon the underside of the leaf; and not only absorbs its vitality, but weaves a fine web, which closes the pores through which the plant breathes. They delight in a hot, dry atmosphere—just such a one as our sitting-room affords; but are readily destroyed by syringing the plant often with clear warm water, or a good bath in the tub, and then sprinkle with sulphur. But if small plates of bright tin or glass, with a little sulphur on them, are placed under the plants, in the full rays of the sun, no red spiders will trouble them, as the sulphur fumes kill them. A weak solution of whale-oil soap is excellent; but it must be very weak, or it would not only kill the foliage, but the plant also. The mealy bug (*Coccus Adonidum*) is also very destructive to hot-house plants; but is really the easiest to exterminate of any in this list. They are a large white, woolly-looking lump in the axil of the leaf, and are easily kept down by frequent syringing with warm, greasy water, to which a little sulphur should be added. But, if full grown, they should be picked off by hand or a small, sharp-pointed stick.

"For worms at the roots of plants an application of a weak solution of carbolic acid, applied quite frequently to the earth, is said to be a sure cure. Another good plan to kill them is to use water with lime dissolved in it for watering the plants. It also aids the soil in stimulating the growth. But probably the safest plan is to carefully shake all the earth from the roots, and, after a thorough watering with warm water, re-pot in fresh earth. But, for fear of a like trouble again in a short time, a good plan is to subject the required amount of earth to a strong heat, by placing it in an old pan in a stove-oven, until all insects as well as eggs are destroyed.

"And now we come to the least-known, least-understood, and apparently the most insignificant insect; but which in reality is the greatest scourge in the whole list. They are the Scales (*Coccidæ*), various species, and infest Cactus, Oleanders, Camellias, Fi-

* Reaumur has proved that one individual in five generations may become the progenitor of nearly six hundred millions of descendants—HARRIS. Duval, in his experiments, obtained eleven generations of Aphis in seven months, being curtailed at this stage by the approach of winter.—PACKARD.

cus, and Tropical Ferns. Like all other insects, they increase and spread with great rapidity, covering the woody stem and leaves in a short time; and, as they are so small and so near the color of the plant on which they feed, they usually get a good start before being seen. A weak solution of whale-oil soap is the usual remedy; but the best remedy we ever tried is a boy with a pan of warm water and a stiff tooth-brush."

DESTRUCTION OF PLANT INSECTS.

I HAVE been so successful in ridding my plants of insects that I am tempted to tell you what, perhaps, you already know. Through the early part of winter my plants were feeble, and when the sun began to grow hot in January multitudes of insects were quickened into life, and destroyed them in part. I expected to lose all; then I thought of the way in which bird-cages are got rid of these pests. I placed the tallest plants in the middle of the stand, and into them stuck four or five thin sticks, about eight or nine inches taller than the plants. At evening an old sheet was thrown over the whole, so that the edges of the sheet were in contact with the outer row of pots. Early in the morning, before the fires were started or the sun shone, the sheet was quickly removed and gathered up, so that none of the captives could spin down, creep out, or fly away. The quantity and variety of insects secured was surprising. Taken out into the cold, frosty air, they were easily shaken off on to the snow. This experiment, repeated five or six times, cleared my plants of vermin completely.—S. A. P., in "*Vick's Monthly*."

THE OTHONNA FOR HANGING BASKETS.

HAS anybody tried Othonna as a water plant? I experimented a little last winter with it, and am much pleased with the result. The foliage is more graceful than our old stand-by, Tradescantia. Last December I put some short sprays in a hanging basket made of a broken goblet, covered with scarlet worsted and silver cardboard, filled it with soft water, and put in a little charcoal. It soon put out roots and grew and blossomed, and in April it hung down a foot and the roots filled the goblet. I was so pleased with this I filled a tall white vase with wet sand, and put some in that, on the mantel. This soon reached the mantel, and lay on the mat on which the vase stood. Then I put some in a glass stand for cut flowers, in wet sand. It looks well all the time, and makes a pretty draping when the stand is filled with cut flowers.—M. J. P., in "*The Garden*."

THE MAURANDYA.

THE question is often asked us "What is the best vine for house culture?" Maurandya may not be the best; but there is certainly nothing better. It can be grown easily from seed. It will climb rapidly on a string or anything it can cling to. Its foliage is a beautiful green and very graceful. It produces its beautiful Gloxinia-like flowers very freely, and altogether it is a very desirable vine.

There are several varieties of the Maurandya; but Barclayana is decidedly the best. This variety will grow from 8 to 15 feet long, and may be trained into any shape desired. The flowers are of a rich violet. The writer has a window-garden in his room, and, although he has several greenhouses to select from, he chooses the Maurandya as his only vine.—*The Garden*.

AN ENORMOUS LILY.

IN the garden of Hon. John Hamilton, of Montreal, Canada, there flowered last September an enormous *Lilium auratum*, the flowering stem of which was more than 7 feet in height and bore 51 flowers and buds. 26 flowers were open at one time, and several measured 10 inches in diameter.

THE JAPANESE FLOWERS

THE Japanese cultivate cherry, plum, and peach trees chiefly for their blossoms, and force them to make them double. The flowers of the plum are often as large and double as a cabbage-rose. They also have cherry trees dwarfed and twisted, and the flowers a double pink. There is an avenue out of Tokio lined with these blossoming cherry trees, and in the season of bloom every one goes out there to see them, and take refreshments in the tea houses; and it is a curious and fascinating sight, as Japs and foreigners are there in crowds. The Hydrangea grows

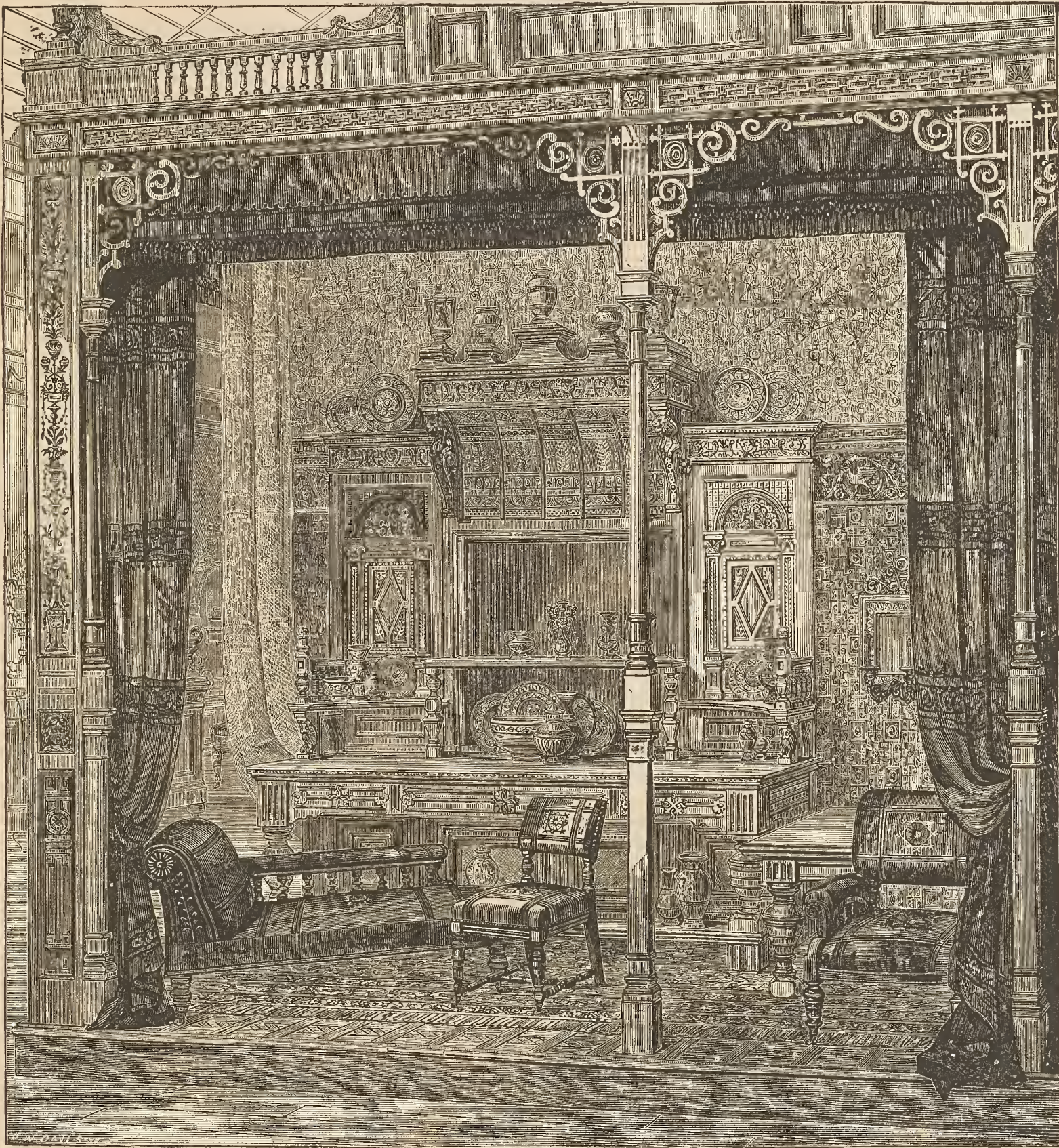
But the Chrysanthemums are cultivated to the most wonderful perfection and exhibited in the most remarkable arrangements. They are often larger than dahlias and endless in variety and color. It is a favorite flower with the Japanese and the Mikado's crest is one of these.

In the gardens where they are cultivated they have a series of little booths, where are figures that have mask faces; but the bodies and every detail of costume are made of the flowers and leaves. There were court ladies, and warriors in fierce attitudes; little children and animals.

etc. — supposed to be messengers to the kite. Later on my friends visited another part of Tokio where these shows were held. They describe it as one of the busiest, noisiest places in Japan.

You go through an immense gateway, with lanterns hung in it as tall as a man. On each side are gigantic statues of gods and dragons, with men's faces; and fastened to the gateway enclosing these are quantities of straw sandals and wooden clogs, and an immense foreign shoe—a sarcasm undoubtedly.

There was a temple here, and the grounds around it were full of everything you can imagine. Archery



HANDSOME DINING ROOM DECORATIONS.

wild in the mountains of Japan, and the commonest variety is a beautiful blue. They have in June a large yellow flower called "Evening Glories," that literally burst into bloom, as flower after flower springs suddenly open, till the whole bush is a mass of yellow and the air perfumed with them. The variegated maples come out in the spring almost as gorgeous as ours in October. My friend saw one where each leaf was in two shades of red. Their poets speak of the time "when the maple grows red in the spring."

Some of these have arrangements in the rear to move them in different ways.

In one place they had a young lady, with a corresponding mask, and peeping from her dress behind was a fox's tail. By a sudden movement the mask would be changed and a fox appear. The transformation a fox can make to deceive the unwary is a favorite subject with the Japanese. In another place a giant was flying a monster kite, and on the string were all sorts of paper figures—dragons, men, birds,

and photograph galleries, tea-houses and wax shows. All had runners out to attract you to their establishments, and a Japanese orchestra of flutes and drums; the former piercing and shrill, the latter deep and loud.

They had here scenes from the late war, and the principal rebels figured in them all dressed in chrysanthemum flowers. Their swords, shoes, and caps were as usual; but everything else of the flowers. They had horses with men on them almost life size.

Household Art.

HOUSEFURNISHING.

IN furnishing a house let all harmonize with your fortune and position. Do not have one fine thing to set at variance all the rest or draw attention to their deficiencies. If you have a rag carpet on the sitting room (and what is more home-like and useful?), do not have a gorgeous one in the parlor; but something neat and sensible. Have nothing too fine for use. Cosy chairs, and sofas covered with chintz, having large pillows, are really more elegant than stiff hair-cloth or faded rep. A tassel on the corners or a cord round the pillows will be all needed to improve them. Study color in buying and arranging as far as circumstances will allow. If you do not know the proper contrasts, get different shades of one color. Do not put dark paper on your walls or dark paint on sunless rooms. Let all be as light and cheerful as possible. Dark rooms affect the spirits, and also bring on diseases of the eye, which needs light to preserve its health.

In arranging the parlor, do not fill it with too many ornaments; as it adds to your care and departs from the simplicity of true elegance. Be sure that your ornaments are in good taste. Flowers and shells are far better than tawdry vases, full of gilt and glaring colors. A good chromo is better than a poorly-executed oil painting. Do not accumulate indifferent pictures, or a miscellaneous collection of fancy articles. Some parlors resemble a bazaar of tidies, mats, etc. An elegant vase does not need a mat, to mar its beautiful outlines and graceful proportions. Flowers are always an adornment, and if arranged with taste are fitted for the costliest dwelling, as well as the humblest. In France we saw glazed earthen vases, in the form of a cornucopia, which are made to hang on the wall like a wall-pocket. These, filled with flowers and hanging vines, are a very graceful ornament.

In the sitting-room let comfort reign. There should be places of rest for the tired, who seek it as a place of refuge. Have closets and boxes for sewing materials, so that baskets be not the chief ornament or piles of unmended clothes. Have wall-baskets for papers, and a shelf for books of reference. Dictionaries and atlases should always be at hand. If there are children, they should be taught the pleasure of examining these for themselves, at meeting with any unfamiliar word or place. Be sure to have a convenient table and light, where the family can gather in the evening. It promotes a pleasant home feeling. If the dining-room is used as a sitting-room, a place should be left where the family may sit without being inconvenienced by the setting and clearing of the table. If the kitchen is large, it is much better for the family to eat there than crowd up the sitting-room, misplace the sewing, etc. A dining-room alone need not be encumbered with much furniture, yet should have an air of comfort too. Dark colors are considered appropriate to the dining-room; but we believe in light, cheerful houses, and that quite as much elegance would prevail if cultivated people would consult their own taste, and not follow the often false standard of fashion. Americans lack independence of opinion in social matters, and thereby lose a good deal of comfort. Here a lesson besides fashion might be taken from Europe, where most people seem to choose their dress, furniture, and style of living without consulting their neighbors about them.

For the arrangement of the kitchen good judgment is required; for it is lamentable that scarce one in a hundred is fitted for its purposes. Either the light is not where the work is, or the door is where the window ought to be, the fireplace or range set where

light could be let in to advantage (we have seen all these defects), or the windows open on a blank wall. There is only one, or there is a basement kitchen of dungeon-like aspect. How can the niceties of cooking be done in such places? Is it any wonder an American woman declines the place of cook? Does she find a comfortable place to sit in, or even a chair, during her intervals of rest? Is it any wonder the cook finds the alley gate or the street a pleasanter resort; or that an Irish girl we wot of declined a service place on account of the "back buildings." Here a woman having a taste for architecture might find a mission, and call it Kitchen Reform. We knew of two ladies who planned their own domicil; making a model for the builder out of pasteboard, with the doors hung to open as they wished, etc. The builder said he had never had less trouble, as he knew exactly how to proceed. Why could not ingenious ladies plan model kitchens, furniture, etc., and exhibit them at Paris, etc. They might be made as attractive as the parlor in their cheerfulness and cleanliness, not to say cosiness.

For cleaning regular days should be kept as inviolate as health will permit. Kitchen, closets, cellar, garret, and yard should have their days, or neglect will creep in, rubbish accumulate, and the labor be trebled. Articles kept on shelves and seldom used should be covered from dust or be put in paper bags. Shelves also can be covered with paper, to save scrubbing and strength. Painting strips, shelves, etc. will also save much labor, soap, and brushes.

Do not keep many things for extra occasions. It makes care, that had better be bestowed on the health by a walk in the open air or for needed rest. What is in use for the family should be good enough for its friends; for broken pots or dishes and things out of order are no more fit for the family than for guests, and give poor ideas of thrift to the "rising generation," who should see order daily, and not as an exhibition for strangers.

We hope to see more labor-saving machines for women. The excuse that they get out of order applies to all machinery; yet what man would give up an engine or a threshing-machine on that account? A washing-machine (we have seen *two* that were cheap yet good) will save half a day's labor, and a wringer nearly as much, where there are large washes. Fluids are next best. We have seen them all used to advantage. One lady we know is so choice of her washing-machine, because it washes bed-clothes nicely, that she will not allow her washwoman to use it for the week's wash; and yet it cost but five dollars and is easily worked (something inventors forget, and make many of the machines as hard to work as the washing by hand and often to greater disadvantage).

The sleeping rooms of a house should have only needed furniture in them, that they may be easily aired and cleaned. Do not keep out the sunshine. It is the best of purifiers. Have nothing that is too good for it in the way of carpets and bed furniture. Do not shut out this blessing and shut in miasma, mold, and dampness. Here again we would remark that a full supply of sheets, pillow-cases, towels, etc. and good bedding show far more elegance than any splendour in the way of bureaus or bedsteads. White-curtained windows, dressing-table, etc. will give more an air of grace by their purity and freshness than gilt or coarse carving. Overornamentation is not so elegant as plainness, if the quality be good.

Blankets should be washed nicely by being soaked in the hot suds of some cleansing soap for half an hour, and then rubbed clean; and be rinsed in hot water, with a very little soap in it. To keep them from moths, pin them up carefully in a large sheet, and they will need no further care. We have kept them and other woollens unscathed for years in the same way. Furs may be tied up in a muslin bag, and

be quite as safe, thus avoiding the odor of pepper, tobacco, and other disagreeable substances.

Take good care of the cellar, that it be sweet and clean, for all that is amiss in a cellar soon renders unhealthy the cleanest house otherwise. It is there that health commissioners first look for seeds of disease in an epidemic. The part in which food is kept should be paved or floored in some way, so that it can be scrubbed. It should always be well aired, except in the extremes of the weather. No rubbish should be kept in it that will decay and vitiate the air. An arch of brick shut up with a door is an excellent preserver of meat, etc., if cooled off during summer with a daily drenching of water. A hole three or four feet deep, lined with brick and reached by a few steps, is an excellent place to keep butter and milk, if refrigerators are not at hand. Always have well-covered pots, etc., to keep meat, etc. from vermin that may abound. The remedy for these is perpetual vigilance, besides the secondary remedies; and here we would suggest a few. For roaches we have found nothing so effectual as sprinkling ginger in all their haunts, and we have tried borax, Paris green, skunk cabbage, and insect powder, all of which are good in their way. For snails nothing answers but destroying them with salt. Besides this, you must wait till nearly 11 o'clock P. M., and then search their haunts. A large cellar was cleared in this way in one week's searching. Ants need the presence of coal oil, which soon puts them to flight. For the other vermin of a household there are nostrums innumerable; but constant searching and cleanliness is the best of all remedies. We would add that for fleas snuff sprinkled regularly about is effectual.

There are many little things we have not space to mention, such as drying herbs in paper bags, hung in the heat and then labeled, or made fine and put into bottles, etc. Keep a set of books for entries. One in which to set the time and season for certain work and any improvement in household arrangements; another for receipts in cooking—new dishes to try and any improvement or alteration made by yourself. Do not make this the regular receipt book, as the jottings down will often be hurried and need correcting. Keep one more for household expenses, wages, etc. This will help you to know the cost of living, and, if needed, where retrenchment may be made.

In conclusion, we would say: Take care of the children. Give them regular employment, and make them responsible for what they have to do. Do not ask too much. Their minds cannot take in much at a time without a strain; so let their work be simple. We knew of a little girl of five who had for her daily work the sweeping of the back stairs. She did this so carefully as to pick the dust from the corners with a pin. This task, faithfully performed, gave her the habit of regular, conscientious work. Another child, in a different family, having an excellent memory, had it so much taxed as to injure her by the responsibility put upon her of remembering that this or that should be done at a certain time. At times set let them assume new duties, so that they may grow up under the idea of responsibility, and not have it thrust on them all at once, like a heavy load, without the discipline of regular employment at regular intervals. Woe to the young minds thrust out in the world without this careful preparation. It accounts for the poor work and shiftless living so often seen.

Let all children have some amusement. It is necessary to their health. Let the boys have collections of minerals, shells, plants, etc.; but see that they are thorough in their acquisition of knowledge. Teach them to earn books. That will increase their interest in these things. "Put in the good, that the evil may have no place," said a wise man. These are saving tastes. Almost any kind of a book is better than a resort to corners of streets or indiscriminate company; for what a man learns in early youth seems to be seared in with iron. Above all, keep them pure from evil influences. Question them closely, even the little ones, of what is said and done in their play, especially with strangers. Let these innocent minds preserve their heavenly heritage.

ANNA GRISCOM.

BALTIMORE, MD.

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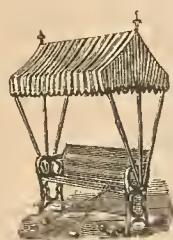
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NEW YORK, JUNE, 1878.

THE DANDELION.

WHETHER we consider the Lilies of the field or not, it is strange how few of us consider the early Dandelion by the wayside—unless from a culinary point of view. And yet it is the very footprint of Spring herself, and whenever we see the Dandelion we know that she has passed that way. But we waste none of our ecstasies on the blossom. It has not the spicy savor of the Mayflower, nor the rich shadow of the Violet, nor the delicate fiber of the Anemone. We do not pluck it for our vases. We should laugh at ourselves if we wore it for a breast-knot. Yet, after all, find us a lovelier diamond than these wide-open golden stars would make below the dark braid. Examine it well, and see if more filmy beauty can be found than that of each one of the tiny flowerets. And for its purposes, coming to brighten a dark and weary land, still weary with the chill of departing Winter, is not the splendor of its tint a better thing than all the purples that a month later, when the scene is sunny and serene and secure, come and line the brookside and embroider the hills?

But, if the elders do not appreciate it, the children do. The child has never yet been born that did not love the Dandelion. The Rose is less welcome to the children. Orange and Jasmine could give them no blossom half so choice. Its color, its wildness, its abundance, its little worth in others' eyes are all dear to them. When they see it, they know the long outdoor freedom of pleasures has begun. They hail it with acclamation. They carry it in their little warm hands till it wilts. They make curls from its long, pliant stems, to hang around their ears. They stick it in old bottles and broken pitchers at every coigne of vantage. They set it out rootless, but

blossoming, in their miraculous flower-beds; and they tell their fortunes by its blowing dust, when it has gone to seed. It is as much their friend, the companion of their play as the household dog is. And what Spring would be to the children without the Dandelion is something we would not contemplate.

And the children are right. It is we whose eyes are shut; who do not see the perfect circle, the multitudinous petals, fringed fine as the Gentian's, the dusty delicacy of the tissue. It is so common that we give all this loveliness nothing but contumely; and we never stop to think of the exquisite work shut up in its corolla, with the only poet who, to our knowledge, has ever sung its praises:

"Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish brow
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas;
Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age to rob the lover's heart of ease."

ORNAMENTAL BASKET FOR FLOWERS

A VERY pretty and ornamental wall-basket can be made to hold some of Nature's wildwood children, in which they will flourish during the long, dreary winter and lend an additional charm to the window-garden or conservatory.

Take a board and cut it in the shape of a shield or heart. The size can be made to suit your taste. In the center of the top make a hole, to hang it on a nail, and around the edges make small holes, about half an inch apart. Now, take ordinary brass or white wire and make a pocket on the one side of your heart-shaped board, by passing the wire through the holes from side to side, taking care to fasten the wire in each hole. Then, commencing in the center of the top wire with a strand of wire, stay all the horizontal wires by looping them together.

Line the pocket with various colored mosses, and fill with such earth as is found where the plants grow which you wish to transplant.

The different Ferns, the Arbutus, Pipsicusway, Wintergreen, and many other sylvan plants can be transferred to this basket. Water freely, as the moisture evaporates rapidly.

A MODERN GOTHIC DRAWING-ROOM.

THIS is a very handsome illustration of drawing-room furniture of ebonized cherry, beautifully carved.

The panels of the cabinet are figured with Cupids and exquisitely-painted flowers. Sofa and chairs are finely carved throughout and covered with maroon satin, of the finest texture, with gold cord and rich fringe.

The fireplace is principally of light tileworks, of minute and pretty pattern. The mantelpiece is of ebonized cherry, high and substantial, with fine carving, and surmounted by a large and deep mirror.

The ceiling is also of ebonized cherry, with gilt-figured panels on the border.

The mirror in the center is handsomely draped with maroon satin, fringed with rich Velvet, mixed with gold.

DESIGN FOR EASTLAKE PAPER HANGINGS.

THE illustration given on page 12 is one of the latest styles in Paper Hanging of the Eastlake designs, by F. Beck & Co., of this city. The new designs are noticeable for their precise regularity and frequency of use of mechanical ornaments and antique shapes, figures, outlines, etc. Some of them for walls are exceedingly tasteful. Others cannot long be popular, as people like variety.

HANDSOME DINING-ROOM DECORATIONS.

AT the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia were exhibited some most strikingly beautiful models of furniture. The illustration for one of the sketches is furnished by Lang & Nau, of Brooklyn, N. Y. The furniture of this room illustrated here consisted of mahogany and ebony, exceedingly massive in character, executed in the Italian style. The cabinet is very unique, with carved panels of pear tree, and also some finely-decorated panels painted on silver wood. A rich pair of embroidered curtains of olive green satin and blue borders gave great elegance to the compartment.

SPECIAL OFFERS

FOR

Subscriptions to Floral Cabinet.

DURING

MONTH OF JUNE.

Any one now a Subscriber to the FLORAL CABINET who will bring the name of one new yearly subscriber to the CABINET during the month of June will receive a choice of one of the following EXTRA PREMIUMS. These offers are made to induce our friends to make a little extra effort at this time. The traveling last winter was so bad no one could get up clubs; but now we get cheering reports from many agents that traveling is fine, and the hardest of the hard times has passed, so that they say it is easier to get up clubs now than at any time for a year past.

To encourage all our friends to work now, we give these new offers, good only until July 1st.

SPECIAL PREMIUMS.

For One New Subscriber.

1. Book, "Ladies' Guide to Needle Work," worth 50c.
2. " " "Household Hints and Recipes," worth 50c.
3. " " "Every Woman Her Own Gardener," worth 50c.
4. " " "Fret Sawing for Pleasure and Profit," worth 50c.
5. Three Patterns of Embroidery, for Java Canvas Ties, Worsted Work, etc.
6. One package Starch Polish.
7. One package Tidy Fasteners, set of four, each different color.
8. One Combination Pen and Pencil-Holder.
9. One book, "Language of Flowers."
10. One Silk Book-Mark, or
Ten Papers Flower Seeds.

Any one bringing two new Subscribers may choose two of above Premiums, and for each new name an additional Premium for each name.

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11. Any of abovenamed books, bound in cloth, price \$1.00.
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For Three Subscribers.

13. Book, "Household Elegancies," Price \$1.50.
14. " " "Window Gardening," " 1.50.
15. " " "Evening Amusements," " 1.50.
16. " " "Ladies' Fancy Work," " 1.50.
17. " " "Beautiful Homes," " 1.50.
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20. Warner's Health Corset, price \$1.50; the best corset for ladies' use.

N. B.—These Premiums are given only for new Subscribers sent to us after this date and before July 1st, and cannot be applied to subscriptions forwarded before this date nor after July 1st. Full descriptions of any of the above books are found in our illustrated catalogue, "How to Make Home Beautiful," sent to any address on receipt of 3-cent stamp.

These are the finest offers ever made to our subscribers to get up new clubs or to induce their friends to subscribe; and the opportunity is one which will attract general attention, as splendid in every respect.

PRIZE AWARDED.

The Prize offered for Best Article on Leamon's Household Dyes has been awarded to Mrs. L. S. Gilbert, Andover, N. H. This Prize was offered by Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt., and consisted of a set of 10 volumes of Chambers's Encyclopædia.

Housekeeping.

THE UNEXPECTED INFORMATION I RECEIVED.

It was a cold, still night in November. I wandered up the street of a small village. The pale moon wrapped o'er all Nature her mantle of gentle, silvery light. The stars glittered in the firmament, some twinkling as with modesty, while others gleamed forth with a brilliancy and splendor to compare with that of the departed sun.

Everything without seemed inviting and beautiful to behold. As I moved along, slowly, absorbed in deep thought, a secret sound came floating on the evening breeze. It was a strain of "Home, Sweet Home." My heart swelled with emotion of love and gratitude as I neared the place from whence the music came. The magnetism in those notes soon drew me to the window of a little cottage, not itself costly, but made beautiful by the owner.

The curtains opened just enough to disclose to my view an interesting panorama within. I halted. A young lady sat in front of the piano and played gracefully an effective air. Around an inviting fire-side sat a group of females, listening attentively. Each face was scanned. A look of comfort and happiness was portrayed on every countenance.

I was impressed with the thought that persons had assembled here for some particular purpose, when one of the number broke the silence by saying: "I have invited these, my favorite friends, here this evening to discuss household items; and let every moment be spent as pleasantly and profitably as possible. Let each one express her taste in regard to home beauties and conveniences. A seed may accidentally fall here and there which will spring forth and throw light around the family-circle that has never experienced the sunshine which should illuminate every household."

All expressed a desire to hear from Mrs. C., who was no other than the cheerful, accommodating hostess, known as the model lady of the village; and who could doubt but that she was deserving of the title, after seeing that sweet and placid countenance? Such a look of happiness, comfort, and unselfishness, showing that in the years spent from her cradled infancy up till now, when the once raven locks were variegated by streaks of silvery gray, many hours had been spent in making others happy.

"I believe," said she, "all here are married—some just starting out in their new life, all thirsting for some knowledge in regard to the different means by which our homes may be rendered inviting and comfortable; and I know of nothing that would be more interesting to all than to relate my own experience. My mind wanders back now to the ever-to-be-remembered childhood days, when care and anxiety were yet unknown; and oh! how my heart beats as I recall the many golden hours from sixteen to twenty. But the scene on which my memory dwells with protracted thought and interest is one of twenty years ago to-night, when, at the altar of the village church, two fair, happy girls were each to their chosen partner for life united in the holy bonds of matrimony. One of these was myself and the other a friend. The contrast between the two was great. While she was dressed in everything that indulgent and wealthy parents could secure, I was plainly and neatly attired, not even a jewel to sparkle about my person. At the church we parted. She started for her new home in the West; and I, with a few invited friends, proceeded to the humble cot of my father, where we spent a very pleasant evening. The next morning

myself and husband started out to battle with the stern realities of life, in a little house composed of four rooms. Business soon called him away, and I was left alone. There I sat wondering and planning. I said to myself: I am now responsible for the future happiness of this household. It is in my power to make it either a place where husband and friends may come for rest and comfort, or shadow it with discontent, disorder, and melancholy. It is not always those that have an abundance of money that have the most poetry in their lives; not always the material that is in a house that renders it an attractive, desirable place. But it mostly and we might say wholly depends upon how things are arranged and managed, and on the taste and especially the disposition of the hostess. I made up my mind that I would always try to be cheerful, patient, and contented; for without this any house will fall. I had but little to begin with, and my ingenuity and economy had both to be exercised. My sitting-room, reception-room, and parlor, all in one, required my first attention.

"Many little fancy articles that smile on our walls to-day were yet to be invented; but, by studying beauty, and at the same time convenience, I succeeded in making this room a pleasure to myself and a wonder to my friends.

"Everything I endeavored to keep clean and in order; and even the few choice plants that adorned a rustic stand of my own invention and the ivy leaves that fell in garlands over my front window united with me in enjoying and drinking in the first rays of rosy morning light and added an indispensable charm. My little bedroom, dining-room, and kitchen were all furnished plainly indeed; but just as well as circumstances would permit. I lived as nearly as possible in accordance with the rules that I had laid down at first; looked forward to better, and tried to be contented, and not wish for the luxuries which others enjoyed, for 'multiplying wishes is a curse that keeps the soul perpetually awake.'

"By good management and accumulating little at a time myself and husband became the owners of the lovely little home in which you are assembled this evening."

Every eye was turned in a new direction, scanning the different adornments. In front of the fireplace was a beautiful home-made hearth-rug, which some of your readers would, perhaps, be glad to know something about. Take a piece of coffee-canvas about a yard and a half long and one yard wide, and with black Germantown wool fill in the whole piece by cross-stitching, taking three threads at a time. Then in the same stitch work a deer or some other figure in the center with red wool, also a border to correspond.

Take strips of red and black carpet about three inches wide; ravel out two inches for fringe, leaving one inch to sew under the rough edge of the rug, which must be turned under. Line with another piece of canvas. This rug is rather tedious to make, but amply repays for the trouble. Various colors may be used, to suit the taste.

The two front windows were dressed in snowy white curtains; a beautiful basket, filled with plants and vines, hung in the center of each; and at the top was a cornice, lovely to behold. It was made of white tarlatan. Take a piece about eight inches wide, turn in an inch at each edge and gather, making it as full as desirable, leaving a little ruffle on each side. Tack this across the top of the curtain and mix pressed ferns in on the tarlatan to suit the taste, making them come down several inches on the curtain in the center.

In one corner of the room was a beautiful bracket, made of light wood or pasteboard, and covered with pine-cones, lichens, and moss; and on this was a rustic cross, made to correspond, with a little wreath of

ferns and autumn-leaves twining about it. Above this hung a lovely little chromo, framed thus: Take four pieces of thin, light wood, an inch wide, long enough to suit the picture; notch the ends, tack at the corners, leaving about an inch extended; wrap this with candle-wick, and hang in alum-water till it is crystalized.

The many other attractions which were seen are too numerous to mention; but most of them have already been described in the columns of THE FLORAL CABINET. The same air of comfort and happiness that beautified this room seemed to extend throughout the entire house.

The hands of the little clock that sat on the mantel had already passed the hour of nine; and, at the solicitation of the hostess, the friends passed into the dining-room, partook of some nice, yet plain refreshments, and then, after an expression of thanks for the information received and a kind good-night, the crowd dispersed, and each one went on her way rejoicing, feeling benefited, and remarking that Mrs. C. certainly led an enviable life, and rendered herself and all around her happy by cultivating a disposition to make the best of everything.

FAY R. POWELL.

THE POWER OF JAMAICA GINGER.

It will be good news to that multitude of sorrowing people who have dear friends in the clutches of intemperance that a genuine cure for that terrible disease has been found in the free use of the extract of Jamaica ginger. We publish the following portion of a private letter from a resident of East St. Louis, Mo., to a friend in New Britain, Conn. It tells its own story:

"You will rejoice, I know, and help me in praising God for the safety of our dear old father. You know how long he has been a source of distress and misery to all his friends, through the fatal habit. We had tried everything to bring back the same old father we had before the war; and our prospect looked hopeless, until — said she had heard that a rich young man in Baltimore, a friend of people she formerly lived with, was cured by drinking ginger. So unhappy and anxious were we that we jumped at any remedy that seemed reasonable, and I sent for a bottle of Jamaica ginger and commenced giving it to Father: a good deal at first, four or five times a day, or as often as he wanted it, for he tried to reform. The first few days it went hard with him; but in a week or ten days we had him mending, and now, after two months' discipline, he don't want any other stimulant than ginger. How thankful we are you won't believe. A great weight is taken off, and our happiness is near complete. It is Jamaica Ginger we are using."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To Stop Blood-Flowing.—Take the fine dust of tea or the scrapings of the inside of tanned leather and bid it close upon the wound, and blood will soon cease to flow. These articles are at all times accessible and easy to be obtained. After the blood has ceased to flow laudanum may be advantageously applied to the wound.

Cleansing Marble Mantelpieces.—There is great art in cleaning properly a marble mantelpiece. It must be washed with soap and warm water. If there are any stains, mix two ounces of powdered pumice-stone with two ounces of powdered chalk and a quarter of a pound of soda. Sift these; then make them into a paste with cold water. Rub the marble with the paste, and afterward wash it with soap and water.

Household Elegancies.

ELEGANCIES.

HAVE the readers of THE CABINET become aware that the old-fashioned crewel embroidery has been revived? This I know will delight many ladies, for in it we have something permanent and most desirable. Like the work of our grandmothers, it can be handed down to another generation. The crewel has much strength and the colors unfading. Linen canvas is the best material for the foundation. By using it the article can be washed when soiled, and yet is as fresh as at first. The designs can be embroidered in the shades of one color, or colors used to carry out the imitation of the pattern. Stamping, of course, is necessary, and also some knowledge of embroidery stitches. Old chairs can thus be renewed and again become beautiful. Lambrequins for window, mantel, or bracket are readily made. Ottomans, toilet sets, tidies, etc. are not only pretty, but serviceable. Little children's suits look well made of brown linen and embroidered in the darker shades of crewel. Unbleached hose can be purchased and embroidered to match the dress.

Spatter-work is also quite at home, when arranged properly on tidies, splashers, etc. All ladies are supposed to know the secrets of the spattering process, and certainly all, if disposed to try, can succeed. Splashers or wall-protectors can be made in no prettier manner than by using white Swiss or tarlatan, with a design spattered on. A cross, anchor, wreath of leaves, animals, birds, almost anything, when surrounded by delicate ferns or grasses, will present a richness not thought of. Pink the edges and place bows of delicate ribbon in the corners. Various colored inks or anniline dyes can be used. Lambrequins and table-covers are cheaply made, using white Canton flannel and spatter-work.

No mention, I believe, has been made in THE CABINET of pottery ornamentation. This being at present a fashionable pastime, it is also a most pleasing work. The vessels to be ornamented are copies of antique pottery. We buy the clay imitations,

paint them black, and choose such pictures as may please us from among the myriads found in our stores—Grecian, Chinese, and mythological figures and the greatest variety of flowers, heads, birds, etc. After the paint is dry, paste the pictures on with a thin mixture of flour and water, and then varnish. I use as paint a preparation made for renewing iron mantels. This has the paint and varnish combined, and at once my vessel is bright and glossy. I then place my pictures, and all is complete. Many of the

Toilet-mats made in this way are pleasing to the eye, and can be freshened every day by a gentle rub with a wet cloth. They will be new and pretty until you will want some other style.

To make a beautiful cross, procure a white pine cross, secured in a base representing three steps, as it were, and cover neatly with double white wax, as we do in wax work. Boil a white horn, which any meat-market can furnish, for six hours. Scrape with a piece of glass into shavings, allowing them to fall on the cross. Secure the first of them by pressing into the wax, thus forming a foundation for the remainder. Continue the scraping until the cross is almost concealed beneath the trailing tendrils. This, placed on a mantel or bracket, is quite imposing, especially if a background rich in color can be arranged for it. Another lovely cross was made in the rustic for a church ornament, to serve during the winter months. A limb covered with white lichens was made into the form of a cross, with the arms slanting, nicely proportioned, and firmly secured in a base. The base was then covered with fern moss, and at the foot of the cross were arranged pressed ferns, delicate grasses, and the red berries of the Indian turnip. A few small shells were added, and a little humming-bird nestling in the midst. Around the arms was wound an artificial holly wreath and berries.

CARD RECEIVER.

It was originally a large rustic basket which I kept flowers in last summer. Cleaned it up a few weeks ago. The basket is 48 inches around the top and is an oval shape. The bottom is 28 inches around. It slopes from the top to the bottom. It is 10 inches deep and 44 inches from the top of the handle to the floor. Well, I have a photo of it when I used it for flowers, which I will send you. Perhaps you can form a clearer idea by looking at that. That is the way it looked before I decorated it with moss and leaves and ferns. I put moss on which was brought from California. Moss gathered from off of rails and limbs of beech trees will answer the same purpose. Take glue (and if you dampen the moss a little it will all come out in its right shape) and dip it in, and stick it on the basket. I covered my basket all over with moss; and then I took pressed autumn-leaves, moss, and fern and covered the handle. I

lined it with pink satin. It took just a yard, worth 90 cents. I made a very neat border around the top with white silk lace, worth 15 cents a yard. It makes a very handsome Card Receiver. Every person who sees it thinks it perfectly splendid.

MRS. W. D. ADAMS.

LAUREL, IND.



DESIGNS IN EASTLAKE STYLES FOR PAPER HANGINGS.

smaller specimens can be used as match-safes, taper-holders, jewel-caskets, or flower-vases.

Good table or stand-covers are made of white marbled oil-cloth, the edges pinked and corners and sides ornamented with decalcomania pictures. Varnish the pictures, to make impervious to water.

Fireside Reading.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

A LADY occupied a whole year in searching for and fitting the following thirty-eight lines from English and American poets. The whole reads almost as if written at one time and by one author:

LIFE.

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour? —Young.
Life's a short summer—man is but a flower; —Dr. Johnson.

By turns we catch the fatal breath and die— —Pope.
The cradle and the tomb, alas! so
nigh. —Prior.

To be is better far than not to be,
—Sewell.

Though all man's life may seem a
tragedy; —Spenser.

But light cares speak when mighty
griefs are dumb; —Daniel.

The bottom is but shallow whence
they come. —Sir Walter Raleigh.

Your fate is but the common fate of
all; —Longfellow.

Unmingled joys here no man befall;
—Southwell.

Nature to each allots his proper
sphere. —Congreve.

Fortune makes Folly her peculiar
care; —Churchill.

Custom does often reason overrule
—Rochester.

And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
—Armstrong.

Live well—how long or short permit
to Heaven; —Milton.

They who forgive most shall be most
forgiven. —Bailey.

Sin may be clasped so close we cannot
see its face, —French.

Vile intercourse where virtue has not
place. —Somerville.

Then keep each passion down, how
ever dear, —Thomson.

Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and
tear; —Byron.

Her sensual snares let faithless pleas-
ures lay, —Smollet.

With craft and skill to ruin and
betray. —Crabbe.

Soar not too high to fall; but stoop
to rise; —Massinger.

We masters grow of all that we de-
spise. —Crowley.

Oh! then, renounce that impious self-
esteem; —Beattie.

Riches have wings and grandeur is a
dream. —Cowper.

Think not ambition wise because 'tis
brave; —Sir Walter Davenant.

The paths of glory lead but to the
grave. —Gray.

What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious
cheat, —Wallis.

Only destructive to the brave and
great. —Addison.

What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown? —Dryden.
The way to bliss lies not on the beds of down. —Francis Quarles.

How long we live not years, but actions tell; —Watkins.

That man lives twice who lives the first life well. —Herrick.

Make, then, while yet ye may, your God your friend, —William Mason.

Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend. —Hill.

The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just; —Dana.

For, live howe'er we may, yet die we must. —Shakespeare.

A CHAPTER ON MARRIAGE.

How does a young man ever propose to marry when he is too bashful to ask the minister to perform the ceremony? Perhaps the young lady can tell whether she helps him. I was just home from school one afternoon, and a young man was let into the parlor. He was blushing like the rosy morn and trembled like a convicted horse-thief.

"Will you please read this," he said, handing me a note.

The note read something like this:

"Mr. Minister:—Will you please marry me at eight o'clock this evening? JOHNNIE SLOWBOY."

"Did you write this note?" I asked.

"Can you marry me without a fee. That is," he added, for my smile had altered to a gloomy frown—"that is, trust me, and I shall send it. I have no money at present."

It is a good thing to be generous when you are compelled to be; so I married them, gave them the certificate, and off they rolled in their splendid carriage. Two weeks after, sure enough, a letter came with a greenback inclosed, and the letter bore these words: "Pleas find one Dolar for maryin me."

Poor young man! Not many weeks after he was tried and convicted for stealing a horse and carriage—doubtless the one he began housekeeping with—and sent for a term of years to the state-prison. There is a stern moral about this incident which, though obvious, we must point to our readers: Do not ask the minister, when you are married, to trust for the fee, and after that give him only a dollar; or—or—(here is logical reasoning equal to that in many theological works)—or you may be sent to prison for stealing a horse and carriage.

"Will you marry us?" asked a rough-looking man of about fifty, on whose arm hung a faded woman of about the same age.

"I will not," was the prompt reply. At which they looked surprised, and the man bluntly asked:

"Why won't you marry us?"

"Because you are drunk; and it is better for a man to be sober all the while, but specially when he is going to be married."

It may be hard to tell why, but the man got angry.

"It is false," he said; "because—because I have not taken a drop of whiskey since last night."

Quickly they faded from the parsonage like a beautiful vision, and I saw them no more.

"A messenger has just left word that you are wanted at once at No. 27 Washington Street."

It was about dusk, and in a few minutes I started and walked to the house indicated, and rang the bell once—twice—thrice, and then, as there was no response, was about to go home again. Just then the door was cautiously opened, and a lady invited me into the parlor. She was—well, it is hard to tell—say at a venture thirty-five, though she may have been ten years younger or older; but she was quick and active in her movements. She lit the lamp, and introduced her lady friend, Miss Rosie Mills; then she gave a signal, and in walked a young man, tall and awkward, who seemed weary of life. He said not a word, but bowed a low introduction, and put one hand to his head, as if he was in pain.

"We sent for you to marry us," said the lady, decisively. The book was opened and the words read "Dearly Beloved! We are assembled here in the presence of"—when there was a sudden and furious ringing of the door-bell. Then it was opened, and some one tried the door of the parlor, which, to my surprise, had been locked.

"If any minister is marrying a couple in this room,"

screamed a voice from without, "I forbid the ceremony." There was an awkward pause.

"Go on," said the lady, in a commanding tone. "We are of age. Pronounce us man and wife."

I refused until I could find out what the objection was. The woman entreated, her lady friend grew white with fear, the noise outside kept waning, and the expectant groom was motionless and indifferent.

"It is only the father," said the lady; "and he says the young man is weak-minded, because—because—he wants to marry me. He has persecuted the young man terribly; but he shall do so no longer, for the young man is of age, and we shall yet get married and I shall protect him."

Sure enough, they were afterward married, but not by me.—The Methodist.



LOVE WITHOUT WORDS.—DESIGN IN SILHOUETTE.—THE START AND THE RETURN.

"I did, sir," he said, timidly; "because—because I thought it would be easier than to speak to you."

He was so ill at ease that I determined to make him all right by an innocent joke.

"Very well, come with the young lady, and I will tie the knot harder than a beau (bow) knot."

Johnnie gave quite a natural laugh, and was himself again. One Saturday afternoon a young man alighted from an elegant carriage, with his bride, all in white and spangled with rainbow-colored ribbons, and came gayly into the back parlor.

"You came to get married, of course?"

"I would like to see you a few moments first," said the young man, and we walked into another room.

Housekeeping.

MY EXPERIENCE WITH HOUSEHOLD DYES

AFTER considerable experience, I have found that Leamon's Aniline Dyes are better and will do more than they profess. One can color anything with them, and the work is nothing; and there is no elaborate preparation to be made for using them, as they are very simple. I have replenished my wardrobe with them by simply coloring over old dresses and making combination suits; and when one lives in the country it is worth a good deal to be able to get just the right shades for a dress, by a little labor.

With the black dyes one can brighten up their old black alpacas, merinos, silks, or laces, or color over any other color, making a splendid black; renew their old black kids or make black the soiled ones of other colors; sponge their cloaks and coats with a little of the dye, to look like new; and even dye their own hair switches, frizzes, etc. This dye makes the cheapest and best black ink one can get. The violet dye makes splendid ink, and costs comparatively nothing. The same might be said of almost if not quite all the colors. And these inks can be used with a brush for coloring cards, mottoes, etc. Mottoes colored in this way are as handsome as worsted ones, and not nearly the work to make. By using one-half the water a good stencil ink is obtained; and by the addition of a little glycerine and sugar one can obtain a superior copying ink. The inks are made by using for one package of dye two quarts (for scarlet only one) of boiling water, in which has been dissolved one ounce of gum Arabic, for all but black; and there are full directions for making that with each package, which will make two gallons of nice black ink.

The violet dye will color over rusty or dingy black, making seal brown, which fact alone would render it invaluable. I colored some old but good black ribbon in that way, and renewed some faded brown of a lighter shade with brown dye; and this will save buying new ribbon for a hat, and no one will know, unless I tell them.

The blue dye makes the cheapest as well as the best laundry blue one can get.

I have used all the colors successfully, both in coloring over other colors and with white. One can have stockings to match one's dress with ten minutes' work, which is a satisfaction to poor women. I have colored and renewed with these dyes a lot of old ribbons, ties, pieces of silk and velvet—getting on the lighter ones lovely shades of lavender, fawn, salmon, pink, blue, etc.; and on the darker, rich, clear tints, as blue, cardinal, scarlet, old gold, bronze, and a number for which I have no name, but they are beautiful. I colored an old drab ostrich tip a handsome brown, and after curling it looked as well as one costing a dollar. I have also colored hens' feathers and quills, both for wings and flowers; and find that for the latter purpose they are unsurpassed, giving as they do so many shades of the same color. I might say the same of them for coloring rags for carpets, rugs, and patch-work quilts.

I prepared a number of colors in small vials as for ink, and with a soft brush use them as paint for decorating wood and paper articles, as boxes, baskets, wall-pockets, etc. A still better way for this purpose is to prepare them, as for leather, with alcohol and shellac. There is another way these dyes can be used to decorate wood; and that is spatter or splash work. The effect when the colors are well chosen is rich in the extreme. To do this, put a little of the required dye in a saucer, reduce to the desired shade by the addition of boiling water, then, having prepared your board (or whatever you wish to decorate) by securing the patterns so the dye cannot get under them, dip a small brush (tooth-brush) in the dye, shake out

all you can, then hold a small but stiff stick over the work, and draw the brush quickly across, repeating until the right effect is obtained. I have a paper-holder, the front of which I made in this way, by taking a perfectly smooth pine board, pinning a paper the size of a small chromo (a bird on a branch) in the center, a wreath of tiny autumn leaves around it, a small bunch of leaves in each corner, and splashing with brown. Then I removed the leaves and paper, veined the leaves by dotting with a pen dipped in brown dye, pasted the chromo in the center, varnished and finished by putting in ends and a hack, and it is very much admired by all who see it.

I have made lovely table and stand-spreads by using unbleached muslin, cutting my patterns from paper and pasting in place with very thin boiled starch and a hot iron (they will adhere nicely, but are readily peeled off when the work is done), then splashing all over lightly with brown, then in the center quite thickly with crimson, shading out toward the edge, then the edge with violet, shading in toward the center. They are rich, soft, and elegant. I have just completed a cover for a chair-cushion which I made by first splashing all over with green, then pinning a cluster of small leaves and ferns in the center, with sprays of vines around it, and splashing again with brown. It looks like moss, and no one would dream it was unbleached cotton, and only cost ten cents, dye included. Lambrequins for windows, brackets, etc. can be made in the same way; while beautiful bedspreads, curtains, toilet sets, "splashes," etc. can be made by using ten-cent bleached or unbleached muslin and splashing with only one color—as pink, blue, scarlet, green, etc.

I color splints for fancy baskets, frames, etc. by simply putting in a hot bath of the color wanted, and moving about till they take the right shade, which they do readily. Easter eggs are made resplendent either by applying the color, prepared as for dry leather, with a brush in figures, flowers, etc., or by immersing in a hot bath. The eggs must first be boiled hard, of course. Leather can be colored any shade by washing, stretching, pinning on a board, and applying the color with a sponge; or, if it is not desirable to wet the leather, put enough of the desired color in alcohol, in which has been dissolved bleached shellac in the proportion of an ounce of shellac to a pint of alcohol, and apply to the dry leather. Paper boxes, etc. can be ornamented in this way, and old book-bindings made to look like new. A good imitation of Russia leather is obtained by combining Magenta and brown in equal quantities.

These dyes will color quills, scales, shells, wood, straw, rice, feathers, everlasting flowers, moss, etc., etc., by simply immersing in a hot bath of the desired shade. In fact, there is nothing where color or shading is required in fancy work that they will not do. And there is certainly no domestic purpose where any dye is required for which Leamon's will not give full and ample satisfaction.

There are two points which I have not dwelt upon, that would recommend them to all, if they were only ordinary in other respects. The first is their simplicity and the ease with which they are used; all that is needed in most cases being a tin or earthen dish, boiling water, and two sticks with which to stir and lift the goods, which take the color so readily that the process doesn't have time to become tedious. It is rather a pleasure to use them, the result is always so good; and if the dyes have been dissolved in large bottles, one can color a ribbon, a feather, a pair of stockings, or anything that may present itself, at a moment's notice, with no preparation save to cleanse the article and boil the water. And only just enough of the dye need be used to give the right shade; which leads me to the second point, which is *economy*. From the fact that for the same money one can get more dye than of any other kind, and in using it is almost

all taken from the water, leaving it nearly colorless, any one can see that Leamon's are the cheapest dyes. And still another point presents itself, and that is the diversity of hues and shades; for from the twelve packages which make up the different colors every conceivable hue can be obtained, and each in its way perfect.

Therefore, if I were asked why I considered Leamon's dyes superior to any others, I should say: They are cheaper; they are more durable; they are more easily and quickly used; they give a greater number of beautiful colors and shades; they can be applied to vastly more uses, and for either domestic purposes or for fancy work are indispensable.

GRACE GILBERT.

TO WASH GREASY WOOL.

DISSOLVE a large tablespoonful of borax in a pint of boiling water. Mix one-quarter of it in the water in which the wool is to be washed. Put in one piece of goods at a time, using soap, if needed; and if necessary add more of the borax water. Wash well and rinse in cold water, or in water only slightly warmed. Shake well and hang where the goods will dry quickly. For twenty-six years I have used for washing my white flannels water about as hot as would be used for cotton clothing. My flannels are beautifully soft, as well as white. I never have any shrink.

For washing goods that fade, use crude ammonia instead of soap. Soiled neckties may be made to look like new by taking one-half a teaspoonful of spirits of hartshorn to a teacup of water; wash well; and if very much soiled, put through a second water, with less ammonia in. Lay it on a clean white cloth, and gently wipe with another until nearly dry. Then lay a cloth over it, and smooth with an iron not very hot. If the color fades, it will all come back to its original hue. Use no soap and do not rinse. Just think how many pretty girls who have to practice economy will bless you for this recipe.—*Exchange*.

A CLEAN FLOOR.

THE other day I went to see my friend, Mrs. Cook. She had just finished mopping her kitchen-floor. I noticed it looked very nice, and asked how she kept it so well. "Why," she said, "don't you know I oil it about every six months? That is what makes it so easy to keep clean." "Oil!" I said. "How do you do that?" So then she told me, as follows: "I take a quantity of the cheapest and least offensive oil (linseed) I can secure, and apply smoothly, so that it will strike equally all over and yet not stand in spots on the surface. I do this at night, after the evening's work is done, and fix the place ready for use again next morning. Of course, it would not injure the oiled surface itself to track upon it at once; but grease is liable to be tracked from it, at first, to adjacent parts of the house. A neat coat of oil, applied once in six months, or even once a year, sometimes is sufficient to keep a floor in perfect order. One may in this way prepare to great advantage the floors of kitchens, pantries, summer dining-rooms, porticoes, closets, bath-rooms, and laborers' bedrooms."—*Household*.

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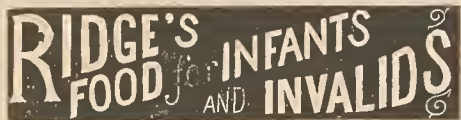
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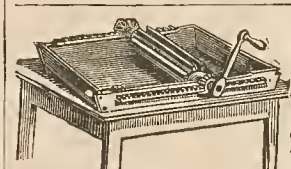
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Angels hover o'er our Darling.

Words by A. L. FANSHAW.

Music by GEORGE HASTINGS.

Moderato e con espr.

mf

rall pp

1. Lit - - tle hands so soft and
2. Forms of loved ones stand - ing

gen - - tle, Fold - - ed now up - on her breast, Lit - tle lips that lisp'd so sweet - - ly,
near her, Cling - ing to this one so fair, And a moth - er's hand so gen - - - tle,

Now in death - ly slum - bers press'd. Lit - tle eyes that beam'd so bright - ly Now are closed for - ev - - er more....
Soft - ly strokes the gold - en hair; Then a prayer so soft - ly mur - mured, All my dreams of life are o'er....

CHORUS.

TENOR.
Wait - ing with the hap - py an - - gels.... On that bright ce - les - tial shore. An - gels hov - er o'er our dar - ling,
Soon, my dar - ling, I will join you.... On that bright ce - les - tial shore.

SOPR'O.
An - gels hov - er o'er our dar - ling,

Watch - ing through the drea - ry night, Ho - ly voi - ces sweet - ly sing - ing, Up - ward, up - ward take thy flight, thy flight.
Watch - ing through the wea - ry night, Ho - ly voi - ces sweet - ly sing - ing Up - ward, up - ward take thy flight.....

Rall.

THE LADIES' *Home* *Journal*

Mrs. E. I. McKie
CAMBRIDGE
MASS.

By HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

NEW YORK, JULY, 1878.

No. 79. PRICE 12 CENTS.

THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.

THE Night-blooming Cereus, somebody says, "reminds us of a poet who gives one precious song to the world and is silent forever after."

Cereus Grandiflora has a large, lovely, straw-col-

ored blossom, but without fragrance. The plant grows like a great green four-sided snake, with aerial roots at intervals hanging from it. One that I know of is ten or twelve feet in length, trained along the side of the room at the ceiling.

Cob Cactus, will grow as tall as you can give it room in your house. It is as large around as a very large corn-cob, with many spines. The blossom of this is smaller than that of the *Grandiflora*, white and of singular beauty. The thin white petals open at midnight, and disclose what at first appears like a delicate

I have all my life heard of a wonderful variety, having such a powerful and exquisite fragrance that it filled the midnight air at a great distance. Is it a myth? If not, will some of your readers tell us about this also, and give its botanical name. They are all rare and lovely, and impress one very strangely.



BEAUTIFUL LAKE SCENE IN COLORADO.

ored blossom, but without fragrance. The plant grows like a great green four-sided snake, with aerial roots at intervals hanging from it. One that I know of is ten or twelve feet in length, trained along the side of the room at the ceiling.

Another variety, which has been erroneously called

hand of chiseled marble. This has no fragrance. I am acquainted with one other, said to be "Dr. Regal's" Cereus. It seems to grow less stocky than *Grandiflorus*, which it much resembles. It is said to be a seedling, originated in St. Petersburg. Will some one tell us of the blossom.

"Children of night! unfolding meekly, slowly,
To the sweet breathings of the shadowy hours,
When dark blue heavens look softest and most holy
And glow-worm light is in the forest-bowers;
To solemn things and deep,
To spirit-haunted sleep,
To thoughts all purified
From earth, ye seem allied,
O dedicated flowers!"

MRS. ANNA P. HAYNES.

WATERVLIET, MICH.

Floral Contributions.

THE SECRET OF THE BROOK.

ALL day have the hills been calling,
All day has the brooklet said:
"Leave the toil that is making weary,
Leave even the book unread
And come with me through the meadows,
Through clover and daisies white,
Till the phantom of care that follows
Is spirited out of sight."

With a faith that is half desponding,
A heart that is sad and faint,
I go to the brooklet, calling,
Yet bearing a weak complaint:
"O brook, thou art singing forever,
Wherever thy way may be;
Thou hast hidden, deep in the wildwood,
Some secret of joy from me!"

The hills come down to the dingle,
They circle me kindly round;
The trees bend over to whisper
Some marvel of light or sound;
The welcoming shadows beckon,
And into each mossy nook,
Through leafy lattices shyly.
The frolicsome sunbeams look.

List! Is it the brooklet's low tinkle,
Or daintiest warbling of birds?
Nay, the lady-ferns talking together,
And my heart interprets their words.
"Oh! stay in the wildwood, brooklet,
Where sweetest of blossoms tell
How, blithest of all the fairies,
You gladden the darksome dell."

"Nay, nay. From the pastures are calling
The herds, and the flocks from the hills;
The peasant has brought from the harvest
His burden of grain to the mills;
The voices of children—I hear them—
Their faces I haste to see;
The tiniest blades of the grasses
Have blessings, I know, for me."

O brook! I have found your secret,
That never my hooks had told;
That never I learned from sages
Of all the centuries old.
Close to my heart I fold it,
And there like a bird it sings;
And its song shall be to my spirit
What to the lark are its wings.

MRS. ELLERY E. S. CHASE.

A LITTLE GIRL'S EXPERIENCE IN FLOWERS.

As so many of the subscribers of this paper write about the different ways they have their flowers, I thought I would tell you how we have ours. We have a conservatory on the southeast corner of our house. We have doors opening from both the kitchen and the dining-room. It is ten feet long and six feet wide. We have a great many varieties of plants—Roses, Fuchsias, Geraniums, Begonias, Lilies, and a great many other kinds. It would take a long time

to tell you of them all; so I will describe only those which I think prettiest. Our Smilax is beautiful. Mamma trained it all up on a straight cord, and now it is about seven feet high and is full of flowers, which come under every leaf and look like little White Lilies. We have a hanging-basket, which is very pretty. It is made out of a piece of root of some tree and painted black. It has a very pretty leafed Begonia in it, and some Lobelia, which hangs over the edge and makes it very pretty. We think there is nothing prettier for winter blooming than the Primulas. We have every color, I should judge. Besides, we have the Double White. They are so very fragrant that I don't see how any one who ever saw one could help liking them. We have nine different kinds of Begonias, all of the choicest R x varieties and flowering kinds. Our Calla Lilies are perfectly enormous. Each one of them has a flower on it. I must not forget our dear little White Roman Hyacinths, which are now in bloom and are so sweet. We have Maurandya, Ivy, Solanum trained to run up to the top of the conservatory, to give it a pretty finish. We only keep such flowers in the conservatory in the winter as bloom or show to some advantage. The rest we put in a spare room. I cannot tell you what makes our flowers so very pretty; for I am only ten years old and Mamma tends to them mostly. Our yard is very pretty for this time of the year. We have one little Yellow Tulip that is in bloom already in the yard. After a while we will have a great many of them in bloom. It would surprise any one to know how many Rosebushes we have, loaded with buds and half-blown buds. We can have flowers here almost all winter, on account of the weather never being very cold.

LULU A. WILLIS.

ROSEBURG, OREGON.

OUR FLOWERS.

I MUST tell you about our flowers which we have and how much pleasure they have given us. The vines we have are things of beauty, surely. You ought to see our *Hoya Carnosa* (Wax Plant). It is yards and yards in length, and last fall, when we removed them, the largest had some twenty or thirty bunches or clusters of flowers. We have one, two years old, that has several clusters on it. We are very successful with it. We have an English Ivy twining around one window, besides Kenilworth Ivy in baskets, and Smilax; and then we have the Wandering Jew in a pot on a bracket, which hangs down some two or three feet. We have a cool room, which is warmed by the sitting-room stove. The temperature is about 60°, and we have a number of plants that do well in it—such as Begonias, Geraniums, Mallow, Lobelia, Vinca, and the Barclayana, of which we have two varieties. The Thunbergia does well too. Last fall, it looked so well, we thought it a pity to have it frozen; so we took it up carefully, put it in a pot, gave it a trellis, and it has bloomed all the winter. Our Lophosphermum we took up also. Its leaves are such a beautiful green and the largest I ever saw. Some leaves measured nearly eight inches in diameter. Sometimes there were fifty blossoms open at one time. I never knew these vines would do

as house-plants; but they did not mind the change in the least. I noticed that some of your correspondents had no success with the Lily of the Valley. They grow so luxuriantly in our yard that we thought it grew anywhere. They have spread so much that we were obliged to dig them out and throw them away. It seemed a pity to do so, as they have such lovely, fragrant, pearl-like blossoms. There are only a few of our neighbors that care for plants, and they have enough. I wish the readers of the CABINET could see our violets. They are all blue and white and look like patches of snow. The blue blooms so profusely that no leaves can be seen until within a few feet of the bed. They multiply so fast that we can give to all that wishes for them, besides throwing a vast amount away. They are so fragrant that the perfume reaches you fifty yards from the bed. We have quite a number of other plants, that I will not now speak of; but I must tell you of a "Gardenia" we have, that dropped all its leaves. I took it out of the pot, shook off all the dirt, repotted it in rich soil, and put it under sash. It is beginning to put out new leaves and has a bud. We have four varieties of the Jasmine. One variety blooms yellow, but we have had no experience with it yet.

L. H. GETTER.

LIBERTY, OHIO.

ARTIFICIAL IVY LEAVES.

ARTIFICIAL ivy leaves are made by taking green window Holland and using an English ivy leaf for a pattern. Cut out any number of leaves, making different sizes. Next lay them upon paper, and with a warm iron, upon which you first rub some beeswax, press each leaf. To shape and vein the leaves, fold the leaf from side to side, making a crease from stem to tip; then likewise through to each point, from stem. For stems, take fine wire (not too fine to stand in shape), push the end through two small holes previously made with a pin far enough to turn back upon the underside, and twist carefully around, to secure it in place. The smallest leaves are placed upon the ends of the vine. Twine the wires with tissue paper, the color of leaves, and make long vines, with branches here and there. Ornament a flower-pot with a fancy cover, fill with clean sand, which place upon a shelf or bracket. Then plant therein your artificial ivy and train it as your fancy dictates, and you will have a vine that can look fresh and green without care and one that will not freeze.

MRS. T. C. H—

A FLOURISHING CALLA LILY.

"Rosa" writes *The Cottage Hearth* of a very vigorous Calla Lily: "It has had seventeen blossoms since the first of February, five are open to-day, and two more buds are coming out now, making nineteen in all, with a prospect of more yet. Have had as many as eight open at one time. Four years ago one bulb was given to me, which has thrived, and now there are eighteen or nineteen. All have budded now. I do not let it die in summer; but set it out of doors, watering it when I do other plants all through the summer. Then in the fall change it into something larger, giving new earth obtained from the swamp. It is now in a butter-firkin, with holes in the bottom for drainage, and a tin plate set under it. I wet it with hot dish-water or suds once a day, not having the water hotter than I can bear my hand in.

Answers to Correspondents.

Sowing Seeds of Green-House Plants.—

Please tell me when to sow the seeds of the following named flowers and the soil suitable for them. *Begonia Sedumi*, Calceolaria, Cineraria (double), Clanthus, *Cyclamen persicum*, Fuchsia, Geranium, Gloxinia, Primula, Smilax, Lantana, *Azalea Indica*, Auricula, and *Primula Japonica*. Please tell me when they will flower. I never succeed in growing Pansies. Why is it?

W. G. I.

HAMPTON, VA.

Answer.—1. *Begonia*.—Sow in heat in spring. It will flower the same year. Calceolaria and Cineraria seed should be sown early in autumn to flower the next spring. Sow Clanthus in an old hot-bed frame (one in which radishes have been forced) in May. It will bloom the same summer. Cyclamen, Fuchsia, Geranium, and Gloxinia sown in spring will flower the next year. Primula, Smilax, and Lantana sown in spring will flower the same year. Azaleas sown in spring will flower in from five to ten years. Auriculas and *Primula Japonica* sown in spring or summer will flower the next year. The soil for all these seeds should be sandy loam. All, except as noted, should be grown under glass.

2. Your climate is probably too warm for the Pansy to grow satisfactorily.

Hardiness of Plants.—Can I keep the following named plants here out of doors through the winter by protecting them, and how much protection will they require? Coleus, Gloxinia, Fuchsia, Begonia, Clanthus, and Lantana. We seldom have snow or a hard freeze, but have frosts which kill such tender things as Wax Plants.

MRS. E. M. B.

REFUGIO, TEXAS.

Answer.—Most of the plants you mention are quite as tender as the Wax Plant. Possibly the Fuchsia, Lantana, and Clanthus might stand, if the plants were old and well-established and were protected so no frost could reach them. But we think it very doubtful.

Tube Roses.—I have taken my Tube Roses from the ground and put them away until spring. Is this right? Should they be planted early or late in the spring, or be left in the ground during the winter?

AMY HODGES.

KENNES, LA.

Answer.—Your treatment is that usually adopted, but possibly the bulbs might with you endure the winter in the open ground. Where there is no frost they will grow on from year to year in the garden. They should, if taken up, not be replanted till the ground is warm.

Largest and Sweetest Rose.—What is the largest and what the sweetest Perpetual Rose?

AIMEE.

ALBANY, N. Y.

Answer.—The largest is Paul Neron, and the sweetest La France. The latter is not classed with Perpetuals, although a constant bloomer.

Anchusa Italica.—Will some one give me some information in regard to the abovenamed plant? I have been searching through all my floral catalogues, and find it mentioned in but one out of ten. This says: "A fine bedding plant, 4 feet." An old English work on floriculture, published in 1867, mentions it among a list of biennials. I have several plants which I raised this summer from seed which came from the Agricultural Department of this city (Washington). The plant is similar in appearance to the Mullein; leaf same shape but much longer than the Mullein leaf. Some of them are now two feet long. As it requires considerable room, I should like to know whether it must be housed for winter; whether the flower will repay the trouble of careful nursing during winter, and when does it bloom?

Answer.—*Anchusa Italica* is a coarse, weedy biennial plant, hardy south of New York. It blooms the next summer from spring or summer-sown seed. The flowers are pale yellow. The plant is hardly worth growing, there are so many better things.

Names of Plants.—Treatment of Crassula.—*Cuphea* Seed not Growing.—What is the matter with my Crassula? It grows but little. Does it require much water, and what soil?

Can you give me names of enclosed plants, also of the leaf?

My *Cuphea* seeds have not come up. I sowed and treated them as my other seeds, which all did well; but have sown these twice, and no plants.

MRS. H. G.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.

Answer.—1. Your Crassula should have a light, rich soil, such as you would give a Geranium. Keep it moderately moist when growing, but rather dry when at rest. Give plenty of sun and light.

2. We cannot undertake to name plants from scraps of leaves, with no locality or information given. No. 3 is *Gilia tricolor*; the others are unrecognizable.

3. If all your other seeds have come up successfully and only your *Cuphea* failed, the seed was probably bad.

Name of Plant.—Will you be kind enough to tell me the name of the plant to which the enclosed leaf belongs? Also how to treat it so as to have it flower, and what time in the year it should flower. Also describe the flower.

E. H.

GARDNER.

Answer.—This is a fair sample of many queries which we receive, accompanied, as in this case, by a small dried leaf, broken into numerous fragments. No information as to whether it is a tree, shrub, vine, or herbaceous plant; whether tender or hardy, wild or cultivated. No locality given, for the writer does not give his state. Sometimes we can answer a question under all these difficulties; but generally one would have to be omniscient botanically to do it. Will many correspondents whose questions remain unanswered take this explanation as a reason?

Name of Plant.—Can you name me the enclosed plant? It is very bright and does well in the garden in summer.

MRS. N. J. MALONE.

Answer.—Your plant is *Achyranthus acuminata*.

Plants of Lady's Slipper.—Propagation of Gloxinias.—Can you tell me where I can obtain plants of *Cypripedium acaule*, *arietinum*, *spectabile*, and *pubescens*? Can they be had of florists in the United States? Where can I get *Saracenia purpurea*, or Pitcher Plant?

How are Gloxinias propagated?

MRS. E. W.

GALVESTON, TEXAS.

Answer.—1. *Cypripedium acaule* could probably be furnished by any florist in Boston. It is very plenty, wild, in that vicinity. *C. spectabile* and *pubescens* could probably be sent you by Louis Menard, Albany, N. Y. *C. arietinum* is one of the rarest of our wild flowers and is seldom seen in cultivation. It is more curious than handsome. *Saracenia purpurea* could be furnished by any Northern florist.

2. Gloxinias are propagated by leaves rooted in silver sand and by seed.

A good way to find rare plants is to advertise for them, and, in reply, you will probably receive letters offering them in any quantity. There are parties in the West who make a business of collecting *Cypripedia* for shipment to England, where they are in demand.

English Ivy Dying.—What was the matter with an English Ivy I had last winter? When I brought it into the house it looked healthy and was a yard long; but suddenly the leaves dropped off and the vine died. It was kept wet and I enriched the dirt every week.

M. SMITH.

FLINT, MICH.

Answer.—It may have been kept in too hot a room, or perhaps your enriching the dirt killed the plant. The Ivy does not need manure when grown in pots; and in any event it must be very well rotted.

Colors of Amaryllis.—Please let me know whether there is more than one color of Amaryllis?

CLARA B. RICE

BEAVER VALLEY, PA.

Answer.—Yes; there are many colors. Those most usually met with are red and pink, in various shades to white. Then there are many striped varieties, and in a lot of seedlings no two will be alike. Some are green, a nearly allied plant (*A. Teranthus*) is yellow, and one very large-growing species (*A. Tracera*) has blue or purplish flowers.

Wintering Panicum Variegatum.—Will some one inform me through the CABINET how to keep *Panicum variegatum* during the winter? Mine invariably dies as soon as I bring it into a warm room in the fall.

J. E. H.

Answer.—It is best kept in a cellar. Take it up in autumn and put it in a box, with soil.

Camellias from Seed.—Please tell me whether Camellias grow readily from seed, and how old they must be before they bloom?

ANNA C.

Answer.—We have several times replied to this question in full, as reference to back numbers will show. Camellias do not grow readily from seed, and seedlings do not bloom until large.

Floral Experiences.

FLOWER-STANDS, Etc.

I LOVE flowers, and I want every one to love them. Indeed, it provokes me very much to hear any one say they can't make them grow. I think "where there's a will there is a way." I have flowers in five different rooms; and those I want to rest for the coming season I put in the cellar when the Frost King comes. At my northeast window in my bedroom I have a flower-stand of my own invention. I have used it for four winters, with the greatest success. It was an old side table of our grandmother's. The top was broken off; so I had a top put on it, 5 inches deep, 23 inches wide, and 43 inches long, with perforated holes in the bottom. Put casters on the legs, so I can move it easily. I fill the top or box with clean river-sand, mixed with a little charcoal dust. In this I sink my pots that I prepared in August for winter blooming. In the center I have a Fuchsia, which is two years old. It is 47 inches high (I cut it down last fall one foot). It will bloom next month. Last year it had 53 blossoms on it. I give it a drink of rust-water once in a while. Ammonia water is good, too—three drops to a pint. Now, around this Fuchsia I have some Geraniums, pink, white, and scarlet (Happy Thought), and several different kinds of Double Geraniums. These I give a drink of hen-manure water once a week. It must be very weak. Now in the next room, which is my nursery, I have plants at two windows. At the southwest window I have three shelves full of 6-inch pots of Geraniums, Vincas, Oxalis, Morning Glories, Madeira Vines; and a hanging-basket above them, filled with Scotch Ivy, forms a pretty curtain. At the opposite window (northeast) I keep my Smilax and Parlor Ivy. I have a frame in the form of a cross covered with the Ivy, which was very pretty for Easter decoration. The next room is our bath-room, where we have hot and cold water. I keep an old watering-can filled with strong manure-water, from which I pour a little in my small sprinkler and mix it with tepid water. Every Friday, after our general sweeping, I take a large sprinkling-can and wash all the dust off. The great secret of flower-growing is to keep them free of dust. Down-stairs, in our sitting-room, which also has a northeast window, I have a lovely window-

garden. I will try to describe it. The window is long, reaching down to the floor. Hanging from the top is a fish-globe, from which is growing and going in every direction two Sweet Potato vines, a red and white one. I start them in July. I have a small earthen castle in the center of the globe (a stone would do). On this I lay my potatoes, put in the water, a little charcoal-dust, and fill up with cistern-water. The water must not touch the potatoes, but nearly. In time little tiny roots will fill the globe, and beautiful vines will run to a great length, and every one will ask: "Where did you get that pretty vine?" The red potato will have a red stem, while the yellow one will have a light green. The contrast is pretty. Now, on either side below this globe I have iron brackets, two on each side of the window. On one I have Ivy, one Madeira Vine; the other two Maurandya. These run all over the upper sash and

only made this for me. He made one for his wife during the year 1850. The next window is in our back parlor. It is another southwest window, but only gets the afternoon sun. I keep my Caetis, Aloes, Night-blooming Jessamine, and one basket of different kinds of Begonias. I have another curtain of Madeira Vines at the top of this window. We have regular heat all the time in our rooms, and I give them fresh air on every pleasant day, by lowering the sash a little for a few minutes. I have tried this window-gardening for five winters, with the greatest success, and find that giving them stimulant once a week and keeping them free from dust are the two great secrets in making them grow. And starting them in August is another secret to have winter bloom. You cannot expect your summer plants, that have bloomed all the season, to continue to bloom. They need rest. So start your cuttings the

last of August.

AUNT JEN.

—:0:—

THE TROPICS.

DURING his explorations in tropical America Agassiz counted one hundred and seventeen different kinds of wood (many of them fitted for the finest cabinet work) growing within the space of half a mile square. He spoke of the blossoms as being magnificent beyond imagination. Splendid white, yellow, and red clusters mingled with flowers of humbler and duller hue. Here were delicately feathered leaves, there were narrow ones, and yonder

broad. Here, again, were pointed ones; there were obtuse; further, fleshy and lustrous foliage.

In the lowlands the forests are gloomy. Damp, cool, odorous arches rear heavenward. Under these there is no moss, no creeping plant. Only mushrooms spring from the humid soil. When the rainy season comes on, thick fogs encircle and penetrate these forests. No bird nor butterfly comes forth. There are hoarse croakings of monster toads and frogs, and the roaring, grunting, and snorting of wild animals; while the stentor monkey sends out his distressful howls.

Oh! such a change as comes over the late scorched, barren deserts. Beautiful palms wave their green, plumey tops; richly-scented flowers burst to their hearts' centers, and shake out of their velvet cups rare incense offerings to their Creator; gorgeous birds pour through the trees like strings of jewels; and with the dawn of tropical morning the air vibrates with the joyous notes of animate Nature.



AN ENGLISH VILLA FLOWER-GARDEN.

form a lovely curtain. On the floor I have a low stand of Hyacinths, Heliotrope, Daisies, Roses, Cal-las, and a Begonia in bloom. I try to keep all at this window in bloom, because it looks pretty and cheerful from the street. The room opening from this is our dining-room. In this, at the northeast window, I have a Centennial flower-stand (I tried to draw you a picture of it. Was afraid you would laugh at it, so burned it up), made of old gas-pipe. Crossing at the top, it forms an arch, while the cup or bracket at the top, where the arch meets, is a bell, in which I set my large Aloe. On each side of these arches are brackets, on which I have pots of Tom Thumb Ferns, Kenilworth Ivy, Wandering Jew. The bottom of the stand is lined with zinc and filled with sand, in which I set my plants. All shade-loving plants I keep here. I have Martin's casters on the bottom of the stand, so I can move it easily. The stand is six feet high. If any one would like one, I can have one made for five dollars, as the old man who makes them

Floral Hints.

ASHES AND IRON FOR FLOWERS.

THE observation of practical and experimental gardeners seems to confirm the fact that, to procure brilliant colors in flowers, it is necessary to supply the soil with an abundance of ferruginous constituents and silica. The latter supplies a material which is of vast importance in the production of that brilliancy of the petals and the dark green luster of the leaves. Then, if potash be added, or the ground dressed round about the growing flowers with unleached wood-ashes, an increased brilliancy will appear in every petal and leaf.

Any person who cultivates only a few flowers, in pots, or on grassy lawns, or on spacious parterres, may readily satisfy himself of the exceedingly useful part the foregoing materials play in the production of beautiful flowers.

Even white flowers, or roses that have petals nearly white, will be greatly improved in brilliancy by providing iron-sand and unleached ashes for the roots of growing plants. Ferruginous material may be applied to the soil where flowers are growing, or where they are to grow, by procuring a supply of oxide of iron in the form of the dark-colored scales that fall from the heated bars of iron when the metal is hammered by the blacksmiths.

Iron turnings and iron filings, which may be obtained for a trifle at most machine-shops, should be worked into the soil near the flowers, and in a few years it will be perceived that all the minute fragments will have been dissolved.

HOW I TREAT MY CALLA LILY.

Put it in a pot that will hold four gallons of earth. Get the earth that is about one foot under ground, some place where it has been used considerably, take the top off till about one foot deep, then fill your flower-pot with the soil, and it will do well. In a short time you will not think it was the same flower, if it is treated correctly.

HOW I MAKE MY HANGING BASKETS.

I take my old earthen bowl or deep dish that has a piece out of the bottom, so that it will leak. Then I take a piece of wire and put a piece around the bowl; then take three pieces about one foot and a half long and fasten these, at even distances from each other, to the one around the bowl; then fasten them all together at the top; then put a ring on them, to hang it up by; then paint it any color you desire, although I prefer

green; then put in a Pink Geranium in the center, and fill out all the rest with Joseph's Coat or Wandering Jew. Of either of these two as fast as they grow pinch out the center. This will cause it to branch out, and it will soon be so thick and nice that you cannot see through it. If your basket is hanging where the sun will shine only on one side, turn it around every other day.

HOW I START MY SLIPS.

I take such as Geraniums, Fuchsias, Red Plants, Cactus and put them in about an inch and a half deep in a pot with about one-half sand and the other half good fresh, mellow soil. Then I set them where the sun can shine all over and around them; and then I put a glass tumbler on them all, and it is not long till they are nice, healthy-looking slips, ready to be put in larger pots.

A. A. S.

P. S.—Some reader of the greatly-esteemed CABINET please tell me if it is better to leave the Oleander in a tub in the summer time or put it in the ground.

000 are standards and 1,200,000 are dwarfs. To this must be added roses on their own roots, propagated by cuttings or layers. The Bengal and Provence roses, together with several old kinds, are mostly propagated in this way; and, taking these into account, the total number of roses raised in that vicinity must be fully 2,000,000. Not less than 600,000 plants are cultivated for cut flowers alone.

The great center of rose culture in France is situated in the vicinity of Lyons. The quantity sent out yearly from this point varies from 700,000 to 1,000,000 of plants. Nearly all the roses are budded on roots of wild briar (seedlings), with perhaps 20,000 on their own roots and about an equal number on standards. Some idea of the extent of the rose culture in France may be obtained from the fact that in the thirteen communes which surround Brie-Comte-Robert more than 2,500,000 roses are annually cultivated, the number of growers being about a hundred. The number of varieties grown is stated at

from 700 to 800, although it is only a limited number of the most robust and the greatest favorites which are most extensively cultivated.

REPOTTING PLANTS.

THE amateur who intends to repot such plants for the summer as are to be turned out into the open air in June, or for summering in pots, will find decayed and dry cat-droppings of value. They should be thoroughly heated before being used. Boiling water may be poured over them, to kill insects or noxious germs contained therein. Thus you will have a most ex-

cellent fertilizer and one natural to most plants. As materials for compost, well-rotted sods from an old pasture or fence-row, two parts to one of sharp sand, and one of the pulverized cow-manure, will be well adapted to the growth of most house-plants.

In repotting, use a pot one size larger than that containing the plant. Put in some pieces of broken pots, bits of brick, or coarse gravel, for drainage. Over this place soil until the sized pot containing the plant will just be even with the rim. Fill with soil between the two pots; lift out the smaller one, turn the plant out of the pot, with the earth entire; break the ball somewhat, to loosen the earth; put it in the larger pot, and pack the soil from the sides pretty firmly about the ball of roots. Now fill up with earth even with or a little above the ball of earth, always being careful that there is half an inch of space from the top of the earth to the rim of the pot. Water and the thing is done.

It is, nevertheless, advisable to watch the plants after repotting, especially those liable to wilt. Such should be kept from the sun until somewhat established. Most plants, however, if care is taken, will go right along as though nothing had happened.—*Prairie Farmer*.



FOUNTAIN IN ENGLISH PARK.

THE ROSE IN FRANCE.

FRANCE has been the originator of a majority of the notable roses. The cultivation of roses in France gives employment to thousands of its population. In the vicinity of Paris it is quite an important affair, where first of all the roses are grown as ornamental shrubs for sale. They are mostly grafted on the briar, either as standards or dwarfs; and about 250 acres of ground are devoted to the growth of grafted roses. As the plants are left for two seasons on the ground, being cleared off and sold only at the end of the second year, the produce of half that extent only is put in the trade every year.

On an average, not less than 24,000 plants are put on an acre; but, as nearly one-half fail to grow well or are not successfully budded, the number of budded roses sold from an acre seldom exceeds 12,000, giving for the total number reared in one year in the district around Paris something over 1,500,000. Of these about 300,-

Household Hints.

HOUSEHOLD ARTS.

THERE are many "arts" of the household to which a thorough and skillful housekeeper must give attention, if she would also be a *home-maker*. Home-making begins in the kitchen; and the woman who cannot manage her kitchen properly may grace her parlor like a princess, but the happiness of her family rests on a precarious foundation. Opening the kitchen-door often reveals the temper of the family; for, if order and economy reign there, we may safely assert that the family is comfortable, nerves are not "out of tune," and that the necessary cares and duties of the house, and even its drudgery, shall not diffuse their unpleasantness beyond its walls. Let the routine of daily work go on without interruption as far as possible, that the methodical workers may not be "put out" and the mistress be saved much daily planning and talking. Let every useful article have a place for *its own*, so that every member of the family can find (in the dark, if necessary) the broom, dust-pan, poker, coal-hod, hammer, wrapping-paper, matches, lamps, strings, and tacks. Any woman can with a gimlet put a hole in a broom-handle and a stout string through the hole; and there should be a box, in some concealed corner, where the family can put, and can find when wanted, broken shoe-strings, stout cords, tapes, braids, and strips of leather. These are often useful for various repairs and in supporting plants, shrubs, and grape-vines. Cotton twine may be wound in a ball when undoing packages, the paper to be folded smoothly and put in its place, till called for. Put away whole newspapers in a barrel, in shed or cellar; all refuse pieces in another, to save time and handling when whole papers are wanted. Cover shelves and the bottoms of drawers which are used for food and kitchen utensils with papers, neatly folded. This will save much cleaning. Arrange kitchen furniture to save unnecessary steps. Articles which can wait to go up-stairs or down-cellar lay down till you are obliged to go. Teach children and servants to avoid unnecessary steps in their labor and to make every motion count. The value of such habits cannot be computed. "Load both ways" is a good motto for houseworkers. Let your brain serve your hands; your thought go before you. This makes your labor interesting; and when the mind is a co-operator you are no longer a drudge. Housekeeping becomes a fine art. I will not touch upon cooking, which in itself is a profession. Excellence in that art is largely made up of, first, the ambition to be a good cook; then comes, naturally, a discriminating taste; study of results; attention to those small variations which affect results; judgment; practice. These things are all necessary and have an importance, to which rules and recipes are secondary. This art merits a separate paper; so let us go on to the dining-room. Keep the dining-table always set, if possible. It saves a great amount of time and labor. In summer a netting can cover it, to protect from flies; in winter, if exposed to dust, a white tablecloth may be laid over it. A home-maker should be fastidious about her table-linen. Get

good, heavy, handsome cloths, and then take good care of them. As washing, and particularly ironing, wears heavy linen (in the folds), be choice of their purity. Put napkins or even towels (white) under the children's plates; and under the carver's plate, reaching under the edge of the platter, put a mat of enameled cloth. Put table-mats (they can be crocheted easily and cheaply of coarse cotton) under all dishes which come from the stove, and place plates under pies and puddings. Doing this, your cloth, excepting accidents, will keep clean enough for anybody to sit at for two weeks. The heavy, handsome folds will be undisturbed and much labor and linen saved. This is economy for poor people, rather than to buy cheap, sleazy linen and wash two a week, as many do. The same rule will apply to stockings and shoes. Many buy cheap ones and wear old ones all the time. It is cheaper to buy good ones and take good care of them. This illustrates the extravagance which keeps poor people poor. Heavy linen need not be starched. Ironed quite damp, it will be stiff and smooth and the folds less obstinate than when starched. Besides, starch makes them wear out faster, to say nothing of the additional labor. Care should be taken to darn the first small holes with soft cotton. When worn out, they may be cut up into napkins and put under the children's plates and chairs. A sponge and towel should hang where the children can reach them, and the children be taught to use them after eating. They will not need teaching if the habit is formed when in their high chairs, never being released from them till they are washed. I know children who think they cannot get down till they are sponged off, though large enough to descend *ad libitum*. A tape can be sewed to the sponge, forming a loop to hang by. A family of little ones can be easily cared for by having a small salver on a side-table, on which keep a bowl of water, napkin, and sponge. This goes far toward teaching habits of cleanliness to children. They will soon hate to be dirty; consequently, avoid much nastiness. No one but a mother can caress a child with dirty hands and face, and everybody will like a clean one.

MY SITTING-ROOM.

How beautifully the first beams of the rising sun dart into the windows of my sitting-room! They come with all the ease and freedom of guests sure of a hearty welcome. They have often entered thus, and the green leaves of plants arranged on the shelves seem almost to laugh as they raise their tiny cell-lids and drink in the life-bestowing freshness. Pretty blossoms take on a deeper hue and the twining vines grow longer.

I am very careful to keep the earth in my flower-pots moist and light—stirring it frequently around the edges, but not disturbing the rootlets of any. My stand is in the form of steps, far enough apart to admit the light between them; so that, by placing the smaller ones in front, all may be accommodated.

I have exercised some skill in the manufacture of pots—if I may call them so—and many of them have been much admired. One kind is made in this wise: I had a quantity of old fruit-cans (which are not very easily wasted); so it seemed best to appropriate them.

I sent some of the two-quart ones to the shop and had them cut in $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch strips, within one inch of the bottom (he did not charge me, as it took him but a few minutes, with his big shears); then, with a thick wire around the top, I fastened them in shape of a basket, giving them a curving slope. The end of each strip was securely bent over it, which made them quite firm.

The next move was to paint them. We usually have a pot or two of paint in the cellar—mere remnants, which we keep in condition by covering with oil; and, as a brush is close by, plunged in a can of water, it is but little trouble to use it on short notice.

For my baskets I took some mineral paint, that was left since we built our back picket fence. It is a brownish red, very dark. After giving the tins two coats and letting them dry, I warmed up my glue—I am never out of this convenient article—and lined them with anything that would best hold water. For one I used the old serge tops of my gaiter boots; another the crown of an old felt hat. Green moss from the woods is very pretty. When completed, I filled them with light, rich mold and set my plants. In one I planted a German Ivy. Being small, I coiled it, put a Dew Plant in the center, and some Creeping Charlie (Love Entangled) around the edge. In another I have a Smilax, with a neat little frame, and Sedum around the outside, the green falling down below the ends of my shelf. And I assure you they are very ornamental. Last summer I had them hanging dotted all over my porch; which, together with other vines and flowers, made it a pretty little parlor in the afternoon, being on the east.

I have made a long digression, for I was going to speak particularly of my sitting-room, the most home-like room in the house, especially since we have moved into winterquarters and considered more our comfort and coziness than display. Notwithstanding, some ornaments on the wall we think tend much in that direction. In one corner we have hung all the family portraits, and we have quite a little picture gallery. As these are more prized by ourselves than others, we have given them our choicest place.

Some pretty winter flowers and grasses are in a cornucopia made of shells and cones, with a design in the center and bordered with the leaves stripped from the cones; all secured with putty, in which a little tumber was mixed, and varnished handsomely. Near it is a group of small engravings, framed in pasteboard by clusters of acorns; the groundwork of putty covered with clover seed. These are, of course, varnished and are really pretty.

Over one door is an arch made of autumn leaves, pressed and dried and then dipped in hot water on which some white wax was floated. And above another is a motto "There is no Place like Home," worked by my youngest daughter. We have also had presents of handsome brackets and vases; but the glow of the room is retained most, in a day of clouds and winter darkness, by a large oil painting representing a sunset scene of mountain, lake, and forest. The deep green shadows in the water, and the water, and the rosy-tinted mounds, the grassy slopes, and light skiffs are so suggestive of a summer evening that we almost forget the outdoor elements.

KATE K. WARRELL.

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HINTS AND HELPS.

No close observer, who compares the homes of to-day with those of ten or fifteen years ago even, can fail to notice a most rapid and satisfactory advance in household art and taste. Those who remember the parlors of our childhood—with their formal arrangement of furniture, their absence of anything which could tend to relieve the painful air of primness and constraint—turn from the recollection with a smile and a sigh.

More and more we are learning that our homes, if they are to be true homes at all, must express our own taste and culture; not that of some one else. It must exhibit harmony, fitness to the family life and wants, if it is to be the means of culture and growth, which a real home spirit implies; an outward index of true and earnest living which it is its highest office to foster and promote. Beautiful materials for home decoration are cheap and abundant, and directions for their use are freely given. Our FLORAL CABINET is an invaluable guide, and many will join me in acknowledging gratefully the pleasure and help they have derived from its pages. Some directions for articles I have not seen here described may be of use to some one.

Very useful vases or stands for the hall, designed

for the purpose of holding umbrellas, may be constructed from earthen sewer-pipe. Choose a section and place it with the projecting joint at the bottom. Paint the inside with some delicate tint, and the outside in a more decided color; put a band of scarlet, black, or brown near the top and bottom. After the paint is smooth and dry, ornament with decalcomania embossed pictures, Japanese designs, or figures carefully cut from cretonne, arranging and grouping them according to fancy. When all are firmly pasted into place, give the entire vase two coats of



FLOWER-STAND, OF CORK.

white varnish. Place inside, to receive the droppings of umbrellas, a small tin basin, painted both inside and out; and this can be easily removed for cleaning. When all is done, you will have a handsome vase at very slight expense, which will be found both ornamental and useful.

Some pretty ottomans shown me lately were attractive enough to deserve description. They were about twelve inches square at the top and twelve

smoothly in place; casters were added to the bottom; and a large tassel hung from each upper cover. Remnants of carpet for this purpose may be bought very cheaply, or any ornamented goods might be used in its place.

The common printed woolen table-spreads may be made very pretty by outlining the figures and veining the leaves of the pattern with coarse silk in chain-stitch. Various colors are used, the more striking the contrast the better. A green and black spread, for instance, is greatly improved by chain-stitching the edges of the design with gold-colored silk.

Another pretty way to make stand or table-covers is to use for the foundation *écru* Turkish toweling. Allow three inches all around for a raveled fringe; then just above this tack on three rows of dress-braid, scarlet, brown, and orange, one and one-half inches apart. Cat-stitch down the edges of the braid with silk, and between the lines of braid work feather-stitch in black silk or wool. A center-piece in applique may be added, if wished; but the table-cover is very pretty without it.

Turkish toweling seems to be well adapted to fancy-work purposes. Here is a rug made of the same convenient material. A piece of the size you wish your mat has placed upon it, lengthwise and as far apart as the width of the strips, strips of blue or scarlet flannel, three or four inches wide. These are ornamented before applying either in applique or by working on them some desirable pattern over coarse canvas, the threads of which are afterward to be pulled out. After these strips are nicely basted to position, lines of black braid, half an inch wide, are placed over these edges and cross-stitched on with gold colored silk. Similar bands are placed across the ends of the rug, and the whole is bordered with a heavy worsted cord fringe. Such a mat, laid by the bedside or before the commode, forms a pleasing addition to any bedroom.

ALICE M. WEST.

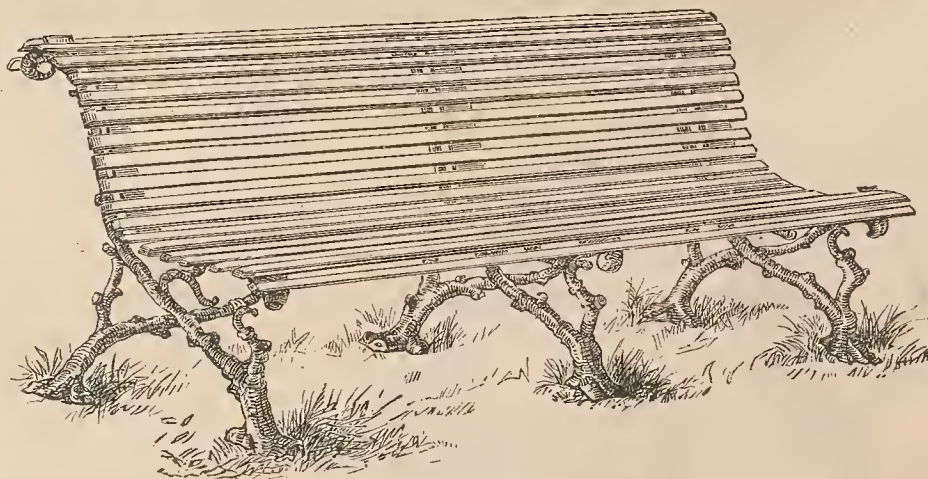
ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE MONTH.

UPON page 1 is one of the most beautiful sketches of Lake Scenery in the Rocky Mountains. It is a charming body of water in Southwestern Colorado, called Cliff Lake, and the mass of rock and mountain rising up directly from its shores is named Bristol Head. These form a portion of Antelope Park, a most charming valley, full of verdure and flowers. Colorado possesses such lakes and parks in great abundance, and it is becoming the most noted region for famous scenery in America.

The illustration of an English Villa Flower Garden and a Fountain in an English Park show some of the elegancies which characterize the English love and way for rural decoration. This garden is at Stoke Rochford, near Grantham, England, and the reader will notice the elegant lawn and flower-beds on the terrace, with borders and lovely evergreens. Upon this page is a sketch of a little article, a Flower Stand, made of Cork. There is an article sold in the English markets called Virgin Cork, which is easily cut and molded into a great variety of shapes and forms very unique rustic hanging baskets and stands.

The Lawn Settee can be imitated by any one who will hunt up the rustic legs in the woods.

Upon pages 9 and 13 the joys of children are personified in their love for the fields and their devotion to papa's comfort.



DESIGN FOR A LAWN SETTEE.

inches high; but different from the ordinary box ottoman, in that each side was an inch narrower at the bottom than at the top, thus removing the clumsy look they usually have. The sides of those mentioned were covered smoothly with tapestry carpet, tacked on with brass-headed nails. The covers, first hinged and cushioned, were covered with the same. The inside was lined with paper muslin, tacked



GOOD-MORNING TO THE BIRDS.

Household Art.

HOUSEHOLD ELEGANCIES AND CONVENIENCES.

WELL, Jennie, I am really glad you have come to see me before you commenced housekeeping. I have had the cares of a house for some time, and I know when once you enter on them it will not be so easy to get away to visit.

You think my room looks bright? I always try to brighten up as much as possible in the fall. It seems to me the winter is not so long if there is something indoors to attract us and keep our eyes from continually wandering to the bleak lawn and leafless trees outside.

You see I have nothing expensive here. I expect your pictures, brackets, etc. will quite throw mine in the shade. If you have a fancy for any of these things, I can easily tell you how I made them.

This box I have in my west window is a yard in length and fits the window, is eight inches deep, and about as wide—just wide enough to hold a row of good-sized pots. Parlor Ivy is about all that will grow with the light we have here; but you see that does grow. It has gone to the top of the trellises I have in each end of the box, reached across, and festooned the entire window. This hanging-basket of Oxalis was started in a sunny window, but blooms nicely here. I keep my pots of blooming plants in an east window up-stairs. When they come in blossom I bring them down and sink them in the box. But I did not intend to tell you of the flowers. I know you have better success with them than I. I had my box painted brown; but it looked so somber that I concluded I must have something brighter, and made this lambrequin of scarlet pressed flannel and black alpaca. Would have used black cloth instead of alpaca, if I had had it.

The lambrequin is long enough to go around one side and both ends of the box. It is in seven pieces, three of black and four of scarlet. The center one is black, and every alternate one scarlet. They are straight at the top and each one has a point in the center of the lower edge; are lined with calico, slightly stiffened, and bound with worsted braid, such as is used to bind dress-skirts. The black ones are bound with scarlet and *vice versa*. They are then finished at each point with small tassels of black and scarlet zephyr. Fanciful designs of the scarlet flannel and some of black cloth are cut and sewed on each piece. I cut mine with a pinking-iron; but you can cut them nicely with the scissors, if the iron is not convenient. I would have pinked the entire edge of the lambrequin if the black ones had been of cloth; but alpaca does not pink nicely. This other window I did not want to close. The little ones must have some place to look out. But I did want the Ivy vines. So I put these small boxes at each side and covered them with lambrequins to match the larger box. These hanging-baskets are favorites of mine. To make them, take oxmuzzles or wire hanging-baskets. The muzzles hold the most earth, which is an advantage. If you use the muzzles, you must press them into a conical shape. Get ten or a dozen yards of brass wire, something

thicker than a good linen thread; or common annealed wire will answer, though it rusts quicker and then breaks, loosening the cones. You will need twenty-five or thirty cones for a basket. These are about four inches in length. Commence at the bottom of the basket. With the wire fasten one cone on very securely. You can slip the wire under the leaves of the cone, so it will be completely concealed. But the next row will cover it, if it should show a little. The second row should be fastened up on the basket so high that about half of the cone at the bottom will be seen. This row will take about eight cones. Select cones as near the same size as possible for the upper row. If they are a little defective, you can do with them as we do with many another thing—put the best side out. When done, varnish with furniture varnish and put the basket, mouth down, in a moderately warm oven. The heat causes the leaves of the cones to expand and adds to their beauty. I cut the crown of an old felt hat to fit the inside of my baskets, filled with good earth, and planted my plants. They were quite a success last winter.

This vessel under the chandelier, in which these Tradescantia vines are growing is merely a white bowl. With the sharp point of a three-cornered file I bored holes in its edge to pass the chain by which to hang it up, painted the outside with a couple coats of black paint, glued small autumn leaves around it in a wreath, and varnished it.

What are these vines that festoon the pictures on the wall growing in? Oh! Jennie, don't lift their covering, or you will only see some earthen jelly-molds of an oval shape. It was not everything that would sit on these small brackets. These molds do it nicely, and hold a good quantity of earth, too. The covers, of scarlet trimmed with black cloth, are cut large enough to go around the exposed part and come down to the bracket. They are fastened on by making loops of thread at the top, running hairpins through the loops down into the soil in the vessel.

I made some small corner-brackets for my rooms upstairs. (You know we all wanted to have things look nice this summer.) My brackets are small, but could be made larger by using wider boards. These were inch boards. One was six inches wide, the other five. From these I cut as many right-angled triangular pieces as I wished to make shelves or brackets. Of course, the pieces cut from the narrow board were an inch narrower than the other, so when they were nailed together they were the same width. I measured seven inches of the length of the board, then sawed diagonally across the board, thus cutting triangular pieces. Half of the top of a quarter of a barrel, sawed into two equal parts, answered for the tops of two brackets. One pair is covered with buff piqué; has curtains of the same, which are cut in three points at the bottom, trimmed with scarlet braid and finished off with buff fringe. These little corner-brackets add much to the tasteful appearance of a room, and made in this way, their trimmings may be varied to suit any room or any taste.

Another thing I must show you, Jennie. It belongs to the kitchen. I presume you will have a kitchen in your house. It is this little article for cleaning kettles, pots, or anything that requires scraping. It saves the

knives very much, does the work better than they do, and with less injury to the vessel operated on. It is cut out of sheet-iron or tin. This one is of tin (cut it myself out of an old blacking-box lid), has four sides, but is not square. One side is slightly rounded, and one corner quite sharp, to go into all the corners easily. It has a hole in it large enough to hang it on a nail. Mine was lost for a while, and I missed it more than I would some costlier article. There are so many things one could make, both for ornament and use, if time was not so precious. I hope these hints will assist you. Maybe by the time you come again I will have something new.—*Letter to a Young Housekeeper.*

HOW TO MAKE A FROST BASKET.

Buy a yard and a quarter of very thin bleached sheeting. The thinner it is, the better it will "ravel" or fringe out. Cut it all up into half-inch widths, following a thread across the web, so that the sides will be straight. Then fringe it equally on each side, until there are only three threads left in the center of each piece. Let it lie upon a clean paper until you have fringed all the strips. Then take a piece of bonnet-wire about eighteen inches long, cover it nicely with thick bleached cloth, and stitch the ends together to form a circle. Take your fringed strips one by one and twist them slightly, as you would a twine that you wished to double. Then draw one end of the ribbon inside the wire hoop, leaving the other outside. Bring the selvage ends together and stitch them at the bottom, taking care to keep the curl or twist in the ribbons until they are fastened. Follow around the wire with pieces, placing them about an inch apart (they can be placed nearer, if you choose), then slightly catch them to the covering of the wire to hold them in place. Then tie a thread around the whole, about one-third of the way up from the bottom, thus forming a sort of oval basket, with a large feathery tassel below it. Take four or more of the fringed strips and tack them an inch apart on one side of the top or wire of the basket, twist or curl like the other pieces, and carry the other ends down on the opposite side, securing them as you did the first ends. This is for the bail. You can take a thread around this near the top, making the loop by which the basket is to be hung. With the remaining ribbons make tassels to ornament the top of the basket, fastening them to the wire. Add little bunches of the twisted, feathery fringe to the bottom tassel, on the inside of the basket, to the bail, and on the sides, as fancy may dictate. The effect is delicate and lovely, as no one would imagine unless she has seen them. Their ethereal lightness and whiteness is an exact counterpart of loose frost on the shrubs in winter. If one chooses, a few rich frosted artificial flowers and leaves can be laid on the fringed stringers, which may cross the basket; but it would hardly add to the snowy, ethereal beauty of this cheap, beautiful ornament.

After making one, an endless variety of changes and improvements will suggest themselves to the maker. And, in conclusion, let me say that, if my reader friends do not readily understand these directions, I will forward one of these baskets to Mr. Williams, and let him have his artist picture it for THE CABINET.

M. J. CUMMINGS.

The Household.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

"WHY, bless me, Katie, what a solemn face! What is the matter, child?"

"Matter enough, I should say. Norah has gone home—her mother is sick and sent for her; and what am I to do about the dinner? I never cooked a meal in my life, and Harry will be sure to come home half-starved."

"Is that all, dear? Well, well, Aunt Ellys are handy creatures to have around sometimes. Take my bonnet and shawl, and get me a large apron (because this is my new alpaca), and I will show you about the dinner. Thank you, dear. This apron will do nicely. While you were getting it, I went to the cellar, to see what was there. Here is the tough end of a beef-steak, some cold mashed potatoes, and a few apples."

"But, Aunt Ellys, that won't make dinner for three; for, of course, you must stay. Oh, dear! Love in a cottage is very nice; but you can't eat it."

"Now, Katie, we'll make what I call a Brown Stew. Cut this meat in very thin slices. Put a frying-pan on the stove, and put in a small piece each of butter and lard. Now it is very hot, put in your meat; sprinkle with pepper, salt, and flour; stir it around till it is quite brown; pour in a quart of hot water and let it simmer for about two hours, and you will—both you and Harry—like it, or I am mistaken. Bring me two eggs, please. While I am beating them, you beat this bowl of potatoes a little. Then add the eggs, a quart of milk, half a teaspoon of soda, and a pinch of salt. Add flour to make a stiff batter; pour in pattie-pans a quarter of an hour before dinner. Bake in a hot oven. These we will call potato-puffs or muffins."

"What are you going to do with the apples, Auntie?"

"Make a pudding, child. Get me a teacup of tapioca. As it is late, we will boil it a little while. It is best to soak it over night. Pour a quart of cold water on it and set it on the stove. Pare and quarter enough apples to fill your dish. Cover them with water till the tapioca is done; then add to it a teacup of sugar and a piece of butter the size of your thumb. Drain the apples, sprinkle with sugar and spice, pour on the tapioca, and bake about an hour. With these and some bread and butter, pickled peaches, beets, and cucumbers, I guess Harry won't starve. While dinner is cooking, I am going to look around and see what pretty things you have and tell you how to make a few more. What a cunning little table! But nothing on it. Here in this closet is some Florida moss. What are you going to do with it? 'Tisn't good for anything? Indeed, it is. Either buy or make a wooden cross. Oh! you have one. So much the better. Take this moss, begin at the base of the cross and wind it closely around, tying it on with gray thread. When it is all covered, touch here and there with glue and dredge with flour. Set away to dry, and your cross will look as if it had been caught in a snow-storm. Make a vine of Autumn Leaf wax and another of Ivy. Twist around the cross, then sprinkle with diamond-dust and set it on this little table, and you will be surprised to see how much it will be ad-

miored. A pretty ornament to hang over the center-table is made by taking a large, coarse, round sponge, suspending it by four cords, then sticking it full of ferns (pressed, of course)—the longest ones put in the top and small ones around the sides and in the bottom. A few bright autumn leaves, tied on broom-splints, to lengthen the stems, add to its appearance. Pin clusters of ferns and leaves on your lace curtains and picture-cords, and they will brighten your pretty room amazingly. Take a pair of those crimson damask curtains your mother has thrown in her attic, cut them into lambrequins, line them with cream-colored silesia, finish with a plaiting of damask or a heavy cord, and they will be something to be proud of. The scraps will be nice to make little lambrequins for brackets. Goodness! how I have run on! I am like one of Dickeus's characters and have 'the gift of gab quite gallopin'.' Dinner is done, and here is Harry."

"How'd'y do, Aunt Ellen. I am real glad to see you."

"Yes, indeed, you had better be glad to see her; for if Auntie wasn't here you would not see any dinner. For Norah's mother is sick and she has gone to see her."

"That is what I call a good dinner, Auntie. You are a tip-top cook."

"I did not cook it. Katie did. I only told her how. Isn't she an apt scholar?"

"I guess she is. Well done, little wife! Keep on and prosper. Good-by till tea-time."

"Oh! Auntie, I am so glad Harry was pleased. You sit down while I wash the dishes. Is this pudding good cold, Auntie?"

"Yes, quite good; but, if you would prefer it warmed over, it is just as good as new. For supper let us make chocolate blanc mauge, watermelon cake, and chocolate-drop cakes. For blanc mauge take a quart of milk and a cup of sugar; put them in a tin in a pan of water and let it boil; then add two squares of grated chocolate and three tablespoonfuls of corn-starch, dissolved in a little of the milk. Let it boil, flavor with vanilla, and pour in molds and set away to cool. Now we will make the watermelon cake. *White part.*—Take 2 cups white sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup butter, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk, 3 cups flour, whites of 5 eggs, 1 teaspoon soda, 2 teaspoons cream tartar. *Red part.*—1 cup red sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 2 cups flour, 1 cup raisins, whites 5 eggs, 1 teaspoon soda, 2 teaspoons cream tartar. Roll the raisins in powdered sugar, stir into the cake, put it in the middle of the pan, and pour the white around. The drop cakes I know you will like. Everybody does. Take one cup of sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, 2 cups flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, yolks of 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon cream tartar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda. Drop on buttered tins and bake in a hot oven. When done, spread with chocolate glazing. I will make it while you make the cakes. I take the white of three eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of sugar, two teaspoons corn-starch, and 2 tablespoons grated chocolate. Beat together till stiff. If your cakes are done, spread them and set in the oven a minute, and they will become glossy."

"I am so glad you came to-day, as I did not know what to do about the meals, and you solved the mystery."

"Katie, you should take THE FLORAL CABINET. It is just what every young housekeeper needs and is just the dearest little paper in America. But I won't try to praise it, as I would not do it justice. I will bring you some of mine to look at. They will plead their own cause better than I can. Every one falls in love with them. I only wish they were larger and would willingly pay more for them. Well, I must go. If you get in trouble and want help, just call on

AUNT ELLEN.

A RAY OF SUNSHINE FOR THE SICK-ROOM.

SHORT as the winter days were to most of the household, they were long enough to Lina, who was a prisoner in her chamber, while others came and went at their pleasure. She had studied the pictures on the wall and the pattern on the paper-hangings, had noticed every flaw in the ceiling, and the very folds of the window drapery, until seeing seemed almost a weariness. How little the well and strong appreciate this feeling in the helpless invalid.

But Lina bore her troubles so patiently that they only drew her nearer to the hearts of all those who ministered to her.

"What can we do to enliven her sick-room?" asked Lottie, as she and her sister and brother were gathered about the evening-lamp below stairs. "Charley, cannot you contrive something pretty for that corner of her room between the two windows? It is just opposite her bed, and if we had something pretty there for her to look at, I am sure it would cheer her and do good like a medicine."

The result of this evening consultation was a very pretty device for the corner, which was prepared down in the family sitting-room and hung up one night, when Lina was fast asleep.

Charley prepared a nice shelf, that would just fit in the corner, and the girls glued on it some beautiful dried moss and sedgy grasses. A few gray branches were set up over it, looking like trees in miniature; and from these hung long festoons of gray swamp moss, making the spot look like a forest dell. To complete the picture, a pretty snow-white heron stood in the deep recess, as if just startled by the observer and ready to take flight; and a pretty cedar bird, of a greenish-gray color, with a red berry in his mouth, seemed just to have alighted on a mossy spray.

When Lina awoke next morning, the first object that met her eye seemed to be a glimpse of her native Southern forest. She rubbed her eyes, and concluded that dreamland shadows had followed her into the realms of day. But as the outlines grew more distinct she saw that the picture was real.

"It is something the dear girls have planned for my enjoyment," she thought; and her loving, sensitive heart brought the quick tears of gratitude to her gentle eyes, as she drew the white covers for a moment over them. Two pair of arms were soon thrown about her and merry voices gave her a happy greeting. The little surprise was a perfect success, and when spring came Lina always would believe that the pleasure it brought with it had done more than anything else to restore her to health once more.

If you have a loved one sick under your roof, you will find that there is no medicine like happiness to work a cure, and even the smallest things that bring enjoyment are worthy of your attention.

Household Elegancies.

WHAT I SAW "WHEN I WENT VISITING."

I VISITED the home of a dearly-loved friend, not many weeks since, and saw so many beautiful things to admire that I asked permission to tell everybody how they were made; in other words, to write it for the readers of THE CABINET, provided, of course, Mr. Williams saw fit to give it them. My friend readily signified her willingness, only saying: "Begin with the parlor, if you please, Estrella, as that is furnished or, rather, ornamented entirely by my own hands. The house is of stone, fronting south, and the parlor has two south and two west windows.

The windows were all hung with lace curtains, of beautiful pattern. At the sides, between the sash and curtains, about one-third of the way from the bottom, were placed brackets, on which stood dishes, in which were planted vines, that were growing luxuriantly and were trained in an arch over each window, and also looped the curtains back at the sides. In the west windows were planted Morning Glories and Madeira Vines. In the south Smilax and Cypress mingled their delicate tendrils.

At the parting of the curtains a dainty contrivance was suspended, which greatly enhanced their beauty. In one window it was a hanging vase of crystallized alum, made of wire ripped from old hats and bonnets, twisted into basket shape, tied with twine, bits of twine were tied on here and there, and the whole dipped in a strong solution of alum water and left in the water twenty-four hours. When removed, it was covered with sparkling crystals, strongly resembling frost-work. The basket was filled with green moss, from which peeped paucies of various colors made of zephyr; but so true to Nature were they that we were deceived and thought they were real hearts-ease.

In another was a similar basket, only, instead of alum, a mixture of two parts beeswax and one of resin were melted, earmine enough stirred in to give it a coral tint, and poured over the basket, covering a small part at a time, and when entirely covered put away in a cool place to harden. In this was placed a lovely bouquet of white feather flowers, with green foliage, the edge fringed with delicate grasses and ferns.

At the third was suspended a cluster of egg-shells—one goose and four hen's eggs. They had a small round opening cut at the largest end and were each enclosed in a crochet cover of rose-colored zephyr. The goose egg was placed in the center; the others at equal distances apart, about half way to the top of the center one, and sewed firmly to position. Tiny tassels of the zephyr were attached to the points of the shells. In the center one was placed a large lily, made of white horsehair; in the others a rose, a tulip, a dahlia, and a carnation, of natural hair, and all glued to position.

In the last window hung a small hoop of wire twined with woodbine, with its leaves and berries. In it was perched a canary. "Poor Dickie!" said my friend. "When he died I could not bear to lose him altogether; so I preserved the semblance as well as I could."

I can only leave to your imagination the exquisite

beauty of those windows, with their lovely green arches lit up by the crimson stars of Cypress and the blue and pink cups of the Convolvuli, as they appeared through the misty lace, the sparkling baskets with their flowers, the novel egg-castle, and Dickie swinging on his perch. Between the two west windows hung a mirror, around which a luxuriant Wax Plant, in full bloom, was trained. In the southwest corner stood, upon a little stand, a deep frame, two feet high, lined with crimson satin. In it was placed a cross, wreathed in flowers, all in wax of purest white. On the east side of the room, in the middle, stood an organ. Upon the wall at each end of it was hung a wall-pocket for music, that, while extremely useful, was neat and pretty and not at all expensive. They were of the same size, cut of pasteboard, the fronts an inch larger each way than sheet music. The backs were the same, only shaped to a pretty point about six inches higher than the fronts. One was covered with braid of two old hats, which were no longer wearable—one brown, the other white. The brown braid was stretched across the front quite closely (lengthwise) and fastened at the ends; the white was then woven over and under, from side to side. Any simple crochet pattern may be used. In this the border was simple checks; the middle, brown background, with initials in white. The upper part of the back was covered with checks and each piece bound with brown braid; the bottoms sewed together; and sides laced together, with brown cord and tassels at the bottom. A cord is fastened at the two upper corners of the back, allowed to fall loosely over the back, brought to the point, tied in a knot with three loops, sewed firmly. The middle one served to hang it by. The other was covered with corn-husks. Pieces were cut in strips half an inch wide and sewed in loops around the edge—two rows. Then with a pencil an oval was marked on the pasteboard, the ends just touching the center of the ends. Next, the space between the pencil line and the corners was filled in with loops. Now husks were folded crosswise and cut off a little over an inch long, double. The doubled edge was cut finely, to fringe it, and sewed on thickly, putting the fringed edge over the pencil line, sewing the other edge fast. Another row of fringe was put on, turning the fringed edges inside the oval. A row of loops of strips an inch wide were sewed between the fringes, to hide the stitches. A roseberry was put in now and then. The inside of the oval was filled in with large loops, with a cluster of berries. The upper part of the back was ornamented the same; except that, instead of an oval, the fringe followed the outline of the point. It was finished with brown cords, to match the other. Over the instrument hung a group of nine photographs of children, arranged in a diamond. A diamond of pasteboard was cut, the nine pictures sewed on, and worsted leaves in various shades of green and a few tiny buds were placed about them, wreathing each picture separately and framing the whole in a garland of green. Tacked upon the wall, it presented a charming appearance. The sweet, innocent faces of the little ones looking out from their green bower was very attractive.

There was a lamp-mat of scarlet flannel over pasteboard, with a border of the white, downy feathers of

chickens, that was beautiful. Picture-frames of cones and acorns, of shells and mosses, yes, and one of popcorn, several of paper, in imitation leather work, formed a portion of the attractions of this lovely home.

A ring that we admired greatly was made of breadths from an old alpaca dress, cut into a six-sided square. A wreath of leaves of different shades of red, green, and brown was sewed on it; and the stems and veins of the leaves made of common stocking yarn, old at that.

But I have not told you of the half of that "one woman's work" in beautifying her home. Yet she does all the work for her husband, herself, and two little ones, and lives on a farm at that, with plenty of extra work thrown in.

ESTRELLA VERNE.

AN ÆOLEAN HARP.

MAKE a long, narrow box, as long as the window or other place it is to occupy is wide; four inches high and five inches wide of wood about $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch thick or even less. Pine wood will answer for this case. On each end glue very firmly two pieces of hard wood, such as oak or walnut, $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch high, $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch thick, and long enough to extend from one side to the other—or the width of the box, in other words. Before fastening these on, furnish one of them with seven brass pins and the other with seven wooden pegs—such as piano strings are wound on. These may both be procured, as also the strings, at any music store. Within the case, $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch below the top, fasten two pieces of wood, beech or pine, one inch square, and to fit in the box against each end. On this place a piece of thin board, $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch thick, with a circular piece cut out in the center, larger or smaller according to the size of the case, just as you see the sounding-board in a guitar or violin. The strings must first be fastened at one end to the pins, then wound round the pegs, which must turn, so as to allow of their being turned when tuned. Next fasten in the corners of the box four pins or pegs, four inches high, on which place a piece of $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch thick board, to allow a free current of air to pass over the sounding-board and across the strings.

AQUARIUMS.

A READER of your paper asks how to make an Aquarium, and if your space will allow I will give her my experience. To begin, I purchased four panes of ordinary window-glass, which cost me one dollar. Two of these panes were 12x16 and two 16x26. I got a carpenter to make me a substantial walnut frame, with an oaken bottom and furnished with small grooves for the glass, which I inserted and cemented with the following preparation, that cost me just forty cents: One part by measure of litharge, one part plaster paris, one part fine beach-sand, one-third part of finely-powdered resin. Mix well and make into a putty with good boiled linseed oil. It will stand water at once. I was obliged to cement the entire bottom of my aquarium, as there were some knots in the timber, through which the water leaked, and then gave it a good coat of white paint, to make assurance doubly sure.

Fireside Reading.

FLOWERS FOR A SICK-CHAMBER.

"Along her cheek the deep'ning red
Told where the feverish hectic fed;
And yet each token gave
To the mild beauty of her face
A newer and a dearer grace,
Unwarning of the grave."

In a valuable and instructive book by Miss Nightingale upon "Nursing" and the duties and cares of the sick Miss Nightingale thus speaks upon the value and restorative power of beautiful flowers.

As a proof that flowers are beneficial in such a place, *The Herald of Health* endorses this practice.

"I have seen in fevers (and felt, when I was a patient myself) the most acute suffering produced from the patient not being able to see out of the window, when the view to be seen was nothing but a clump of trees. I shall never forget the rapture of patients over a bunch of bright-colored flowers. I remember in my own case a nosegay of wild flowers being sent me; and from that moment my recovery became more rapid. People say that the effect is only on the mind. It is not so. The effect is on the body, too. Little as we know about the way in which we are affected by forms, by color, and by light, we do know this, that they have an actual physical effect upon the body. Variety of form and brilliancy of color in the objects presented to patients are actual means of recovery.

"Do not be afraid to place shrubbery, plants, and bunches of cut flowers in the patient's room.

There is a 'learned ignorance,' common to nurses and physicians, that such things are injurious, on account of the carbonic acid they are supposed to give off. Of course, if you should fill a room like a hot-house with plants and flowers, some evil effect of this kind might be expected. Besides, plants only give off carbonic acid at night. And even if they should be left in the patient's room at night, which is not at all necessary, the amount that would be given off by a good-sized plant or bunch of flowers would hardly poison a fly. As to cut flowers, the actual is the reverse of that feared. If they are placed in a tumbler or vase of water, as they generally should be, they absorb carbonic acid gas, decompose water, and give off oxygen, which is a healthy process. Some flowers are not healthy. The smell of the Lily depresses the nervous system; so the Jessamine; and some other flowers, of a disagreeable,

faintish, sickening smell, though ever so handsome and brilliant, should not be brought into a sick-room. The Rose, the Pink, the Geranium, and such flowers of grateful smell are beneficial, on account of their healthful and agreeable fragrance, as well as their beauty and brilliancy of color. Brilliant colors are to be preferred. Red is the best color, blue the poorest. Blue seems to be a depressing color to the sick."

"The power of kind words and soothing sounds appease
The raging pain and lessen the disease."

ANGELS WHISPERSWEET GOOD-NIGHT.

[The following beautiful song of "Sweet Good-Night" was sent to us by a sweet little child, with a request for us to republish it.—ED.]

Close your eyes, my little rosebud,
Lay your hand upon your breast,
It is time, my little darling,
Now to tuck you in your nest.

HUMORS OF THE TIME.

"QUI S'EXCUSE S'ACCUSE."—Officer (visiting rounds, midnight) to sentry: "How is it you did not challenge us?" Private: "Sure, sir, I did not know who you were."—*Fun*.

.... "Will you please insert this obituary notice?" asked an old gentleman of a country editor. "The deceased had a great many friends about here who'd be glad to hear of his death."

.... An old Negro fiddler of Cuthbert "got religion" a few days ago; whereupon he shivered his fiddle on the doorstep, saying: "No man kin hab religion an' be a fiddler."—*Columbus (Ga.) Sun*.

.... A beautiful little Brookline girl, being reproved the other day by her elder sister for using a slang expression, sharply retorted: "Well, if you went into society more you would hear slang."—*Brookline Chronicle*.

.... We heard of a Sunday-school scholar who, being

told how God punished the Egyptians by causing the first-born of each household to be killed, rejoined with: "What would God have done if there had been twins?"—*Boston Transcript*.

.... Professor: "What was the state of French affairs at this time?" X (rapidly): "The majority ruled the minority, and consequently the minority was ruled by the majority, as it were." Professor (sternly): "Sit down, sir!"—*Yale Record*.

.... A BUY AND A SELL.—Operator (apropos of customer's heard): "Yes. Great improvement, indeed, sir, since you took our 'Balm of Illyria.' Of course, you will try another bottle?" Customer (drily): "No, thanks. Haven't tried the first yet."

.... "Oulda," the gushing novelist, asks: "What will the children now growing up with us know of our

Italy?" Well, they will know that "our Italy" furnishes this country its dirtiest organ-grinders and the sorest-eyed monkeys.—*Norristown Herald*.

.... "Leave your great-coat, sir, if you please!" said a theater cloak fiend. "Oh! with pleasure!" assented the gentleman, taking it off (he had no other on) and walking toward the stalls in his shirt-sleeves; but the fiend relented.—*London paper*.

.... Small Hartford Boy to Police Commissioner: "When'll you buy dogs, Cap'n, and give a dollar apiece?" "Why, my young man?" asked the Commissioner. "Corz I've got six in the sullen and Tom White he's got twelve. We're keepin' um for the dollars, you see."

.... In a recent case for assault the defendant pleaded guilty. "I think I must be guilty," said he, "because the plaintiff and I were the only ones in the room, and the first thing I knew was that I was standing up and he was doubled over the table. You'd better call it guilty."



PAPA'S SLIPPERS.

"On the perch your birdie's sleeping—
He will call you when 'tis light;
And around your pillow, darling,
Angels whisper: "Sweet good-night."

With the break of early morning
You will hear the birdie sing;
He will raise the head that nestled
Underneath his golden wing.
With a trill that is enchanting,
He'll awake you from repose;
For the faintest rays of daylight
Rouse him from his quiet dose.

Then adown the dewy meadows
You can trip, with joy and glee,
And awaken from their slumbers
Yellow butterfly and bee.
They will all be glad to meet you,
In the sunshine warm and bright.
So, my little darling, kiss me,
While the angels say: "Good-night."

Housekeeping.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.

"WELL, Nellie, I have come for you to tell me all you know. Are you prepared?" exclaimed my young friend, Annie C—, as she entered my sanctum one sunny afternoon, tossing her hat on the table and seating herself with a whirl on a low stool at my feet.

"That may not take me long," I replied, smiling. "But what subject would you have me ventilate my wisdom on first?"

"Oh! it's something to eat I want to know about." "Here I am, only eighteen, married, with a husband to please. And I know just nothing at all about pleasing his palate. I had helped mother some while I was going to school; but that did not amount to much, and I was married so soon after graduating I could spend little time on housekeeping arts. But, of course, I thought everything would come right; supposed instinct would tell me how much coffee to put in the pot. It does not seem as if we had had a decent meal since we went to house-keeping. I can't run home and ask mother, and I am just sick and tired of my experiments. Charley boarded with your mother so long he has come to quoting her, instead of his own mother, that husbands proverbially hold up to their wives for example. So I have come here hoping her mantle has fallen on you. In the first place, my bread is poor, indeed. You know our village does not afford a baker, and I have tried all the receipts I could find for yeast-making. Have boiled hops and potatoes, and have decocted any quantity of messes supposed to have a lightening effect; but, in spite of all, my bread is execrable. Charley says your mother made the best bread he ever ate, and he don't believe she used yeast at all. And I want to know how, if possible. And—would you believe it?—I can't even make decent pie-crust; and my cookies—oh! oh!! oh!!! Then Charley quotes some ginger cookies he used to get at your house, that were perfection."

"Oh! well, if that is all you want, I can give you the required information." I agree with your husband perfectly about that bread. I don't like yeast-bread half as well. But the milk-rising, as it is called, is more difficult to make. That is, it requires more care while rising. But as to how. Take a little less than a pint of water, as warm as you can bear your finger—just cool enough to scald the flour. Add a lump of soda as large as a pea; a few spoonfuls of milk, if you have it. Stir in flour to make a moderately stiff batter and set in a warm place. If your flour is good, they will be light in five or six hours. Then take a pint of warm water, with a lump of soda as before, pour about half of this into the center of a pan of flour, stir up a thin batter; then add a small teacupful of boiling water, stir rapidly; then pour in the rest of the warm water, and finally the rising. But be sure your batter is not hot enough to scald them at all. Stir as thick as you can with a spoon, leaving flour under and around the sponge. Also cover about a half inch deep with flour, and set in a warm place

as before. It will be ready to mix in about an hour. Do not knead too hard, and place in tins to rise again. When light, bake in a brisk oven. The oven must be just right, and this you can only tell by experience. A moderate-sized loaf ought to bake about forty minutes. Some flour makes better bread if mixed with part milk. Milk will make your bread a little whiter. Do not salt it, as it makes it hard and causes it to get dry sooner. I find it much easier to get rid of dry bread of this kind, as there is no flavor of yeast about it when made into pudding or toast. I make an inexpensive pudding, that we all like well. Take about a pint of crumbled bread, a little more than a quart of milk. Sweeten to taste. I think two tablespoonfuls enough. Two eggs, well beaten, salt a very little, flavor with cinnamon or nutmeg, add raisins, butter your pudding-dish, and bake slowly an hour and a half. Do not fill your dish full, as it swells while baking. Does not require any sauce.

PIECRUST.

I use equal quantities of lard and water. Rub the lard cold into the flour. Then add cold water. A teacupful of each is sufficient for three pies. Mix hard as quickly as possible, and bake immediately in an oven as hot as possible and not burn.

COOKIES.

Two cups of white sugar, one of butter, one of buttermilk, one teaspoonful heaped of soda, two eggs. Mix as soft as possible to roll and cut nicely. Bake in a hot oven.

GINGER COOKIES.

One egg, one cup of brown sugar, one cup of molasses (New Orleans the best), one cup of shortening, not necessarily butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of buttermilk, one and a half teaspoonfuls of soda, one teaspoonful of ginger. Mix stiff and bake in a hot oven.

Watch your fire closely, and you will soon learn to temper it to the needs of the dough. Success depends almost as much on having the oven just right as on anything else. The dough may be perfect and your cake or biscuit a failure because your oven was a little too hot or too cold. You will find experience a great help with all receipts; but that will come in time.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

Why is it that nearly everybody puts up their tomatoes in tin, instead of glass? It is believed by many that they cannot be kept in glass. This is certainly a mistake, as we have canned in glass for some years, and experience no trouble in keeping them and do think it is the cheapest and most wholesome way.

The principal features to be observed in canning in glass are as follows: Temper your cans well. Close the doors of your cook-stove and set the cans on the stove-plate and pour in warm water, gradually increasing the quantity and the heat of the water until you can pour it in boiling hot.

Heat your tomatoes in a porcelain kettle. (This is the handiest and most convenient kettle for all canning operations.) When ready for the cans, empty the hot water out and turn up to drain, and then fill.

If you are short of cans, you can boil down the tomatoes considerably, and they will require little more than a good heating when served.

When the can is full, wipe off carefully, and adjust the gum and top, screwing the latter at intervals. Next day store in a cool, dark place, and you can keep them the year round. I think this is one reason why some people lose so much of their fruit. I have seldom lost a can of fruit in hundreds of quarts canned every year.

After canning, it is well to examine the cans several times, at intervals of a week, as it often happens, even in new cans, that there are flaws. Or sometimes a seed gets under the gum and lets the air have vent, which will cause the fruit to work or ferment and spoil. This is readily seen by bubbles rising to the top. It can be saved by rehcating. We now can all our fruit without sugar; so that, if any happens to spoil, nothing but the fruit is lost. We always open the cans and sugar the fruit a few hours before using.

By constant use the can-lids become incrustated. This can easily be removed by washing in a solution of sal-soda.

To have tomatoes like fresh ones sliced in vinegar the year round, slice nice ripe tomatoes and place in your cans, and let them come to a boil in a water-bath (stand cans on sticks in the bath), and then seal. Serve in sweetened vinegar, with pepper and salt.

An excellent pickle for winter use is made as follows: Slice green tomatoes and onions. Put in a stone vessel alternate layers of onions and tomatoes until full (pressing down occasionally).

If a good-sized vessel, put on top 1 pound of brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce cinnamon, and $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce allspice. Set on the stove and heat gradually until it comes to a boil. When cool, put away.

TO CLEAN ENGRAVINGS.

It frequently happens that fine engravings, despite the care taken of them, will in some unaccountable manner become stained and dirty to such an extent as to seriously impair their beauty. To those of our readers who own engravings that have been injured in this way a simple recipe for cleaning them will prove of value. Put the engraving on a smooth board and cover it with a thin layer of common salt, finely pulverized; then squeeze lemon-juice upon the salt until a considerable portion of it is dissolved. After every part of the picture has been subjected to this treatment, elevate one end of the board, so that it will form an angle of about forty-five degrees with the horizon. From a tea-kettle or other suitable vessel pour on the engraving boiling water, until the salt and lemon-juice be all washed off. The engraving will then be perfectly clean and free from stain. It must be dried on the board, or on some smooth surface, gradually. If dried by the fire or sun, it will be tinged with a dingy yellowish color.

Hoarseness or Tickling in the Throat.—Take a small quantity of dry pulverized borax, place it on the tongue, and let it slowly dissolve and run down the throat. It is also good to keep the throat moist at night and prevent coughing.



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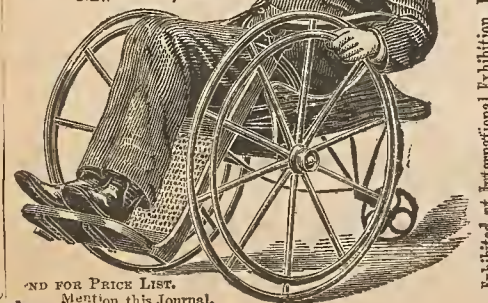
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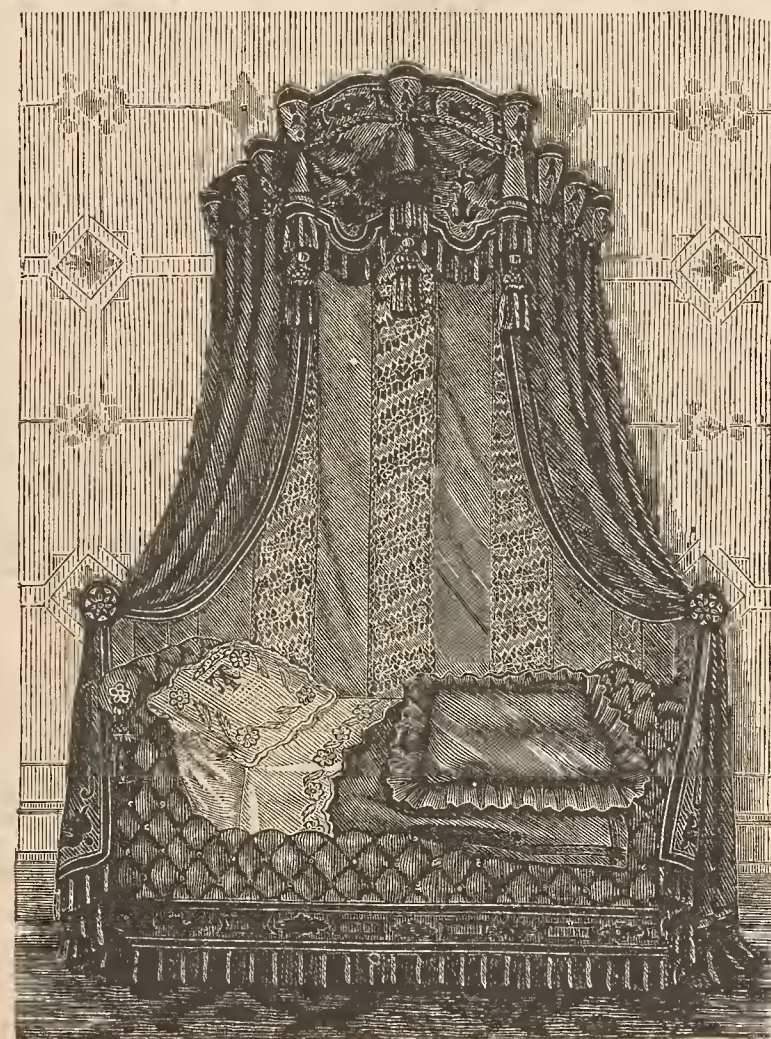
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PICKING CHERRIES DOWN THE LANE.

Music by H. MILLARD.

Moderato con espress.

1. It was in the gol - den sum - mer, And we met be - neath the trees; There were
 2. Oh, the boughs with ru - bies la - den, They were far be - yond her reach, But I
 3. Now the scent - ed breez - es whisper'd All the se - crets that were told, And the

fond and lov - ing glan - ces; There was laughter on the breeze. In the green and wa - vy or - chard, Ro - sy hands met mine a - gain, While we
 helped her, and she thank'd me, Sweet and bird - like was her speech. Lit - tle hands, so fair and dim - pled, In my own would oft re - main, And I
 bird - ies saw some - bo - dy Some one's waists in joy en - fold! Ere the ro - sy sun - set fa - ded O - ver hill, and vale, and plain, Lov - ing

lin - ger'd there to - geth - er Picking cherries, picking cherries down the lane; Down the lane, Down the lane, Down the lane, While we
 long'd to lin - ger ev - er Picking cherries, picking cherries down the lane; Down the lane, Down the lane, Down the lane, And I
 lips were pick - ing cherries, Picking cherries, picking cherries down the lane; Down the lane, Down the lane, Down the lane, Lov - ing

CHORUS.

lin - ger'd there to - geth - er Picking cherries, picking cherries down the lane. How I bless the hap - py mo - ments!
 long'd to lin - ger ev - er Picking cherries, picking cherries down the lane.
 lips were pick - ing cherries, Picking cherries, picking cherries down the lane.

How I long for them a - gain, When we lin - ger'd there to - geth - er Pick - ing cher - ries, pick - ing cher - ries down the lane.

THE LADIES' DOMESTIC MAGAZINE

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1878.

By HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

No. 81. PRICE 12 CENTS.

SKETCH OF PRETTY WINDOW-GARDEN.

It has lately occurred to me that a sketch of my window-garden might be acceptable.

The apartment is better lighted than is often the case with a bay window and the usual curtains and blinds. As the window faces west, the sunshine is allowed to penetrate the room unchecked, and has never proved inconvenient, even on the longest and brightest summer days.

My window-garden does not need heat, and, of course, I never plant in it any orchids or other tender plants, that a few cold nights would kill or injure past recovery. I am content with such Ferns as will live through the winter.

If possible for all readers to get a window which does not need special heating in the winter, do so, for the number of lovely plants that will thrive in them is beyond counting, and the care required to keep up an artificial temperature all the winter is really oppressive. Servants are fallible and forget. If you begin say in November to heat the case if closed, you must go on until April or May.

If you leave off when the pressure is very severe, say in January, you will probably lose all your plants, even if they are quite hardy, because the employment of heat will have kept them in a state of activity, instead of rest, and a severe frost, finding them unaided, will effect their ruin.

My bay window is fitted in a very simple manner. It consists, in the first instance, of a series of zinc trays, 18 inches wide and the same in length, the depth being one foot. These fit closely together and are completely hidden by an ornamental kirting of rosewood, which can be removed in one piece, as it is attached to a front of deal. The zinc trays are all freely pierced, for drainage, and they rest on thin slips of wood on a slab of slate, which in its turn rests on the sill and the central sup-

port. The furnishing consists of a combination of pot-plants, with plants which are naturally rooted in the zinc boxes.

Thus in two of the side boxes small-leaved Ivies

movable when required. In these I generally plant fine-leaved Ferns; and as soon as they begin to decline in beauty I take them out, plant them in the fernery, and refurnish the trumpets with fresh plants.

In the boxes which are reserved for pot-plants I put chopped moss only, packed closely around the pots; and I keep the whole surface covered with living Lycopodiums, which are rooted in the boxes containing earth. I have but to lift the Lycopodium gently, when changing the pot-plants, and then replace it, to afford a living, lace-like covering.

I obtain from the gardener some good farm compost, consisting of fibrous peat chopped up with silver sand, and I find that this will grow any plant, from an early Tulip to the most delicate Fern or Lycopodium.

When my pot-plants have declined in beauty, I return them to the gardener, and obtain from him others in return, always securing pairs, if possible.

I find Dracenas, Yuccas, Agave, Bambusas, and Rhodeas admirably adapted for the purpose, if not too large, and almost all kinds of Ferns are suitable.

If I were to begin my garden and build over again, I would admit light from above, as well as at the sides. I would have wooden, instead of zinc boxes, and I would have the window-frames made to slide up and down easily, by means of cords and pulleys within the room.

"JULIET."

VIOLETS IN POTS.

About the end of October put the plants rather firmly in six or seven-inch pots, using any good garden soil, thoroughly watering when newly potted and partially shading for a few days. If not properly watered, the leaves will become yellow and the flowers not attain full size. Kept exposed to the sun, with a cool temperature at night, they flower well.

M. MILTON.



SKETCH OF WINDOW-GARDEN.

have long been established, and form a most elegant tracery on iron wires, the two main supports to the trellis being fitted with glass trumpets, removed from a table decoration and fitted into a socket, so as to be

Floral Contributions.

MY HOUSE PLANTS.

[To this Article was Awarded First Prize for Floral Topics.]

I believe I was perfectly happy the day my Plant-Room was finished. It is very pleasant to have something exactly one's own way, and to find one's own way a very excellent way is more pleasing still. I looked at the large windows, the pretty, dark-tinted woodwork, and the white ceiling, contrasting so well with the dark panels, and thought how pleasant would be the arranging of my Floral treasures, and how many I could add to their number, and pictured the vines that should be wreathed around and above the windows; and, as I said before, was happy. I thought once that if I could have a bay-window for my plants I should be satisfied; but by the time I could have the window my ideas had enlarged (they had had ample time, for I had waited a good many years), and I thought how satisfying a thing it would be to have a little room built out from the dining-room for the sole use and comfort of my beloved flowers. Our house stands with its front to the west, and there is an extension in the center of the rear, containing dining-room and kitchen. This leaves a sheltered corner to the south and east, and in this corner was built my plant-room. It extends out about eight feet from the dining-room and is fourteen feet in width. One side and one end are principally composed of glass, and one side is open to the dining room. The other end, of course, joins the main part of the house. There is a good stone foundation, and a double floor, filled with sawdust. The roof is a common shingled one. I could have no glass about that, as after every snow-storm we are liable to quite an avalanche of snow and ice from the roofs above. But the windows reach to within six inches of the floor, and, as there are three in the side and two in the end, there is an abundance of light. The inside woodwork and the window-sashes are of butternut, oiled, not painted, and the rich, warm hues of this wood are very beautiful. The floor is of cedar, also well oiled.

I shall not have room to tell of my flowers, if I say much more about their dwelling-place; so we will suppose three years to have passed, and I will give a description of those I now have—at least, part of them—and my mode of treatment. The large stand in front of the window nearest the main building is filled with Geraniums—single, double, and sweet-scented. So much has been written of these favorites that I can do little but repeat the oft-told "small pots, plenty of fresh air, and not too much water." Those for winter blooming I keep on a partially shaded verandah through the summer, with no more water than is necessary to keep the leaves from wilting, and pick off any enterprising buds which make their appearance. The first of September I bring them into their winter-quarters and am a little more generous with their supply of water. After the first of November I let them have their own way in regard to blooming, and give them a drink of liquid manure once a week. By the middle of December there are usually quantities of

buds, and on Christmas Day some of the kindest offer me a handful of brilliant blossoms to grace my dinner-table. All through the rest of the winter the stand of Geraniums is a thing of beauty; the double ones adding their beautiful clusters of maroon, pink, and scarlet the latter part of January. I take care to allow no seeds to form on these plants, for they blossom much better when the flowers are removed while in their prime.

The next stand, a great favorite of mine, is made of an old kitchen-table. The top was taken off, and boards nailed across underneath the frame-work of the table, leaving a sink-shaped receptacle. This was lined with zinc, a thick layer of charcoal put in the bottom, and the flower-pots placed thereon. A grand old Fuchsia occupies the center of this stand, and around it are ranged younger branches of the same family. These Fuchsias have the very richest soil I can give them. They require more water than Geraniums, and also a little more care; for, if left entirely to their own devices, they are not likely to grow symmetrical. The other pots in this stand hold two or three Double Stocks, a Begonia Weltoniensis, a pink Bouvardia, and a Heliotrope. The Stocks were taken up from the garden just before the first frosts, into good-sized pots, filled with common garden-soil, and, after having been kept in the shade for a week or so, were brought into the full sunlight and have done admirably. The Begonias I find require poorer soil than most house-plants, else they grow too long and slender for beauty. I use a large proportion of sand for them, and very little for the spiky Bouvardias and sweet-breathed Heliotropes. I like to start fresh cuttings of the Bouvardia every second year—I root them in wet sand; but I think the older and stronger a Heliotrope is the better it blossoms. I cut back my Heliotropes every summer and take out as much of the surface soil in the pots as I can without disturbing the roots, filling up again with fresh, rich earth from the woods.

The spaces between the pots in this stand are filled with sandy soil, and slips of German Ivy, Tradescantia, and Maurandya planted therein. These ramble among the flower-pots and hang in long festoons from the old brown table, and one adventurous Maurandya has embraced the Fuchsia tree and nods its head from the topmost branches. This stand is on casters and is occasionally turned around, to keep the plants in perfect shape, and is showered regularly once a week with lukewarm water, and when in bud or blossom the plants are given a weekly dose of liquid manure.

I may as well state here how I prepare this stimulant. I put about two tablespoonfuls of dry hen-manure and a pint of charcoal in a bucket, and pour over it a quart of boiling water, stirring it well with the old iron spoon I keep for this purpose. Then I fill up the bucket with a gallon of warm water and let it stand till cool enough to use. There is no disagreeable smell to this stimulant, and the plants like it wonderfully. They are given a spoonful or two, according to their size, not oftener than once a week.

Across the window near which stands the plant-table above mentioned I have two shelves—one at the bottom and the other about half way to the top. On the upper shelf my Chinese Primroses open their large

clusters of delicate blossoms from November to May. For constant bloom I know of no flower to equal these. I sowed the seeds in sandy soil in large flower-pots in June, and covered with glass until the tiny green shoots made their appearance. Then I gave them the morning sun every day, and when the first rough leaves had begun to assert themselves I transplanted the little things. I must confess that I lost several by this operation, and another time shall not transplant quite so soon. In October I put the tiny plants into the pots in which they were to remain during the winter, and in February they began to blossom. I had seventeen nice plants from the one packet of seed, and I think the principal difficulty in raising these beautiful additions to our window-gardens is in the improper sowing of the seed. I sprinkled mine lightly over the surface of the soil in the pots, and then through a fine sieve I sifted a very little earth over them. In regard to their after-treatment, they should never be showered or sprinkled; but the dust should be occasionally wiped from their leaves with a piece of velvet or plush. Also in the occasional doses of liquid manure given to other plants pass the Primroses by; but give them plenty of warm water.

My Roses are in unglazed pots, in a soil composed of equal parts of leaf-mold, loam, sand, and the contents of an old hot-bed. The bottom of the pot is provided with good drainage. A layer of broken crockery and bits of charcoal first, then above it a handful of the soft, thick gray lichen that grows on rocks. They are showered with clean warm water twice a week, and red spider, green fly, and the other rose-pests are unknown to them.

In front of the other south window is a stand similar to the one that holds my Geraniums, both made of well-oiled pine, and containing a large number of miscellaneous plants—Lantanas, Begonias, Calceolarias, Carnations, a few Pelargoniums, a Stevia, and a Daphne among them. I put the Lantanas and Pelargoniums in the garden in the summer, and start fresh slips for the house. If only the Pelargoniums were not such shy bloomers, how desirable they would be! Calceolarias are among my favorites. Mine are grown from cuttings and are in light sandy soil. I cut them back every spring and keep them on a shady verandah, giving them very little water through the summer. I bring them into my plant-room in September, so that they may become accustomed to indoor air before the fires are kindled for our long winter.

Carnations are very obliging plants, and if you will only give them very rich soil, not too much water, and plenty of sunlight and fresh air, they will reward you with quantities of sweet-scented blossoms.

I would part with many things before I could spare my beautiful Daphne, with its pearly clusters and dark green leaves. Mine has the same treatment usually given to Oleanders, and I should think every one would prefer a Daphne to an Oleander.

Opposite one of the east windows is the gem of my collection—a Calla Lily. The stand here is a circular one, about two feet in diameter and raised only a few inches from the floor; and in its center a rustic support, made from the curved and twisted roots of a birch tree, for the large jar containing a Lily, or more proper-

(Continued on Page 5.)

Answers to Correspondents.

Common Names of Plants.—A correspondent from Salena, California, writes: "THE CABINET is generally so correct in its names and descriptions of plants that I would suggest printing in your paper or in pamphlet form a correct list of garden flowers, with a list of the erroneous names commonly given in seedsmen's and florists' catalogues. No one expects a list describing each variety of Rose Geranium or Fuchsia, of which new kinds are every year sent out by florists; but such blunders as calling *Dicentra spectabilis* Dicytra or Deelytra, *Calla* Cally, or *Calceolaria* Lady's Slipper. *Lilium speciosum* (Japan Lily) is described as "speciosum album lancifolium" (Our correspondent is a little out. The Japan Lily is *Lilium lancifolium*.) *Sedum carneum variegatum* is written Carueum. Hemrocalles and Funkia are classed as one, and both with Day Lily and "Fugia." These are but a few of the examples. And then there is another annoyance: calling seeds and plants by their Latin names alone, or giving descriptions in one place by a Latin name and in another by a common. A dictionary of Latin names, with corresponding common names and the improper names most usually found, would be a blessing to lovers of flowers, and would, we think, well repay any one who would produce such a book at reasonable cost."

We agree with our correspondent that such a book might be useful; but that it would have any extended circulation or pay the publisher we very much doubt.

It would have no effect in making florists' catalogues more correct. Many who issue catalogues are illiterate men, and such probably would not take the trouble to be correct. There is, however, in this respect a marked improvement of late years, many of the catalogues published being generally correct in nomenclature. But, even supposing such a volume would pay the publisher, the difficulty of compiling it would be very great, for the simple reason of the confusion of common names in this country, the same common name being applied in different sections of the country to totally different plants. A well-known horticultural writer has been for many years collecting the common names of plants in the United States, with a view of publishing just such a work as you suggest. He has already several hundred pages of close writing, and the more he investigates the subject the more inextricably confused does the work become. There is no general rule to go by, no uniformity of action, and generally no obvious association of the name with the plant. This fact brings us to the second part of your letter—the objection to Latin names. These scientific names are uniform all over the world. One name suggests the same plant to the botanist here and to one living at the antipodes. Even if the names were arbitrary and without meaning or application, the reason we have given would be sufficient to recommend them; but they usually are given for some reason either commemorative or with reference to some peculiarity of the plant.

In this connection we cannot do better than to quote from a volume recently published in this city:

"Botanical or scientific names have generally been given for some good reason. As a rule, they are gen-

erally intended to point out something remarkable or characteristic in the plant, and are no more than classical ways of stating facts identically the same in nature as those expressed in "blue bell," "white-thorn" or "dandelion," or *dent-de-leon*. To persons acquainted with Greek and Latin their meaning is obvious. [It would be a great educator if every botanical writer would subjoin to his book a glossary giving the derivation and signification of every botanical name used by him. This is done in the volume above referred to.]

"The question is often asked: 'Why cannot flowers have English names?' In one point of view, to give them English names is impracticable. On the other hand, they are already possessed of English names. Appellations like daisy and buttercup they can never possess and to attempt to bestow them would be a useless and thankless task; for no one would be willing to accept them. It would be absurd. *Fuchsia*, *Rhododendron*, *Iris*, *Chrysanthemum*, *Crocus*, *Narcissus*, and a thousand others of corresponding fabric are thoroughly un-English.

"The people who talk of Lilies and Roses, yet complain of Latin names, belong to the school of M. Jourdain in Molière, who had 'spoken prose all his life without knowing it'; for in the former names they are wholly free from Saxon, Lily, Rose, and Violet being nothing more than Latin words with the endings slightly altered. Botanical names will in time be adopted by all sensible people, without a murmur; just as we have accepted *Fuchsia* and *Rhododendron* and the hundreds of similar names, which have virtually become the English ones. They will in time slide into everyday speech, just as *Polyanthus* has done. Our own experience leads us to believe that those who object to Latin names do not want to learn the English ones either.

"There is no need to point out anew that without scientific names there could not possibly be any reciprocal understanding or any uniformity of action among florists and botanists, especially those residing in different countries, every geographical change implying a new set of vernacular terms."

Climbing Plants.—Training Zonale Geraniums.—Can you give the name of two good climbing plants for a hot greenhouse—one with variegated leaves and one with fragrant flowers?

A. C. B.

New York.

Answer.—1. *Cissus discolor* is a very ornamental plant, with beautifully marked foliage, which in certain lights is very lustrous. If good heat is given, it will grow all the year; but we prefer to let it rest a little in midwinter. *Stephanotis floribunda* has a dark green, thick foliage and pure white, waxy, fragrant flowers. It blooms in spring and summer. Both these plants need rich soil and plenty of heat and water when growing; but less, of course, when at rest. They do best if planted out in the inside border, growing very freely and will in a short time cover the rafters; but may be grown in large pots very successfully.

2. Zonale Geraniums may very easily be trained into a handsome shape by pinching the growing shoots, and thus causing the axillary eyes to break; repeating this as the side-shoots grow long.

Scale on Plants.—Can you tell me what the insect is on the orange twig which I enclose?

Lenox, Mass.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—The insect is the scale which infests vine Roses and all woody-stemmed plants. Make a strong suds with tobacco-soap. Take an old tooth-brush and scrub the stems where the scale is. Then with a sponge and lukewarm water wash every stem and leaf and

shower the plant with clean water. If tobacco-soap does not kill the scale, try a suds made of carbolic soap with warm water in the same way. Several washings from time to time may be required, if the scale is bad.

Magnolias.—What Magnolias are hardy in the Northern States? A neighbor has a very fine one, with purple flowers, which bloom before the leaves come out.

A. B. S.

Troy, N. Y.

Answer.—Your neighbor's Magnolia is probably *M. Soulangeana*, one of the Chinese varieties. *M. purpurea* and *Lenne* also have purple flowers, but would not be hardy with you. *M. conspicua* has white flowers. All these are Chinese. *M. glauca* has small white flowers; *M. tripetula*, *Fraseri*, and *macrophylla* very large white flowers; and *M. acuminata* greenish yellow flowers. All these would probably stand with you; the last mentioned certainly.

Name of Plant.—Please tell me the name of the plant of which I enclose a leaf. I have had it for nearly four years and it has never bloomed. I think it is a hardy plant. It grows very little through the year; but every spring its buds, which are slowly forming during the year, burst out, and several new leaves are the result.

M. G. RORER.

Richboro, Pa.

Answer.—We cannot name plants from single leaves. It is quite probable your plant is a hardy shrub. Turn it into the open ground in spring. It may make more growth, and possibly flower.

Name of Plant.—I enclose a plant raised from a seed resembling a scarlet bean. The plant is, in fact, a small tree, the body and branches of which have thorns resembling those on rose-bushes. Can you name it?

C. A. O.

Fulton, N. Y.

Answer.—As we have often said, we cannot name plants from a single leaf. Your plant is probably one of the Erythrinæ. It should be planted in the garden in warm, deep soil in summer, and may be wintered like a Dahlia, in a frost-proof cellar. The flowers are dull red, in long spikes.

Seed of Banksia.—Can you tell me where I can obtain seeds of the plant called Banksia, named in honor of Sir Joseph Banks?

Ipswich, Mass.

S. B. DICKENSON.

Answer.—The Banksias are coarse-growing New Holland plants, with flowers more curious than beautiful. Unless in some botanical garden, they will not now be found in cultivation, though formerly they were much grown in England. We hardly think you could find the seed in commerce; but it could be obtained by writing to Australia.

Name of Plant.—Please tell me name of enclosed flower.

SUBSCRIBER.

Allentown, Pa.

Answer.—The flower is *Brugmansia Suavolens*. The plant is coarse-growing and requires much room; but the flower is very showy, like a long white trumpet, and very fragrant.

Floral Experiences.

A FEW HINTS FOR THE WINDOW.

Everybody likes to have a pleasant "spot of greenery" upon which to rest the eye, and in almost any form one is a "thing of beauty and a joy"—if not forever, at least the whole winter long. Those who are fortunate enough to own conservatories and employ gardeners lose in a great measure the delight of tending to and caring for the wants of their different plants. So it is to those who have waited with patience and watched with eager eyes the unfolding or sprouting of some precious "Picciola" that I will give my few hints.

To turn a nice sunny window to account there is nothing like a window-garden; and those whose amusement it is to train a few window-plants will find themselves greatly helped by procuring from the nearest greenhouse a peck or two of sifted, fertilized earth, prepared for plants in pots or boxes. A little money invested in this way will save many disappointments and failures with pet flowers. Plants in hard, caky earth cannot thrive; and a little care in loosening and keeping it moist will do away with this trouble.

For the center-piece a rustic box is best; and a very pretty one can be made of cork, glued in pieces on the wood and varnished with walnut-juice, which will resemble rough bark. Others are covered with bits of rope, arranged in patterns and painted over with oak varnish. Be careful, when ordering the boxes, to have a strip of wood nailed at each end, to raise it slightly, and three or four holes, half an inch in diameter, bored, to give drainage.

One of the best things for window decoration is what is commonly called German Ivy. Some of the florists say that it is not the true Ivy; but takes its name from the great resemblance which it bears to it. Also that it cannot be a native of Germany, which is a cold country; while this Ivy is easily killed by a little frost, although it will endure a very low temperature and seems, indeed, to grow best in a room not too warm. It does well in shadier places than suits most flowers and grows easily by slips. The smallest piece, if it have a leaf or two, roots in a few weeks. When it is trained over windows and given plenty of room to ex-

tend itself, it will before spring produce a quantity of golden flowers, although it is seldom seen in this condition. Start a pot of Madeira Vine—which is a rapid and also graceful climber—on each side of your box, letting the vine run up on strings and meet in the center of the frame above, and you have a pretty outline, which can be filled in according to your fancy. An Ivy going about and over the window will make a rich frame; and as the side tendrils shoot out they can be fastened in swinging festoons across the window. But the vine altogether lovely is the Maurandya, with its white, pink, and purple flowers, which can be arranged with great effect in hanging baskets.

Strive to produce leaves, rather than flowers, and depend upon foliage and its grouping for pleasing effects. A few drops of ammonia to a quart of water will turn the spray from the watering-pot into a summer rain,



DIEFFENBACHIA NOBILIS.

imparting to the water something which rain derives from the atmosphere.

L.

SOME QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

Mrs. Kate Sherman:—The botanical name of the Cinnamon Vine is *Dioscorea batatas*. It is really a Chinese Yam and the root is edible. It is hardy in New York; so, of course, it will prove so in Pittsburgh. Plant in ordinary garden soil, or very rich soil (either will do), several inches deep, and allow it to remain undisturbed for several years, when they should be divided and reset. I had two tubers and a handful of balls two years ago, and now must have a peck or more.

If Irene H. Williams will send me a bulb of her Scarlet Gesneria, I will send her a lovely, fragrant White one

In the January CABINET Mrs. Eleanor Jordan desires a Cactus. I think I have the one she describes, and will send her a small one, if she will send me her address. I wish our writers would give their locality or their latitude, so their hints would be of greater value to flower-growers. For what suits in the South does not in New England, and *vice-versa*. So many persons complain of their Oleanders dropping their buds. It is because they are root-bound or kept too dry. Either condition is fatal to their blooming well.

Mrs. R. S. TRUSLOW.

Kanawha C. H., West Va.

SWEET-SCENTED CACTUS.

In reply to Mrs. Anna D. Haynes in regard to the wonderful variety of Sweet-scented Cactus, I would say that I have one which was said to be the Night-Blooming Cereus. It is as large around as a very large corn-cob and is seven feet high. Do not know how tall it would grow, as mine has been broken off several times. Has a large, lovely, creamy-white blossom and sends forth a most powerful and exquisite fragrance, filling the midnight air at a great distance. The flower begins to open about sunset and closes about sunrise. Blooms in July and August.

NANNIE C. Q.
Quicksburg, Va.

PERFUME OF FLOWERS.

The perfume of flowers may be gathered in a very simple way, without any apparatus. Gather the flowers with as little stalk as possible, and place them in a jar three parts full of olive oil. After being in the oil twenty-four hours, put them in a coarse cloth and squeeze the oil out of them. This process with fresh flowers is to be repeated, according to the strength of perfume desired. The oil, being thus thoroughly scented with the flowers, is to be mixed with an equal quantity of pure rectified spirits and shaken every day for a fortnight; then poured off, ready for use. During the season for sweet-scented blossoms any one can try it without any great trouble or expense. It would lend additional interest to the cultivation of flowers.

Mrs. E. L. F.

(Continued from Page 2.)

ly Lilies. The soil is rich loam, mixed with a little sand, and the outside of the jar is nearly concealed by the thick growth of German Ivy and Tradescantia planted among the Lily bulbs. The best way of treating Calla Lilies I ever heard of is to keep the pot containing the bulbs in the open air during summer, and give water enough to prevent the surface of the soil from cracking open. Bring them into the house early in the fall, and give them plenty of warm water, occasionally washing their large leaves with a soft sponge, and if they have arrived at years of discretion they will blossom from November to May. Once in three or four years is often enough to change the soil. There is only room for one row of small flower-pots around the rustic support in this stand, and these contain a few bulbs, two or three kinds of Lobelia, and some small Chrysanthemums.

A large pot of Madeira Vine stands in the corner between the south and east windows, and its delicate leaves and graceful sprays are trained across the windows, mixing with the Ivy and Maurandya vines, which start from the opposite corners of the little room. On the panel between two of the south windows I have a bracket, on which stands a pot of Smilax, the pretty sprays trained in the shape of a fan. The shape of a fan is first made of wire and the sticks are formed of slender threads, on which the Smilax climbs. I can do nothing with Smilax unless it is kept in such a condition that I can remove it from a shelf or bracket and shower it plentifully with warm water once a week or so.

Between the other two south windows is another bracket, holding a pot of Ivy Geranium—the white-edged, rose-tinted variety. It took me some time to find out that this plant required very poor sandy soil and very little water in order to grow and thrive.

Swinging brackets in the east windows hold my three varieties of Oxalis, and a pot each of Mignonette, Smilax, and Morning Glory.

The arched opening into the dining-room is decorated with the slow-growing, ever-patient English Ivy, which will try to do its best under such circumstances as would quench any less patient climber. But give it rich soil (at least half of it should be composed of leaf-mold) and not too much water, and with a soft wet sponge occasionally wipe its glossy leaves, then—watch the result.

This article is assuming an untoward length, and I have not said one word of my hanging-baskets. After

which suspend the basket, while some drooped over the sides; and when they were long enough I crossed them underneath and let them climb on the opposite side. Hanging-basket, stick, and cords are now covered with the healthy vines and there are dozens of blossoms. No seeds must be allowed to form and the supply of water must be ample. My box of Petunias, which stands before the fifth and last window, is now a sight to behold. In July, when the bed of seedling Petunias was in the full flush of blooming, I took

cuttings from eight of the most beautiful varieties—five single and three double ones. I rooted these in wet sand and had a box made, about four feet long, one foot wide, and one deep, for their benefit. The box was made of pine, and the outside covered with strips of bark from the white birch, glued on. Curved iron supports to a light framework of hoop-skirt wire were fastened to the ends of this box, and it was then filled with loam and sand in equal proportions, and the slips of Petunia, a few of German Ivy, and three Smilax bulbs placed therein. The framework is in the center of the box and the slips were planted on each side, and the remaining surface was covered with soft green moss. The single varieties and the Ivy soon took possession of the frame, leaving the slower-growing but more beautiful double ones to put forth their immense blossoms from a perfect nest of Ivy leaves. The pretty Smilax sprays ramble about on the green moss and spread a misty veil over the silvery white of the birch-covered box. This is, I think, a most satisfactory way of growing Petunias. I tried them once without the Ivy; but their long branches were too straggling and the framework was not properly covered. Care must be taken to pick off all the blossoms as soon as they begin to fade, or the strength of the plants will be expended in the formation of seed. I have no space to speak of my Oleander and Abutilon trees, which occupy the center of my little room; nor of the rustic Fernery in the shady corner. The room is heated by the large double stove in the dining-room, on a few of the very coldest



MOUNTAIN SCENERY IN COLORADO.—WAGON-WHEEL GAP.

all, I suppose they are much like other people's baskets, with one exception. Who has tried Sweet Peas for a hanging-basket? I sowed the seed of mine in a good-sized basket, in common garden-soil, in September, and stuck a branching stick some two feet high in the center of the pot. As they came up, some attached themselves to the stick, and others to the cords

nights I put newspapers between the plants and the glass. Fresh air is given them every day, except in very severe weather, by means of hinged openings in the upper windows. To this and the regular showerings with warm water I owe the dark green leaves and fresh, bright blossoms of my house-plants.

MARGARET SUTHERLAND.

Floral Hints.

MY DAPHNE.

Ere my query appeared in your columns my Daphne had bloomed. It repaid me fully for my watching. The clusters of waxy blossoms were charming and a whole conservatory of sweets seemed concentrated in its quintessent fragrance. It requires little or no attention—a cool place, moderately damp; and its symmetrical, glossy leaves remain “*in statu quo*” for months.

I have a correspondent who is also a subscriber of yours, and she writes favorably concerning the Cinnamon Vine. She says it grew luxuriantly and the blossoms were quite sweet.

July is one of our most verdant months in Florida. It has rained for six weeks. The Roses have put on their May vigor, and the Marechal Neil and Anna de Diesbach, with heightened tints, are indescribably lovely. The Grand Duc and Night-blooming Jasmine growing in the yard fill the air with their fulsome aroma, and the luxuriant and rampant Madeira Vine, unblighted for two winters, is redolent with an excess of long, trailing spikelets. The sweet and tender annuals—such as Mignonette and Alyssum—do not thrive here. Portulacas and Petunias glory in this bright sunshine and the Rose Geranium, which puts out enormous foliage and growth in my flower-bed, dies out completely in my box on the verandah. The Amaryllis is a success here. The pale pearly pink, the brilliant red, and the white, with red stripes through each petal, glorify the year, each succeeding the other. Flowers have fewer pests or insects about them than I have seen elsewhere. The small green slug sometimes riddles the leaves of my Abutilons; but with that exception they are almost exempt. I discovered on a crimson Geranium limb what I thought was an unsightly excrescence. On examination, I found it to be three perfectly round adobe cells, built by a species of small Dobber. With curious eye I detached and opened them, and found them filled with the small green slugs that had perforated the foliage of my Abutilons in the spring. I feel more peaceably inclined to the class of Dobbers in general, who are so persistently and industriously annoying to us. They have frescoed the white ceiling in many ingenious devices in black stucco, the lime in the soil assisting their adhesive properties; and the green-glazed tree-frogs are saucy and lively now. Some are pale, others a deep green, all as if fresh from the painter's varnish-brush. They squat almost as thin as a knife-blade on your Apple Geranium leaves, which thrive wonderfully in this sunny clime, with ampler and more fragrant foliage than I ever dreamed the Apple Geranium could aspire to anywhere. If unmolested, these green horrors will not unnerve you by their spasmodic leaps; for you may gently touch them, without a motion save that unmeaning blink of their eye. Last eve, as we sat in the hall by the lamp, one crawled up the wall as glibly as a fly, and actually crawled around the burner of the kerosene lamp, thence to a vase of flowers, and back again. What were his immediate wants I dare not conjecture; but, turning to the side-lights beside the front door, flat-

tened against the glass, clung his pop-eyed, panting mate, vainly endeavoring to force an entrance. At nightfall they begin their chorus in the Magnolia by the cistern, and their almost human croakings are as intelligible as a phonograph or telephone, and I just imagine I have a vast aquarium, for the white Oleanders, Four o'clocks, and Amaryllis bloom beside the cistern's edge.

I brought seed of the improved scarlet Canna with me. Its ample foliage is always green, resembling a dwarf banana; while in Georgia it was ever turning yellow, requiring a sea of water. There is more water in this country than there has been for forty years. Tuscawilla and Paine's Prairie have submerged the public highway, and Orange Lake has encroached on the lake settlements. The Spiderwort and large Solanum are indigenous and grow in rank luxuriance on the Lake. Wherever you turn your eye, it is verdure, from the nutritious Beggar Weed to the glossy green of the Orange leaf and fruit. You would not realize that it was the parched and sunny months of July and August of the upper states. Corn-harvesting has already begun and the mature shocks lend a rich background to our panorama of living green.

Magnolia Hill, Orange Lake, Fla.

L. L.

THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.

I notice an article in the July No. of THE CABINET from Mrs. Anna P. Hanes. She describes two or three varieties, and says that the blossoms are not fragrant, and adds that she has all her life heard of a variety having a powerful and exquisite fragrance, filling the midnight air at a great distance, and asked “Is it a myth?” and, if not, wishes some of your readers to tell about it and give its botanical name. This I am unable to give; but can tell something about the wonderful variety that she speaks of, and can assure her that it is not a myth, as I now have several plants of that description.

Five years ago I secured a plant, which has thrived nicely ever since; equally as well in the sitting-room as in the greenhouse. From the first I have watched its habits very closely. About thirteen months ago I noticed two buds, which developed quite fast until they were about six inches long. In the evening, as I was watering my plants, I saw that the buds, which were of a reddish brown, began to crack open at the tips, showing a white center. I concluded that this was the long-looked-for night when they were to unfold their wonderful beauty. I told some of my neighbors in the village (who were as anxious as myself), and scores of people came to witness what they had heard of, but never had seen. About ten o'clock in the evening the buds had opened so as to leave a cavity into them, when a very powerful and exquisite fragrance filled the room, and was noticed by people coming into the yard, at least forty feet from the door. The fragrance continued until midnight, when the blossoms were fully developed. After this they commenced to close, and in the morning were entirely shut, never again to open. About four months ago this plant bloomed again, in the same manner as before; and to-day there are four buds, each about three inches long, on the same plant, which I think will open in about two weeks. I have another plant from this one, four years old, that has never blossomed, that

has now three buds, about two inches long. So I shall soon expect plenty of bloom.

This plant resembles the common Flat-leaf Cactus and blossoms from the edge of the leaf, much the same. The blossoms are a delicate, almost pure white, except a little color of reddish at the extreme end of the pistil.

The stamens are numerous and white. Each leaf of the blossom has somewhat the appearance of a delicate white feather or quill, about one-half inch wide and four or five inches long, which makes the blossom when open about the size of a large dinner-plate. The plant itself is very singular. After three years old it throws up a spike or rod about five or six feet long with aerial roots, which after a few months fall off. After reaching this height, the end flattens and forms a leaf, from which other leaves form. Each year another spike will start from the preceding one and go still higher. I had not room for mine to grow upright; so I trained it around a hoop, which keeps it more compact. Each time it buds and blossoms the buds all grow alike and blossom exactly the same time.

Bantam Falls, Conn.

W. P. BARTHOLOMEW.

SOME HINTS ON RAISING FLOWERS.

Verbenas and Petunias vie for pre-eminence in our garden. Slips in the latter part of summer are better than to take up old ones. This will also apply to the Scarlet and Pink Salvias. The rich velvety leaf of the Pink Salvia I think beautiful and its flowers a curiosity of Flora's kingdom. Self-sown Verbenas, in a sunny spot I have found to come on earlier than seed sown in the spring, and it is interesting to speculate on the new varieties which all seedlings will bring. A little fertilizer from the chicken-house thrown under and around the roots when planted out will make rapid growers. Plants taken out of pots and root-bound should have the roots loosened with the fingers, or they will remain in a ball all summer. Seedlings are becoming more fragrant. The universally-beloved Pansy, which seems so much like a sentient being, with its “eyes, nose, and mouth,” seems to need some tact on the grower's part, in order to have a succession of them. If left to seed themselves, they will soon degenerate into the old-time “Johnny Jump-Up.” But seed from the largest planted in spring will bloom well in autumn and seed planted in summer or fall will do well the following spring. The grandest one I ever raised I treated thus: In August it was a wee thing, kept back by dry weather. I worked a little guano around the roots. Rainy weather came on and it grew rapidly. In the fall I wrapped some frosted vines around and fastened them with sticks. It was not without bloom at Christmas, and in the spring produced branches a foot long and multitudes of large blossoms. But they grew smaller as hot weather came on, and declined. One must not expect large Pansies in the summer months. I have an Arbor Vite five feet high and about as many summers old, raised from seed. I kept it in the house the first winter. Persons whose windows do not suit flowers or who have more than they will accommodate may find the pit a great convenience. It differs but little from a hot-bed, save in depth, and can be constructed so cheaply as to come within the reach of almost all flower lovers. It is a safe retreat for most plants and seems particularly adapted to the keeping of Verbenas, if set in the sunniest part. Have known Rose-cuttings set in in the fall and not kept too wet to put forth in spring. Pansies and Wall Flowers will come into bloom earlier, and the modest little Sweet Alyssum will greet its owner with its cheerful little white blossoms all winter. Nasturtiums also will bloom there.

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N. L. S.

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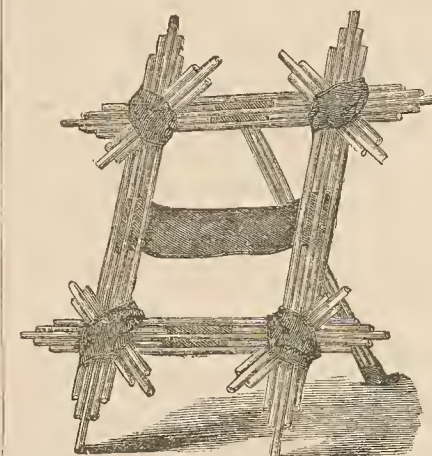
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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1878.

ODDS AND ENDS.

I do not believe that it matters what station we occupy in life; every one of us likes sincere approbation of our acts or labors. Therefore, it is a pleasant duty for me to write my opinion of Mr. Williams's FLORAL CABINET. I do not think there is any other publication just like it in America. It fills a place that no other magazine can. Nearly all the finely-gotten up periodicals are lavish in fashion articles and such like literature, which can be useful only to wealthy people—those with money sufficient to purchase ready-made all their little elegancies and articles for home adornment; but there is little knowledge that can be useful to the women of the middle class in the above-mentioned works.

Now, I claim that in the middle class is the birth-place of genius. From that class have arisen the inventors, the discoverers, the artists, the poets, and the self-made men and women of the world. Many a woman with fine poetic tastes and artistic eye and talent finds her home barren of those beautiful things that please the mind and lighten the labor of every-day life. For such as these THE CABINET is a gem of great worth. It shows how, from the homeliest materials, to form useful, pretty, and oftentimes elegant articles; and I wish that it might be found in every home in the land. Its pictures are sermons and "things of beauty," and, therefore, "a joy forever"; and, as I have gained many useful hints from its pages, I feel inclined to reciprocate. About flowers. Persons are apt, if they are passionate lovers of this wonderful gift of God, to crowd too many together, whether they cultivate indoor or outdoor plants. In crowding too many plants upon the stand by the window you interlace the leaves or branches and destroy the individuality of the plant. Some will shade others and there will not be "equal rights" and the flowers will not prosper.

Now, take a large pot (even a water-pail does very

well), and place a handful of broken earthen ware or oyster-shells in the bottom, for drainage, and fill it with rich earth. Then place a plant of slim, erect form in the center, and some creeping vine around the edge, and give it a central position before the window, and it will soon grow and be enough, with perhaps a small thumb-pot on either side, for the lower part of the sash. This, with a hanging-pot above, gives a much finer effect than crowding. Then, if you choose to have some light, pretty curtains, parted in the center and looped each side of the window, the effect is fine. I never saw a finer living picture than that of a friend of mine—a dear lover of plants—who has an Oleander tree of low, bushy form, showing hundreds of blossoms and buds at one time. This sets in an ordinary tub, of the size of a barrel sawed in two, and around the foot of this tree is planted what we call "Dew Plant"—a vine with small, fleshy leaves and innumerable flowers, of a pink color and looking like brushes of floss silk.

With the vine hanging like a fringe of green around the tub, and the tree with its dark, glossy, lanceolate leaves above—it is *such* a picture! And it wants to be raised a bit from the floor and to have the whole window to itself.

Then a Cactus that she has, with its upright and its pendant leaves, with its pencil stems and its fluted, triangular leaves—for its blades are of all forms—ought to stand alone too. Another lady had a beautiful Calla in the center of a large pot, and a creeping, mossy plant entirely covering the earth at its roots, setting alone on the window-ledge, with an Oxalis hanging above, which made a "living chromo." So I say again to the window-gardeners: "Don't crowd."

Last summer I saw the only beautiful window of crowded plants that I remember. They were so arranged that the Zonale Geraniums presented a bunch of their rich, varied-hued flowers in the center of each pane of glass in the entire easement.

M. I. CUMMINGS.

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Hereafter, instead of spending large sums of money in Chromos, Engravings, etc., as Premiums, we will spend an equal amount in giving to each Subscriber a beautiful and useful Floral Premium, which will furnish not only pleasure to every Subscriber, but also ornament and utility.

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- No. 11.—New Rose,—"Duchess of Edinburgh." This is the finest of all the new Roses and the demand for it is extraordinary. In habit and profusion of flowers it is a Tea Rose, with the true Tea odor. In color, shape, and flower it is like the old hybrid perpetual "General Jacqueminot," whose Deep Crimson flowers are so fine. The "Duchess of Edinburgh" has the additional advantage of being a monthly bloomer. Single plants are selling now at \$1.00 each. One plant given to every Subscriber. Remit 10 cents extra for postage.
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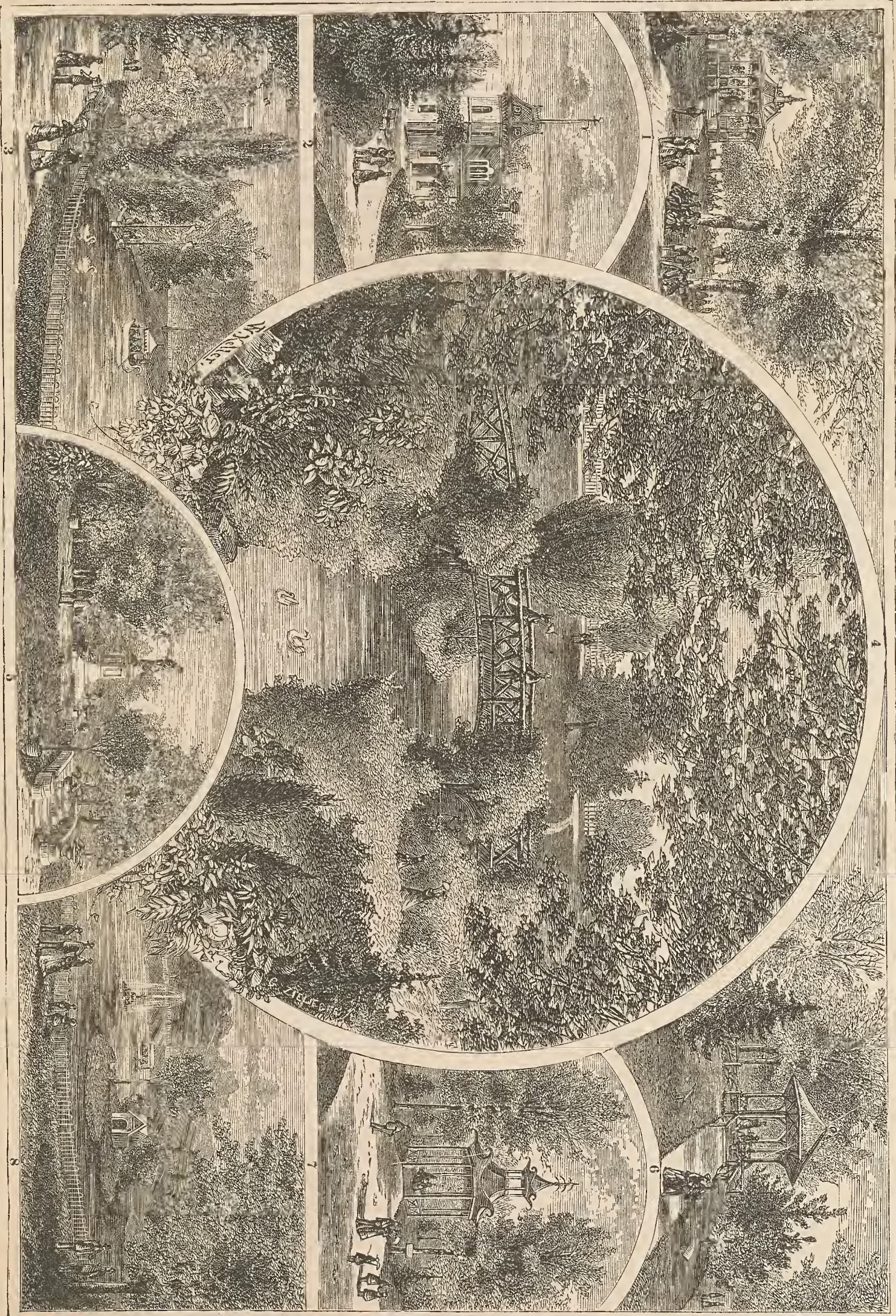
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SCENES IN LAFAYETTE PARK, ST. LOUIS.

The sketches of Lafayette Park given in this number are most delightful. There are thirty acres of landscape gardens, embowered with 2,500 choice shade trees, disposed in most charming nooks and glens, with over $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles of roadway, elegant seats for visitors, and

across the shining water. One of the most interesting features is the Rockery, where 67 car-loads of mineral blossom from the Iron Mountain region are arranged in a fanciful form around a natural depression. This rockery partially surrounds and covers a large desert, where is found a delicious grotto, where an abundant supply of cool, refreshing water may be had.

der, sentimental suggestiveness. The Benton Statue, Pavilion, Music Stand, and Summer House are among the most attractive resorts for visitors. Opposite the western entrance-gate is the "West Fountain"—a lovely gem, where is constructed an elaborate rockery. A basin of clear water is encircled by this rockery, which is clad in verdure—a profuse growth of ferns, etc.



1. Music Stand.
2. Police Station.

3. The Lake.
4. The Rustic Bridge.

LAFAYETTE PARK, ST. LOUIS.

5. Benton Statue.
6. Summer House.

7. Pavilion.
8. The Lake.

pretty streams, rockeries, fountains, statuary, alcoves, flower-beds, shrubs, and covergreens; while on certain days everything is made doubly attractive by the presence of a fine band of musicians. In a rustic arbor you can watch the white swans sailing on the lake, and note pretty barges, with happy cargoes, gliding

There are climbing vines scattered all through the Park. Clematis, Wisteria, Lonicera, Ampelopsis, Aristoclechia cling and hang from many nooks and crevices. The "Lovers' Walk" is a narrow rustic bridge thrown across the depression at its deepest and most secluded part, and is full of

From the center of the basin a fountain sends its spray 30 feet into the air; while from out of the rock sparkling cascades pour over the glistening mosses. Misty spray, falling upon the aquatic plants that beautify the basin's edge, keeps the surrounding vegetation "dressed in living green."

Household Art.

BAGS AND BOXES.

[To this Article was Awarded Second Prize for Household Topics.]

I think I hear some gentle reader exclaim: What a homely subject! Granted; but then you must admit that it is a useful one. Yes, from Miss MacFlimsey's dainty bag of silk and beads, for gold and silver coins, to the coarse gunnybag of the old woman fishing up rags from the gutter, all have their uses. One bag has been made notable by Dickens: that of Miss Flite, filled with important documents and always carried by that slightly unsettled person. How could our grandmothers have got along without their black silk bags, that held their handkerchief and caraway or dill on Sabbath days and knitting-work when visiting? Even lawyers carried their briefs in a bag. But there are bags and bags. It is of bags as conveniences in the household that I wish to write. Those who have plenty of closets, drawers, shelves, and hooks in the house—of course, they won't need to read this; but there are many who live in rented houses, and especially those in some portions of the West and South, where carpenters seem to think that if they build a house with four walls, divide it into rooms, and put on a roof, their duty is done. No closets, shelves, mantels, or hooks. If you live in such a house, and don't know where to put all the things that accumulate in a family, especially where there are children, then I want to tell you how a friend of mine managed. She left a house where she had plenty of closets and cupboards, and moved into one consisting of three small rooms and a bit of a kitchen on the ground-floor and two chambers and small store-room above. No closet excepting a small one in the bed-room, a small dish-closet in the dining-room. No mantel in the house. She used the front room for parlor and sitting-room; the next for dining-room and kitchen (bed-room opened out of this), doing the rough work in the small kitchen. Of course, there must be somewhere to put things; so she set about making bags and boxes, and, with the help of her husband and two little girls, made over thirty. Now don't laugh, and I will tell you how she made some of them and what she put in them. Let us begin in the rough kitchen. Here are several bags, all made alike, of striped bed-ticking, gored toward the top, both edges bound together, and, instead of having a string run in, hung by two stout loops at the top. A slit six or eight inches long made in the middle of the front, faced; and a button and buttonhole fastens it, to prevent the contents falling out. One is for clothespins; one for papers, bags, and twines; one for scouring-cloths, window-cloths; one for rags. As there is no sink, a table has to do the duty of one, and a box, painted drab, with a hinged cover, lined with tin, holds the iron kettles, etc. A similar one holds the wood. Another holds the ironing-sheet and bosom-board, the latter covered like a bag, to slip off when soiled. A small box on the shelf over the stove holds kettle-holders, which are made with covers like a bag, so as to slip off to wash.

One more box holds stove-blackening, scourables, and so on. A large dry-goods box, stood on end, filled with shelves, makes quite a cupboard for tins and baking-dishes. One thing more—not a bag or box, but very handy—is an old machine-table. Where the machine part had been was a large hole, of course. This is covered with a thin board; another is fastened on the bottom and casters put on. When there are batter-cakes to fry or any cooking requiring a number of dishes, there you have them together, and it can be trundled anywhere without effort.

Let us step into the dining-room. Under one of the windows is a long box, on casters, with hinged cover, covered with furniture-patch, stuffed on the top like a cushion, put on plain on the sides, and finished with a box-plaiting on the edge of the cover. Inside it is lined with paper and divided by a partition. One side holds face and dish-towels, the other table-cloths and napkins. Another made like this holds pieces and cut work, and various boxes for buttons, extra spools of silk, thread, yarn, braid, etc. The sewing-machine stands near; for this room is used for sewing, as well as for eating. Behind it hangs the scrap-bag, made of red yarn and white cotton, and over it the newspaper-holder. In another place is a letter-case.

In the entry-way leading to the stairs from this room is a large pocket made of bed-ticking, bound with scarlet braid and feather-stitched on the white stripe with red yarn. It has four places for slippers and rubbers. A similar one, only smaller, holds gloves and mittens. A painted box holds boots. Opening out of the dining-room is the bed-room. Here is a trunk, covered with cretonne, laid in side-plaits on the body of the trunk, fastened top and bottom with small tacks; the top stuffed like a cushion, with a box-plaited ruffle to finish it. This is used for extra bed-clothing. A long box, on casters, covered with the same cretonne, holds sheets and pillow-slips. Inside the closet-door is a large shoebag or pocket, made of buff holland, bound with scarlet braid. Above it one of same material, divided into four pockets, holds patterns for cutting clothes for each one of the family. The window has a lambrequin, made of the same cretonne as that on the trunk. The curtain is a yard wide, unbleached cloth, open in the center, and a stripe of the cretonne stitched on each edge. On the bureau are toilet-mats, boxes, and other things too numerous to mention.

The room opening out of the dining-room, used for parlor and sitting-room, is made comfortable and pretty by home-made things, that do not cost much time or money. When my friend moved into the house this room had bare white walls. She coaxed the landlord to cover them with some plain drab paper, with a narrow scarlet border. Then her husband put up a pine shelf on bronze brackets, for a mantel. She covered it with scarlet merino; made a lambrequin of the same for the front, cut in three scallops, lined with stiff cambric and trimmed with woolen fringe to match. Made lambrequins in the same way for the windows. Put them up over full white muslin curtains. There are two boxes, on casters, with hinged covers, stuffed on top and covered with scarlet merino. Outside they are Ottomans; inside they hold pamphlets and papers. An old-fashioned three-legged light-stand is covered with scarlet merino, lined with stiff cambric and trim-

some Begonia Rex. The pot is not a pot at all; but a med with same fringe as the mantel. This stand is placed across one corner of the room. On it is a green moss mat; on the mat a flower-pot; in the pot a hand-three-pound lard-pail, with handle taken off, a piece of cardboard fitted to the bottom, silver perforated paper fitted around it, worked with Romankey pattern top and bottom, and a figure on front. The top is cut in castellated points. Above the table is a bracket, made of pine, covered with drab merino; and the lambrequin on the front is brightened with leaves of scarlet velvet, appliqued in satin stitch with silk of the same shade as the ground-work, finished with cord and tassels. On it is a handsome China bowl, past usefulness on account of a crack in one side (the whole side out, of course). It is filled with a thrifty Madeira Vine, that climbs around a picture above it. In front of one window is a plant-stand. An old sewing-machine table the foundation, a box for the top, a board screwed on the bottom for another box to rest on, finished with casters. The whole stained black-walnut color. Maderia Vines and German Ivy are planted in the lower box, Coliseum Ivy and Maurandya around the edge of the upper box, and in the center scarlet Geraniums and white Petunias. From the top of the window hangs a deep glass dish, enclosed in crocheted scarlet worsted, filled with Maurandya Vine. On each side flower-pot brackets hold Ivy and Madeira Vines. I have only room to mention the gray and scarlet carpet, furniture-covers of scarlet and gray cretonne, table-cover of drab ladies' cloth, embroidered in appliqued work, fern-holders, newspaper-holders, etc. Up-stairs in the little girl's room are boxes, covered similar to those downstairs, for clothing. A bottomless cane-seat chair, by fitting a stout bag inside, makes a nice place for shoes. Where the seat should be is a board, covered, stuffed, and trimmed, with a flounce nearly reaching to the floor. The toilet-table across one corner is made of a clean flour-barrel, with a triangular piece of board fitted to it, rounded on front, covered with cretonne, a full curtain to reach the floor, finished at the edge of the board with a box plaiting. This barrel is nice to put clothes in not used often. A looking-glass is fastened above the table and draped with the cretonne. In the opposite corner is a wash-stand, made in the same manner; only the top of the table is covered with marbled oil-cloth and a splash-cloth of the same behind it.

But I am at the end of my paper and your patience, I fear; so I will stop right here.

M. J. W. P.

A Clear Complexion.—If once a week or twice you will take warm water and a little white Castile soap, with soft flannel rub it carefully on every part of the face, then as carefully off with clean water; and if every morning you will use this same flannel—not with one hasty flourish, but with gentle rubbing for a minute or two—you will see improvement in the cleanliness of your complexion very soon.

To Prevent Mildew on Preserves.—Take the white of an egg and wet slightly both sides of a piece of letter-paper sufficiently large to cover over the top of the preserves snugly. I have kept them free from mold and spoiling two years.

The Household.

THAT HOUSE OF MINE.

[To this Article was Awarded First Prize for Household Topics.]

There could be no doubt. The place was a bargain, and I told Harry he had better buy it at once. To be sure, the house was somewhat old-fashioned, and situated on a quiet, secluded street; but everything was in good repair, the rooms were large and sunny, there was a small conservatory for my plants in winter, and a yard about as large as a handkerchief for them in summer. A grape-vine and rose-bush covered the trellis by the kitchen-door; and here, said Harry, tragically, "shall we dwell in peace and contention under our own vine and fig-tree. Let May come and go. No moving-day shall fright us or make us afraid."

After the house was bought and paid for, the next question was: What shall we put in it. Here I paused, dismayed, for Harry had spent all his money on the house; but I had \$650 Grandma Mills, for whom I was named, had given me, on my 18th birthday.

This magnificent sum, together with two oil paintings, several chromos, a nice lot of plants, a canary, and a napkin-ring, was all I had to furnish six or eight rooms. How Papa, dear old soul, did laugh when I told him; but there was something like tears in his eyes, as he took me in his arms, and said that was more than Mamma and he had when they began housekeeping, and that Harry was a fine fellow, and I was a sensible girl, so he would furnish the parlor for me. Then Aunt Mary, who had no girls of her own, said she would give me my table and household linen, and a set of decorated China; and Frank, who could handle a saw or paint-brush as if to the "manner born," offered his help. Much encouraged, I went on a voyage of discovery to the attic, which had been used as a store-room for worn-out furniture ever since Mamma went to housekeeping, thirty years ago.

Here I found one old parlor set, covered with hair-cloth, much worn, about a dozen cane-seat and rocking chairs, six or eight stands and tables, of all sizes and shapes, one large easy-chair, a bureau, and a lounge, whose springs protruded like so many bones. All these, together with a number of barrels, kegs, soap-boxes, and old blankets and quilts, I had sent over to the house, in spite of the horrified protestations of Mamma "that the old trash was only fit for a bonfire." I decided to furnish the sitting-room first. For the walls I chose a creamy-brown paper, with a wide border. The carpet was an ingrain; a mottled design in oak and brown and a deep crimson border. I made the carpet myself, at the expense of a "pain in de head and misery in de back"; and Frank nailed it down. I put newspapers under it. Straw is so "humpy." The gilt chandeliers being tarnished, I took six onions; boiled them in water until soft; then dissolved as much flour of sulphur in a quart of water as would tinge it a bright yellow; then strained the onion-water into the sulphur-water. When cool, wash your chandeliers and gilded picture-frames, letting it dry on. This will also prevent the flies from specking the gilding. The globes and chimneys were washed in cold tea. Now

came the tug of war. I did feel "dubersome" when I looked at the hair-cloth set. But, after providing myself with an upholsterer's needle (they are about four inches long, pointed at each end), a number of yards of brown rep, striped with crimson, gimp, and buttons, I "went at it." The hair-cloth served as a pattern to cut the rep by, and by long-continuing in well-doing I succeeded in getting the rep on without its looking "baggy." For the frames I made a polish by taking alcohol (98 per cent.) one pint, gum-copal and shellac of each one ounce, dragon's blood one-half ounce. Mix and dissolve. Apply with a sponge (by a fire is best), two or three coats, about fifteen minutes apart. Then polish with a cotton cloth. The more you rub the better. This gives a beautiful polish. At the windows I put curtains of Nottingham lace, over buff shades; six yards to each window. The lambrequins I cut from a pattern I bought. They were of crimson rep, bordered with oak leaves of brown velvet, veined with yellow floss, and a fringe of crimson and gold. The table-spread was brown, with a heavy appliqué border of crimson velvet leaves on an oak ground. The large arm-chair I covered with écaru Turkish toweling; a medallion on the cushion and back, a bouquet made of crimson leaves and flowers in velvet and satin, the entwined border of brown, edged with gold cord. It was "perfectly lovely" when finished. A rug for the floor, of brown, had a medallion in the center of toweling, with an appliqué bouquet, like the large chair. The border of brown, with crimson leaves. A heavy fringe at the edge. I made Ottomans of the starch-boxes, to match the rug. The mantel and window-seats had lambrequins of the same design, with the addition of tassels. I found an old cabinet at the auction-store. This I ebonized by the following recipe: Take a quarter of a pound of the best size, with sufficient water to cover; put it in a stone pot and set over the range to melt (not boil). Then take three cents' worth of lampblack; a little blue-black to improve the color. Mix it up with oil until as thick as paste. Pour the melted size on this black paste and mix thoroughly together. Use while warm, painting it on thickly. When quite dry, varnish with three or four coats of oil-copal varnish. While varnishing keep the room at a temperature of sixty degrees and free from dust. Use a large brush, putting on uniformly. Take the finest pulverized pumice-stone. Mix with water until as thick as cream and polish the work until as smooth as glass. Then dry and rub with sweet oil and tripoli. Dry again with a soft linen rag, rub with starch-powder, and polish with a clean linen cloth until you can see your face. I forgot to state that, before ebonizing, I drew some simple double lines and center design, and painted them with Mars yellow and Chinese white. This work is well worth trying; it being quite easy to do and very rich looking. A closet in one end of the room I converted into a book-case. The door was taken off the hinges; a valance of pinked brown leather tacked onto each shelf with gilt-headed nails and crimson gimp.

Frank had the parts to a number of folding chairs turned on a lathe. These were ebonized, put together, covered with rep, with an embroidered strip down the back and seat. Some of the turned pieces made the

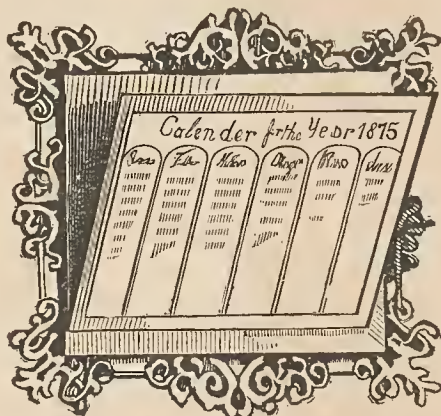
supports for an easel for my prettiest picture. Still others made a standard for a lovely screen, which was really quite simple. A smooth pine board of the right size was fastened to the standard. The center was painted an oval of cream color and ornamented with a large decalcomanic Cupid. The edges were then inlaid and ebonized. The hanging of the pictures came next. Frank bought the moldings at so much a foot, and put them together himself. It is much cheaper. My next step was to order the tinman to make me a number of wedge-shaped pans. These were filled with earth and planted with Ivies, both German and English. These pans I hung by cords behind the pictures, and twined the branches over the cords and frames. Over the mantel hung my favorite Beatrice, on one side of the window a Swiss Lake, and on the other an Italian Rustic Scene, in rich colors. On the opposite walls are a large Sea-scape and a view of the Hudson. I had two large Waxen Hoyas. The pots to these I painted black, with gilt bands. I cut an oval from gilt paper, pasted it on the sides of the pot, and transferred a brilliant little decalcomanie on its center. I wanted something to put the pots on; so a pedestal was made of a pine box, painted cream color, with a border of narrow black lines. On this I put the Hoyas, one in each corner, and tacked their branches to the wall. I like Hoyas and wish they were more cultivated. They are much prettier than English Ivy to train up the walls. It delights in a soil of chip-dirt and the leaves should be occasionally washed in warm soap-suds. I now wanted some bronzes and Parian figures. As these were expensive, I bought a number of plaster figures. Some I made into bronzes by painting a greenish-gray or brown. When dry, varnish with bronze-powder, ground on a marble slab with gum-water; or grind tin, sift fine. Mix with a solution of isinglass, which is then applied with a brush. Burnishing gives a brilliant luster. To imitate the film of carbonate of copper on real bronze apply sal ammonia with vinegar.

Some of the figures I marbleized. A wash was made of plaster of Paris, soaked in a strong solution of alum. Bake this in an oven and then grind to a powder. Mix a little in water. Spread evenly and quickly over the figure. This is a thin wash, setting like a coat of marble, taking a high polish. Sometimes I had to try the second coat. Frank being an adept at fret-sawing, I was provided with a number of pretty brackets. These were fastened in the corners of the room and under the pictures. On these I placed my marbles and bronzes, and they were as handsome as the "rue thing" and cost very little. The conservatory of which I have spoken was separated from the room by large glass doors and was arch-shaped at the top of the entrance. On each side of the door was placed a pot full of large English Ivies, which were trained to the top of the arch, making the entrance a wreath of living green. Directly over the door was a stuffed white dove. On each side and a little below was a marble bust of Flora, on a walnut bracket. As I am yet a novice in horticulture, my collection of plants consisted of the more common kinds. For climbers I used Smilax, Cobea, Tropæolum, Lobelia, Madeira Vine, and Ivies. For flowers I found I succeeded best with Carnations, Callas, Abutilon, Geranium, both double

and single, Bouvardias, Chinese Primroses, Heliotropes, and Roses. For the leaf or foliage plants, the Dracaena, Pilea, Ferns, Palms, Camellias, Azaleas, Orange and Lemon trees, together with the various kinds of Begonias. In the center of the conservatory stands an aquarium and fountain.

The book-case filled with my favorite authors, the piano placed in its corner, the Swiss clock and vases arranged on the mantel, and my room was finished. Such a bright, pretty room, too! And the carpet was the only thing that cost much.

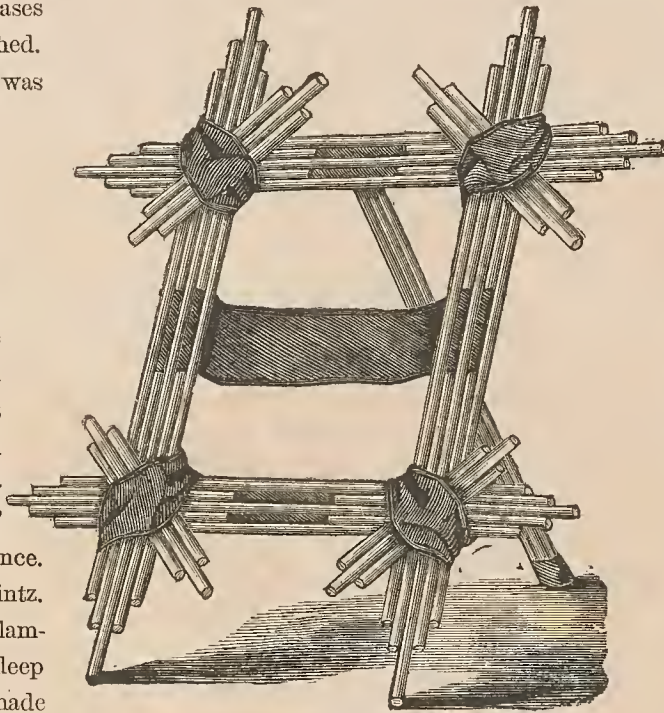
For the dining-room I bought a black-walnut table, buffet, and leather-covered chairs. The walls for thirty inches above the base-board were papered with a "grained" black-walnut and oak paper. This was beaded with a walnut molding. Above this I used a pale green satin paper; the border a dark green velvet. As I could not afford a carpet, the floor was painted in oak and walnut strips. A rug made of several widths of mottled oak carpet with a wide green border. The curtains were unbleached cotton flannel, the "fuzzy" side turned out, the top laid over in a deep valance. This was edged with a wide strip of figured green chintz. The sides had a narrow strip of the same. The lambrequin for the mantel was of oak color, cut in deep scallops, each scallop pinked on the edge. I then made of braid, by taking green worsted, from the lightest to the darkest shade (five shades does very well), arranging these according to the shades. Sew onto a flat braid, cut into strips, double, and make into leaves. A vine of these leaves, with chain-stitch stems, runs around the edge of the lambrequin. I now took the old lounge I had brought from the attic, covered it with unbleached muslin, and trimmed it with a strip of green chintz. A couple of easy-chairs were made to match, and really looked quite handsome. For a plant-stand I took an old music-stool, ripped off the plush cover, and screwed an old round chopping-bowl on the top. This was painted black and the edge concealed by a lambrequin to match the mantel.



WALL POCKET.

The bowl was filled with earth and planted with Hyacinth and Crocus bulbs. The space between these was filled with moss. A grape-vine made a handle, which was wreathed with Ivy. In the center I hung a tiny globe of gold-fish. A pretty floral ornament of mine, which was much admired, was easily made. One of my marble (plaster) figures had its brains scooped out; a glass dish cemented to the head. The figure was then set in a tray, which was filled with sand and heaped up against the figure. The sand was covered

with moss, the edge covered with Smilax. A tiny mirror lay in front of the figure, wreathed with Smilax, and a Geranium flower or two. The dish above is filled with cut-flowers and vines droop over the edge. This is quite handsome for the center of a table. A couple of pottery vases, in the antique style, were bronzed and placed on the mantel; window-boxes fastened to the win-



STRAW PICTURE FRAME.

dow-seat; pictures and brackets put in their places. I haven't the space to tell you about the other rooms down-stairs; but will give you a description of how my spare bed-room was furnished.

The walls here were papered with a pale pink; a gold border run around the room, 30 inches above the floor; the wall above this was divided into panels by bands of white satin paper; in the center of each panel was a decalcomanie wreath of roses and forget-me-nots; the panels to the door had sprays to match and were framed with a narrow gilt molding. The floor was covered with a matting; over this a rug of blue-and-white carpet, with a wide blue border.

The furniture is painted pink; but is very pretty. The bedstead, dressing-ease, and washstand cost me \$35. The chairs were made of two old rockers, which were covered with an old quilt, put on loosely, then stuffed with Excelsior. The outside covering is pale blue satin. Down the center and cushion is an embroidered strip of dark-blue velvet, with appliqué figures of gold-colored satin. Ottomans, made of starch-boxes, match the chairs. The curtains are dotted Swiss, a fluted ruffle on the edges, and lambrequins of blue rep. The cornice is of silver. This, though handsome, illustrates that it's not all silver that glitters. A strip of pine covered with tin foil makes the cornice. In the center is a spray of flowers and leaves, made of foil, pressed on wax-leaf molds. An old stand made my toilet-table. The covering is dotted Swiss over blue cambric, and trimmed with fluted ruffles, ruching, and bows of blue satin ribbon. The looking-glass, over the table, has a silver frame, to match the cornice. Full draperies of the Swiss fall over each side of the table. At the top they are caught into a carved half-round bracket, on which stands a bust of Clytie. My pillow and sheet-shams are made of strips of pale

blue satin and coarse lace insertion, edged with wide lace. As hair mattresses are expensive, I made mine myself. The mattress-needle costs 20 or 25 cents. Nine yards of yard-wide ticking is sufficient for one mattress. My mantel is a piece of pine board; the lambrequins white net, darned in deep scallops and lined with blue. The toilet-covers and splash-mat are to match. For my brackets I had Frank saw me out a pine board. This was covered with several thicknesses of fine white muslin, stretched tightly. Several layers of cloth were pasted together and made into leaves and flowers, by pressing on wax-flower molds. These, when stiff, were put into place on the bracket. I like a rose and bunch of leaves best. Fasten your spray, one above and one below the shelf, then cover the whole bracket with a wash of plaster-of-Paris and water.

My crockery was plain stone-ware; but was made beautiful by medallions of transfer pictures and embossed gilt bands. My pincushion is blue velvet, embroidered with pearl beads, with a lace cover. A watch-case to match. A catch-all hangs in one corner. Cut a piece of silver board, 5 inches wide and 18 long. Sew the ends together. For the bag part take blue silk, 6 inches wide and 25 inches long. Sew one end quite full on the edge of the cardboard and gather the lower edge tightly together. This makes a bag. On this hang a silk tassel. Trim the edges with plaited satin ribbon and white lace, transfer a spray of moss roses in the center, and hang up with satin ribbon. The hair and hairpin-receivers, match-holder, and shaving-paper case were all to match.

A sachet and handkerchief-holder was a square of blue satin, wadded with perfumed cotton (quilted), and the corners folded over and trimmed with plaited ribbon and lace, and a tiny rose laid in the center, where they meet. For my bracket I made silver vases by painting pottery urns of antique shape a pale gray and covering with tin foil. For my mantel I bought lamp-chimneys with scalloped tops. Some were painted blue some white, with transfer medallion on the sides and gilt-embossed bands on the edge. When filled with crystallized grasses and put on blue mats, no one would guess they only cost 10 cents apiece. Grasses put into water and sprinkled with flour are very snowy and pretty for vases. My pictures were



SAUCER GARDEN.

engravings and photographs. I could not afford to buy frames; so I made them of pasteboard, covered with blue velvet, and pinked bands of gilt paper on each edge. This makes a frame you need not be ashamed of.

I haven't told you of half the ways I made something out of nothing, for I know the editor is frowning, and saying I have run over my 6 pages; but I hope some of the hints I have given may be of use to some one whose purse, as well as mine, resembles Anne Boleyn's neck, in being very small.

GRACE HARRIS,

Hares' Corner, Delaware.

Fireplace Reading.

HOME AND FRIENDS.

Oh! there's a power to make each hour
As sweet as Heaven designed it;
Nor need we roam to bring it home,
Though few there be that find it!
We seek too high for things close by,
And lose what Nature found us;

For life hath here no charms
so dear

As home and friends
around us.

We oft destroy the present
joy

For future hopes—and
praise them;

While flowers as sweet
bloom at our feet,

If we'd but stoop to raise
them;

For things afar still sweet-
est are

When youth's bright spell
hath bound us;

But soon we're taught the
earth hath naught

Like home and friends
around us.

The friends that speed in
time of need,

When hope's last reed is
shaken,

To show us still that, come
what will,

We are not quite for-
saken;

Though all were night, if
but the light

From Friendship's altar
crowned us,

'Twould prove the bliss of
earth was this:

Our home and friends
around us.

SAUCER BOU- QUETS.

A writer in the *Fruit Recorder* gives the following as her description for making these pretty bouquets:

"Did you ever make a bouquet in a saucer? I think it is the prettiest way of all. I fill the saucer two-thirds full with water and place some large flower, like a lily, in the center, or a little to one side, as fancy may suggest. Then I arrange a fringe of fine, feathery sprigs around the rim, and fill up the interstices with small flowers. The result is charming; and flowers arranged in this way will, with me, remain fresh longer than if arranged in a vase. As I write I have before me a bouquet put together thus: It con-

sists of a Tiger Lily, sprigs of Asparagus and Southern Wood, Drummond Phlox, Petunias, and a few blood-red blossoms of Coreopsis. But do not turn up your noses, being, perhaps, the possessors of more costly and varied material for floral ornaments; for my bouquet is not to be thrown in the shade. The Coreopsis blossoms are borne on slender, wiry stems, and after I had filled my other flowers in thickly around the Lily I inserted a few of these on longer stems, leaning them upright against the Lily stamens, and

assists the ingenuity in giving fanciful forms to bouquets, as it affords a firmer foundation in which to embed the flower-stems."

At the renting of the pews in a Chicago church, the other evening, there was a hot competition for pew No. 78, and bids ran up to a large sum. It was finally knocked down to Brother B. "Why were you so anxious to get that particular seat?" he was asked by Brother C. "Why? Because it's just next to Brother M's," he replied. "Well. What of that?" returned the other. "Why," replied Brother B., "M's as bald as a jug, and he draws flies from everybody around him. I made up my mind to get a pew near him this year, for if there's anything I hate it's to be pestered with flies when I'm—when I'm—listening to a good sermon."

Boy's Letter.—Little John is visiting his grandfather. This is an extract from a letter to his mother: "Potatur-bugs is plenty, an' I enjoy 'em very much, 'eause they makes gran'-father swear, an' every time he biles over he spills his false teeth, an' always forgits ware he spills 'em, an' he hires us to roust 'em out. So yer see huntin's good here. He pays us in pigs, an' 'fore the sesin's over I think ile hev enuf to start a swine-shop. Tell Sam Jenkins; 'cause it'll make him hoppin' mad to know ime hevin' such a binanzer."—*Ex.*

The following translation was made by a Frenchman who professed to teach languages, and who thought he was telling a story in really beautiful English: "A lady which was to dine chid to her servant that she had not used butter enough. This girl, for to excuse himself, was



PUSSY'S DINNER.

they seem like richly-tinted stars of velvet, glowing above a bright-hued, mossy groundwork of sister stars. This manner of making bouquets permits having the use of a host of those flowers that have short stems and that would be almost useless for a vase. But, as water is so easily spilled from shallow receptacles, an excellent substitute is wet sand. And this

bring a little eat on the hand, and told that she came to take him in the crime finishing to eat the two pounds from butter who remain. The lady took immediately the eat whom was put in the balances. It just weighed that two pound. 'This is all the very much well for the butter,' the lady then she said; 'but where is the cat?'

Housekeeping.

A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING, AND EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE.

How few understand how much time, labor, and confusion is saved by practicing this simple rule. It is an easy matter for every housekeeper to have a place for everything, and then how very easy it is to keep everything in its place. Then, when an article is wanted, there is neither time nor patience lost in searching for it. Take a fair view of both sides of the question, and then decide which would be the most conducive to ease, comfort, and harmony. I will give two scenes illustrative of my theory. Scene First.—“Well, here my sweet pickles are all ready for scalding in alum-water; but where in the world did I put the alum the last time I used it? It must be on the top shelf in the pantry. No, it is not here. It must be in that old sugar-bowl. No, it is not here either. I am sure I did not use it all and I know I put it where it would be safe; but where it is I can't imagine. Perhaps it has got mixed in with these packages of garden-seeds. No, it has not. Dear me! was ever mortal so tormented? Here the time is flying, and a whole day's work to be done; but those pickles must be made first of all. I will take just one more look. It may be in the bureau. It is not here, that is certain; but I cannot waste any more time looking for it. I am completely tired out. I shall have to make the pickles without alum, and trust to luck to their being good. Here I have wasted nearly a half day with these pickles, and they are not fit to eat; and all because I could not remember where I put the alum. If I had only had a little, the slices would have remained nice and whole; while now they are in a perfect mush and will have to be fed to the pigs. Children, *do* get out of my way. I have been tormented enough this morning, without having you teasing the life out of me. I don't believe there ever was a woman had as much trouble as I do.” Now, let us take a view of Scene Second.—“I have got a big day's work before me to-day, and first of all these sweet pickles must be finished up. First, I must get some alum, red pepper, borax, saffron. Alum, here it is. How much time and trouble this little box saves me. I have never spent a moment in searching for anything since I adopted the rule of having a place for everything and keeping everything in its place. It will take nearly all of this alum. I must send for some more the first time John goes to town, so I will be sure to have some on hand. Well, my pickles are out of the way, and they are just splendid. It has not taken me very long either. How much trouble it saves to have everything just where I know where to find it. Now, children, pick up your playthings and put them where they belong, and I will get you a piece of bread and butter. There, now sit down and eat it, while I finish up my morning's work.” Look at the difference in the two pictures. And surely they are not overdrawn. One is tired and worried, out of all patience, before the day's work is commenced. Everything has gone wrong. All the trouble was caused by the seemingly trifling thing of

not “having a place for everything and everything in its place.”

There is no house so small and no person so poor but that they, at least, have a semblance of order. I will show how, with trifling expense and very little labor, housework may be done systematically and with ease, by merely having a place for everything and a time for everything—everything in its place and everything done in its time. Monday for washing. We then start out for the week with the heaviest and dirtiest of the work done; and, take it the year round, I have found that it will average as many pleasant Mondays as other days in the week. Tuesday for baking and ironing. Wednesday and Thursday for sewing and for any extra work there is to be done. Friday for baking and mending. Never leave mending until Saturday night; for something is almost sure to happen to prevent you from finishing your mending. Consequently, ragged clothes have to be worn and made worse to mend, unless you can afford more than one change. And even then it makes that much more work for next week and sets the household machinery running wrong. So never put off your mending until Saturday. Do not let Friday night find you in bed until everything is mended and put in its place. Saturday for cleaning and putting things in order. Sunday for rest; and with how much more satisfaction one can rest when they know that they have left nothing undone that should have been done! So much for “a time for everything and everything in its time.” Where is there any one that cannot have a place for everything and cannot keep everything in its place, if they have the will so to do? If you have a bureau, have a certain drawer for certain articles, and always keep them in their respective places. Should you have need to send any one for an article, you can tell them in which drawer and just the spot or corner it may be found. Even that little will save time and confusion, especially if you are in a hurry. Have a shelf in your closet for bedclothes. If you are not the possessor of a closet, a shelf in a clothes-cupboard will do, or even a box. In the spring mend and wash all winter clothes and blankets, and pack them away. Do it before the millers are around, and no danger of moths. Then when fall comes serve the summer clothes the same way. Then when the time comes for changing clothes for the season you do not have to wait to get them ready to wear. I have found by experience that all summer clothes that require starching should be starched and ironed nicely and put carefully away, where they will not get wrinkled or soiled. They are then ready to put on without any delay. I have laid white garments away for two years—part of them starched and ironed and part without either starch or ironing. When wanted for use, the latter had to be bleached before they could be done up, while the former were ready to wear. I hear some one say the starch will rot them. I know it will not. If starch will rot, why is not the muslin, linen, and calico we buy rotten, some of it having lain starched for years? Every housekeeper has pieces left from cutting out sewing. As soon as a garment is cut out, pick out all pieces large enough for mending or piecing quilts. Tie them up in a neat bundle. Those that are only fit for carpet-rags cut the right width and put in the box or bag you should keep to put carpet-

rags in. The clippings that are good for nothing else put in the paper-rags. Many a twenty-five and fifty cents is saved by buying tinware with waste paper and rags no one can afford to waste. It is but a few minutes' work to make a cheap calico bag, about two feet long. Put a draw-string in the top, have a place to hang it up, and keep all your bundles of pieces in it. It saves time and trouble. They are out of the way and you know just where to find them. Have a box for your ribbons, one for laces, and one for worsted, embroidery cotton, silk, and articles necessary for that description of fancy work. Get a good-sized paste-board box, then label all your patterns, tie them up neatly, and keep them in the box. Have a box for thread and buttons; another for spool silk. Have a place for them and keep them in their place. It will cost nothing to get a small wooden box. Label it “Miscellaneous Articles.” Tie your alum, brimstone, borax, mustard, etc., etc. in neat packages and label them. Keep them in the box and have a convenient place for the box. If you have a spice-box, grind your spices as soon as bought and put them in their respective boxes. They are then ready for use. Grind your sage in a coffee-mill and put it in a tight tin box. There is no delay caused by having to stop and prepare it any time you wish to use it. Have boxes for everything you can. It is more convenient and economical than to have things done up in papers and laid just where it happens, which wastes both time and material. These are but a few of the many ways by which time and labor may be saved. Let every housekeeper try the rule, and I warrant they will agree with me, that time, money, and patience are saved by “having a place for everything and keeping everything in its place.”

H. E. F.

To Keep Hams.—An exchange says: “The best way to keep hams through the summer is to put them in thick paper sacks, such as millers use to put flour in, made of thick Manilla paper. Wrap the ham in several thicknesses of old paper of any kind, to keep the moisture from striking through; tie up tightly, first twisting the top around well; and then hang up anywhere. The fly will not find its way into the ham. The paper is strong enough to bear the weight of the ham.”

A Cure for Rheumatism.—Take a piece of saltpeter, as large as a small pea, every other morning, for three mornings. Then put a piece the size of a hickory-nut into a pint of vinegar, and bathe the afflicted part thoroughly three times a day, keeping a band of flannel around the same. This cured a very severe case of sciatic rheumatism, when the patient had been confined to the bed for a number of months.

Rough or Chapped Hands.—Mix Indian meal and vinegar together thick. Rub the hands long and well. Dry near the fire, without washing. When dry, rub with glycerine. If you give this a thorough trial, you will be surprised at the change. To cure a burn, without leaving a scar, mix beeswax and linseed oil together to a salve; put on the burn thick; let it remain till it comes off in a shell, of its own accord.

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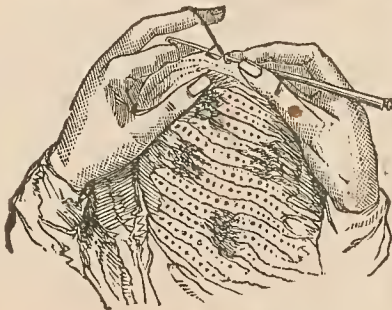
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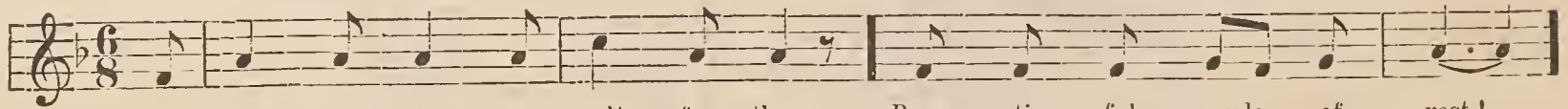
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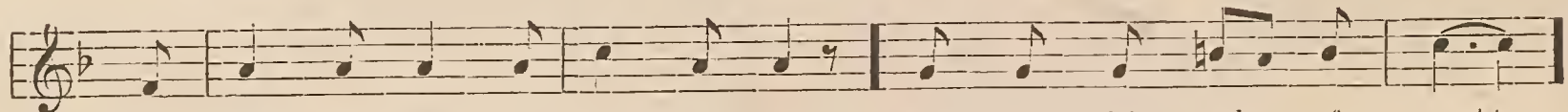
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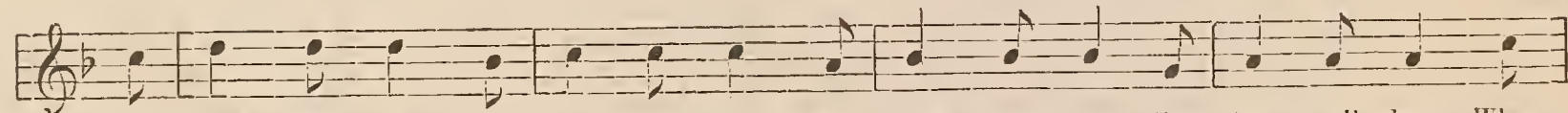
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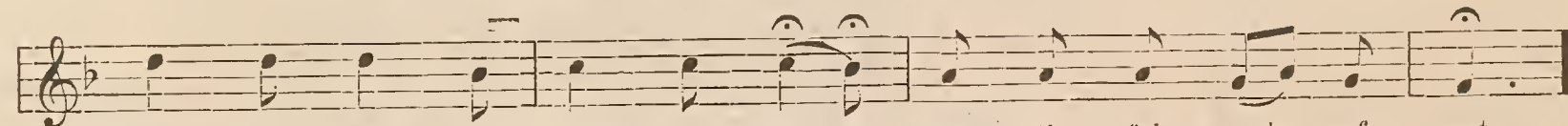
1. My soul with rap - ture waits for thee, Beau - ti - ful vale of rest!
 2. Thy ra - diant fields and glow - ing skies, Beau - ti - ful vale of rest!
 3. The joys of earth, how soon they fade! Beau - ti - ful vale of rest!



1. My home be - yond the roll - ing sea, Beau - ti - ful vale of rest!
 2. Too pure and bright for mor - tal eyes, Beau - ti - ful vale of rest!
 3. Like morn - ing dew or ev - 'ning shade, Beau - ti - ful vale of rest!

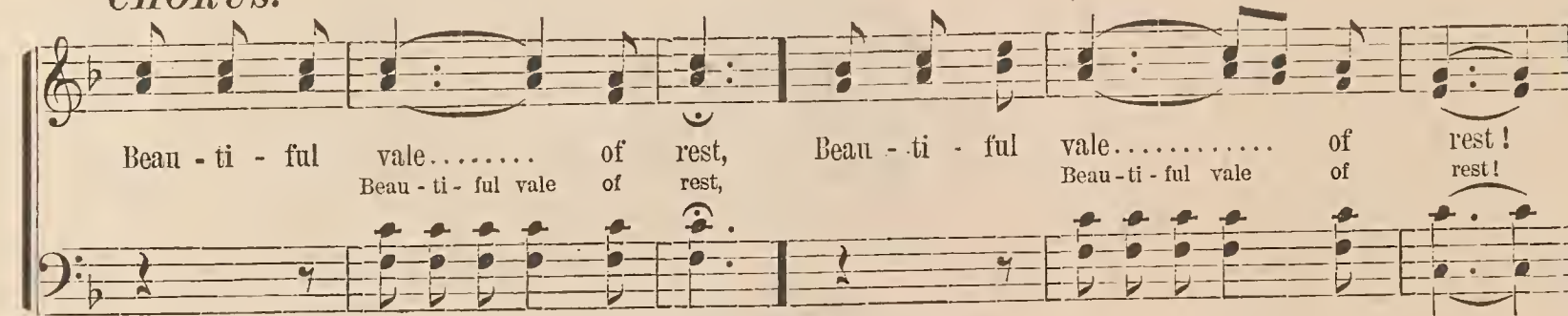


1. I long to sing thy pleas - ures o'er, The beau - ties of thy tran - quil shore, Where
 2. Be - side the liv - ing stream that flows, The wea - ry heart shall find re - pose-- Thy
 3. Yet when we reach thy gold - en strand, Our gen - tle Saviour's prom - ised land, We'll

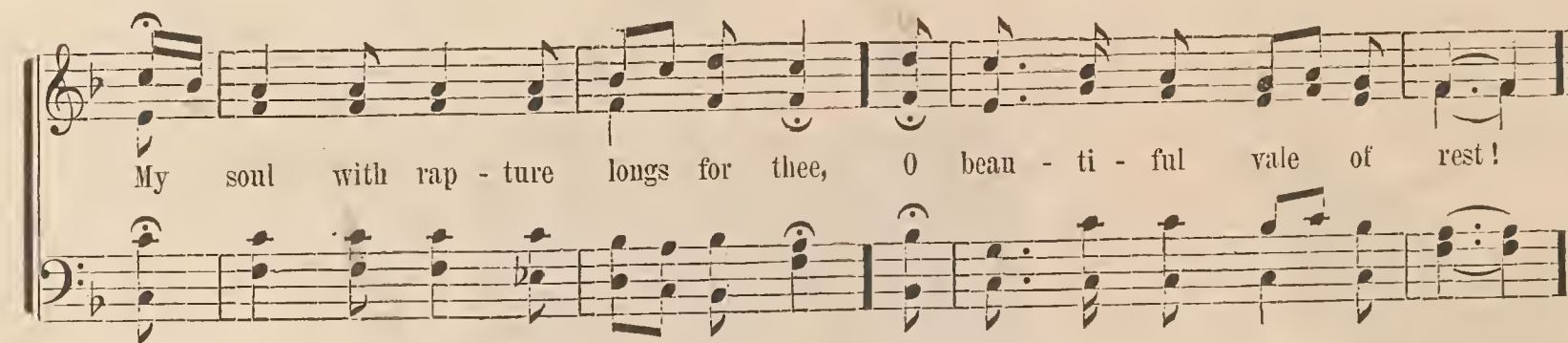


1. pain and sor - row come no more, Beau - ti - ful vale of rest.
 2. pear - ly gates shall nev - er close, Beau - ti - ful vale of rest.
 3. sing with all the an - gel band, Beau - ti - ful vale of rest.

CHORUS.



Beau - ti - ful vale..... of rest, Beau - ti - ful vale..... of rest!
 Beau - ti - ful vale of rest, Beau - ti - ful vale of rest!



My soul with rap - ture longs for thee, O beau - ti - ful vale of rest!

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THE following description of a beautiful yet simple and inexpensive subtropical garden is given by Eben E. Rexford in the *Domestic Monthly*.

"One of the finest specimens of subtropical gardening that I have ever seen I came across at a friend's last summer. On one side of the yard, some

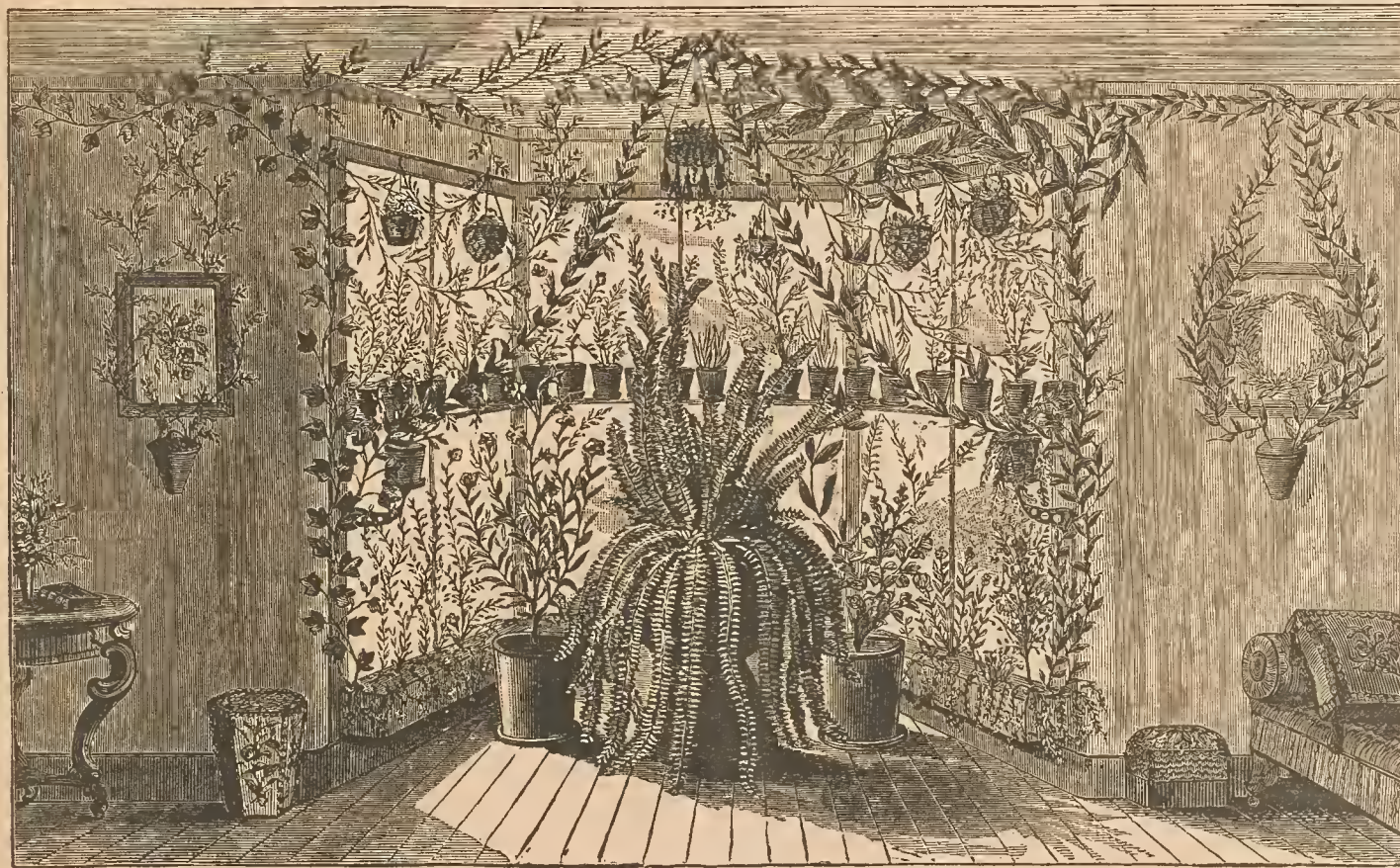
There it stood in its hidden ugliness all through the first season of their residence in their new home, unrelieved by bush or vine.

"Last spring she determined that she would not have that fence asserting itself in its depressing way, as it had done the summer before, and she coaxed her husband to spade up a strip five or six feet wide the whole length of it. Next to the fence she planted some of the robust, fast-growing *cannas*. In front of them she put *caladiums*, and among these

and between these bunches she put the few plants of *coleus* that she had started.

"It was then in September, and the effect was splendid. Not a bit of the board fence could be seen.

"The *cannas* had grown tall enough to look over it into the neighbor's yard. The *caladiums* were wonderfully luxuriant, and some of them stood four feet high. The *gladioli* were beginning to blossom, and their bright spikes showed off charmingly among the



WINDOW-GARDEN AND ROOM DECORATIONS.

rods away from the house, and staring at the sitting-room window, was an ugly board fence.

"This fence was a source of great annoyance to my friend. She tried to get it torn down and have another and more attractive one built in its place; but her husband was always too busy to attend to it, and hardly felt able to hire the necessary work done.

she planted *gladiolus* bulbs. As she had but few plants of *coleus*, these she started in the window by making cuttings from a plant she had wintered. She wondered what to use for an edging. At one end of the garden was a very large clump of the old-fashioned *striped grass*. She cut this apart, and set out bunches of it a foot apart in front of her *caladiums*,

profusion of foliage that surrounded them. The grass had grown to be large clumps, and the contrast between its white and green and the velvety crimson and maroon of the *coleus* was charming.

"The whole formed a bank or hedge of foliage that was remarkably effective, and people would stop and admire it a dozen times a day."

Floral Contributions.

WINTER FLOWERS.

We all know that southern or southeastern windows are best for plants, and if one rejoices in a bay-window with this sunny aspect, "all other things being equal," we may reasonably expect plenty of bloom and lovely foliage. I am an ardent lover of foliage plants, though not to the exclusion of those cultivated for their blossoms. Many devote space to plants that will not pay for the time and trouble expended upon them merely because they do not know the best varieties for window-culture in winter. I have been also much surprised to read in THE CABINET of the non-success of some of its readers in the winter cultivation of Geraniums and Pelargoniums, some saying they had no blossoms upon either until spring. As a general thing, young Geranium plants rooted in August or September will blossom freely all winter; but I find some varieties much more free than others, and would recommend for winter use the following: Cheerful, bright cherry color; Master Christine, dwarf, beautiful pink; Tom Thumb, scarlet, dwarf; White Tom Thumb, pure white; Mrs. James Vick, white, with pinkish centre; and Jean Sisley, scarlet, white eye. All these are single. The double variety, Asa Grey, of a lovely salmon color, has proved an almost constant bloomer. The above selection furnishes a variety of colors and continual bloom. Do not fail to have a few of the tricolor, gold, and silver varieties, for their showy foliage; for instance, a Marshal MacMahon, Mount of Snow, and Lady Cullum; or Mrs. Pollock, Beauty of Calderdale, and Beaton's Silver Nosegay. The new "Happy Thought" is very desirable and quite distinct in its markings, having a yellow blotch in the centre of the leaf and green margin. Pelargoniums are general favorites, but most persons think them too difficult for common cultivation. This is a mistake; it lies in "knowing how." Start cuttings in June or by the middle of July, in small pots. It is best to root them under cover, as heavy rains injure them. Pinch off the ends of the branches frequently, to make them bushy, and by fall repot in four or five inch pots. Before placing in the windows give them a thorough smoking, and in two days afterwards repeat it. This keeps my Pelargoniums perfectly free from the aphid. In November and December give little water, gradually increasing in January. Keep them in cool, sunny windows, out of danger of frost. A room but slightly heated suffices. They will grow stout and strong, and when buds appear should be brought to a warm room and stimulated once a week with liquid manure. Old plants blossom earlier than young ones, and it is well to have two sets of plants—an old one of each kind to bloom early and young plants to come on later. Cut old ones down in July, but do not repot till August, and again in the autumn. They will blossom by February (I have had some bloom in January), and throughout March, April, and May your plants will delight all beholders with their wonderful beauty. In my experience the best varieties are Pet of Cambridge, rose and white; Mazeppa, maroon and white; Madame Dolby, car-

mine-crimson, with white centre; La Vésuve, rich shaded, velvety scarlet, very large; Bride, white; Empress, white, with maroon spot in each petal; Fire-King, orange-scarlet, spotted with black; and Competitor, pink, scarlet, and black. Their foliage should be washed frequently; when in bloom great care should be taken that the blossoms do not get wet, as it injures them greatly. Pelargoniums are great favorites with me, and I wish their cultivation were more common.

A few plants of the Coleus, such as The Shah, Setting Sun, Chameleon, and the well-known Verschaffeltii, add much to a collection. I find the Chameleon needs to be "starved" in order to make its foliage beautiful. Indeed, its rich velvet leaves, spotted with rose, purple, yellow, and green, are far handsomer than some blossoms. Give it soil composed of two-thirds loam and one-third sand; never use manure in the soil or use stimulants if you wish it to retain its beauty. A few plants of Achyrantes are quite desirable, especially Aurea Reticulata, leaves bright green, marked with a network of bright yellow, and sometimes blotched with carmine; also Gilsonii, leaves carmine, stems rich pink. To mingle with these, get a plant or two of Centaurea, with their silvery-white leaves; Candida and Clementei are considered best. By all means procure a Dracæna, with its lovely crimson ribbon-like leaves, and a plant of Farfugium Grande attracts attention, with its shining green leaves spotted yellow. All the above foliage plants are of easy growth, the Coleus being most tender and requiring most heat. Use soil as for other plants, and repot when you see the little rootlets creeping through the aperture in the bottom of the pot, for that indicates a need of more sustenance. A few greenhouse Ferns will add grace to your window, and will grow in the shade, behind the blooming plants, requiring plenty of moisture and partial shade. Both the large and small silver-leaved do well; also the delicate Maiden-hair and the Lygodium Scandens, or Japanese Climbing Fern. I am delighted with the latter. It will droop as well as climb, and its delicate, graceful vine looks charmingly creeping on a tiny cord about my window. Every one loves the Rose, the "Queen of Flowers," while few have success in their cultivation in warm sitting-rooms; but the cool room above mentioned for Pelargoniums will just suit them. Such an one can be easily obtained by having a register either in the sitting or dining room, communicating with the chamber above; and should the latter possess sunny south or east windows they will be well suited to many greenhouse plants. Roses need stiff, rich soil, and considerable water while in rapid growth. Some of the best winter varieties are Agrippina, bright crimson; Hermosa, pink; Safrano, yellow; and the new white Tea-Rose, Cornelia Cook. This reminds me that I never yet saw a window containing too many white flowers, and each year I try to increase my collection. The fine tassel-like flowers of the Stevia and Eupatorium; the sweet-scented white Polyanthus Narcissus; white Ixias, with their delicate blossoms; the new Abutilon, Boule de Nieve; white Primulas, double and single; the winter-blooming white-fringed Chrysanthemum, Laciniata, are all fine for the window in winter. These, together with

the White Tea-Rose, white Geraniums, and Pelargoniums (mentioned previously), and an Azalea and Camellia, will furnish a fine variety of white flowers.

All the readers of THE CABINET have been told of the hot-water treatment for the Calla, and its need of weekly stimulants. I consider the dwarf Calla best for house-culture, as the plants do not grow as large, consequently are easier to handle, and, the blossoms being smaller, are more useful as cut flowers. I know a lady who has two Callas grown from seeds. They were good-sized plants, one year old, when I saw them, and looked as if they might bloom the next winter. Besides the enjoyment derived from the cultivation of house-plants, there is much pleasure in being able to gather flowers for the parlor vases, for button-hole bouquets, and, last but not least, in having an occasional box of blossoms to send to a friend. We need a few fragrant flowers, such as Mignonette, Heliotrope, Daphne, Mahernia odorata, and plenty of sweet-scented Geranium-leaves, but space forbids the enumeration. I have not dwelt upon the necessity of even temperature, weekly washing, giving fresh air, etc., as it is already a "twice-told tale"; neither have I given a full list of the many plants that may be used in the window-garden, to say nothing of vines and basket-plants; but if one-half I have mentioned be successfully cultivated one need never be without "Winter Flowers."

H. J. M. G.

FLORENCE'S SNOW-TREE.

THE description of a snow-tree in last December's number of THE CABINET came just in time to add one to the list of Christmas gifts.

I had wanted something for a gift to a very dear invalid friend, and that was just the thing. There were plenty of fairy-baskets in town, but not a solitary snow-tree, and, better still, I had never seen one in any of my travels.

Of course I did not make it exactly like the one described, for with my inordinate love for experiments it would be almost impossible.

I reduced it somewhat in size, shortening the tassels to correspond. I used quite small skirt-wire, so that the branches would bend easily in any direction I chose to have them. I covered the trunk and base of the tree with clean white cloth.

I used linen instead of cotton for ravelling. I think it much prettier. There is a delicate sheeny look to linen that is wanting in cotton. A partly-worn linen sheet is best, and will be sufficient for two trees. I gave it a good bleaching, and ravelled it crossways of the breadth. I twisted it before winding, and twisted it for the tassels. I wound the branches thick but loose. I sewed the tassels on the end of every branch, all along the branches, and wherever else they were needed, until the tree was as perfect in shape as a tree ought to be, and the foliage neither too dense nor scanty.

After winding the base I fastened tassels all around the foot of the tree, cutting them just long enough to reach the lower edge of base.

To a critical eye it needed a great many finishing touches, but at last it was pronounced complete, and I drew a long breath of admiration. It certainly was beautiful, and my invalid friend went into such an ecstasy of delight over it that I felt more than amply repaid, and I send my sincere thanks to "Florence" for her kindly offering.

SEAWEED.

Floral Experiences.

WINDOW PLANTS.

THINKING that my experience might benefit some of the *Floral* friends, I'll give a "wee bit." For many a year an east and two south windows have been filled with plants, and many a night have they had to be moved for fear of Jack Frost; but all that is ended by my having a conservatory built last year, much to my delight and of many others. My south windows didn't do me much good, as the roof of the piazza kept the sun from coming in. My plants all grew very thrifty, but so few blossoms.

Now I have the sun all day, and therefore have more blossoms; averaged about twenty kinds every day this winter; just now counted twenty-four different flowers.

Last fall I took up a lot of Lily of the Valley, Liverwort, Scilla, Bluebells or Grape Hyacinth, and Bleeding-Heart; put them in an upper room after they had been frozen (as they are said to do better to freeze); when ready to blossom would bring down in conservatory. They all did nicely. The Bleeding-Heart made a great show, grew very rank; one day I counted thirteen clusters out at once. For steady blossoming Browallia goes ahead, if you will only pick off all the seed-pods. The blue is a lovely color; the white doesn't grow quite so strong, but helps to make bouquets till the Eupatoriums come on. Eupatorium Kiparium comes first, then another kind, which grows larger; the leaves are as broad again, and the flower clusters more compact. Mignonette and Sweet Alyssum did well, had blossoms all winter; the little sprigs of Sweet Alyssum are pretty to put in bouquets, even without the blossoms. Maurandia is a lovely, graceful vine; the ends of the branches or little vines with ferns also add much to the beauty and grace of a bouquet.

You know the more we pick our flowers the more we have. Four kinds of my Fuchsias have had many on; never a day without buds or blossom. The speciosa has been most abundant. Oyalis is another steady bloomer. Have white, pink, and yellow, and expect they will keep right on, till next summer I shall have to dig them up.

This year I tried a Cannia, and it has been a great success; been in blossom over a month; two main stalks had twenty blossoms, and the little side shoot half as many more, and more still coming. For hanging-baskets Blue Lobelia and Kenilworth Ivy are always in blossom. Last summer, instead of letting my Callas rest, I kept them growing to make them as large as possible, and they have looked noble and grand, but never a blossom till now; the first bud is almost out. I have four roots in a large pot, with Lobelia and Kenilworth Ivy running over the top and sides of pot. I painted a six-quart pan dark brown to hold the Calla pot, and then pour boiling water in that; also use manure water often. I fill an old pail part full with manure from stable; pour boiling water on it; then, as I water my plants, use a little of that now and then; hurt my Geraniums at first by using it too strong; some dropped leaves and buds.

Jean Sisley has been and is a beauty. A Cyclamen

men I raised from seed had over three dozen flowers, eighteen out at once; it was pure white. My roses, when they are just ready to open, I cut off and wind a piece of yarn (that's softer than thread) once or twice around—that keeps them from opening—and put them in water in the dark, and you can keep them two or three days till you want them. Another thing that has been admired very much is a lot of Ferns that I took up from the woods about Christmas; they are lovely. I find Petunias in the house last much longer than when blossoming out doors. Bouvardia Liantha has given a good many clusters; my white one, too, is beautiful, so velvety. Am looking daily to find buds on Mahernia.

Wish I knew the names of my Begonias; have white, coral, and a number of different kinds of pink ones. White Daisy, or Feverfew, is a favorite, the blossoms are so perfect and last so long. But it won't do for me to tell of any more of my flowers, or I never shall come to tell the true reason of flowers growing: they want to be truly loved and tended.

AUNT KATE.

FULTON, ROCK CO., WIS.

A PLEA FOR THE COLD-FRAME.

VERY satisfactory results are obtained by starting young plants for summer flower-gardens in a cold-frame. One the size of two common window-sashes will enclose sufficient space for twenty-five varieties of seed. Select a sheltered, sunny spot, and make the soil mellow with sand and leaf-mould to prevent its crusting over, for the slender sprouts cannot force their way through a hard clay or grow and thrive upon a rough, uneven surface. When all is prepared and the glass in place, allow it to remain for several days, until the earth is thoroughly warmed. In Rhode Island we sow our seed about the middle of April, and by the 20th of May have fine, vigorous plants to fill our beds and borders. Do not allow the seed-bed to become dry; if neglected, and the hot sun shines brightly, the delicate seeds or plants soon become parched, and the very choicest variety will be the first to take its departure. Give the moisture through the fine rose of a watering-pot—the finer the spray the less danger of washing the tiny seed. The young plants need a little air when the noonday sun becomes too fervid. As the time approaches for transplanting they should be gradually hardened off, the glass being removed entirely for a few days before they are taken up. Soak the earth thoroughly before disturbing the plants. If possible, choose a cloudy, dull day for making up the garden-beds; if not, take the time just at night after a nice shower. Then the soil is moist and pliable, and the plants will not be subjected to the sun's rays for several hours at least.

No more "toting" of countless window-boxes for us: here to find a breath of air, there to catch a ray of sunshine; on the mantel-shelf for bottom-heat, and out of doors and in every day for a week before the young plants can be removed to the garden! All these extra motions to make in the midst of house-cleaning! And, after all our labor and painstaking, the little things had a forlorn, wizened appearance—the most desirable kinds never advancing beyond the seed-leaf, if, indeed, they ventured forth at all. In a

cold-frame we may have constant warmth and moisture, abundant light and sunshine; in fact, every requisite for speedy germination and healthy growth, with only a minimum of care. Plants will attain a larger size here in one month than would be possible in twice the time if kept in the dry atmosphere of a dwelling-house. Many delicate varieties may be started in this manner which elsewhere would surely disappoint us. We grow Verbenas from seed of our own gathering, and have many new and beautiful colors each year. Stocks that remain very slender, and are so liable to damp off in the house, are easily propagated in a frame.

By having strong, vigorous plants to set out as soon as the weather permits, we can have our annuals in blossom much earlier than by the old method of sowing the seed in the open ground; then, if a certain kind failed to come, that spot—perhaps the most conspicuous in the garden—was destitute of flowers and foliage for a whole season; whereas now we have ample time to supply all deficiencies.

P.

WARREN, R. I.

HYACINTHS.

HAVING tried the following plan with Hyacinths, I can recommend it. My rooms are warmed by a furnace, and I have had a good deal of difficulty in getting the flowers to open well, on account of the dryness of the air.

When the pots were well filled with roots I washed all the soil from them, and, after cutting off the roots within an inch of the bulb, I placed it in a Hyacinth-glass, and there every bud matured and opened splendidly. I followed the same plan with every one, with the same result. I never put Hyacinths in the sunshine, but bloom them in a window which faces the north.

M. P. G.

BUDDING ROSES.

THIS is a simple process by which amateur cultivators often increase their stock. A sharp penknife can do duty for a budding-knife, and the handle of a toothbrush, if ground down smooth, will answer for a spud to aid in lifting the bark. From the last of June to the last of August is the best time for this process, as the bark can then be more easily raised from the wood. Take a smooth stalk and make a horizontal cut across the bark through the wood, but not into it. From the centre of this cross-cut make another cut straight down the stem an inch or more in length. These two cuts should resemble a T. Slice off the bud you desire to propagate with one cut of the penknife, cutting it close to the main stalk. Now, with the edge of the spud, turn back the bark on each side of the straight cut and insert the bud on the wood of the branch to be budded, fitting it tightly to the crossed cut. With a bit of soft yarn bind down the bark, leaving the point of the bud exposed. A handful of dampened moss must then be bound round the stem, taking care to leave the tiny point of the bud exposed to the air. In six weeks the wrappings can be removed, but all other shoots must be kept from growing on the budded branch. By this means a rose-bush can be made to bear half a dozen different-colored roses.—*Ex.*

Floral Hints.

THE AQUATIC BOUQUET.

WHILE on a journey the past year I saw a most charming floral arrangement in what was called "The Aquatic Bouquet," and, whether for the drawing-room bracket, or the stand in a sick-room, or even the dining-room or tea-table, it is a most beautiful object. But to describe this beautiful object is what I now will try to do, hoping whoever may try it may have the best of success; and if they do I am very well assured they will be paid for all their trouble and expense.

It consists of flowers, buds, and sprays of grass, ferns, and moss, or, indeed, any treasure of the floral kingdom in a state of perfect beauty and in an upright position, surrounded and buried in the limpid element—a singular yet very wonderful sight, merely one of nature's laws beautifully demonstrated—the power of atmospheric pressure—and the old rule of our school lessons, that two elements cannot occupy the same space at the same time, in this instance is proved by following the subjoined directions.

Have ready a glass shade such as we use for covering fern cases, wax flowers, statuary, or other delicate objects of any size convenient, or substitute any plain glass tumbler or bell glass (though these are only suitable for small bouquets); a glass or china dish with flat bottom sufficiently large to admit the shade, and with a deep dish, such as a soup-plate, for instance; a selection of flowers of even ordinary species, such as Dianthus, Abronia, Verbena, or many others which I will not stop to mention, and some grasses, ferns, and moss; a piece of stone one half as large as diameter of shade, some fine strong green thread, and a tub of clear water, cold, from a spring if convenient. Now commence by arranging the flowers and leaves tastefully into a bouquet, using judgment and skill, in order that by contrast and pleasing combination the most satisfactory results may be obtained. Fasten this when completed to the stone by tying the stems to it (for which reason the stone might better be rather rough). The stone itself must then be entirely hidden by tying moss and colored leaves around it, commencing at the top and covering the stems of the bouquet. For this the leaves of Coleus, Achyranthus, Alternanthera and variegated Geraniums, contrasted with moss and green fern leaves, will present a charming appearance. The

stone so covered is placed in the centre of the dish, around it (if space intervenes between it and the side of the dish) arrange pretty stones, shells, moss, and bright leaves with graceful vine sprays. Now immerse this dish, arranged as it is, in the water contained in the tub; then, taking the shade in the hand, place one side of it in the water just over one side of the dish, and slowly sinking it until entirely filled, all the time turning it over the bouquet until finally

is room, place pieces of stone, shells, and any other pretty ornament prettily dressed with Tradescantia, Ivies, or delicate plants that will grow in water.

We have said this is a beautiful object, but the half has not been told, until after standing for twenty-four hours, or perhaps a little less time, each tiny leaf, every feathery spray, the crimson of the gorgeous foliage and plants and soft, velvety petals of the blossoms, have become encrusted with a glittering coat of diamond-looking stones, draped and festooned with tiny ropes of shimmering spangles, gemmed and studded with sparkling jewels and pearls in the form of a hundred minute air-bubbles, so transparent that every shade and tint of the rainbow is reflected, and the star-like incrustations give the bouquet the appearance of some wonderful piece of fairy-work arising from a sylvan grotto covered with white frosty gems far more brilliant than anything cut and polished by human hands. I cannot describe, nor can any one, how beautiful this is. I was told by those who were the happy owners of this bouquet that it would remain for some time to look just as it then did, and it was so very handsome it was the admiration of all who saw it.

This wonderful and beautiful object is well suited for the sick-room, where flowers are generally so acceptable yet frequently inappropriate on account of the odor. But for the dining-room it is exceedingly elegant and capable of astonishing the eyes of beholders. Very small blossoms will seem quadrupled in size, so you may judge how large and fine flowers must look, to say nothing of the glittering, sparkling bubbles of all shades in the inside of the globe or shade.

I hope all who may perchance read this will try it, and tell of their experience through the columns of the LADIES' FLORAL CABINET, so others may know of their success.

B. F. LAWRENCE.

JAFFREY CENTRE, N. H.



PAMPAS GRASS PLUMES FOR HOUSE DECORATION.

it is placed down on the dish; then raise dish and all up from the water slowly, and you will find the atmospheric pressure will keep the shade firmly fixed, while before you will be the most lovely objects you ever beheld.

Do not disturb the water around the rim of the dish, as it aids in making the shade air-tight, and for this reason it might better be renewed from day to day as it evaporates.

Around the outer rim of the plate or dish, if there

is room, place pieces of stone, shells, and any other pretty ornament prettily dressed with Tradescantia, Ivies, or delicate plants that will grow in water.

ROSE SLUGS.

THESE are the larvæ of a black four-winged fly. They have a wonderful sawlike instrument, cutting grooves in leaves and twigs to deposit their eggs. The larvæ, when full grown, are three-fourths of an inch long and have twenty-two legs. They eat the pulp of the leaves. Whale-oil soap is a sure remedy. A weak solution of carbolic acid is as good and more pleasant. The *Rose-chaffer* must be picked off by hand.

Miscellaneous.

HOW THE PARKS OF PARIS ARE
ILLUMINATED AT NIGHT.

A WRITER from Paris thus describes the beautiful illumination of the parks at night.

"We were so late that we had to drive past a mile of empty carriages before we could find a place to leave ours. All this section of the wood was in utter gloom. Within the park, along the avenue and the alleys bordering on the lakes, rose Venetian masts, each mast bearing a great shield or banner of colored lamps. But all that was nothing. The beauty of the evening was in the lakes and in the edges of the wood surrounding the lakes. The moment you touched the water you were out of the world; you were in a world of light which belongs to the domain of dreams. The charm of the Bois de Boulogne in common times is its foliage; to-night the foliage was used as a background for the illumination, and the simplest means were the most successful. Trees hung thick with fiery fruit which never bore fruit before. Their branches were hidden with globe-shaped lanterns of pale India red, which grew rosy and ruddy with the light inside. There must have been millions of them. I counted the number on one tree of no great size, and there were a hundred and thirty-four. This was repeated with no effort at variety in form or color, and the result was absolutely bewildering—no Armida's or Hesperides garden could have been so wonderful. Mere monotony and endless repetition of the same idea by the same means have done what no variety of delicate device and changing purpose could have done. It is monotonous as the sea is monotonous, and you can no more tire of it than you tire of the waste of waters which spreads to the horizon, and there is no more poverty of design in one than the other. You may fancy, if you like, that this illuminous semicircle has as little of mortal handiwork as the sunset glories of the sky which blend with the illimitable ocean. From end to end of the lake the deep recesses of the wood are pierced with the intense white rays of the electric light. Bengal fires blaze up every few minutes, red, blue, and white. On the surface two hundred boats rigged with lamps and lanterns are moving about—flame-freighted argosies—never still for an instant. And the sky is filled as far as you can see with showers of trailing sparks from innumerable rockets and great sheets of flame from exploding mines. This goes on for two hours, with half a million of people for spectators, or twice that, for no estimate of such a multitude is possible. Wherever you go shouts of delight accompany you. The Frenchman is never slow to express the immense joy he feels in any event that honors his country and his beloved Paris."

GRECIAN BEAUTY.

MUCH has been said in praise of Grecian beauty, and the men are handsome in every sense of the

word. We might well imagine them to have been the models of Phidias and Praxiteles. Their large eyes, black as jet, sparkle with glances of fire, while the long, silky eyelashes soften the expression and give a dreamy appearance of melancholy. Their teeth are small, white, and well set. A regular profile, a pale olive complexion, and a tall, elegant figure realize an accomplished type of distinction. As to the women, they seem to have left physical perfection to the men. Some possess fine eyes and hair; but, as a rule, they have bad figures, and some defect in the face generally spoils the good features. It is among them, however, that the Oriental customs are most strictly preserved. While the men are gradually undergoing the process of civilization, they, in a moral point of view, remain stationary, and are just as they were fifty years ago. It may, indeed, be said that, with the exception of Athens, the women possess no individual existence and count as nothing in society. The men have reserved every privilege for themselves, leaving to their helpmates the care of the house and family. In the towns where servants are kept they are of the poorest class of peasants, who know nothing and receive miserable wages. The families are generally large; seven or eight little children demand a mother's constant attention. The morning begins by directing the work of each servant, repeating the same thing a hundred times, scolding, screaming, even beating them, to be understood. In the evening, when the children are sleeping, if there remain some little time, the poor worn-out mother sits down to her spinning-wheel to spin silk, sew, or knit, or, if it be summer-time, to look after her silk-worms and cocoons, happy if she has not to do the work of her incompetent servant over again.

The women of Cyprus are quite peculiar in their costumes, wearing pantaloons fastened around the ankles, with fancy-colored boots, a profusion of chains and trinkets around the neck, and a heavy girdle fastened by massive metallic plates. They dye the hair a lustrous brown with henna, and they deepen the expression of the eyes by coloring the eyebrows with the same dye. Their dress is of the brightest colors, crimson, etc., and their head-dress is a perfect copy of that seen on Phœnician and Egyptian statues. They seem to take a pride in exposing their charms, which other women conceal. Their bosoms are almost entirely uncovered. They are tall and Juno-like in mien and figure, with remarkably handsome and classic features. They are among the most beautiful women of all the islands, recalling the finest faces of the ancient statues. Unfortunately, they do not cultivate grace or form, and by thirty they become quite stout and heavy. There is a certain dignity and elegance about the women of Cyprus that is very striking. They probably approach nearer to the ancient type of classic beauty than any other of the modern descendants of Helen. They have but little or no education, but they are not lacking in intelligence, nor in a desire for knowledge. I cannot speak as well of the men. They have been so long crushed to the earth by Turkish oppression that they have lost most of the best qualities of their race. They are, nevertheless, industrious, patient laborers, peaceful and temperate.

FLOWER WORSHIPPERS.

VERY beautiful is the Persian's love for flowers. In Bombay I found the Parsees use the Victoria Gardens chiefly to walk in, "to eat the air"—to take "a constitutional walk," as we say. Their enjoyment of it was heartily animal. The Hindoo would stroll unsteadfastly through it, attracted from flower to flower not by its form or color, but its scent. He would pass from plant to plant, snatching at the flowers and crushing them between his fingers, and taking stray sniffs at the ends of his fingers as if he were taking snuff. His pleasure in the flowers was utterly sensual. Presently a true Persian, in flowing robe of blue, and on his head his sheepskin hat,

"Black, glossy, curl'd, the fleece of Kar-Kul,"

would saunter in, and stand and meditate over every flower he saw, and always as if half in vision. And when at last the vision was fulfilled, and the ideal flower he was seeking found, he would spread his mat and sit before it until the setting sun, and then pray before it, and fold up his mat again and go home. And the next night, and night after night until that particular flower faded away, he would return to it, and bring his friends in ever-increasing troops to it, and sit and sing and play the guitar or lute before it, and they would all together pray there, and after prayer still sit before it, sipping sherbet and talking the most hilarious and shocking scandal, late into the moonlight; and so again and again every evening until the flower died. Sometimes, by way of a grand *finale*, the whole company would suddenly rise before the flower and serenade it together with an ode from Hafiz, and depart.

ATTRACTIVE LUNCHEONS.

A WRITER in *Scribner's Magazine* utters a protest against making the school luncheon so unattractive as to destroy the child's appetite. She says:

"There is something very dampening to the appetite in the aspect of thick bread and butter rolled in a bit of coarse brown paper, with a cookie or two sticking to the parcel, and an apple covered with crumbs at bottom of pail. Such a luncheon will often prevent a delicate child from eating at all. A little care spent in preparation—in cutting the bread trimly and neatly, packing the cake in white paper, and the whole in a fresh napkin, in choosing a pretty basket to take the place of the tin pail—is not pains thrown away. Some children are born fastidious and with a distaste for food. They require to be tempted to eat at all—tempted, not by unwholesome goodies, but by taking trouble to make simple things dainty and attractive to them. We have heard a grown woman, whose fastidiousness had survived her childhood, describe with a shudder the effect which her dinner-basket at school had upon her. The very sight of it took away all appetite, and she went through the afternoon faint and fasting rather than meddle with its contents. By all means bake the custard in a 'pretty cup,' and do what is possible to give the luncheon an appetizing appearance to the little people who depend upon it for the working force of their long school-day."

Our Homes.

HOUSEHOLD SUBJECTS.

THE manner of furnishing our living rooms, or kitchens, as they are usually called, where so many of our American housewives spend a large share of their time, ought to be duly considered. A cheerful room will do a great deal towards making the family cheerful. I have seen such rooms kept in such a manner that I wanted to go out of them and not stop for a moment—almost entirely destitute of ornaments of any kind; or, if one chanced to be there, it looked very much out of place. When there are so many simple ways of ornamenting our homes it seems too bad to spend one's life in such places, for it is not always amongst the needy that we find those ill-furnished homes. There are a class that "have no time" for fancy-work or to cultivate flowers; with others, it is too much work.

In painting the woodwork use light colors; the paper the same. Mine is painted a light lavender color, with paper of a corresponding tint, with a narrow shaded stripe of green, the bordering mostly green with some white, also a little black in it. This makes a very cool-looking room, as well as light. The most of my windows being north, I do not get much sun in winter. In those windows I keep a few plants that do not want much sun. I have one south window, and that is full of flowers. There is no curtain to that, as the vines answer that purpose. I have German ivy and Madeira vine on the east side; on the other, ivy, geranium. This makes a very pretty screen. In front is a stand with a coleus, monthly rose, abutilon, with its golden red bells, and several kinds of fuchsias. From the top of the window hangs a basket of Kenilworth ivy. East of this hangs the "Rustic Wreath" which came with your paper. Over this some green tassels of pine are, with bitter-sweet berries drooping from the hook that holds the picture. A motto in perforated paper—"God Bless our Home"—in colors, hangs near; with several other prints that are inexpensive, but pretty, hanging on the other walls. In one corner is a very pretty wall-pocket, ornamented with carved work and decalcomanie pictures, for newspapers. In another corner, a bracket with a vase of grasses and winter flowers. A very pretty way for fixing them is to get fine grass that has numerous little buds or seeds on it, dip it in water and shake it, then dip it in flour and shake also; this looks as if covered with white buds. I know that brackets and picture-frames, wall-pockets with carving on them, cost money if they have to be bought. I happen to have a "John" (as all of THE CABINET writers call them) in the person of a son, who says that he is a "Jack" at all trades and good for nothing. But I find him very useful, as my house is well filled with all kinds of such work, made of fret-sawing and turning, also carving. There are very many pretty ways for making those things besides those I have spoken of. I saw at our Fair, this fall, a picture-frame made of old rubber boots cut out in leaves and flowers, then varnished with black varnish; it was very pretty.

I have wandered away from my room that I was speaking of, so I will just make my way there to fin-

ish it. My remaining windows are north; for them I have white curtains on rollers. A rag carpet covers the floor; and it is furnished with all that is necessary for such a room. I always keep a white cloth neatly starched and ironed on my table, with a vase of flowers as long as there is any to make bouquets of; a glass goblet is my vase—it makes a pretty one. My parlor is small but well filled with articles of use and beauty, most of them made by the one spoken of, so I will say nothing more about that. I will try to tell how some of those things can be made by those who have no "John."

Wall-pockets can be made very nicely out of white "Bristol board." Cut them any shape you like, and pink them around the edge, then transfer some decalcomanie pictures on the front piece and one on the top of the back. For transferring on those use gum-arabic, trim the picture close to the gold, then wet it with the gum; have this in a wide-nosed bottle, dissolved in water, about as thick as glue, and apply to the picture; press it on with some weight for a few moments, then wet the paper over the picture till it slips off, then carefully varnish just the picture. Garlands of "autumn leaves" are very pretty for them; also moss roses and ferns. I often find boxes at the stores that make nice ones; some with watered paper that are very pretty. Some are a dark brown of this kind of paper. After they are cut in the shape desired, the edges can be covered with gilt paper, as the edges when cut are yellow.

Very pretty baskets are made of alspice (hanging baskets). Take a small wire, the size you want the top of your basket, string the kernels on so they will touch, join the ends. Then over the same way for a handle. String the rest of the alspice on thread and loop from the top as long as you want them; tie the bottom of the loops together, and finish with a tassel of the same.

Snow-baskets are made the same shape, only of white cloth cut in narrow strips and the edges raveled; wind the top wire and handle with the same.

Cigar-lighters make very pretty card-receivers. Point the ends of each one, cross them in squares—four each way—fasten where they cross with bright-colored wool. They are made in various shapes, to suit the taste; some have one at the bottom and one each side above, then one at the top. Large-nosed bottles or small glass cans filled with shells and little pebbles, with stray buttons of bright colors that have done service on children's clothes, and all such things as are found in every family, make a pretty ornament for a bracket or table. Some fill with alcohol after it is done to make them look bright. It is not necessary, as they look nicely without it.

A little time and taste will make almost any home more cheerful. If the room is poor or small it will look more home-like if only one little flower sets in the window.

An economical and wholesome preserve, cheaper than molasses, can be made out of any kind of canned fruit or tomatoes simply by adding to every two quarts of fruit one pound of sugar and boiling to a proper thickness; after which can precisely as when canning, using quart jars.

H. A. EARHART.

OAKDALE GARDENS, PA.

THOUGHTS ABOUT HOUSEKEEPING.

HOUSEKEEPING is not one of the lost arts, as those who daily deplore the "good old times" would have us suppose. And, though I am aware that too little attention is being paid to a thorough domestic education by the girls of to-day, I still venture to say that there are more well-kept and well-ordered homes now, in proportion to the population, than there were fifty or seventy-five years ago.

The immaculate order of those ancient households was owing in great part to the small amount of furniture and the absence of all those adornments which add so much grace and elegance to our modern homes.

These croakers would lead us to believe that the traditional grandmothers were capable of and accomplished much more than the women of the present time. They contend that the spinning, weaving, knitting, quilt, butter, and cheese making to which their time was given was more of a strain on their nerves and health than we could endure. I do not agree with this idea. The average housekeeper of to-day works more hours and accomplishes more than her ancestors. Think for a moment of the manifold duties of which they had no idea in the olden time. But, you will say, look at the labor-saving inventions that she has to help her. I admit this; but whenever we Yankees have a labor-saving machine we at once spend the time saved in that manner in doing some other work, instead of devoting it, as we should, to recreation and rest: and, so far as my experience goes, the greater number of these labor-savers make more work than they do.

Some patent machines offered for use in the household are what they claim to be, a help. One sees now and then a good washing-machine; but the best one I ever saw was a stout, willing Irishwoman whom I employed for years. Wringers are indeed a blessing, and save no end of sprained wrists, lame shoulders, and colds. The Welcome Carpet-Sweeper should also be in every family.

Have regular days for sweeping. If you go all over your house and put it in order once a week, you will be rid of one of the horrors attendant on unexpected company. Before beginning to sweep remove or cover all articles. Use damp Indian-meal, damp paper, or tea-leaves to keep the dust from flying; keep the windows closed till you are through, then open them to let the dust out.

House-cleaning is a bugbear to most of us, but it will be relieved of many of its terrors if you attack one room at a time and finish it, so far as is possible, before beginning another. Remove furniture, curtains, pictures, etc. Wipe the walls carefully from top to bottom in straight lines, using a dry, clean cloth; turn often to prevent soiling.

Use but little soap on paint; the less the better, as it eats out the oil, thus destroying the gloss. Rub soiled parts with bath-brick and use pulverized borax on the yellow portions. Wet but a small part at a time, and wipe dry before leaving it. Have the carpets put to air and whipped carefully, but by no means have it done with a blunt stick, as it will ent them.

H. MARIA GEORGE.



NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1878.

DESCRIPTION OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

UPON first page is a sketch of a beautiful window garden of one of the subscribers of THE FLORAL CABINET. Around the lower part of the bay-window is a box, filled with earth, in which are growing many varieties of flowering plants. In the centre of the window are shelves with pots; from the edges of the ceiling above are drooped beautiful vines and hanging-baskets, and underneath are vases with plants of graceful habit. The picture-frames on either side are also covered with climbing vines which grow from little basins or pots suspended beneath. This sketch was received from one of our correspondents, but as the letter and description of it are lost, we trust it will be recognized by those who have seen it, and we wish to hear further respecting its beauty.

Upon page 4 is a pretty sketch of Pampas Grass Plumes, exhibited by B. K. Bliss & Sons. These plumes are becoming exceedingly ornamental for decorating the walls of rooms and tops of picture-frames, also for putting in vases.

FAIRY BASKET.

I HAVE a handsome fairy basket, made of bleached cotton-flannel, which is attached to the ceiling over the centre-table, wall-basket pattern, I'll send in exchange for some other patterns; rabbit pattern, dog and elephant patterns; cone-basket large enough for cards; a small basket made of corn-husks; tidies worked upon white percale, with Turkey red floss in wreaths, with monogram in centre; crochet-tidy for a common chair; also handsome patterns for trimmings. I will exchange work, ideas, or patterns.

MINA SCHEFFER.

ANNAWAN, HENRY COUNTY, ILL.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

To Old Subscribers.

Every person who is now a Subscriber of THE FLORAL CABINET for this year, 1878, will be entitled to one of the Premiums (1 to 13) when he renews his Subscription for the next year, 1879.

Every Subscriber, old or new, from this time forward, as fast as he remits for the coming year, will be entitled to one of these Premiums. Subscriptions may be sent any time and begin any time.

Premiums for Clubs.

In addition to giving each Subscriber a choice of one of the beautiful Premiums (1 to 13), there will be given to the Club Agent one of the following Premiums:

1. For Club of 2 to Monthly Edition, at \$1 30 each, or Club of 5 to Quarterly, at 50 cents each, Club Agent will get one of these books:

"How to Destroy Insects on Flowers and House-Plants";

"Williams's Designs for Needle-Work."

2. For Club of 3 to Monthly Edition, at \$1 30, or 7 to Quarterly, at 50 cents each, will be given Club Agent one of the following:

"Ladies' Guide to Needle-Work, Embroidery, etc." (paper covers);

"Every Woman Her Own Flower-Gardener" (paper covers);

"Fret-Sawing for Pleasure and Profit" (paper covers);

"Household Hints and Recipes" (paper covers).

3. For Club of 5 to Monthly, or 10 to Quarterly, Club Agent will get choice of any book in No. 2, bound in cloth.

4. For Club of 7 to Monthly, Agent will receive one year's subscription to Monthly, free, and choice of one Premium (1 to 13) extra. For Club of 7 to Quarterly, Agent will receive Quarterly free one year, with Premium also.

5. For Club of 10 to Monthly, agent will receive one paper free, and one book worth \$1 (named in Class 3).

6. For Club of 15 to Monthly, Agent will receive one paper free and one of the following books, worth \$1 50:

"Household Elegancies";

"Ladies' Fancy-Work";

"Window Gardening";

"Beautiful Homes";

"Evening Amusements."

There will be no other Premiums given to Clubs this winter than these for books.

Value of the Premiums.

The Premiums given to every Subscriber are unusually good and valuable. The choice is very desirable, and it seems to us so splendid an offer should be accepted with eagerness. They are all practical, useful, and popular; a fine paper, with a splendid Premium, worth 50 cents to \$1, in addition, free, is so cheap no one should think twice.

Quarterly.

The Quarterly CABINET is the same as the Monthly, but it is sent only once a quarter—the 1st of January, April, July, October. The cost is but 50 cents, and every Subscriber has a choice of one of the Premiums, 1 to 13, besides.

Every flower-lover can afford to take so fine an offer as this.

WILLIAMS'S DESIGNS FOR NEEDLE-WORK, EMBROIDERY, Etc.

There will be issued from this office, on December 1, a series of beautiful designs for Borders, Corners, and Centres in making Tidies, etc., on Java Canvas, Holbein-Work, Worsted-Work, Burlap-Work, etc. These Designs are all new and remarkably pretty, and form a companion set of books to "Ladies' Guide to Needle-Work." Every lady should have them.

No. 1 contains nearly 25 Designs for Worsted-Work, Canvas-Work, Crochet-Work, etc. Price 30 cents each.

No. 2 contains nearly 25 Designs for work same as above, but with added Designs for Holbein-Work, Honeycomb Canvas, etc. Price 30 cents.

No. 3 contains Designs for Burlap Rugs, Mats, Home-made Carpets, etc. Price 30 cents.

They are printed in an exceedingly ornamental manner, and all our readers will do well to get one or more of them as an indispensable companion to their Fancy-Work Baskets.

NEW BOOK FOR FALL, 1878.

How to Destroy Insects on Flowers, House-Plants, etc.

This is a capital little book, invaluable to Window Gardeners and all lovers of flowers, giving complete directions how to overcome and destroy insects on their plants, both outdoors and indoors. It tells how to fertilize and stimulate the growth of all plants, and also gives the experiences of many cultivators who have been remarkably successful in keeping their plants healthy. The "Red Spider," "Aphis," "Green Fly," "Worms in Pots," "Rose-Slugs," "Rose-Bugs," "Snails," "Caterpillars," etc., etc., are fully described, with proper remedies how to overcome them. Also it contains practical advice "How to Destroy Insects in the Garden, on all Fruit-Trees and Vegetables," also to housekeepers about ridding their houses and rooms of all "Ants and House-Bugs." It will be published this month, and every flower-grower or gardener will do well to get it. Price 30 cents, post-paid.

New and Beautiful Premiums

TO EVERY YEARLY SUBSCRIBER

OF THE

LADIES' FLORAL CABINET.

TO EVERY ONE HEREAFTER SUBSCRIBING FOR ONE YEAR TO "THE LADIES' FLORAL CABINET,"

AT \$1 30 FOR MONTHLY EDITION, ONE YEAR,
OR 50 CENTS FOR QUARTERLY EDITION, ONE YEAR,

will be given your choice of any of the following beautiful Premiums, sent postage prepaid. Some of these Premiums are alone worth as much as the paper itself, and are all just what everybody needs. We specially recommend Premiums Nos. 2 and 6 as remarkably choice.

If you will get up a Club of Seven, for one year, to either edition, each member of the Club will receive a choice of one of these Premiums, and the Club Agent will receive, free, one Premium and also the paper, one year, free.

There will be published hereafter two editions of THE FLORAL CABINET, to accommodate all lovers of flowers and all purses. One edition will be published Monthly, at \$1 30 per year, each subscriber being entitled, free, to any of the Premiums named below; and a Quarterly Edition, at 50 Cents per year, with the privilege of the choice of same Premium, will be sent to any who cannot afford the higher price of the Monthly.

Hereafter, instead of spending large sums of money in Chromos, Engravings, etc., as Premiums, we will spend an equal amount in giving to each Subscriber a beautiful and useful Floral Premium, which will furnish not only pleasure to every Subscriber, but also ornament and utility.

Subscriptions may commence at any time this Fall, and Clubs may be made up from separate post-offices.

The Premiums of Bulbs and Flowers must be sent either before December 15 or after March 1.

LIST OF PREMIUMS.

For full Description see Premium List in September CABINET.

No. 1.—50 Cents' worth of Flower-Seeds. Postage free.

No. 2.—One Bulb Gladiolus. (Worth \$1.) Postage free.

No. 3.—Set of Five Tidy-Fasteners. Postage free.

No. 4.—One Package of Household Dyes. Postage free.

No. 5.—Three Patterns of Embroidery. Postage free.

No. 6.—Hydrangea grandiflora. Postage 10c. extra.

No. 7.—The last three months of 1878 free.

No. 8.—New Scented Geranium, "Mrs. Taylor." Postage 10c. extra.

No. 9.—Crassula perfoliata. Postage 10c. extra.

No. 10.—Marshal Niel Rose. Postage 10c. extra.

No. 11.—New Rose, "Duchess of Edinburgh." Postage 10c. extra.

No. 12.—Set of Goodrich Hemmers and Dress-Binders for Sewing-Machines. Postage 5c. extra.

No. 13.—Ladies' Bag and Children's Bundle or School-Bag. Postage free.

PREMIUMS—WHEN TO BE SENT.

The papers are sent to Subscribers same week as subscription is received, but the Premium must necessarily be sent a little later—a week or two. Subscribers need not feel impatient at the lapse of time between receipt of paper and Premium. There are many thousands to be supplied, and the Premiums are sent from several greenhouses, etc. You will receive them without great delay, in time to use.

Remember that every Subscriber remitting his subscription for One Year to either edition of THE FLORAL CABINET is entitled to one of the above Premiums, free. Most of them are postage-free, but with a few a small sum is added to cover necessary postage.

In addition, any one getting Clubs of Seven will receive his paper free one year, and a Premium free also.

Address

HENRY T. WILLIAMS, Publisher,

46 Beekman Street, New York City.

COVERING FOR A BALL.

THIS cover can be worked with very little trouble and slight expense. It is worked with black purse-

bright. Cover in the first place with a sort of a net, by winding the black purse-silk at regular intervals round the ball. The silk must, of course, be regularly drawn on the beginning of each thread;

trary, is fastened at the opposite crossing. The wool is drawn through the silk as in common darning stitch. Use a wool-needle. The cover is formed of several different stripes; each stripe has twelve



MERCY'S ERRAND.

silk and bright-colored fleecy wool or worsted; any odd ends of either will do, provided the color is

where the threads cross each other must be hidden underneath. The end of each thread, on the con-

or fourteen rounds; each round must be drawn together as close as possible.

ELLA'S IDEAS.

I HAVE visited Cousin Ella.

The visit was both pleasant and profitable, so I propose to "share the profits" with the readers of our dear CABINET. With such piles of treasures in the shape of new ideas as I carried home with me I can afford to be generous, you know.

In the first place, the welcome I received to Ella's nest of a home was perfection itself. Her style of entertaining, too, is delightful, making one feel perfectly at home, at ease, and at rest. She is not wealthy, you must know; only exquisitely tasteful, wonderfully practical, and supremely unselfish.

Her little parlor impresses one on first entrance as being extremely elegant, when in reality it is quite simply and very inexpensively furnished. I noted particularly the arrangement of her pictures, and as I am so many times puzzled as to the most effective method of effecting a change among my own brackets, pictures, etc., I began immediately on my arrival home to imitate some of Ella's picturesque groupings.

I first placed a large picture in the centre of one of the largest wall-spaces in my parlor. Then hung smaller ones on each side of, and one directly above, it. The three smaller pictures were harmonious in coloring and exactly similar in size and style of framing.

Next I grouped three gilt-framed landscapes in another space, and beneath them placed a bracket, on which was a snowy zephyr mat. On this I placed a vase of frosted grasses, made as follows:

Arrange the feathery, plummy varieties of grasses into tasteful bouquets, then dip in a basin of water; shake well, then whip lightly and evenly in a pan of flour. These directions sound common and "cheap," no doubt; but first try them, please, and be convinced that *for once* something exceedingly pretty can be made out of almost nothing.

My third group was similar to the second, only it was a floral one, the pictures being of richly-tinted autumn leaves, vines, and gaily-flecked mosses, dainty sprays of drooping fuchsias, lilies, and rosebuds. Beneath was placed a vase of pressed leaves and vines on a moss bracket.

I learned to make a number of dainty little articles of fancy work of Ella, whose home abounds in them, every one of which seems to be exactly in the right place, and to have a use and mission of its own.

A pretty trifle to hang from a drop-lamp or beneath a bracket is made as follows:

Cut from the selvage of a sheet of cardboard two strips the entire length, and fifty holes in width; cut them exactly in two in the middle; now you have four oblong pieces; point them at both ends by cutting along a row of holes from centre to outside, both ways; work stars all round the edge of each piece, and join with worsted, closing only one end, which will be found to form a square, and from the centre of which is suspended balls and wax beads.

Ornament each panel with an embossed picture or a worsted design, and suspend by a twisted cord with balls and beads. Mine is of cream-colored cardboard, worked in cardinal zephyr, ornamented with delicately-shaded pink and white embossed wreaths.

A small wall-pocket for letters, cards, photographs, etc., looks well under a group of pictures, or underneath a corner bracket. A lovely one of gray pebbled board is made by cutting a graceful pocket and back in imitation of large ones; pink or scallop all the edges; cut an oval piece from the centre of the pocket part, and pink the remaining edges; insert a photograph, gem chromo, tasteful fruit or flower piece, or an appropriate motto; fasten the pocket to the back by means of balls and cord of soft-colored wool or ribbon bows, and hang up with the same.

Ella's home is small, so she utilizes every inch of space. For her books she has hanging corner shelves, trimmed with little pointed lambrequins. To make them, she first cut a quantity of rings of pasteboard with a "gun-wad cutter." These she covered with scarlet wool, as you would work a button-hole; joined five of them in a row, then a row of four to it, then a row of three, then of two, then one; then fastened them to the shelves by driving a silver or fancy tack through the rings on to the edges.

Her ottomans are goods boxes of neat size, on rollers, with hinged lids, covered with reps, and finished with heavy cord and fringe. They serve as seats, as shoe-boxes in bedrooms, or as receptacles for old magazines and papers.

Her baby's high chair was made comfortable by cushioning the round back and bottom, so its little head never bumped against the hard frame.

That same little individual had its table-bib and mat of white rubber cloth, neatly bound, whereby many a grievous stain was saved its dainty dresses and Ella's snowy linen.

A number of Ella's lady friends called during my stay, and in returning these courtesies I caught glimpses of lovely home life which I am incited to reproduce in my own.

"Ella," I remarked one day, "I never saw so many girlish married women as among your friends. They all are as young and cheery as if they didn't have the regulation number of babies, housekeeping troubles, etc."

Her answer was, "Yes, I do think we enjoy ourselves in it—We make it a point to do so. We make and receive calls and visits with our babies or not as is convenient, and enjoy comparing housekeeping and baby-tending experiences as fully as we formerly did those of fun and flirtation. I always, too, go to church in the morning, and Harry in the evening, if we can't leave baby. Most of the other ladies do the same, so it is by these means we keep interested in all around and in each other."

Mrs. R. A. H.

PICTURE-FRAMES AND FANCY WORK.

WHAT music in the word Home! and it is the duty of every housekeeper to try and make home a pleasant place; and how many ways there are to improve the looks of our room at very little cost! How it changes the looks of a room to have a few plants, pictures, and the fancy articles that any one with a little time and taste can have! Most people that keep plants have slips to give away, and any one with a love for plants will soon learn to take care of them.

As this is not intended for a floral contribution, I shall only speak of plants as an ornament. For

those who cannot afford to buy pots for their plants a few boxes nicely painted or papered, with green moss from the woods to put in the top of the boxes over the dirt, will look almost as well.

What improves the looks of a room more than a few nice plants? And no house is well furnished without them. How many have plenty of pictures laid away very choice, year after year, that they would be glad to hang up if they were only framed.

Of all such I would ask, Why not frame some of them yourselves?

Of all kinds of home-made frames perhaps none are prettier than burr frames, which are better by having the burrs sewed on than by fastening them on with glue.

For preparing pine burrs for a frame put them in a pan of hot water and with an old knife scrape off the turpentine, and by having the scales soaked for a few minutes in warm water they can be sewed on and will not split.

The burrs of spruce-trees can be sewed on by passing the thread over the burrs and under the scales so it will not be seen. The shells of walnuts can be split in two parts and holes drilled in the sides with an awl, so they can be fastened on by a thread. The foundation of the frames must be of pasteboard.

Baskets can be made of burrs the same as frames, and are pretty lined with bright-colored silk and a plaiting of ribbon around the edge and on the under side of the handle. Spruce burrs fastened to a silk cord and suspended from each scallop at the top of the basket improves the looks.

Burr frames and baskets want to be well varnished, and mixing lampblack and varnish together and staining the rosettes at the corners of part of your frames will make a change.

Another way for making frames is to make your frame of pasteboard; have it cross at the corners; take wrapping-paper of any color, cut it in squares about one inch each way, fold it cornerways first, then fold it again, and it makes nice points to sew round each edge of a frame. Make rosettes of paper for the corners and sides, and round off the points in the shape of leaves to fill in between the rosettes. Finish with a coat of lampblack and varnish and after it is dry put on a coat of varnish.

If your picture is not too large you can frame it yourself by using pasteboard for the back and sewing the frame to it.

Baskets can be made of paper the same as burrs.

Rice frames are made by making a frame of pasteboard and covering it with a good coat of glue, then sprinkle rice over it as thick as possible.

They can be stained black with lampblack and varnished or painted any color you wish.

Small brackets made in this way are pretty.

A pretty hanging basket can be made by taking an old tin basin and making about four holes at the top. Then make a cover of pasteboard large enough so your basin will just set in it, sew burrs to the pasteboard and varnish well, then fasten to the basin by putting cords through the holes at the top of the basin, and through the pasteboard and hang it up. Fill the basin with dirt and put in a plant, and your basket will be nice enough for any room.

If you want a hanging basket for a room where you cannot keep plants one can be made by taking the crown of an old straw hat, cover the bottom with good strong cloth, put strips of cloth up the sides where the cords to hang it by are to be fastened on. Cover the bottom with some bright-colored cloth or tissue-paper, then cover the sides with strips of tissue-paper. Double the strips (which should be about two inches wide) twice, cut it across the strips very fine, leaving about one-eighth of an inch without being cut to sew it on. After it is cut fine crimp with a pair of scissors. Put a strip of white crimped paper at the bottom, and a strip of green above it, and a strip of white at the top. Hang it up by bright cords. Put green moss in the basket, and take evergreen vines from the woods, put them in a warm oven a few minutes to dry, and then twine them around the basket and over the top. Put a few paper flowers or everlastings in the top of the basket among the vines.

For the shelves of a whatnot, the pieces that come out of the heads of flour-barrels are very good, and by boring holes in the ends and slipping cords through and stringing spools on the cords between the shelves, and tacking pasteboard with burrs sewed on at the edges, no one would guess where the shelves came from.

A pretty rug can be made by using pieces of flannel and worsted and cutting them oval-shape, about two and one-half inches long and about one and one half inches wide in the widest place. Double the pieces lengthwise, and with a coarse thread gather it around the edge that is cut and fasten well. Cut a piece of coarse cloth the size and shape you want the rug, sew the pieces on by commencing at the outside. Lap one row over the other enough to cover the stitches. The centre can be finished by covering a large button with flannel and sewing it on.

Take a piece of pasteboard. Cut out two pieces in the shape of a heart. Have one piece about an inch larger all around than the other. Sew the edges of the two pieces together; fasten a loop at the top of the small piece to hang it up by. Sew burrs on the large piece. The burrs should be sewed on before the pieces are sewed together. After it is finished fill with dried grasses and everlasting flowers.

Let us all try and make home a pleasant place for our husbands and children, and if we succeed our lives are not all in vain.

AUNT DAISY.

FURNISHING.

THE recent discussions of household art, together with the vast object lesson so lately presented in Philadelphia, have already produced good results in awakening and training a popular taste for artistic effects and graceful forms in the furnishing and decoration of houses.

While books and current periodicals are filled with discussions and explanations of the many different and beautiful styles of house-furnishing which invite the attention of those whose purses are well filled, and who have only their tastes to consider, a

more modest but not less important field is waiting for him who shall invent a style at once beautiful and durable, yet so simple in ornamentation that the cost shall not be greater than that of the furniture usually found in houses of the middle class, and thus bring artistic furniture within the reach of that large class who are blessed with fine taste, but have only moderate means at their command.

It would seem that much might be done in this direction by merely altering the shape of the ordinary articles of furniture, or by adopting a different but not necessarily more expensive style of ornament. Certainly much might be gained, in comfort at least, by constructing chairs which shall be lower at the back than in front, thus allowing the occupant to slide against the back, which should be curved to conform to the natural curvature of the spine. This slight change would make comfortable seats of the penitential stools usually found in parlors, and make sitting a rest rather than the constant effort to obtain a comfortable position, which it becomes with most people when not constrained by politeness to ignore aching back and tired limbs; perhaps, too, it might do away with the elevation of the feet and tilting back of the chair practised by men in their struggles to gain a natural position in their seats. Yet how few chairs, not professedly easy, are made with any reference to this simple rule of comfort! And beauty need not be sacrificed, since there is nothing attractive in the ordinary shape of chairs which could not be as well secured in this altered shape.

There seems, too, to be a large field for improvement in the appearance of stoves, especially the immense sheet-iron cylinders which do duty in most houses. Their monumental appearance might be ameliorated by ornamental moldings wrought in the sheet which forms the stove, instead of the dragons, angels, and shepherdesses which are attached to their sides without harmony or meaning.

Many directions have been published to enable housekeepers of taste to make many articles of furniture for themselves, some telling how entire rooms may be furnished, with but few pieces of solid furniture to serve as foundation. But these directions usually require such an amount of material in the making of a single piece of furniture that the cost is little less than that of similar articles if purchased of simple designs, and without the draperies which form the staple of home-made furniture, while they are never as substantial or durable as shop-made goods. Besides these wash-stands with draperies, these curtained beds and toilet-tables made of dry-goods boxes, with shelves inserted, and openings screened with chintz, all require time, patience, and skill in their construction, three things which the housekeeper of moderate means has many calls for. While if the skill in such matters prove to be wanting the result of her labors will only be a source of constant mortification and regret. Better plain furnishing, with time and patience for the wants of family life and the needs of culture, than rooms fitted with embroidered lambrequins and draped tables, at the expense of tired brains and hurried lives. These objections apply with equal force to the shell, cone, and leather-work frames, baskets, and similar objects which many women make who do not feel

that they can afford to purchase pictures or china of real merit to adorn their parlors. But such things, unless made by one endowed with talent worthy of a better cause, are clumsy and anything but ornamental. One good engraving or water-color chromo, framed in plainest walnut, will afford more real pleasure to its owner than walls covered with cheap prints and poor chromos, framed with shells, cones, or pebbles, and brackets loaded with home-made trinkets.

Plain furniture, with rich, warm colors in carpets and table-covers, with walls of delicate tints, may make an interior attractive to strangers and satisfying to the exacting taste of the owner. And for ornaments, pictures and beautiful china if possible, books certainly, and always growing plants—the luxury of the rich, the necessity of the poor, adding fresh beauty where art has already lavished it, supplying the place of other adornment if circumstances deny them, ever changing, ever more beautiful, and pleasing to every sense, nothing which art has given us can compare in fascination with these, nature's own ornaments, whether as home adornments or as an interesting and instructive study. A. E. P.

STRAW BRACKETS.

USE good-sized, smooth straws, of any kind of grain. Cut ten pieces four and a half inches in length, twenty pieces four inches in length, and twelve pieces three inches in length. Sew them side by side on a piece of cardboard two inches wide, in the following order: two three inches long, two four inches long, two four and a half inches long, two four inches long; repeat four times from X, ending the last group with two of the shortest lengths. There will be five groups when completed. In sewing them to the cardboard let both ends project equally over the cardboard; let the lines of stitches be about half an inch from the ends of the shortest straws, bend into a semicircular shape, and sew a back to it of pasteboard two inches wide and four and a half long. Now cover the stitches made by covering the front with the half a straw laid over them and fastened at each end to the back of the bracket. Make a rosette about two and half inches in diameter of straws split, using it as you would ribbon; sew in the front; take two straws sixteen inches long, cross them about three and a half inches from the smallest ends, and fasten with a rosette of straw similar to the one on the bracket; sew the other ends one to each side of the back of the bracket to hang up by. If desired, a bottom can be fitted to them. Place a bunch of leaves and grasses in them or lay a photograph on them. They are bright, beautiful, and cheap ornaments, of no trouble and soon made. JENNIE.

A PRETTY MAT.

CUT a circular mat of white cardboard; take raw cotton; card or pick it until fleecy; lay it on the cardboard around the edge in a rounded form, about one and a half inches high, leaving a space in the centre; when shaped evenly, slip off and spread the space to be covered with maulage; lay back into place; when dried, gum bits of bright scarlet or blue zephyr about on it. JENNIE.

Household Art.

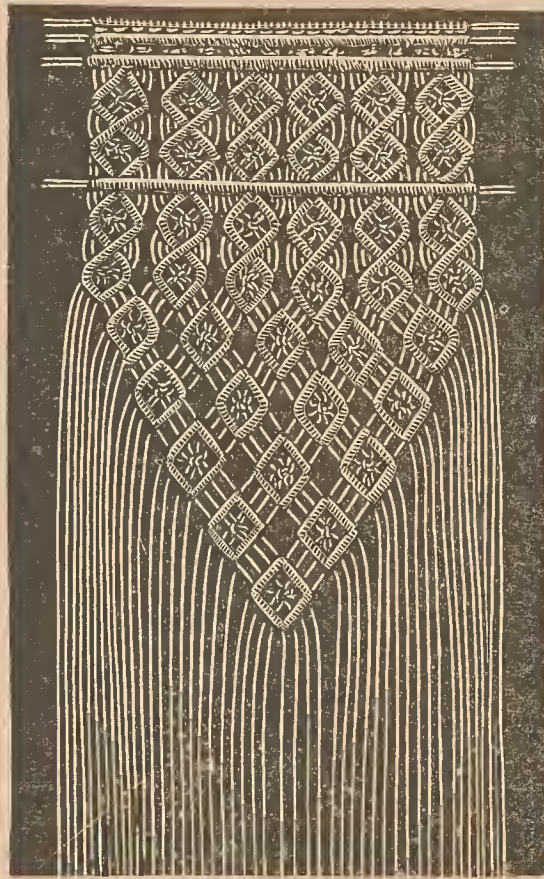
MACRAMÉ LACE.

THE using of Macramé lace, and making it into various articles of home furniture-ornament, has become in America a very popular form of art-industry and a new kind of needlework for the ladies.

It has long been a favorite occupation with ladies in England, and should be better known in this country. The implements required for the making of Macramé lace are an oblong cushion of muslin or ticking, covered with red or blue cashmere, and filled with sand; two sizes of large pins, and a large ball of fine flax thread.

These balls weigh a pound each, and consist of thread of various sizes, from the thickness of a pin to that of a very thick and stout cord, also of a silver-gray or canvas color.

In lace-work this flax thread is not generally known, having been brought to notice mainly by the fashionable furore for crewel embroidery upon linen, and the necessity for a durable and effective finish of the same kind.



SAMPLE MACRAMÉ LACE FOR CHAIRS, MANTELS, ETC.



SPECIMEN MACRAMÉ LACE FOR LAMBREQUINS

The whole art of Macramé lace is in knotting the threads to form a pattern. One thread is held firmly over the other as leader, and each single thread is knotted twice on to it. When a leaf is worked from right to left, the leader is held in the left hand, and when a leaf is worked from left to right, the leader is held in the right hand. This is all there is to it; it is as easy as breathing. Yet it is astonishingly effective as decorative of curtains, chairs, lambrequins, tables, "Gypsy" tables, bureaux, and other articles, and can be utilized for mats, tidies, and bed-room sets.

Of course the method of making is not confined to linen threads of different colors and different degrees of fineness; it may be applied to wool or silk with equal readiness, and the finer the material the more exquisite and beautiful the lace, with its fringed edge, becomes; also, of course, the longer it takes to accomplish. It is an occupation which ladies can follow at odd moments at home, and is exceedingly simple.

TO MAKE ALUM-CRYSTALS.

FORM a basket or vase of bonnet-wire, any fanciful shape. Wrap the wire neatly but not closely with nice white yarn, otherwise no crystals will adhere to the wire. Suspend the wire basket in a wooden vessel sufficiently large not to touch the article to be crystallized anywhere at all. Dissolve alun, to every quart of rain-water one pound. Have a sufficient quantity to cover the basket entirely. Make it scalding hot in a brass kettle, and then pour it over the wire basket in the wooden vessel. Be careful not to shake or move it, but let it stand over night. Examine it in the morning, and you will find a beautiful crystallized basket. Cool, frosty weather is the best time to crystallize. You can crystallize grasses in the same way, and by adding a little of Leamon's aniline dye of any shade it will color the crystal; so, by using different colors, you can have a bouquet of many colors.

ARTIFICIAL CORAL.

MELT a quarter of a pound of beeswax in any flat vessel; put in the American vermilion, the powder, until the color suits you. Dip the article in this while hot, take it out and hold it in the air a moment to cool, then dip again and again until the wax has covered every part. Do not take the cloth from the wires, as it takes the wax better to leave it on.

PEN-WIPER.

THE foundation of this pen-wiper consists of a round piece of cardboard an inch and three-quarters in diameter, on which are fastened two strips of black cloth an inch and a quarter wide, and pinked on one side. Cut of gray cloth a strip an inch and three-quarters wide, cut in points seven-eighths of an inch deep; trim with beads; gather it on the straight edge, and sew it on in curves.

The best ketchup for family use, and one that will keep for years and improve with age: To half a bushel of tomatoes take one quart of vinegar, one pound of salt, quarter of a pound of pepper, two ounces of cayenne pepper, quarter of a pound of all-spice, six onions, one ounce of cloves, and two pounds of brown sugar; stir until it boils, then bottle and seal.

Fireside Reading.

DON'T TAKE IT TO HEART.

THERE'S many a trouble
Would break like a bubble,
And into the waters of Lethe depart,
Did not we rehearse it,
And tenderly nurse it,
And give it a permanent place in
the heart.

There's many a sorrow
Would vanish to-morrow,
Were we but willing to furnish
the wings ;
So sadly intruding,
And quietly brooding,
It hatches out all sorts of horri-
ble things.

How welcome the seeming
Of looks that are beaming,
Whether one's wealthy or wheth-
er one's poor !
Eyes bright as a berry,
Cheeks red as a cherry,
The groan, and the curse, and
the heartache can cure.

Resolved to be merry,
All worry to ferry
Across the famed waters that bid
us forget,
And no longer fearful,
But happy and cheerful,
We feel life has much that's
worth living for yet.
—GEORGIANA C. CLARK.

A SUCCESSFUL HOTEL KEEPER.

THERE is an interesting story of a king who was fond of children, and took great delight in playing with little children ; one day a courtier entered the king's presence unannounced and found the king playing and rollicking with his happy little ones upon the floor ; nothing abashed, the king looked up and asked of the courtier, "Are you a father?" The courtier replied, "I am!" "Then," said the king, "I will keep on with my play."

Now, we find in a Carson paper quite a complimentary notice of the proprietor of the famed "Ormsby House" at Carson City, and we feel it a pleasure to copy this pleasant compliment to Mr. Pantlind, who is, like the king, fond of children, and we will certainly crown him, for the happy little one's sake, "King of hotel keepers in that region of Washoe zephyrs and snow-storms."

Here is the notice we copy from the Carson paper :

"PANTLIND TO THE FRONT.

"Friend Pantlind, of the Ormsby House, besides being a live business man and enterprising citizen, is a great lover of children, and would walk fifty miles to do them a service or conduce to their plea-

sure. Some time ago he promised the scholars of the South Ward school (Miss Woods, teacher) a sleigh-ride the first time an opportunity afforded. He proved true to his word, for this afternoon he came out with a four-in-hand, with Hank Monk as piloter, and coasted the youngsters all over the city. The little ones were perfectly delighted, and filled the air with joyous shouts, and bid defiance to the storm-



"GO 'WAY."

king. Right in the centre of the happy throng stood Pant, just the biggest and the happiest boy of the lot. A man who loves children will do to tie to, and is bound to succeed in the journey of life. Woe to the man who speaks ill of Pant in the presence of the South Ward youngsters!"

Some one sought to comfort a mother who had lost her little boy by reminding her that he was then happy with the saints in bliss. "Oh! yes," cried the afflicted mother, "but Tommy always was a shy boy, and he's now among perfect strangers."

Toodles' notice of the death of his little friend is very affecting :

No more will taffy candy please him,
No more will dysentery seize him,
No more will paregorie ease him.

LITTLE MIKE.

CRADLE SONG.

A MOTHER sang beside her little child,
Who, knowing not the meaning of the strain,
Still gazed on her with eyes wide open mild,
And listened, pleased with cadence and refrain.
"Only the pure in heart see God."
Those were the words the singing mother said,
As in the firelight laughing baby played.

From day to day this was her
household hymn.

As shadows of the evening gath-
ered there,
As through the twilight showed
the homestead dim,
Her song wing-like did seem to
cleave the air :
"Only the pure in heart see
God."

It floated up to some altar place,
Where spirits gaze for aye upon
God's face.

The mother's spirit passed into
the boy,
Grafting upon his soul her cra-
dle words,
As old birds teach their offspring
to employ
Their tuneful throats to imi-
tate the birds :
"Only the pure in heart see
God."

As thrushes teach their young the
thrush's lays,
She taught her deathless one a
hymn of praise.

It bore its peaceful harvest to the
child ;
In all the thoughtful after-
years of life
It often stilled the raging unrest
wild
That frets the spirit in our
worldly strife :
"Only the pure in heart see
God."

It sometimes gave the wounded
spirit rest,
When heavily with many cares
oppressed.

It ran for aye a cool, life-giving
rill,

Sparkling and sweet and hidden in the heart,
And sometimes seemed to overflow and fill
His life ; sometimes it seemed to roll :

"Only the pure in heart see God."

A stream of brightness from a high, far throne,
Whose beauty was for him alone.

A very little boy had one day done wrong, and he was sent, after maternal correction, to ask in secret the forgiveness of his Heavenly Father. His offense was passion. Anxious to hear what he would say, his mother followed to the door of the room. In lisping accents she heard him ask to be made better ; and then, with childlike simplicity, he added : "Lord, make ma's temper better, too."

Housekeeping.

HINTS AND HELPS.

I SUPPOSE many of the readers of THE CABINET have a number of steel engravings they would be glad to find some pretty way of using. I use all of mine, and even fine wood engravings, to transfer to china or glass. There is no end of the pretty things I have made by this method, and as it is easy and pleasant work, only requiring careful fingering, I will give a description of the way I ornament china. I had an old square platter that was too good to throw away, but not good enough to use on the table. This was for ever in my way and an eyesore to me, but I have now transformed it into "a thing of beauty, a joy for ever." The bottom of the dish I varnish with white varnish, allow this to become nearly dry, then lay the picture on it face down, carefully pressing and rubbing smooth, as an air-bubble would ruin your work. I next moisten the paper with a sponge, after the varnish has become perfectly dry. When the picture has soaked enough I press a dry napkin over it to absorb the moisture, then rub carefully with my finger; the paper rolls off and leaves the picture on the varnished plate. This is the nicest part of the work, as the paper must come off evenly, but at the same time you must be careful not to rub a hole through the picture. If the paper doesn't come off readily, and seems inclined to stick, moisten with a wet sponge; if too damp and pulpy, dry with a napkin. When the picture can be distinctly seen, give a coat of white varnish. If you understand drawing, retouch with India-ink or crayons. The sloping sides of the platter had a bias strip of velvet glued on, and it was then put in a walnut recess frame.

Soup and dinner-plates and saucers of stone-ware can be used in the same way. For wood the process is the same, but the last coat of varnish should be copal. Panels of hickory and holly are pretty, and can be put to many uses—sides of bookcases, work-boxes, base-boards in the hall, medallions for chamber sets, and so on. I made transparencies for my hall by transferring pictures of saints and angels on panes of common glass, with a border of mediæval design; these were painted in the transparent oil colors, the dress a deep blue and the ground in gold colors. They were much admired and well repaid me for the trouble I took to make them.

I have this winter been making a sofa-pillow and stand-cover of cretonne work. This work is very effective, and I think no description of it has been given in THE CABINET. For the cretonne I went to a furnishing upholsterer's shop, although the materials can be had at large dry-goods stores.

You will need three or four different pieces, a yard of each. Turk's satin is prettier than cloth for the foundation; I use a half-yard square for each pillow. Cut your designs out of the cretonne with a very sharp pair of scissors; then spread the satin on a table, and carefully arrange your leaves, flowers, and buds in some pretty pattern to suit yourself. This is the hardest part of the work, as no direction can be given. I had a large bird standing on a half-

wreath, at the bottom apple-blossoms, begonia-leaves, and forget-me-nots; the wreath on one side of blue morning-glories, with buds and flowers; on the other side an ivy wreath, with a butterfly just lighting on the top.

Be very careful in basting the cretonne on the satin not to gather or pucker it in the least; then go over the edge of the whole design with an even, light button-hole stitch of fine sewing-silk just matching the color of the leaf on which you are to work; cut out your basting-threads in tiny bits; lay the square face down on a flannel, cover with a damp towel, and press with a moderately hot iron. I had an octagon table for which I made a pretty cover by this work. The background was a reddish-brown satin; the design a heavy wreath of shaded green leaves and ferns and coral-colored double fuchsias; this was stitched tightly on the table, a heavy fringe tacked on the edge with gimp and small-headed nails.

I have a way of ornamenting with feathers which is showy and easy. My first experiment was a lounge-cover of quilted cherry-colored satin, a border of feathers three inches wide on the edge, and small bunches, tied with black satin ribbon, fastened about six inches apart all over the cover. The border was made by taking a strip of cloth the right width, and gluing the feathers across it in rows, lapping each row enough to cover the glued part. A sofa-pillow of blue silk has a border of pheasant feathers.

A screen for an ivy standing on the mantel was made of pasteboard, the border of peacock feathers, the centre filled in from the outside with white.

I burn wood in the sitting-room during the cold days of autumn, and I tried for a long time to think of some easy way to make a pretty, and at the same time a convenient, wood-box. At last I had an "idea." James was called on to saw me a board twenty-four inches long, but twelve wide, two pieces for the sides, in the form of a half-circle (the narrow ends are left open). These were put together, feet fastened on, and then stained with walnut stain. I steamed grape-vine until pliable, and made it into a loose braid of three strands. This made a border for the half-round side; the centre was filled in with a rustic pattern in grape-vine, and the whole given a coat of varnish, and behold a handsome black-walnut box.

I have only one closet in the house, and I studied for a long time how to make a closet for my room. At last James was again called in, the wall was measured from the corner out a little less than a yard each way, clothes-hooks put up, and a stout wire fastened to the top of the wall; a curtain of chintz, with rings at the top to slide over the wire, and I found I had a closet that, if not large and handsome, was immensely convenient, and which I would not do without for a good deal.

There is a small chamber over the parlor I had no use for. This I turned into a clothes-closet. Clothes-hooks were fastened to the wall on two sides, shelves to the third side. Here I hang all the clothes not in daily use; the shelves are for handboxes, quilts, blankets, and comfortables, and the extra trunks and valises go into the corner. This makes the most

convenient arrangement you could ask for. Don't hang your husband's coat up by the collar; cut a round stick as long as the back of the coat is wide; hang up by a stout string in the centre, and hang the coat over it; this keeps the back in shape and prevents its being pulled out of shape.

I have a cake I make in winter, when the hens won't lay and the cows stop giving milk, and think it is a most delightful cake. It can be kept for a number of weeks after baking, and still be moist and fresh. Take fat, salt pork, free from lean or rind, chopped so fine as to be like lard, one pound; pour boiling water on it, one-half pint; one pound of seeded and chopped raisins; citron shaved fine, one-quarter pound; two cups of sugar, one cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of saleratus rubbed fine and put into the molasses; mix all these together, and stir in sifted flour to make the consistency of common cake mixture; then stir in nutmegs and cloves, finely ground, one ounce each; cinnamon, fine, two ounces. Bake slowly, trying with a sliver while baking; when nothing adheres, it is done.

Last fall my sister Kate, who doesn't make over her clothes as I do, sent me a cashmere and an old black silk suit of hers, saying if I could do anything with them I was welcome to them. The cashmere was soiled, badly worn on the bottom of the flounce and skirt. I ripped the whole thing to pieces, and bought ten cents' worth of soap-bark at an herb-store. This was boiled in a quart of hot water; after steeping a while strained into a dish; I brushed off the loose dust on the pieces of cashmere, and sponged each piece thoroughly, folding as I proceeded; I then ironed each piece on the wrong side with a hot iron. The cashmere was a deep, fresh black, and looked as good as new. Grenadines are cleaned nicely this way. Even an occasional sponging of your dress (if you can't rip it apart) and ironing on the wrong side will keep it looking nice. I cut off about two inches that was worn around the bottom, pieced it down at the top, added fresh braid, linings, bows of ribbon, worked over the button-holes. The silk I ripped apart in the same way, but boiled a couple of black kid gloves in the soap-bark water. The bottom had a side-plaited flounce. I ripped this apart, cut off the part next to the bottom, which was worn, sponged with bark-mixture, and to get out the plaits I had to take a hot iron, put a wet cloth over the flat side (I held the iron in my lap by putting it on a book), press the silk on the iron, brushing at the same time with a clothes-brush; I succeeded in getting out the marks of the plaits that way. The velvet trimming was steamed over the iron in the same way (except, of course, the brushing). This was made up with fresh trimmings, and I had two suits that every one thought were new, and cost me just \$4.

I always buy some pretty but not expensive poplin or alpaca goods, and make them up for house dresses. It does save street suits so much. Even a twenty-five cent gray alpaca, neatly made, with a lace ruffle at your neck and wrists, bright bows of ribbons, your hair nicely arranged, and perhaps a coquettish apron of lawn, with knots of ribbon on the pockets, will be as becoming as a silk, and Henry will think, as he sits opposite at the tea-table, that he has the sweetest, prettiest wife in the world.

If you happen to spill ink on the marble table, take butter of antimony and oxalic acid, of each one ounce; mix with rain-water; stir in flour to make a paste; put it on the stain, and leave for several hours. Once will generally remove the stain.

These hints have been given in a rambling manner, but I hope they may be of use to some young housekeeper.

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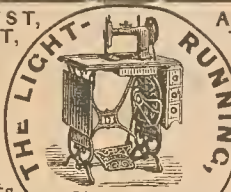
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GOLD. Any worker can make \$12 a day at home. Costly outfit free. Address **TRUE & CO., Augusta, Me.**

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TURKISH RUG PATTERNS.

SOMETHING NEW! You can make your own Rugs out of old rags and yarn at a very small expense (any one can make them), as they are stamped on Burlap, and when drawn in form a good imitation of the Turkish Rug. Great inducements and a permanent business. Agents Wanted Everywhere. Send for Circular, with stamp. **E. S. FROST & CO.,** 23 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

\$1 FOR 25 CTS.
Seven new and wonderful articles at one-fourth the retail price. Examine the list:
No. 1. Musical Pipe.—Made of metal, with bell resembling a human face. By filling with water, will imitate perfectly the notes of any bird.
No. 2. Miniature Charm.—Suitable for neck, or watch chain. Five of gold dollar, yet has all of Lord's Prayer clearly engraved on it. New and beautiful. A perfect little gem.
No. 3. Furca Whistle.—Loudest and clearest whistle made. Very useful for sportsmen to exchange signals at long distances.
No. 4. Japanese Parasol.—Just imported. Prettiest looking novelty in the market. Fine shaded in beautiful colors. A splendid gift to a lady.
No. 5. Magic Spider.—Funniest thing out. A horrible looking fellow, sure to make people jump out of their boots. A ways creates an excitement.
No. 6. Musical Wonder.—A new reed instrument, on which any tune may be played, or sound imitated, from the wail of a cat to a PUNCH and JUDY show. Please everybody.
No. 7. Golden Water-Pen. Produces clear, golden letters, by simply dipping in water. Lasts for months. Unexcelled for card writing.
The above seven articles are shown in cuts, and will be sent in next cabinet, postpaid, for 25 cts. At retail they would cost \$1. We make this reduction to obtain new names for our Full Catalogue. 1 centage stamps taken same as cash. Address,
Eureka Trick and Novelty Co.,
P. O. Box 4614. 39 Ann St., N. Y.
This advertisement will not appear again.

WHAT IS HEADACHE?

In nine cases out of ten the source of headache is not in the brain but in the stomach. Indigestion is the most frequent cause. The digestive organs being disordered, they derange the action of the liver, the bowels, the kidneys, and the nerves, and, the whole secretive and excretive machinery being as it were thrown out of gear, the brain suffers. Restore the natural tone of the stomach and bowels with a few doses of **TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT**, and headache arising from this cause is at once arrested. This delightful preparation is the best remedy for chronic and periodical headache at present known, and absolutely invaluable as a stomachic and gentle cathartic. **SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.**



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TO LADIES OF ARTISTIC TASTES.

The Engraver's

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This Cabinet contains all the necessary Tools, with a beautiful Book of Instructions (Illustrated). A new avenue for employment of woman. Price, complete, No. 1, \$5; No. 2, \$3.75. A handsomely-illustrated Paper, showing progress of Amateurs and other Useful Information, mailed for stamp.

G. C. LOEWENTHAL & CO., 722 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

PIANO

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Patent Sheet Music.

PIANO & ORGAN PLAYING AT SIGHT.

Positively no previous knowledge of Music required to enable you to play tunes at once. One of the Greatest Inventions of the Age.

Pronounced by leading critics a complete revolution in the science and study of Instrumental Music. **OUR PATENT SHEET MUSIC** bears no resemblance to and **MUST NOT** be confounded with the so-called **MUSICAL CHARTS**; on the contrary, it is an entirely new Sight Method which must be intelligible to all, and is the result of the untiring application of the eminent musician, **PROFESSOR HERMANN EZZLER**, who, after numerous attempts, has at last succeeded in perfecting a system by which any one, however obtuse or ignorant of the rudiments of music, can at once play Ballads, Hymns and Accompaniments, and in a very short time render with ease Operatic and Dance Music without the aid of a teacher. **THE SIMPLICITY and LUCIDITY of the INSTRUCTIONS** which accompany it render this **PATENT SHEET MUSIC** adaptable to the use of people of all ages and classes. A Handsomely Bound and Beautifully Lithographed Portfolio containing full instructions for this method, and Six Discs of Popular Music (in Patent Form), embracing Songs, Melodies, Accompaniments and Words, sent, prepaid, on receipt of One Dollar. Society owes a debt of gratitude to Professor Ezzler, the result of whose efforts will promote musical knowledge, and enable old and young, rich and poor alike to acquire the most delightful of all accomplishments at a mere nominal expense. This method is destined to supersede all other methods owing to its wonderful simplicity.

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The Shepherd's Chief Mourner, by... Landseer, 19 x 24
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Steel Engravings of the above subjects readily sell in art stores for from \$4 to \$5 each, and it is due only to the fact of our having unexampled facilities for procuring these engravings in large quantities that you are enabled, for a short time, to make the above unprecedented offer.

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STENT & CO., Publishers, No. 9 Murray St., cor. Broadway, New-York.

PLAYING

AT

SIGHT

60 Mixed Cards with name, 10c. Club of 13 for \$1. **F. W. GARDNER, Lynn, Mass.**
FOR 50c. I will send by mail 50 Pressed Autumn Leaves and 15 Ferns. Address **MRS. A. O. PIERCE, Homer, N. Y.**

50 Perfumed Snowflake Chromo Motto, etc., Cards, no two alike, name in gold and jet, 10c. **G. A. SPRING, East Wallingford, Ct.**

CARDS! 25 Swiss Motto and Ocean Shells, 15c. 50, no two alike, 10c. 25 Scroll, 10c. All for 25c., with name. Agent's Outfit, 10c. **L. I. CARD CO., Brooklyn, N. Y.**

18 Chromo Cards, Shells, Mottoes, Cupids, etc., no two alike, with name, 10c. **DIME CARD CO., Nassau, N. Y.**

A 32-column monthly STORY PAPER FREE, one year, with 50 Gold Leaf Cards, with name, in Gem case, 25c. **EAGLE PRINTING CO., Springfield, Mass.**

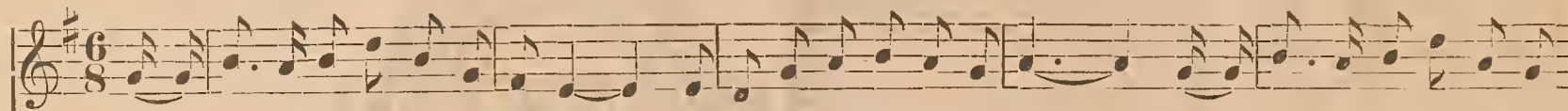
CHINESE YAM OR Cinnamon Vine.

This Beautiful Climber grows 15 or more feet in a Season, covered with Clusters of small white Flowers, which emit a Cinnamon Odor, filling the air of a whole garden with Fragrance. The Roots are edible, perfectly hardy, and grow to weigh several pounds each. Tubers planted in pots make pretty vines for the house during winter, and may be set in the garden in spring. Package of 15 Tubers sent by mail this month for 25c. Yearling Roots in April, 50c. each.

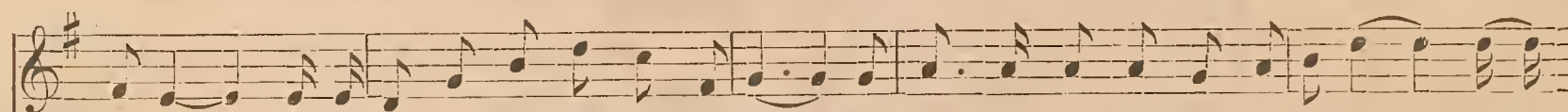
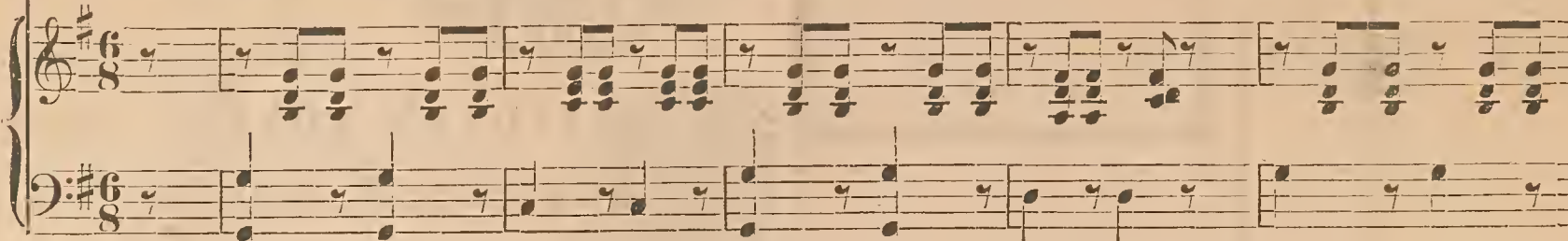
L. W. GOODELL, Seed Grower, AMHERST, MASS.

ORNAMENTAL CRASS BOUQUETS
EVERLASTING FOR HOUSE DECORATION. MOST BEAUTIFUL ON EARTH. **ARNOLD PUETZ, FLORIST**
SEND FOR CATALOGUE, JACKSONVILLE FLA.

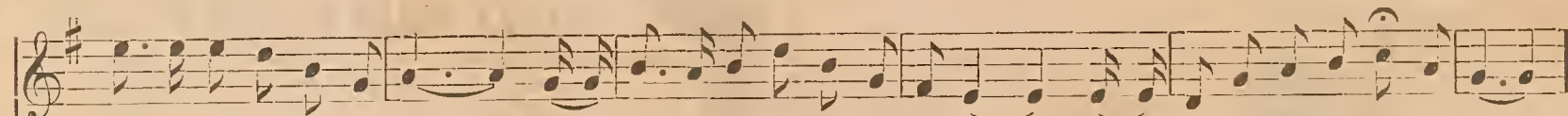
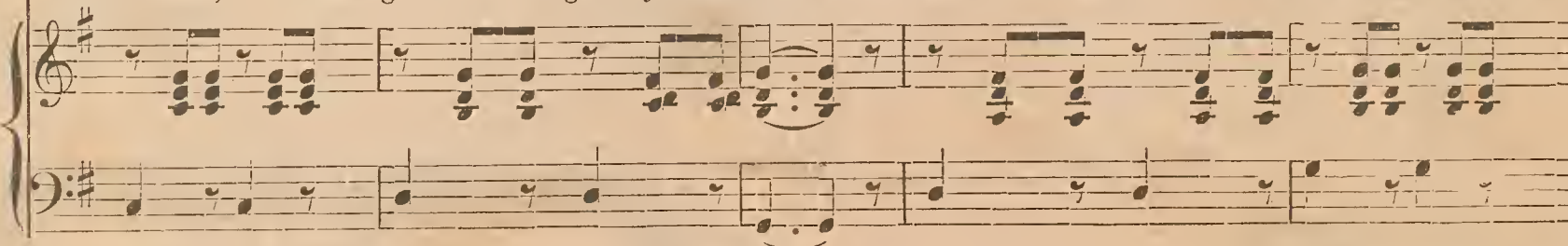
IS YOUR LAMP BURNING?



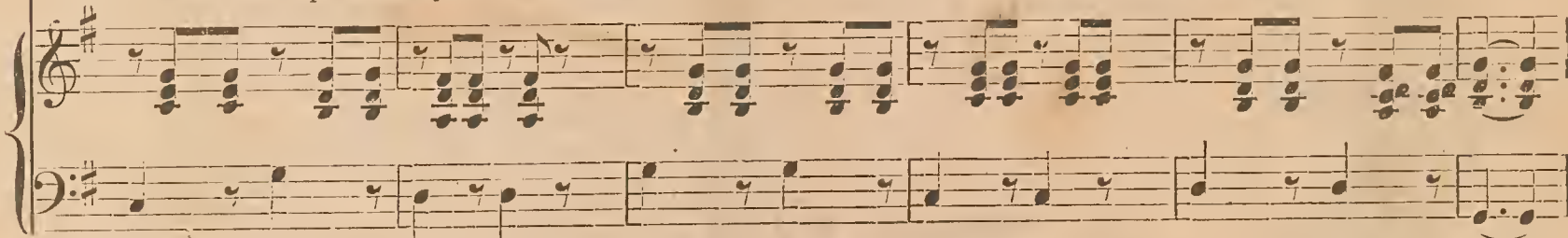
1. Say, is your lamp burning, my brother?... I pray you look quickly and see ;.... For if it were burning, then
2. There are man-y and man-y a-round you,.. Who follow wher-ev-er you go ;.... If you tho't that they walk'd in the
3. There is man-y a lamp that is light-ed ;... We behold them anear and a-far ; But not man-y among them, my
4. If once all the lamps that are lighted,... Should stead-i-ly blaze in a line,.... Wide o-ver the land and the



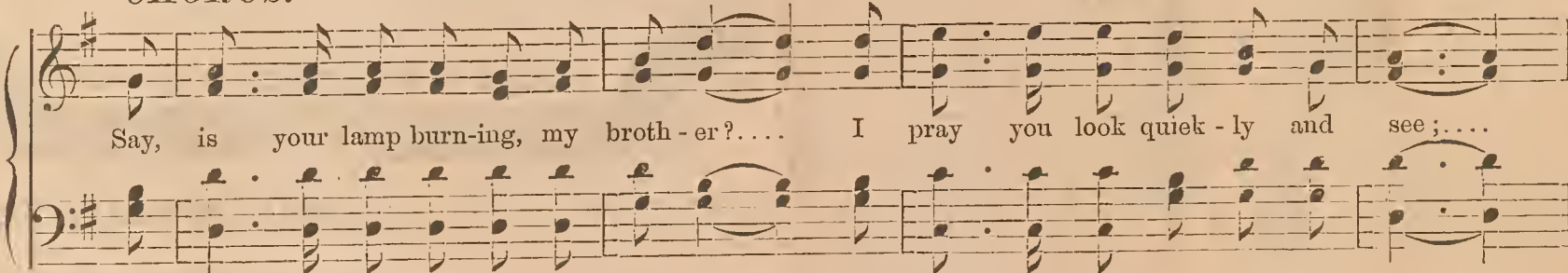
sure-ly.... Some beams would fall bright up-on me... Straight, straight is the road, but I fal-ter,... And
shadow,... Your lamp would burn brighter, I know. Up-on the dark mountains they stumble,.. They are
brother,... Shine stead-i-ly on like a star... I think were they trimm'd night and morning, They would
o-cean,.. What a gir-dle of glo-ry would shine! How all the dark pla-ces would brighten, How the



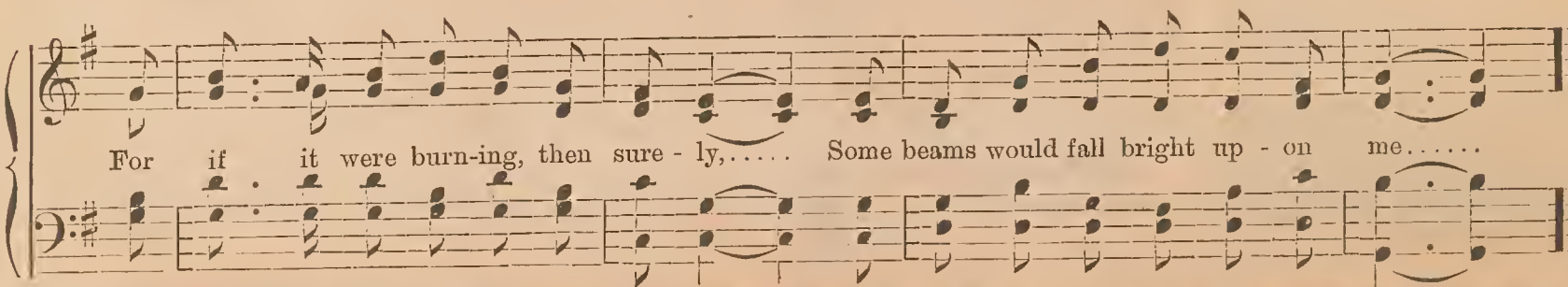
oft I fall out by the way;.... Then lift your lamp higher, my brother,.. Lest I should make fatal de lay.
bruised on the rocks, and they lie,... With their white pleading faces turn'd upward To the clouds and the pi-ti-ful sky.
nev-er burn down nor go out,.... Though from the four quarters of heaven, The winds were all blowing a-bout.
mists would roll up and away!... How the earth would laugh out in her gladness, To hail the mil-len-ni-al day.



CHORUS.



Say, is your lamp burn-ing, my broth-er?... I pray you look quiek-ly and see ;....



For if it were burn-ing, then sure-ly,.... Some beams would fall bright up-on me.....

THE LADIES' FLORAL CABINET

BY HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1878.

No. 84. PRICE 12 CENTS.

PLANTS NEWLY POTTED.

AN old florist gives the following directions for taking up and potting plants: Plants removed from the open ground and placed in pots should not receive too much care at first. All they need at this season is to be left alone. Use only light, turfy loam, with a very little well-rotted manure, such as may be found in an old hotbed. Spread out the roots in a natural position, and never cram them into the pot in a jumbled mass. Press the soil in firmly, jarring the pots occasionally to assist in settling the contents. Water thoroughly at first, but very sparingly thereafter, until the plant shows signs of growth. Place in a cool, shady spot until it is evident all danger from removal is past; then expose them to the sun by gradual changes. A certain amount of common sense is needed to grow a variety of plants successfully. While the Calla Lily needs a copious supply of water during the growing season, the Cactus at this season lives on what it has stored away during the past summer. Rather err on the side of too little water than too much. Now is the time to trim in our plants that are to be used for winter decoration. Perform this with an eye to the future symmetry of the specimen, thinning out the dense growers and cutting back those inclined to be open.

GREEN LICE.

I USE quassia-tea for the green lice

It is very cheap; one can buy enough for five cents to last a long time. They were quite numerous on my plants until I commenced the practice of medi-

cine on them, and I am rejoiced to see my patients no more.

The entire cost of this, my bay-window, was eighteen dollars—rather more than I expected, but yet I

door, and a narrow moulding around the top of the room.

I think if more time was spent among the flowers in their care and cultivation, and less on fashion—that fickle goddess, who flies away and leaves us helplessly running a wild-goose chase after—and if more of the Johns in this wide world were like my John (am I partial?), then we might all be happier.

Long live the FLORAL CABINET, say I, for from that I have learned very many useful things, and it still improves with every number.

And although there may be nothing new or of any value to others in this little subject that I have written, yet be assured, flower friends, we have one bond of sympathy between us.

All of us who truly love flowers, for their own sake, will try and have a few of them if possible; and that word possible includes a great deal.

MRS. G. H. RIDOUT.

THRIPS.

THESE lice-like insects are known by having long, narrow wings. They differ in color. The larvæ and pupæ are yellowish white; the perfect insects black, with dirty-white wings. They are destructive to azaleas, dahlias, phloxes, and verbenas. The same remedy is used as for aphides.

WHITE ANTS

ARE working in some of the green-houses of the State. They burrow in the shelves, come up through the pots, and ent off the plants. The follow-

ing remedies are suggested: A solution of carbolic-acid soap, or of kerosene, camphor, or turpentine, applied to the shelves, etc.



AN ELEGANT WINDOW GARDEN.

Floral Contributions.

MY FERN-CASE.

It is no costly Wardian case, but a very common-place one made of five old window-sashes (relics of a remodelled house). The case stands three feet nine inches high, and is three feet three inches long and two feet five inches wide. This includes the framework and legs placed on casters—quite commodious, you see. The top part is put on with hinges for convenience in airing the plants, and one side sash lifts out, for convenience in arranging the plants. The zinc box at the bottom is six inches deep, and has two good-sized holes in it for drainage. In it is placed first a layer of bits of charcoal and broken pots, then rich earth plentifully mixed with iron filings, and anvil dust from the blacksmith's shop. This was my fern-case as it was when I began arranging it. In the centre the earth is rounded up a little, and in the middle of the mound so formed I planted a large glass fruit-stand that had a piece of the bottom broken off, and filled it with dirt, planted a kind of club moss in it, and right in the centre of the fruit-stand put a plain glass goblet with the bowl part down. The moss grows even more luxuriantly under the goblet than anywhere else, and the bottom part of the goblet supports a round globe with two gold fish in it. The globe comes nearly to the top of the case, and a small empty spool kept under the lid in day-time supplies plenty of fresh air for them, and at night I remove the globe and shut the lid down tight.

In one corner is a miniature turreted castle, made of thin pieces of wood, varnished and sanded to give it a granite appearance. On it are glued pieces of lichen and some of the delicate silvery-looking Florida moss, which makes it look "old, grim, and gray." Near by is a rustic bridge, placed as if leading up to the castle. One large and several small pieces of broken mirror make an excellent imitation of water. The earth is completely covered with *Lycopodium* and "Creeping Charlie," which drops over the edge of the glass and is reflected back from the "water." At one end of the bridge is planted a Partridgeberry vine, at the other a running fern. These are trained one along each side of the bridge.

A cluster of *Cyperus Alternifolius* and an Australian Tree Fern, placed near the castle, answer for "giants of the forest." In one corner hangs a basket made of a delicate sea-shell hung by scarlet cords. Just now the shell holds a wet sponge, a living ball of green, made by filling the sponge with wheat, which quickly germinated, and for some time it has been a beautiful thing; but when it is pretty no longer I shall remove the sponge and try a blue *Lobelia* in its place.

A *Smilax* vine is trained up one corner and along one side of the framework at the top. A tiny stump is completely covered with a little vine that I have no name for.

A *Pteris Argyrea* fern with its white striped leaves, two or three kinds of *Peperomias*, and the golden yellow leaves of the *Peristrophe Aurea*, give a pleasing variety in color, while that beautiful old stand-by, Maiden's-Hair Fern, and the different kinds of ferns,

fungus, and lichens so common to our woods, a Sword Fern that grows so tall it often has to be cut back, a running fern delicate and graceful as the Alleghany Vine, give sufficient variety in form. Besides these there are little clumps of wild violets that forget they are not in their own green wildwood, and put up their modest little faces for inspection, several *Begonias*, and a *Calla Lily* (dwarf).

Whenever a fern or anything else gets so tall or rank as to overshadow some other beauty, I cut it out, press it, and use it for some other purpose; for I think the main beauty of a fernery is in keeping it just full enough to suggest tropical luxuriance, but not full enough to be crowded.

Once a week I open the top and sprinkle everything with quite warm water, and once a month add a little ammonia to the water. Two or three snails and a little toad wander around at their own sweet will, seeking whom (what) they may devour, but I have never seen an insect of any kind. For those who only get into the woods—God's temple—but once in a life-time, or at most but once or twice a year, there is nothing that pays so well on the first investment as a fernery. If your purse permits an elegant Wardian case of walnut and plate glass, filled with rare tropical plants, be the happy possessor of one; but if less favored you may find many hours of delight and pleasure in one like mine, even though the frame be only painted pine and common window glass; but my fern-case I could not be without if it was of even far more humble structure than it is, for to me it is

"A joy for ever."

E. G. S.

MT. STERLING, ILL.

MY BAY-WINDOW.

I HAVE many times wondered if we appreciate the many blessings and comforts which an All-wise and Bountiful Heavenly Father has graciously given unto us; and I am of the opinion that I, with a great many others, do not. (You see I am so selfish as to bring others in also.) And among many other blessings, and not the least, is a love for the beautiful flowers, and the privilege of possessing some of them, and health and ability to take care of them aright.

Well, about bay-windows, and mine in particular. My bay-window is a new treasure, which this winter has just brought about, after many years of wishing, hoping, and coaxing.

I have kept plants for the last ten years, usually having splendid plants and flowers in summer, but sickly, spindling things in winter, and a blossom was almost a miracle.

I knew my poor success was for want of proper air, sunlight, and knowledge of the needs of my plants.

When I saw other people's plants flourishing in nice bay-windows, and still other people with bay-windows or nice south windows, and plenty of room, who had no taste or desire for plants, sometimes I would almost rebel; and then would follow a season of coaxing and planning. (You see we could not afford to spend a great deal on one, and I wished to be economical.)

Well, this winter, as it was very mild and plea-

sant, my "John" (who is no John at all, nor a carpenter either, but—let me whisper it—just the best husband) concluded he would try and build one.

Our sitting-room has two windows facing the north with a box piazza in front, and one south window, which is in the southwest corner between the upright and wing.

Of course I thought I would like my plants where they might be seen from the street, but, as that could not be, I chose that south window, and they do us just as much good there as they would in the front windows.

It was necessary to build it very small, on account of a kitchen window in the wing and a bedroom window in the upright, but I thought a small place for plants was better than none, and I would try and limit my desires for plants to that place. But I don't know but it will be a difficult matter; my room is about five feet square.

Well, "John" laid a good thick wall firm and solid, and then went to work like any old experienced carpenter, for all that I could see. The sitting-room window is made into a door. The east side, which is next the kitchen, and what is left beside the door on the north side, also overhead, is ceiled with narrow ceiling, packed full with sawdust for warmth. The roof is a deck roof; the floor is laid double, with about five inches of sawdust packed in between. The upper floor is of ash, narrow boards, finished to imitate ash and walnut (I did that myself). I oiled every other board with hot boiled oil, and painted the others with burnt umber mixed with boiled oil. There are large windows on the south and west sides, each of four panes double-strength glass, 18x24 inches in size; there are fastenings on the windows, so they may be raised or lowered at pleasure for air. The woodwork is all painted with two coats of good white paint.

I have shelves, supported by iron brackets, on which to set my plants, also hooks for hanging-baskets.

The room is warmed by a large wood-burning stove, but the extra amount of room added does not seem to make any difference in regard to the heat.

We were puzzled for some time to know what kind of a door to have between the sitting-room and the plants. I thought a glass door would be just the thing, but knew that would be very much in the way, and so put up a roller curtain of thick painted cloth, light drab in color.

I lower this curtain when I sweep, as dust is house-plants' greatest enemy.

Over this thick curtain are thin white curtains, the same as at the other windows, trimmed with sprays of pressed and waxed autumn leaves.

In this little room I have fifty-eight plants, and still there's room for more. Some of my plants are small, and I like small plants best for winter. My collection consists of calla, abutilon, rose, farfugium, feverfew, salvia, eupatorium, hyacinths, different varieties of fuchsias, begonias, petunias, cacti, coleus, geraniums single and double, and many others.

I steam my plants quite often, I heat several stones or bricks very hot in the stove, take them out in an old wooden pail, set it in the room, pour on a quart of boiling water, and drop the curtain; the dampness is just what the plants like but the insects do not.

Floral Experiences.

LAWN AND HOUSE PLANTS.

It is always easy to speak when one's heart is in the subject, and still more easy to write, and all with a love for the beautiful will acknowledge their love for flowers. I wonder if there ever was a time in the primeval ages when flowers did not blossom in hidden nooks and grow in luxuriant beauty cultivated by the hand of man? I think my love for them became intensified when they repaid my care by so much blooming beauty. First last spring came the Violets, and they literally ran riot among the grass; when the snows had melted they opened their blue and white beauty like a monstrous bouquet; some which I had transplanted in clumps on the borders the previous year did not bloom until those in the grass were nearly gone, but they made a continuance of fragrance and were much larger. I had never had sufficient open ground for bedding plants, so I made a parterre in this way: First, I made four large round beds, leaving room for a walk around each outside of a neat sod edge; that left a piece diamond-shape in the centre, which I also made into a bed finished in the same manner as the others. You could walk from one bed to the other around the walk, which intersected beautifully. In the middle of the central bed I first planted a *Cladinn Esculentum*, then successive rows of hot-house plants, graduating them in height to the outer edge, where I placed a border of *Golden Perinthia*; this, a brilliant yellow, makes a most beautiful border. One of the round beds I filled with *Verbenas*, another with *Scarlet Geraniums*. As I had kept the most of them through the winter this bed did not cost me much, for by this time I found if I continued with hot-house plants I should find it very expensive; so in the third I planted *Phlox*. The seed soon came up, grew rapidly, and bloomed until late in the season. But in the fourth round bed, the last one, I was at a loss, when I thought of my dear, darling *Pansies*. I always plant the seed in the house, so as to have plenty of young blooming plants. These I now transplanted around the bed about two inches apart, and, by planting seed between the rows, I had a succession of beautiful eyes all summer, lavender, golden, white, to very black. But the golden border around the central bed made the rest look tame; it had begun to grow nicely, so I must experiment. I took off every little shoot of any size—some of them were so small it seemed absurd to expect them to root—and placed them in a shallow box filled with sand. At first they wilted and looked disconsolate, but by and by they lifted up their little heads, and lo! a tiny rootlet on almost every one. I soon had them out, and by persevering in this way, taking all the shoots, I had a golden wreath around every bed. By throwing some leaves over them they will live out-of-doors all winter, and start out as bright as ever when the sun warms them in the spring. In cultivating my plants I cultivated my taste for their refining influence, and determined to have plants all about me this winter, and I will tell you of my success. I have a bay-window having four sashes and a front

window, in my sitting-room, opening on to the piazza. I would have hanging baskets; the rustic ones are beautiful under a piazza, but I dislike them in the house. After a deal of exploring I found an idea. I procured two large wooden bowls at a trifling cost, and brought them home together with some white lead; searched out a lot of shells which I had gathered on the sea-shore, and, sorting them in lots, began my work. What a discouraging time I had! But I will only tell you how they looked when finished. On the bottom I put a large snail; then at a little distance a wreath of white roses, made of little clam-shells; at an equal distance a row of pansies of gold and dark silver shells; here and there a pretty scallop-shell; a row of smaller snails around the top; a row of scallop-shells above them, filling all in with little white clam-shells, the hollow side down, fitting neatly. The other bowl I covered nearly in the same manner, improving as I advanced before shell-ing by putting three holes at equal distance near the top, through which when finished I drew a crimson picture-cord, making large knots on the inside of the bowls, then, drawing all three together, made strong loops to hang them by. These are in the two side sashes, but not close against them. I filled them alike with two *Mountain-Snow*, two *Skeleton*, a *Lady Pollock*, and two *Rose Geraniums*; a *Begonia Rex* and some *Acchyanthus*, for their color; *Vinea*; white-edged *Myrtle*, raised from a tiny slip, and dear old *Tradescantia* (how much it will endure! the vines reach almost to the floor). I then shelled two very small wooden bowls with more precision, arranging pink and white *Periwinkles* in rows, with small pink and white roses, little purple mussels, and dainty little clam-shells; hung them in the two middle windows real short, filling with vines and grasses only. I have trained Ivy around the window and across on to the arch, in quite an artistic manner. My baskets are a novelty and success; every one goes in ecstasies, the green looks so bright over the white shells. I have scarlet *Geraniums* on two brackets, and on side ones *Smilax*, raised from a small slip; it was a long time before it took root, but it did, and is now a luxuriant silver green. On a shelf placed across are the most of my plants: two *Saffronia Roses*, have bloomed well; a red *Lily*, on which I have just discovered buds; a white-edged *Allysium*, which requires shade; an *Air-plant*. I was the recipient of a bouquet, in which was a large, curious leaf; it remained for more than a week with the flowers in water; rearranging them, I put the leaf in earth; it did not fade nor wither. How I wanted to pull it up and see what it was doing; but in a few days lo! a tiny green leaf, and now I have what I am told is a beautiful air-plant, that will bear beautiful clusters of little bells. I have a *Wax-plant*, but it is so slow, nearly a year before a sign of growth in a cutting a gardener gave me; but the flower is beautiful, and—a curious fact—if it remains uncut will reopen the next season. My *Callas* have bloomed well. I now have two lilies and a bud in one pot. *Bonvardias* have done well with me. As soon as they stop blooming, cut them back; they will start out, and bloom again. On one side of the bay-window stands a large winged *Cactus*, resting now, which had over forty flowers on at one time. They are easily raised

from a little piece. Opposite is a *Century-plant* over fifteen years old. I have raised a number from little shoots in the side; taken and reset, grow rapidly; it has furnished many of my friends with plants. Now I will tell you how I fancied my pots. Giving them several coats of white lead till perfectly smooth and white, I worked putty smooth and thin; cut a number of oak-leaves and veined them. Placed a large stem around the top of each pot in a wavy line, a leaf in each curve, painting vine and leaves with Chinese Vermilion; doing the saucers in the same manner. I have pots inexpensive, and not to be ashamed of. In the front window I have a *Jardinière*, a beautiful article at a trifling expense. I had a little old-fashioned table with three legs; procuring a wooden bowl sixty-two inches circumference, I secured it firmly on to the top of the table, having made several holes for surplus water to escape; filled it with wood's earth and sand, then with plants. I will tell you what it contains, as they seem to agree with like treatment. *Geraniums*, *Mountain-snow*, *Skeleton*, *Rose*, *General Grant*, and *Happy Thought*, which seems to smile on you, and one or two shades of green, nameless to me; three *Rex Begonias*, one coral and one a pet to which I was never formally introduced (they all bloom); *Allysium*; *Pampas Grass* and another variety, feathery, bearing coral trumpets; two *Primulas*, one house *Caladium*, and two *Ivies*, which are wound in and out the legs down over the lambrequin; for I have a lambrequin of cloth in graceful points, worked in applique and then put on around the top edge of the bowl with gimp, effectually concealing the bowl and shelf. All wonder how it is made, for the proportions are so correct no one thinks of the bowl behind those birds which seem to pick at the grass and flowers hanging by their sprays. I think my success partly due to my mode of watering, as I use water almost hot freely nearly every day.

V. L.

BARK OR SCALE LICE.

NEARLY as common and quite as destructive as aphides are scale-lice and mealy-bugs. The scale insects are active a few days after hatching, when they fasten to the plants by their beaks, and become covered with a waxy scale secreted from the body. The female never leaves this scale, and soon becomes immovable; under this scale many eggs are deposited. The mealy-bug gets into every possible crevice. The all-important remedy is not to allow these insects to get a foothold. When thoroughly established, the case is either hopeless or involves extreme labor. Washing is surest and best. Every plant must be thoroughly washed, as well as the wood-work of the greenhouse. An English gardener spent six weeks with two men in cleansing five houses, but he reported that it was the best-spent labor he ever employed. When once extirpated, the insects are thoroughly banished, unless introduced again by infested plants.

"My Dear Boy, never defer until to-morrow what can be done to-day." "Then, mother," replied the urchin, "let's eat that plum-pudding to-night."

Floral Hints.

HOME-MADE PROPAGATING BOX.

THE CABINET for November has a most excellent article on the advantages of using the cold frame to start seed and cuttings in early spring. As many ladies, like myself, are deprived of this privilege from fear of taking cold, etc., I venture to give my experience in making and using a propagating box in the house. The expense is trifling, and any one who can use a hammer, nails, and small saw can make one. Will here say that mine has been a perfect success, and will continue its use as long as I am able to cultivate flowers. It consists of three wooden boxes, a galvanized iron pan, and a low coal-oil lamp. Two of the boxes are 2 feet wide by three feet long, the third a common soap-box. Have the larger boxes, which I shall number as 1 and 2, about eight inches high in the front by 18 in the back; this gives the necessary slope for light. Nail a strip of lath on the outside edge of both ends and the front, projecting one-fourth of an inch higher than the edge of box; this is to keep the glass from slipping off when placed on the box. Common

window-glass will answer, taking measure for same after the box is finished. It need not fit tightly, and may be in three or four panes, but must be of a width or length to reach from back to front. Glass can be tilted at the back to give air when needed. Have several nail or gimlet holes in bottom of each for drainage. Use clean river sand three or four inches deep in No. 1; water it well, and see that it settles evenly; No. 2 will not require it deeper than two inches; this finishes the two large boxes. For the smaller, or No. 3, remove the top; have four holes the size of a silver quarter made in the sides opposite each other; these to give air to the lamp. Remove one side—to be replaced with hinges and a button to fasten it—this to use as a door in placing and removing the lamp. Let this door be at the back of the box for greater convenience. Remove the lamp when the heat is too great, and *always* at night, covering the entire arrangement with blankets if very cold weather. Have the pan made at the tinners, 4 inches deep, of a size to fit the opening in top of box No. 3, with a flange an inch wide all around the top edge; to hold it in place. This pan is to be kept two-thirds full of water, the lamp, sit-

ting directly under it, heats it quite to boiling heat; this furnishes the necessary "bottom heat."

Box No. 1 is to be placed directly on top of this pan, and is now ready for the cuttings. Box No. 2 is to be arranged just the same as to the glass, etc., but will not require heat. Each must be elevated to a level with the window-sill, placing the front toward the light. No. 1 must be *constantly* shaded, and kept quite wet, using a very fine rose to the watering-pot to avoid disturbing the cuttings, as they must be as firm in the sand as you can make them; they need not reach far *into* it, merely enough to cover the eye or end placed in; if *very* small, use broom-straws, bent double, to hold them in place. Place varieties of one kind in separate rows, as some

table seed, I use shallow cigar-boxes, pierce holes all through the bottom, using a compost of leaf-mould, garden soil, and sand, equal parts. Water each box well with *hot* water, let it settle awhile, then sprinkle a light layer of clear sand evenly over it, place the seed evenly, and, if possible, each one separately, sprinkle enough leaf-mould and sand over them to merely cover them, water slightly again with *warm* water, place doubled flannel, wrung out of *hot* water, over each box, set boxes on the sand in box No. 1, give air and water as needed. But they will require *very* little water, and as soon as the germ breaks the soil remove the flannel. Pot in smallest size, several to each pot; as soon as the second or true leaves appear, the same kind of soil as in the seed-boxes.

Calceolaria, Primula, Begonia, Cyclamen, and many other fine green-house seed can be started and successfully grown in this way; the first and third named being merely sprinkled on the soil *without* any further covering. I started and raised from large blooming plants, last spring, some four hundred, and hundreds of fine plants from seed. Hope to do even better this year, as I have had a small cold frame made, where I can remove my plants as soon as they are potted the second time. I hope the readers of the CABINET will suc-

ceed in understanding my description, and try the plan for themselves. They will be astonished with their success, especially the newly potted little cuttings in full bloom in box No. 2. Of course the buds were in the cuttings, and developed as they rooted. I always remove the bloom, and pinch the ends of all off, to induce side growth and stocky plants.

Now, will some one oblige *me*, with probably many others, in giving their experience, plant, cost, and manner of caring for a pit to grow roses, etc.?

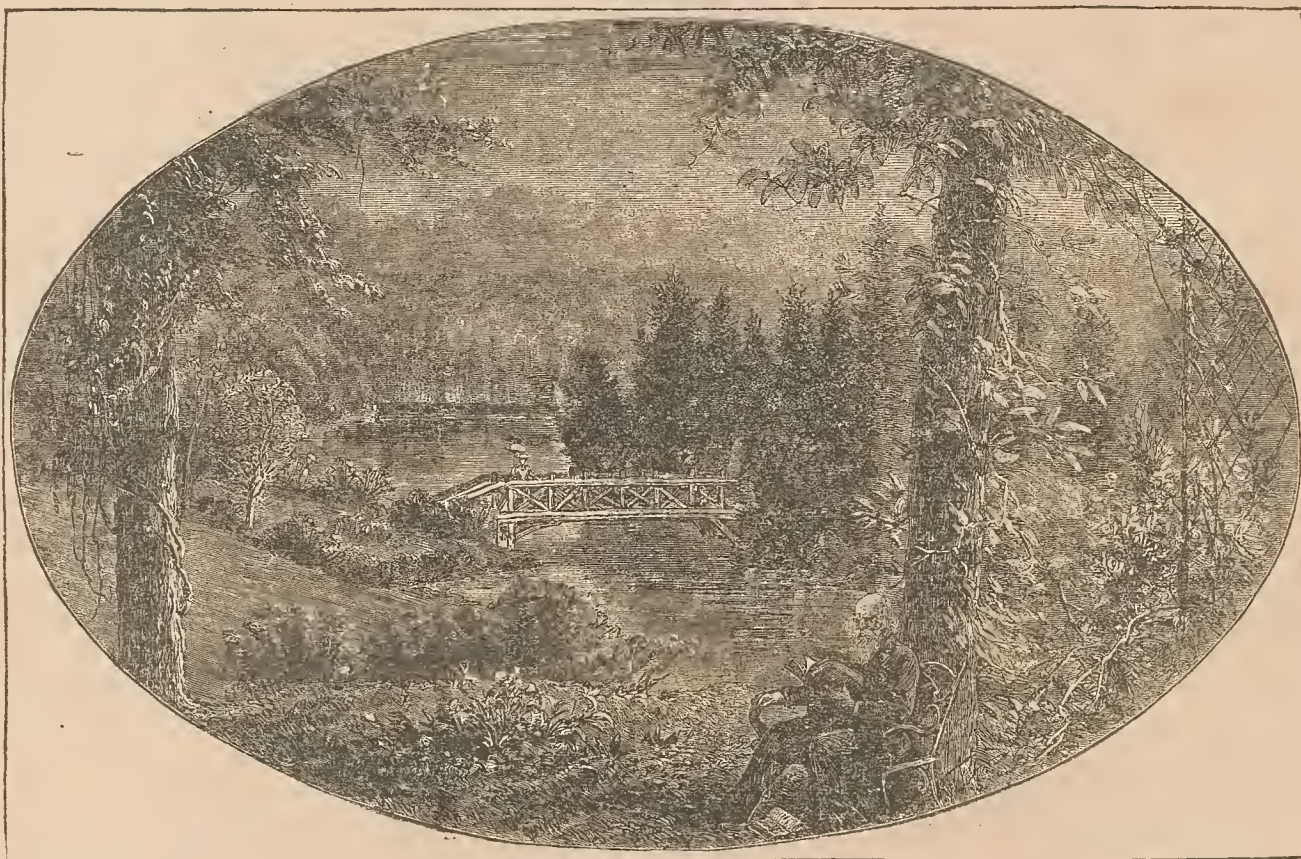
NEWPORT, KY.

S. C.

A TEAR.

FROM Heaven dropped a tear, which thought to be
For ever lost within the sea.

A shell, enclosing it, said: "Have no fear,
For thou shalt be my pearl, O tear!
Fear not the mighty waves; but trust to me
To bear thee through them in security.
Oh! thou, my joy, of all my joys the best,
Thou heavenly tear within my breast.
The pearllest of thy tears thou'st given to me,
O Heaven! to guard and keep for thee."



FAVORITE RUSTIC SEAT OF WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Miscellaneous.

HOW I MADE MY PARLOR PRETTY AT SMALL EXPENSE.

I ALWAYS loved a pretty parlor to ask my friends into—for with us Southern people that is still the custom, even in country towns. Before I left my father's home I had been accustomed to a pretty parlor, and now, when I was to take charge of a home of my own, how could I, on the small allowance my husband could give me, start about it?

My parlor was on the north side of the house, which gave it a cold, uncheerful appearance, and I wished to overcome that difficulty as far as possible. To add to the gloominess, my carpet was a dark, dull brown on the right side, not a thread of any bright color to add to the cheerfulness. My piano-cover was gray, and of course did not match at all with the carpet, and my two large chairs, which with the exception of a centre-table completed the furnishing, were, as one of the writers in the CABINET has called it, that dismal black haircloth. I grew desperate over its appearance, and determined to make a change somehow.

First of all I discovered that the wrong side of my carpet (it was two-ply) was lighter than the right side, and I turned that. I then decided to dispense with that gray piano-cover, but was not able to purchase an expensive one in its place. After some deliberation, my mind was decided as to what I should do. Went to a store, bought ten yards of the best quality of seal-brown canton flannel I could find, one half yard of double-width lady's cloth (scarlet), and one ounce each of seal-brown, scarlet, buff, and green single zephyr. Then I was ready for work.

Divided my canton flannel into three equal lengths, sewed them up on the machine, and pressed the seams open. Next cut the scarlet flannel into strips about three inches wide, and pinked out on each side. Then basted these strips on the canton flannel cover, seven inches from the edge. Then commenced to work with the zephyr. Made a figure by first making two lines diagonally crossing in the centre with the brown zephyr; then used the green on one side of the brown, and the buff on the other, and crossed the figure in the centre with the scarlet.

The next figure was a cross, using the zephyr in the same order as in the first one. The space between was about three inches. Made a point-russe stitch between each scallop in the scarlet flannel,

and it was done. I was delighted with the result, and many who saw it exclaimed, "How pretty!" One gentleman said: "It is the prettiest one I ever saw." It looks like a handsome felt cover, and the expense almost nothing.

I had a considerable amount of the zephyr left from the piano-cover. I had also in the house a piece of white railroad canvas. This I first worked in squares about four inches wide with the brown.

one of the green along the length, and finished with a scalloped edge, made by a row of each of the colors.

For my other large chair I crocheted three strips of black, one longer than the others, and all pointed at one end; finished with a scalloped edge as in the first one, and worked a vine of green with red flowers on two of the strips, and buff flowers on the centre one; joined the three together the longest in the centre, and put a tassel made of all the colors in each point. Both tidies have been very much admired, and require very little time or material in making them.

I also made two foot-stools, the foundations of which were old round wooden boxes which the rats had eaten so as to make unfit for service in any other way. I took some of the same brown flannel, and worked a figure in chain-stitch all over; then made a cushion of stout drill, to fit the cover of the box after it was stuffed with bran so as to make it firm. Fitted the flannel cover on the cushion, and tacked firmly on the top. Took a straight piece of flannel to fit round the rim, and tacked it on, hiding the tacks with a large cord made of the scarlet and buff. Covered the box with a piece of the flannel, tacked as tightly as possible, and another cord about an inch from the bottom.

I wanted a centre piece for my table, so I took a block about five inches square, and bored an inch hole in it. Took the top branch of a Norway spruce, and fitted in the hole in the block; made it firm by pouring plaster-of-paris around it. I then glued on bits of lichens, wood-moss, and florist's moss on the branches of the little tree till I had it covered. Covered the base completely with florist's moss, stuck in tiny white artificial flowers and grasses, and here and there bits of fern and small pebbles. Then placed a deer under this miniature tree, which has in the top a real little nest and three tiny eggs, with a red and black bird just in the act of flying of the nest.

By this time my parlor was looking much more cheerful for having the bright scarlet here and there about it, and I took care to have that the predominant color; my pictures all hung with scarlet cords, and decorated with the long gray moss and scarlet sumac leaves.

Space forbids that I should speak of smaller decorations which add much to the pretty aspect of my little parlor, but I have said enough to show that no one need give up in despair because they cannot have just what they would like. I attribute all my success and love of adding to home adornment in a great measure to the dear FLORAL CABINET.

HOMEBODY.



A FLORAL PICTURE.

I will say here that eight-fold worsted should be used in working this canvas. I then worked a cross in each square, making a row of crosses with the scarlet, buff, and green alternating; finished off with a fringe made of all the colors. This I used to cover the back of one of those haircloth chairs to hide a worn place. Fastened it on with safety-pins, on which I had previously tied little tufts of the worsted so as to completely hide the pin; and it never worries me by falling off, as tidies generally do. The arms of this same chair were worn, and I wanted to hide them, so I crocheted strips of black long enough to fit the arms, and about three inches wide, then worked a star of the scarlet, one of the buff, and

Our Homes.

BIRCH-BARK BASKETS, ETC.

"THE day is cold, and dark and dreary;
It rains, and the winds are never weary;
The vine—"

"There, there, Annie! don't give us any more of that dolorous song. Mr. Longfellow (much as I love his sweet songs), when he wrote that, must have been laboring under a fit of November blues. And the air you sing it to is such a mournful wail; a more fitting accompaniment could not be found. The day is indeed dark and dreary enough—one can hardly tolerate it; so please don't immortalize it in song."

The song ceased, and as Annie turned a disconsolate look on her sister she exclaimed:

"O Carrie! isn't it dreadful? Summer is gone, and gloomy winter will soon be here. Look at the desolation without! Our beautiful hanging-baskets, trailing vines, and summer decorations prostrate, and our dear flowers all too soon must bow to the Frost King. The winter will be so long and cheerless without them!"

"Girls!" I called from my seat in the corner, "with all your abundance of home comfort, how can the thought of winter bring with it such gloom?"

"Why, the flowers, auntie! the dear flowers; how can we live without them?"

"But," said I, "instead of packing away your choice plants in the cellar, as I saw you doing yesterday, why not have a window garden, and play perpetual summer?"

"Oh!" sighed Annie, "we've tried that to our grief; the treacherous wood-fires, you know, will not ensure our plants, and the first thing one knows old Boreas creeps in at some crack and every tender shrub must succumb to his icy breath. Many is the time when my tears have almost frozen over the limpid remains of last night's treasures. I will never try it again with no other security than a wood-fire; and papa's numerous wood-lots furnish a life-long despair of ever seeing a ton of coal on these premises," and Annie sighed again.

"I was not aware of your trials in this quarter, Annie, but, with the poet when discouraging of the tender passion, I will say: 'Better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.' If I had such resources as this paper opens to you (holding up the FLORAL CABINET I had been perusing) I would never despair of adorning my rooms with rare beauties from the winter woods and hillsides that would make me forget my flowers for a few months. Have you examined this last number? It is just a rich feast to an artistic taste, and is ever a delight the year round. Only read here of the choice bits that winter gives, that will compare favorably with summer's floral offerings. You get the idea from these pages that a ramble over the hills and through the woods, with a little display of taste in arranging your trophies, will brighten your room amazingly. The CABINET tells of mosses, bright-tinted leaves, green ferns, ornamental grasses, etc., and you have not gathered one handful of the beauties yet."

Annie yawned.

"Mosses are grave, and I never supposed much could be done with them in the way of winter decoration."

"Mosses are beautiful," I contended; "I never

looked upon any piece of fancy work of my own creation with so much satisfaction as my moss work."

"Do give us a description of some of your handiwork in that line, auntie," said Annie, just beginning to wake up to the subject.

"Well!" said I, "I at first conceived the idea of making a moss picture for a fair. My first step was to take a thin piece of board, to which I fastened a piece of drawing-paper, making a smooth white surface. I then traced the outlines of a landscape with a lead-pencil. First was a cottage. The roof I covered with a piece of white-oak bark cut with a sharp penknife just the shape and size of the roof I had outlined. I chose a piece of bark as near the color of ordinary roofing as possible, gluing it to the surface. I then took the moss or lichen that clings to oak wood, somewhat resembling a dried oak leaf. The wrong side of this is of light color and has an appearance like stone, so with this I covered my cottage. The blinds were cut from green leaves pressed and dried, and the doors were of the same material as the leaves, all glued on in their respective places. The smoke from the chimney was composed of small particles of the heads of what is sometimes called 'pussy-grass,' which is just smoke color. Beside the house stood a tree, the foliage of which was composed of bits of pressed tansy, and the trunk of the tree was a bit of a twig, the shape and size I fancied, split through the centre, and the flat side glued to the surface, making a good representation. From the smooth bark I cut some fine rails, with which I manufactured a fence and surrounded the house. Another rail fence in front of this helped to form a road, along which a farm-wagon was drawn by a demure-looking black horse. The wagon was loaded with bags of grain, and the driver in attendance was represented as just in the act of letting down the bars at the side of the road to allow the team a passage through to a little grist-mill that stood on a hill just at the right of the road. Horse, team, and driver were cut from a smooth moss taken from oak wood. The moss in some way resembles india-rubber, one side quite black, the other a lighter shade. The mill was of stone like the house. A clothes-line was stretched across the yard, upon which were hung garments shaped with scissors from the petals of pressed flowers of different colors, among which the most prominent was what was supposed to be a red flannel shirt, cut from the petal of a peony. The washwoman stood beside her basket of birch bark, in the act of fastening some article to the line. I can remember now the exact poise of her head, which was made from one of the pressed stamens of a lobelia flower, and was a good representation. I covered the ground with different-colored mosses sprinkled with flowers, and over the whole scene flew a flock of blackbirds, cut from a leathery kind of black moss. When completed, I made a frame, covered it with beech-nuts, which fitted closely together on the surface, and, with a glass over the picture, it made a pretty and novel appearance. I sent it to an agricultural fair, and it took a premium."

"Well, auntie, your description is quite exciting. I forthwith place myself under your tuition, and we will see what mosses will do as a winter decoration for my room."

The next day dawned bright and unusually beautiful for the season. When the sun had dried off the moisture, we started, Carrie, Annie, and myself, each equipped with a basket and an old case-knife. Our first discovery was a large rock covered with what I had heard termed rock-cresses, although I do not know that to be the correct name. It is a kind of lichen, circular in form and each one perfect in itself, adhering closely to the rock. The color is two or three shades of rich drab, and, when woven into a piece of

ornamental work, resembles bead work. The general appearance is that of a rosette. We inserted our knives under the thin edges, and took them off flake by flake and laid them in our baskets. Over the rock stood an old oak-tree that might have been a centenarian. Its branches hung with bearded moss yards in length. This had its place in my mind's programme, and we gathered an abundance of it; but before I had satisfied myself in quantity the girls had bounded down the bank to the brookside, and were calling me to come and gather the beautiful green moss that lay like patches of velvet along the bank. They were surprised when I rejected it, and turned to scrape some old dry moss from a fence that ran down to the water's edge.

"Why, auntie, don't you want the lovely velvet moss?" was the surprised question.

I explained that for the work I intended it would not do, but that a patch laid on a plate, and kept moist, was a very pretty winter ornament, and furnished a dish of standing green that was a delight; but nothing but dry mosses would do for manufacturing what I intended.

"Here," said I, "is the little green cup-moss, the bright coral and pink variety, and here is a bright fungus of a deep orange color growing on an old stump."

In an hour our baskets were filled with these woodland trophies and we turned our feet homeward.

"Now to work," was my first exclamation as we entered the house. "First, Carrie, bring me the little round, light stand from the attic that grandma used so many years ago. We will ornament it and give it the most honored corner of the parlor." Carrie laughed a little derisive kind of a laugh, but at the same time dipped away on the mission. A few moments later and we were busily at work gluing on moss in its varied shades round the edge of the stand, and down the standard of the same. Then we draped the long bearded moss around the edge so that it hung so low as nearly to conceal the standard. The centre of the top was also covered with moss laid on as smoothly as possible, and, unless one has tried this way of decorating, it can hardly be imagined what a pretty rural ornament can be made. Upon the stand we placed the globe of gold fish, and the girls fairly danced round it in admiration. A hanging-basket was next constructed for the window. Any common basket will answer this purpose, covered with prettily-arranged moss, remembering to drape the bearded moss from the edge and give a tasselled appearance. Some handsome grasses were placed in this, and the bright-hued leaves after they had been pressed and dried, directions for doing which may be found in the CABINET, the never-failing source for instruction in manufacturing and decorating in every line conceivable. Some of the grasses with fine drooping heads were wet and drawn through a plate of wheat flour, then shaken well and put with other varieties; they have a pretty appearance. The basket was a success, and we next commenced on a picture-frame. We cut it from pasteboard, oval in shape, and covered it with our beautiful varieties of moss. It was a beauty. The frame required a colored picture, and so a bright bouquet was selected surrounded by a black mat. Next we made a bracket of pasteboard, covered as before with moss; the rock-cresses working in admirably for the portion of the bracket we might call the lambrequin. We placed this just below the picture, and on it laid a humming-bird's nest, and our moss work was completed.

I must say that the room, that looked pleasant before, was now beautiful in its winter adorning, and our moss work never failed to call forth exclamations of admiration from every visitor. Try it and enjoy the beautiful effect.

MAUD.

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ETC.

There was issued from this office, on December 1, a series of beautiful designs for Borders, Corners, and Centres in making Tidies, on Java Canvas, Holbein Work, Worsted-Work, Burlap Work, etc. These Designs are all new and remarkably pretty, and form a companion set of books to "Ladies' Guide to Needle-Work." Every lady should have them.

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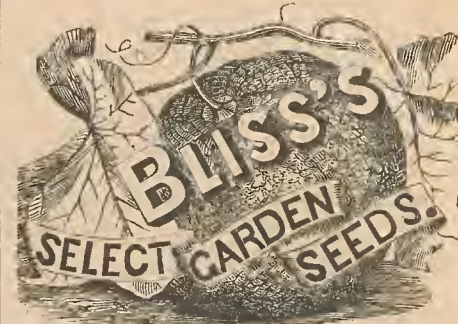
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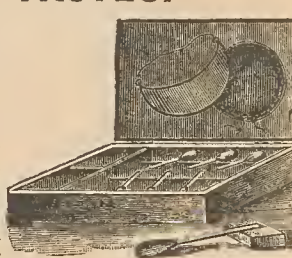
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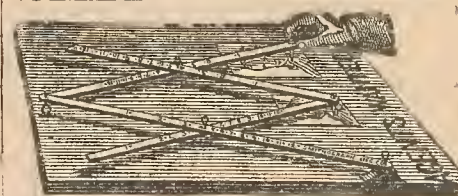


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NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1878.

DESCRIPTION OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

UPON page 1 is a delightful sketch of a window garden, sent us by one of our subscribers from Milford, N. H. It is of remarkable beauty, the flowers and vines being extremely luxuriant. We would be glad to hear more from the fair lady, unknown to us, who has sent so beautiful a sketch.

Upon page 4 is a sketch of the rustic seat, bridge, and grounds at the country house of the poet, William Cullen Bryant, at Roslyn, L. I.

Upon page 5 is a pretty group of butterflies, flowering vines, etc., arranged in a charming picture-frame.

Upon page 9 is a scene of childhood's joys: a little child in a humble home is eating her bread and throwing the crumbs to the doves and pigeons, who are coming in flocks with perfect freedom and familiarity.

Upon page 12 are several suggestions in household ornaments—a vase placed beside a picture-frame contains climbing vines, whose tendrils creep all around, and make the whole more charming.

Our ladies will at sight see the wall pockets and bags, and know how to knit or embroider them.

HYACINTHUS CANDICANS.

THIS really excellent garden plant has been in magnificent bloom in our nursery this summer, and was admired during a long period daily by the numerous visitors to our establishment. We had a large bed of the pure white-flowering Hyacinth, edged by a broad border of *Gladiolus Brenchleyensis*, which was particularly admired. A most splendid effect has been obtained by this combination. The pure white color of the Hyacinth makes the most striking

contrast with the dark red tint of the *Gladiolus*, and this grows just the height to enable the Hyacinth to exceed it by nearly the whole length of the flower-spike. For this purpose it is advisable to select *Hyacinthus Candicans*, first size bulbs, and *Gladiolus Brenchleyensis*, second size bulbs. We consider *Hyacinthus Candicans*, which flowers during a period of several weeks in July and August, one of the best ornamental plants for gardens and parks, and can especially recommend the above-described arrangement. The flowers of this Hyacinth are very suitable for bouquet-making.

The *Hyacinthus Candicans* was shown by our firm at the Centennial Exhibition, Philadelphia, 1876, and the grand prize medal with diploma awarded "for very perfect display of *Gladiolus Brenchleyensis* [of which a very large bed was planted] and fine flowered plants of *Hyacinthus Candicans*, a new ornamental Hyacinth of stately growth, producing large white flowers," etc. This Hyacinth is treated in the same way as the *Gladiolus*: it is taken out of the ground in autumn, stored during winter in a dry place, safe from frost, and planted in spring.—Contributed to *Case's Botanical Index*.

A MURDEROUS SEA-FLOWER.

ONE of the exquisite wonders of the sea is called the Opelet, and is about as large as the German Aster, with a great many long petals of a light-green color, glossy as satin, and each one tipped with rose color. These lovely petals do not lie quietly in their places, but wave about in the water, while the Opelet clings to a rock. How innocent and lovely it looks on its rocky bed! Who would suspect that it would eat anything grosser than dew or sunlight? But these beautiful waving arms, as you call them, have use besides looking pretty. They have to provide for a large, open mouth, which is hidden down deep among them—so hidden that one can scarcely find it. Well do they perform their duty, for the instant a foolish little fish touches one of the rosy tips, he is struck with poison as fatal to him as lightning. He immediately becomes numb, and in a moment stops struggling, and then the other arms wrap themselves around him, and he is drawn into the huge, greedy mouth, and is seen no more. Then the lovely arms uncloset and wave again in the water.

LILIUM THUNBERGIANUM BATE-MANAI.

THIS is a new lily, very distinct and beautiful in bloom, of a rich orange apricot color, with the extraordinarily fine form of *Lilium Elegans* var *Armenicum*; later in flower, and growing four feet high, bearing from six to ten flowers on a stem.

It is a first-class lily for autumn decoration, a charming companion for the varieties of *Speciosum* and *Tigrinum*, none of which possess the peculiar color of this charming novelty.

A Remarkable Rose-Bush adorns the cottage of Mrs. S. A. Randall, of Santa Barbara, California. It was planted in 1858, and is of the Lamarque variety—one of the most beautiful of the white roses. Imagine a bouquet of white roses twenty-five feet high and twenty-two feet across, beautifully rounded, with a blossoming surface of four hundred square feet, with four thousand full-blown roses and twenty thousand buds!

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Renew! Renew!

Most Subscriptions expire with this Number, and all of 1878 are to be renewed. We wish all abundant happiness, and promise that THE FLORAL CABINET shall be as good as it can be for time to come, and you all know how good it has been in the past. It will never "grow less," but "go on to perfection."

Regret.

We regret our printer delayed the paper so much last month. Our work was so far done that on the 12th we were all ready to hand our paper to our readers; but something happened to the printer too provoking to here describe, and we had to wait patiently till "light appeared." Such an accident cannot occur again, as we exceedingly desire every Subscriber to receive his paper as early as possible.

One Hundred Papers at Club Rates.

Club Subscriptions will be received at our Office at following prices from all Subscribers who wish to club them with THE FLORAL CABINET. Remit regular price for FLORAL CABINET, and then add one or more papers of following list, at the prices named in second column.

Those who desire may remit full prices named in the first column, and we will give in addition the following Premiums; but no Premiums can be given to those who pay Club prices in second column.

PREMIUMS.

To every one paying full publishers' price (first column) for any paper named in following list there will be given, free, postage prepaid, a choice of one of the following attractive articles:

1. Quarterly Edition of THE LADIES' FLORAL CABINET, free, one year, including one Floral Premium (1 to 13).
 2. Book, "How to Destroy Insects on House-Plants."
 3. Book, "Household Hints and Recipes."
 4. Book, "Every Woman Her Own Flower Gardener."
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- To any one remitting Publishers' prices for Five Journals of this list will be given, free, postage paid, one of the following Books:
1. "Household Elegances."
 2. "Ladies' Fancy-Work."
 3. "Beautiful Homes."
 4. "Evening Amusements."

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" Milliner and Dressmaker.....	1 50	1 20
" Naturalist.....	4 00	3 50
" Poultry Journal.....	1 25	1 00
" Rural Home.....	1 50	1 25
Andrews' Bazar.....	1 00	90
Arthur's Home Magazine.....	2 25	1 80
Atlantic Monthly.....	4 00	3 50
Beekeeper's Magazine.....	1 50	1 25
Blade, The, Toledo, O., weekly.....	2 00	1 65
Chimney Corner, Frank Leslie's.....	4 00	3 50
Christian, The, Boston.....	1 00	85
Christian at Work.....	3 00	2 50
Church Union.....	2 50	2 20
Church Musical Visitor.....	1 50	1 25
Contributor, The, Boston.....	1 10	85
Cricketer on the Hearth, weekly.....	2 00	1 70
Cultivator and Country Gentleman.....	2 50	2 25
Demorest's Magazine.....	3 00	2 60
Domestic Monthly.....	1 50	1 25
Elite Dressmaker and Milliner.....	1 50	1 25
Family Story Paper.....	3 00	2 75
Fire-side Journal.....	75	70
Fire-side Companion, N. Y.....	3 00	2 50
Leslie's, Frank, Illustrated Newspaper.....	4 00	3 60
" Illustrated Times.....	4 00	3 60
" Ladies' Journal.....	4 00	3 60
" Ladies' Magazine.....	3 50	3 20
" Popular Monthly.....	3 00	2 60
" Sunday Magazine.....	3 00	2 60
" Boys' and Girls' Weekly.....	2 50	2 20
" Budget of Fun.....	1 50	1 30
" Pleasant Hours.....	1 50	1 25
Free Press, Detroit.....	2 00	1 60
Fruit Recorder and Cottage Gardener.....	1 00	75
Gardener's Monthly and Horticulturist.....	2 10	1 60
Gazette, Cincinnati.....	1 50	1 35
Gleaner's Monthly Companion.....	1 00	75
" Home Circle.....	2 00	1 50
" Pictorial.....	2 00	1 50
Globe, weekly, Boston.....	1 50	1 30
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Kansas Farmer.....	2 00	1 25
Laws of Life.....	1 50	1 25
Ledger, New York.....	3 00	2 60
Lippincott's Magazine.....	4 00	3 50
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News, Danbury, Conn.....	2 00	1 75
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Press, Philadelphia.....	1 50	1 35
Rural New Yorker.....	2 00	1 75
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Saturday Night.....	3 00	2 60
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St. Nicholas.....	3 00	2 75
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Times, Cincinnati, O.....	1 50	1 25
Traveller, Boston, Mass.....	1 50	1 30
Tribune, Chicago, Ill.....	1 50	1 30
" N. Y., weekly.....	2 00	1 60
" semi-weekly.....	3 00	2 75
Vickery's Fireside Visitor.....	1 00	75
Waverley Magazine.....	5 00	4 50
Western Farm Journal.....	2 00	1 75
Western Rural.....	2 00	1 75
Wide-Awake.....	2 00	1 70
Witness, N. Y.....	1 50	1 35
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If any other journal is desired, prices will be given upon addressing us, enclosing postal-card for return reply. Address

HENRY T. WILLIAMS, PUBLISHER, 46 Beekman St., New York City.

MILK JEWELRY.

A NEW industry has been started in Mansfield, Massachusetts. It is no less than the manufacture

the shop it undergoes a wonderful change, and receives the name of American coral. The secret in making it up is carefully guarded, but it is certain that it has to be heated very hot, during which col-

Mamma (who had been quietly watching certain surreptitious proceedings): "Willie, who helped you to that cake?"

Willie (promptly): "Hebben, mamma."



COTTAGE SCENE—CHILD FEEDING THE BIRDS.

of jewelry out of sour milk. This seems a strange anomaly, but it is a fact. The milk comes in the shape of curd from the butter and cheese-making counties in New York, and looks upon its arrival a great deal like popped corn; but before it leaves

oring matter is introduced, followed by a very heavy pressure. Some of it is colored black and called jet, while some appears as celluloid. It makes very handsome jewelry, and is made into all kinds and styles known in the trade.

Mamma (sternly): "Sh-sh-sh, you naughty boy! How dare you tell such stories?"

Willie: "'Taint my fault if it is a 'tory, ma. Didn't pa tell beggar man zat hebben helped zhose zat helped zemselves?"

Housekeeping.

SOME HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

IN the first place, I wanted five yards of picture cord, and I knew it would cost eight cents a yard, and I only had fifty cents in my pocket; so in a disconsolate mood I sat down to rid out my sewing-box, which is a cheese-box trimmed and lined with green paper muslin. In this I keep my cut-out sewing and mending. Of course I have a smaller box for thread, thimble, scissors, etc., and a still smaller one for buttons, hooks, and eyes. These are two long, flat cigar-boxes, papered with buff paper muslin, and decorated by my map pencil reserved from school-girl days, one end of which is red and the other blue. As I assorted my sewing I found a long-forgotten ball of scarlet yarn such as children's stockings are knit with. Now, if this were thick enough it is just the color. I remembered helping my husband twist some sack strings, so after supper I asked him to help me twist some cord, and soon had in my possession six yards of nice strong cord at a cost of about three cents for the whole. The yarn costs twelve cents per bunch. The next day I purchased a bunch of green yarn, and now am prepared to furnish all the cord and tassels we will need for the next three years.

We have two chromos, of rather dark appearance, in heavy walnut frames without gilt moulding. I have been thinking for some time of some way to brighten them, and yesterday I decided. Boiled a little starch paste, brought out the pictures, dusted carefully, then pasted a strip of white paper scarcely one fourth of an inch wide on the chromo next the frame, then on the frame, joining carefully to the white paper gilt-paper about three-fourths of an inch wide, extending it out over the frame. A photographed family group, also in a heavy walnut frame, was brightened in the same way. Without an actual trial you cannot imagine how much a picture may be improved by this method. With us a sheet of gilt paper twelve by fourteen inches costs ten cents. I've hung all the pictures in the parlor with green cord, and a bunch of ferns at the nail; in the sitting-room with scarlet cord and autumn leaves. I made an easel frame for a photograph to stand on the parlor table. Yesterday while I was pasting I had a small piece of blue-black paper, which I cut in strips and bound a piece of pasteboard, square except at the top, which was oval; in the centre I cut an oblong aperture large enough to admit the picture, bound the opening with gilt paper one-fourth of an inch wide, then with the black paper fastened the photo and glass on the back with a bit of tissue paper, put a standard behind it, and "twas done," and compares favorably with one for which I paid fifty cents several years ago.

I wanted a vase for my bouquet on the parlor table, but those large enough cost too much for my limited means, so I set my wits to work to invent one. When I want anything very bad and cannot get it, I am often reminded of a boy in the story of "Theo," who wanted a cutlass to play pirate with, while Theo wanted to go to London; but as their parents were

poor they could not have their wish. Theo, of course, cried, but the boy said, "Pooh! crying—that's just like a girl. When a boy wants a thing he can't get, he makes something out of wood that looks just like it, or else pitches in and does without it." So when I "can't get" an article, I make something out of "wood" or some other material that looks like it, or do without. But about my vase: I cut two pieces of pasteboard in the shape of a vase, sewed the edges together, fastened in a bottom, put in some small stones to make it steady, covered it neatly with buff cloth, fastened on a bunch of green ferns, put over it a covering of thin barred lace, and it was complete. Of course the ferns should have been glued on and two or three coats of varnish applied; but glue and varnish are articles I have never been fortunate enough to possess. My bureau is furnished with a toilet set made in the same way, of buff cloth (scraps of my window-shades), with a bunch of ferns in the centre of the mats, pinushious, hair-pin box, etc., then a covering of lace fastened on each article with tiny green bows. No one can tell that the buff cloth is not silk or velvet, and the ferns embroidered on, unless by very close examination. Of course I would prefer the real article, but where one is obliged to count even the pennies an imitation will answer as well for the "pretties."

Two corners of our parlor contained bouquets of dried grasses, everlasting, etc. (not alike by any means), the third had a two-shelved walnut bracket of books, while the fourth was empty. I pondered a long time what to fill it with; at last I received an inspiration one day while busy over the wash-tub, which I proceeded to carry out the first leisure afternoon. I took my last summer's hat, which was white clip, and with it made a handled basket, filled it with ferns and gay zephyr flowers of all shades and colors, and hung it in the vacant corner; had some lovely ferns about a foot and a half long, some a bright green, the others a golden bronze; fastened them in the edge of the basket, letting them droop down. Every one admires the fern basket more than anything in the parlor. I press my ferns in a large country atlas, gather them any time in the year; for we have many kinds which remain fresh and green all winter. Fred brought me a handful from the woods the other day which have been covered with snow for several weeks. I use the dainty creations everywhere, in bedroom, parlor, kitchen, over curtains, under and over picture-frames, in bouquets and to ornament all kinds of fancy work. Do any of you know how useful the pretty moss which we call fern moss can be made. It grows in sheets, on old logs especially, where the woods are swampy; each separate stem is like a miniature fern. We have been making frames for pictures and mottoes in the sitting-room. Fred makes the frames of plastering lath, while I sew the moss on pasteboard, then tack it on the frames. Our corner book-case Fred made of two boards sawed to fit the corner, and a straight edge in front, one smaller than the other, with holes bored in the corners and hung up with scarlet cord; then I made lambrequins of brown paper, the lower one with one point in the centre, the upper with points at the sides, sewed on moss, tacked them fast, put a small bunch of moss on the nail where they were

hung, stuck in three waving ferns, and it looks pretty and woodsy. Crosses and anchors are pretty made of this moss, also wreaths; a few scarlet berries mixed with it look well. I have been wishing this moss was strong enough for door-mats. Wouldn't it be lovely? And that brings me to rugs. I will tell you how I made two: for a foundation I took a pair of Fred's old pants—the cloth was dark gray—cleaned and darned them nicely, made them as long as the doors are wide, and about fifteen inches wide, for the first one. Had some black and scarlet plaid braid from an old dress; set one row around the mat about half an inch from the edge, first clipping off the square corners, another row an inch inside of that. With chalk printed in large letters the word "Welcome" in the centre of the mat; sewed on the letters with braid; for a border took a long strip of the cloth, cut it in three-cornered notches, then a strip of scarlet flannel, cut it the same way, only half an inch smaller; laid the flannel on the cloth, fastened both to the mat, lined it, and it was finished. For the other mat bound the edge two inches wide with brown cloth; cut out one large rabbit and two small ones from the brown cloth; put the large one in the centre of the mat, the small ones across the lower corners with their heads toward the large one; cut out about a dozen leaves after a beech leaf, laid them on in groups and singly to fill the vacant places, sewed all down securely, sewed black eyes on for all the rabbits; also made two rabbits of white canton flannel, stuffed them with bran, lined their ears and made their eyes of pink silk, placed them on a green sea-foam mat, and they look 'cute as life. If any of the CABINET readers would like the pattern for these rabbits, which can also be enlarged for a rug, and send their address and five cents to me, I will send it to them. Last fall when we brought our wood-box in the house it looked so shabby on the new rag carpet that I soon had it nicely papered inside and out. But I found that to keep it nice it must be newly papered every two weeks at least, so I sent Fred to the store for two yards of paper muslin, dark gray or brown; he soon returned with the gray, which I tacked to the box with "silver" headed carpet tacks, and now as spring days are drawing on it still holds out. I made a common lamp-mat, to take the place of an elaborate one which dare not be spoiled, of a square of green flannel lined with paper muslin, with white zephyr chain-stitched a striped border half an inch from the edge. Worked my husband's initials in the centre, also with white zephyr; it is soiled now, but I can soon make another. I close these many items, hoping they will benefit some of the many CABINET readers as much as I have been benefited by its pages, knowing also that even the humblest can take at least one hint. And now one word to the writers: let us have some more letters to the young housekeepers as we had in 1875 and '76. I am only a beginner, and in reading over the old numbers of the CABINET have found several letters which seemed to be especially written by some dear old friend for my especial benefit. This is only my second year of housekeeping, so I read everything on the subject I can find, for I intend to belong to the class of "splendid housekeepers." MOLLIE C. HARPST.

BENTON RIDGE, HANCOCK CO., O.

Household Art.

PICTURE-FRAMES AND FANCY ARTICLES.

MANY different styles of picture-frames have been described in the FLORAL CABINET, and I have made them in various ways, but I prefer a frame made of moulding to any other; and they can be made very cheaply in the way that we make them. We buy the moulding, of whatever style or width we wish, several feet at a time, and make up the frames at home. It requires some practice to do this work nicely, but it can be done with care, and I never think now of getting pictures framed in any other way. The cost is not more than half what it would be to buy frames ready made. For large pictures I get thin board for the backs, but for small ones I use pasteboard. A glass-cutter is very useful in framing small pictures, as larger glasses that have been broken can be utilized for them. I always prefer to have a glass over a picture, to protect them from flies and dust. I have framed some small pictures lately with brown walnut-colored paper. This is very easy, and may be done in a few minutes. I have the glass, picture, and a piece of pasteboard all cut the same size. I sew two loops of tape to the back of the pasteboard in the proper places to pass a cord through to hang it by. Next I place the picture, glass, and pasteboard in their relative positions, and glue a strip of new muslin, an inch or more in width, carefully over the edges of the pieces, fastening them securely together. I let it dry a little; then, having the brown paper cut into strips the proper width to cover the edge and lay an inch wide around the picture, I paste it on carefully. After it is thoroughly dry I give it two coats of Demar varnish, about two days apart. These picture-frames look very neat. If the picture has no margin to allow for what will be covered by the paper, the glass can be cut an inch larger all round than the picture, and the picture secured in place by fastening it to the pasteboard back with a little paste. None but light pictures, or those with a white margin, should be framed with anything so dark as this, as they look too dull.

I have made frames of straws and splints, first binding the glass, picture, and back together in the way I have described. I follow the same rule with regard to light and dark pictures; in framing large ones with moulding, selecting gilt moulding for dark pictures, and black or walnut for light ones. The width of the moulding must always depend on the size of the picture, being selected wide or narrow according as the picture is large or small. This depends somewhat, too, on the character of the picture, landscapes or photographs requiring a heavier frame than a picture composed of flowers and foliage.

I have lately seen a beautiful photograph frame made of black perforated card and embroidered with yellow floss silk. It was five and a half inches wide and nine and a half inches long in the middle, the sides being two inches shorter at the top. The middle piece is five inches long and three and a half wide. It is embroidered around the opening with single stitch, and a scroll pattern is worked in each corner with the same stitch. It is fastened to the larger piece on three sides, the top being left open to put the picture in. After the embroidery is finished it is cut out all around the edge in the row of holes outside of those that are worked. As the frame is very light, a pin is sufficient to fasten it to the wall.

A tidy and cushion that I have just been making for a large rocking-chair have been much admired. The foundation for both was knit of scarlet wool, Afghan stitch. The cushion has square corners, but is rounded in front the same shape as the chair seat. The tidy is octagon shape. The cushion was embroidered with a pattern of lilies, and a strip three inches wide was knit of scarlet wool and embroidered with the Roman key pattern in black, to put around it. This is joined to the cushion at top and bottom with black. The tidy was worked with a pattern of honeysuckles, crocheted around the edge with black, and a black fringe looped in.

Crocheting has almost superseded knitting, but for some uses, as for wrist-warmers, I prefer the old-fashioned stitch. A necklace that I knit last winter has proved very soft and warm in wearing. I knit it of brown chinchilla zephyr, on bone needles, with the stitch called patent knitting, which is the softest of any way of knitting that I know of. I will describe the stitch, as it may not be as well known as it was in the days of our grandmothers. Have an even number of stitches; for the necklace I speak of I used thirty-six stitches. Put the wool before the needle, and take up the first stitch as for seam stitch, and slip off without knitting. Then, still keeping the wool before the needle, take up the next stitch and knit it with the loop that is made by the wool round the needle, making a double stitch, as one stitch in ordinary knitting. Bring the wool forward again, and continue as before, every two stitches being knit the same way. I knit the necklace just a yard long, and finished the ends with nine crocheted rows of the same shade of plain brown zephyr, and looped in a fringe of chinchilla.

Some years ago there came into my possession a half yard of handsome Brussels carpet. I kept it for some time and considered whether to make a mat a chair-seat, or a pair of stools of it, and finally decided that I did not need any of these, but that I did need a satchel, and the piece of carpet was just the size to make one. I got drilling to line it with, and, after cutting it to fit, I added a piece on one side for a pocket. I fastened a strip of thin wood at top and bottom, between the outside and the lining, to stiffen it and keep it in shape; the top piece I made one inch wide, and the bottom one three inches. Four large brass-headed nails, such as are used in trunks, were driven into the bottom piece from the outside, and the nails flattened on the inside. This makes a flat, substantial bottom to the satchel. In fastening the pieces in place for the top and bottom I allowed about four inches over, on one side, for a flap, so that it should fasten on the front side. A piece of morocco was sewed into each side, which was three inches wide at the bottom and sloped off before reaching the top, to give the bag a proper shape, as I had only the straight piece of carpet to work with. The seams and edges were all finished with a narrow crimson cord; crimson-covered buttons were put on the front, and loops of the cord to fasten it with. A heavier cord, doubled three times, and twisted so as to make a solid round cord, was fastened securely at the upper corners for a handle. So, with only a few cents expense, I had a handsome satchel, both useful and ornamental when anything larger than a cabba is needed in travelling.

I made a pincushion this winter for a wedding present, which was pronounced beautiful. It was made of blue velvet and ornamented with clear and chalk beads. The cushion was made just a quarter of a yard square, as it was intended to stand on a bureau. The design was partly copied from an old magazine, and part I arranged myself. In the centre I made a cluster of flowers, a rose, made wholly of clear beads, with leaves of chalk beads, and two

or three smaller flowers. In each corner I made a large flower, and ran a simple pattern of small flowers and leaves from one of these to another. The middle design I drew on tissue paper and tacked on. For the flowers that were to be made of clear beads I cut white paper the exact size and shape that the flower was to be, and tacked it in place, and covered with the beads. The leaves and stems were made entirely of chalk beads. After the bead-work was finished I cut a stout bag the same size and stuffed it tightly with bran, and put the outside on, making the under side of blue chintz. The seam was covered with chalk beads sewed slanting-wise across the seam, three at a time, and a deep fringe was made of alternate loops of clear and chalk beads, looped into each other.

AMARANTH.

HOME ORNAMENTS.

AMONG a little group of pictures is a bracket, which is easily made. Get strong pasteboard, mark upon it a pattern from any bracket, cut it out with a sharp knife, sew the pieces together, and then paint to imitate dark wood. Above the same group is an anchor made of autumn leaves, which I gathered in the golden October days, and pressed with a moderately hot iron on which beeswax had been rubbed, and then fastened on to a pasteboard foundation cut in the form of an anchor.

A neat frame for an engraving or photograph is made by taking a glass the size of the picture you wish to frame, and pasting around the edges a strip of black glazed paper, any width you wish, binding the glass and picture together. Before framing make a loop on each side of the picture with a needle and strong thread, by which to hang it.

A little gem may be made by taking a pasteboard box, about a foot square and two inches deep; line with black velvet; arrange in it a bouquet of skeletonized leaves. Get a mat and glass to fit over the box; paste on the sides black paper, allowing a strip about half an inch in width to come over the glass, thus forming a frame and keeping the glass in its place.

The Tradescantia I consider invaluable, it patiently endures so much ill treatment, and flourishes almost anywhere you put it. I have vases of it on brackets scattered all over the room, and bottles of water, in which it is growing, hanging behind a number of the pictures.

A pretty ornament for a bracket is a cross made of wood, fastened to a block for a foundation, and the whole covered with the gray lichen. Arrange autumn leaves, ferns, and the scarlet berry of the bitter-sweet around the base, and a vine made of tiny leaves and the berries over the arms of the cross.

We are all fond of rocking-chairs, and so have them in abundance. On one is a tidy similar to the daisy tidy, only it is made of black calico. Cut circular pieces of black calico about three inches in diameter; turn in the edges, and gather with a strong thread; draw it as tight as possible, and fasten. Make within the gathers several short loops of scarlet zephyr, then cut them. You will now have a black wheel with a scarlet tuft in the centre. Make eighty-one of these, sew them together, and finish with a border of scarlet.

Take a piece of perforated card-board, about five inches long and four inches wide. Work a border around the edge of scarlet zephyr, and within the border the words "Scratch my Back." Cut a piece of sandpaper the same size as the card-board, and bind them together with narrow scarlet ribbon. Make a cord of the zephyr, and fasten it to two of the corners, and hang beneath your match-safe, and you will have a pretty little arrangement on which to strike your matches.

Household Elegancies.

CORNER SHELVES WITH CONE BORDER.

MATERIALS, fir-cones, acorns, chestnuts, and two flat pieces of wood, pasteboard, marble-paper, glue, and brown cord. These hanging shelves consists of two flat pieces of wood cut in a rectangular form, having two straight sides, and rounded off in the point. The upper surface of each shelf is covered with brown marble-paper, which also must be gummed over each edge. Thick pasteboard must be glued on the front edge, rounded with quite a point in the front; then cover with marble-paper. When the glue is quite dry, and holes are bored in the back, middle, and in each corner of the sides, commence the cone-work as follows: Procure some very large, well-grown fir-cones, and take off the brown scales and cut them so they all measure a third of an inch in length; the first line is placed round the outer edge of the pasteboard, the scales extending a little beyond; fasten firmly with glue—the first and second lines are arranged according to taste—then fasten on pieces of shells, of fir-cones, acorns, or anything fancy may dictate on the border, until the design fancy dictates is complete. Some use small acorns and cones, and merely put them on in a scroll form. We think that it is prettier not to have the borders alike, as there is too much exactness. The under shelf has, in the middle, large cones on both sides, single chestnuts, with beach-nut shells be-

tween them like pretty flowers. Each separate part must be well glued. Select very fine and even cones for tassels—two with which to hang it by, and one from each point. When the whole is finished and quite dry, take a fine brush and paint the work all over with nice furniture varnish.



FLORAL DECORATIONS FOR PICTURE FRAME.

TAPER-HOLDERS.

TAKE a piece of perforated cardboard six inches square; work the edge with split zephyr in button-hole stitch; take one space, then two, then three, then four; reverse the number of stitches, which will form a pointed scallop. Work any pretty vine or pattern you like inside the scallops; paste a bright scrap-picture in the centre of each; sew the two edges together with zephyr, so as to form a cornucopia; take a piece of silver lining-paper five and three-quarter inches square, wrap around your hand in the same form; slip in the holder; finish with cord and tassel in front and at the top point to hang by.

Another I made which I think pretty, odd, and durable. Not being able to draw a boot, I cut the picture of one from an old shoe-box, enlarged it some, and used it as my pattern. By it I cut two

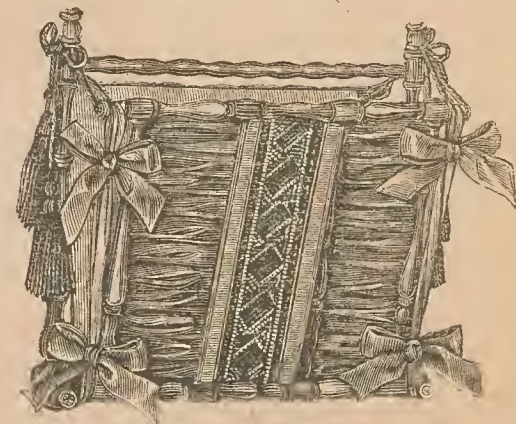
pieces of cardboard; I made a break in each from the top, through the middle of the leg, to about one and a half inches from the sole, then straight across to the end of the toe, and back diagonally to the top of the heel. This is to give a rounded appearance to the article when finished, and must be done before they are covered. Now cut from silk, or any cloth you choose to use, a piece a seam larger; baste nicely

each to place; turn over the seam; cut another reaching only to the ankle for a lining; baste to place; overseam the top edges only of each piece; baste a narrow piping of black cloth from the heel to the toe on one piece only; cover the heel with black cloth, both pieces; on one piece only work in chain-stitch a row of scallops to represent side-lacing; tack a common jet bead in the centre of each scallop to imitate a button; lay the two pieces together, and overseam all around except where the piping runs across the bottom of the boot; sew it through and through (the piping imitates the sole of the boot). Now fill the foot of the boot with raw cotton or bits of cloth, to give a round appearance; tack a loop of narrow ribbon to the top at the back to hang up by; fill with tapers. Mine measures, the foot six inches long, the length of leg seven inches. JENNIE.

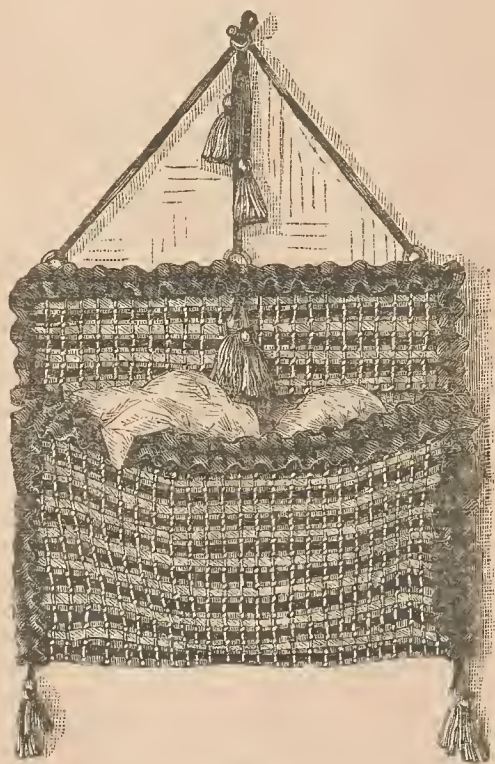
NEEDLE-BOOK.

MATERIALS, white cardboard, pink silk paper, white flannel, and narrow pink ribbon. This needle-book is cut in two pieces of white cardboard, exactly similar in size. The one I intend to describe is oval in shape. Cut in small scallops round the edge, then take a needle (about a five in number) and prick at even distance all round the edge, and then take a darning-needle and prick another row; then take the five needle and prick round again; then put a small scroll pattern in the middle,

and prick that all round with the darning-needle. When both covers are pricked they are lined with pink paper. Cut the leaves for the needle-book out of the white flannel, pink all round, and fasten to the cover; tie the covers together with pink ribbon, very narrow. These are very pretty for fairs.



EMBROIDERED WALL-POCKET.



HOME-MADE WALL-POCKET.

Hireside Reading.

MY LITTLE WIFE AND I.

We are travelling o'er life's road together,
My little wife and I;
We are happy in fair and stormy weather,
My little wife and I.

The reason why is very plain,
There's nothing queer about it:
We never give each other pain
When we can do without it.

We have toiled o'er many a road
most dreary,
My little wife and I;
But our hearts were light when our
feet were weary,
My little wife and I.

The reason why we journeyed on,
Since hand-in-hand we started:
We ne'er had seen the battle won
By those who were faint-heart-
ed.

Though our home be plain, that
never teazes
My little wife and I;
Though a humble cot, right well it
pleases
My little wife and I.
The reason why we are content:
We do not fear to labor,
And though in toil our time is
spent,
We envy not our neighbor.

We never dream of ill for the mor-
row,
My little wife and I;
But take what may come, be it joy
or sorrow,
My little wife and I.
The reason why we do not fret,
And you'd do well to try it:
We ne'er have found a person yet
That was a gainer by it.
—C. H. C., in *Domestic Monthly*.

WALL-POCKET.

I WANTED a paper-holder, or wall-pocket, strong enough to hold a pretty good supply of papers, and not, like some of our neighbors', only made to look at. I had a handkerchief-box about twelve inches square, with a pretty chromo on the centre of the cover; sewed the box together at the bottom of the chromo through the narrow side pieces, which I left over both the lid and the box; made holes in the sides at equal distances from each other; took scarlet, began at the bottom, laced the sides together, letting the top spread apart three or four inches; tied the cord and attached tassels to the ends of the cord; hung it up with four long cords and two tassels. Another I

made of two pieces of pasteboard twelve by eighteen inches, two triangular pieces twelve inches long, three wide at the top and the other sloped to a point. Covered all the pieces with gray paper muslin; threaded a darning needle with scarlet yarn, and cross-stitched the pieces together; in the centre of the front tacked the chromo "Autumn Leaves" which I received with the CABINET two years ago; hung it to the wall with cord and tassels.



LEARNING WISDOM.

LET THEM HEAR IT.

"I THINK my boy has a genius for music," said a mother, "but I never let him know I think so. I dread to see a child grow conceited. And Kitty is really pretty, you know, but I never let her guess we do not think her plain. I believe that to be my duty. We mustn't make young people think too much of themselves."

Now, I doubt whether that mother was quite right; although, of course, when people, young or old, think

too much of themselves they are very provoking; there is no doubt of that. A woman who obstinately will believe herself pretty and attractive is a constant aggravation to those dear friends of hers who desire that she shall think herself at least comparatively plain and unpleasing; while nothing is more unendurable to most men than another man who thinks himself peculiarly brilliant. But whatever one does some one will be dissatisfied, and, in my

humble opinion, it is better to think too much than too little of one's self. The best gift a fairy godmother could give a child would be the power of being perfectly self-contented. As a general thing, those who really have much to be proud of are by no means the most entirely contented with themselves; but ah! how much happier is the dunce who thinks himself a genius than the genius who doubts his own powers; the ugly woman who believes herself a beauty than the beauty who thinks herself plain. And to be happy is so much!

I doubt if the old-fashioned style of refraining from all praise and never alluding to a beauty or a grace, while all faults of mind and person were pointed out and commented on, was a good thing; it made sensitive people too wretched. For my part I should do everything I justly and reasonably could to make a boy satisfied with himself. I should teach a girl to dress becomingly, to be graceful, and to feel that there was no reason why love or admiration should not be hers. Many plain old maids are plain old maids simply because it was impressed upon their minds in early youth that they were hopelessly unattractive; and you and I have seen women set down as homely who have suddenly brightened up and somehow made themselves handsome after the years when most people fade. A little hope had crept into their hearts with a word of compliment or a becoming dress, and changed their lives completely.

As for a man, he will never do anything until he thinks he *can* do it. He will not make efforts that he fancies will be failures. Praise the boy for whatever he does well. Praise is so sweet, and to some it is the only incentive to effort. You have no hesitation in finding fault, and if blame is needed, don't restrain it; but if you have a word of praise to give, remember that it may lend its sunshine to all the years that are to come, and *let your children hear it*—not whisper it behind their backs.—*Mary Kyle Dallas in New York Ledger*.

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THE LADIES' DOMESTIC ARTIST

By HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

NEW YORK, MARCH, 1879.

No. 87. PRICE 12 CENTS.

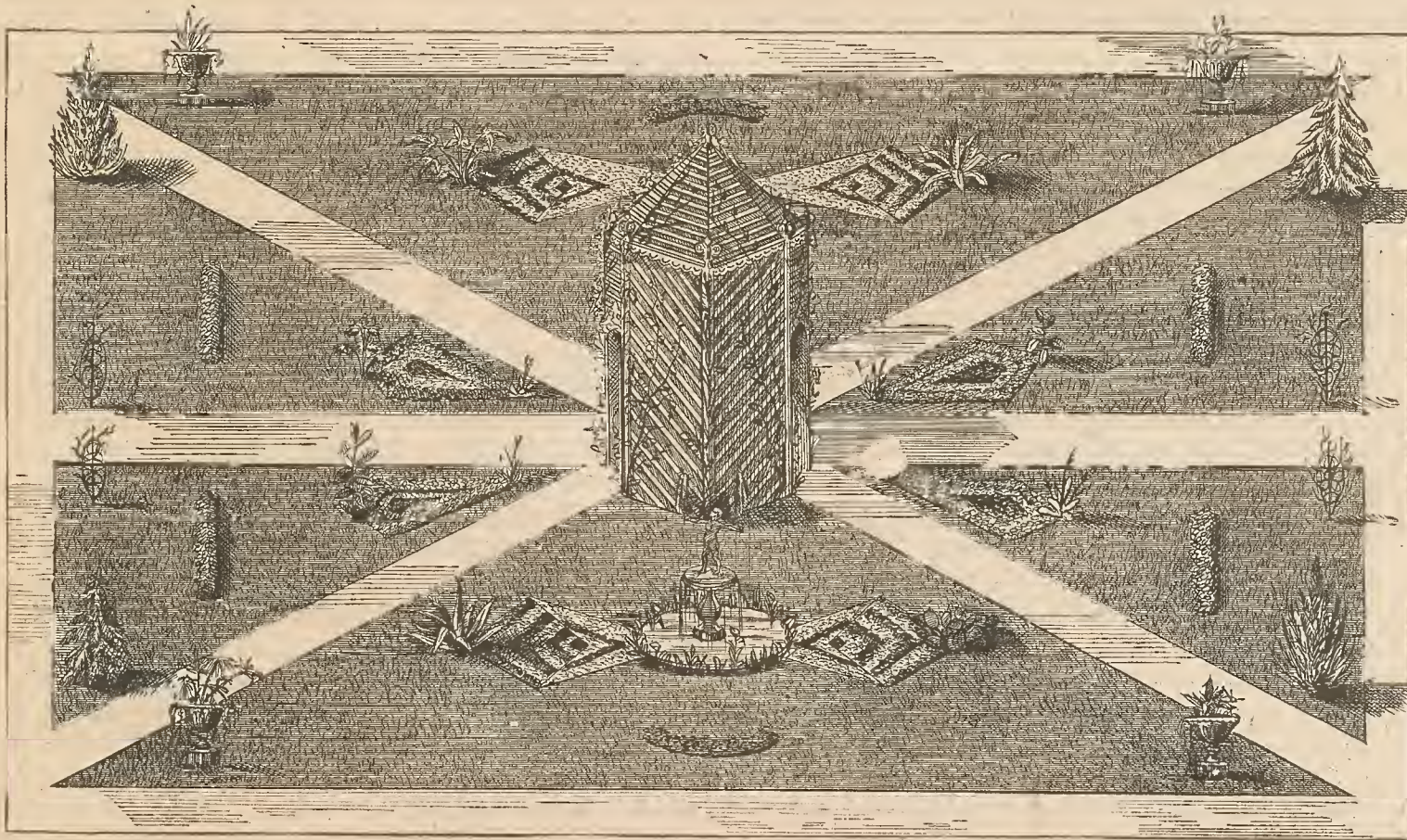
DESIGN FOR FLOWER-GARDEN.

This flower-garden occupies the yard between two houses, the six walks running up to the summer-house, and entering each by a separate door. The summer-house is made of lattice-work, and covered

Near the ends of the middle walks are racks with choice vases, and between them and the pointed beds are long, narrow beds containing Philox, Candy-tuft, and Verbenas and Salvias. The fountain in the front has a figure holding out two Lilies, from which come jets of water. Around the edge of the fountain

LAMP-SHADES.

I HAVE before me a pair of perforated lamp-shades. Cut the shades of white cardboard (an old shade serving for pattern); after getting a true shape lay it upon a smooth lapboard; then at regular intervals



DESIGN FOR A FLOWER GARDEN.

with Trumpet-vine and Honeysuckle. The flower-beds are laid out according to the design, each having a large foliage plant at each end, such as Century Plants, Cannas, etc. The beds contain rows of Dusty Miller, dark red Coleus, and light green arranged in fancy designs. The urns near the four corners of the yard contain vines of Wandering Jew, Parlor Ivy, and Begonias. The urns are earthenware.

are pots containing water-plants. In front of the fountain is a small bed, almost a semicircle, containing Pansies. Near the four corners of the yard are small Arbor Vitæ.

Flies.—Flies do not in general injure house-plants, but any fly, friendly or deadly, may be removed by liberally sprinkling weakened ammonia-water.

place some pretty pattern (I used embroidery patterns); then with a good-sized needle prick the whole design before removing the pattern; then make up with the rough side out. I paste them in shape, then wire and bind the edges with glazed paper, cut quite narrow and pinked on each edge. When placed upon the lamp, every part of the design shows beautifully. *

Floral Contributions.

IMPROVING A HOME.

THERE could hardly have been found a more unpromising condition of house and grounds out of which to make a beautiful home than that with which we began ten years ago. The place had been rented for several years and the ground was worked down very poor. Fences were down, gates off their hinges, a bush thicket grew almost to the door, and the out-buildings were very poor and insufficient. The house was not old, but appeared so; was roughly weather-boarded, and coated with a yellow wash. We were upwards of half a dozen in family, of which the larger half were children. We had not money to spare for improvements, but were obliged to depend wholly on our own labor and ingenuity for every advancement in this respect. But this place was destined to be our home, and we meant it should before long have a homelike look. There were some natural advantages in the situation of the house; it stood a nice distance from the road, near enough to be enlivened with the continual travel, but far enough from it to escape all dust and noise, and elevated enough to be always dry. A lawn had been laid out from the house to the road, but it was surrounded with a rough, stumpy thorn hedge, and nothing was growing on it but grass, and but little of that. A fine old tree stood at the bottom of the lawn, and under its shade was a spring from which all the water must be carried for household use. Another stately old tree, the oldest inhabitant of the neighborhood, stood nearer the house, but it and the lawn were both shut away from the house by a high white-washed paling fence. Another smaller tree stood in the yard, but directly before the front door. A large garden was laid out at the south side of the house, and this was also shut off by a high fence. The road-way to the back buildings runs by the north side of the house (the house faces to the east). The first year after it came into our possession we built a neat porch along the front, which was straight and bare, and had the tree cut down and the stump cut entirely away, which stood in front of the door, and another tree planted opposite the large one which stood near the house. Around this second tree a drive was afterwards made. After this improvements came slowly, but gradually and a little at a time we have evolved order out of chaos. The hedge around the lawn gave way to a neat board fence at one side, and at the bottom and at the other side a trellis of grape-vines separates it from a field adjoining. A well was made and a good pump put in, within a few steps of the kitchen door, and the spring at the bottom of the lawn was filled with rubbish and stones in the bottom, and earth filled in on top. For some years we cultivated our flowers in borders around the front yard. Along the porch we always planted vines and run them to the top with cords. Outside of these vines we planted our dahlias. On each side of the porch steps a climbing monthly rose was planted, and trellises made of two light posts with wire fastened across were put up to run them on. At the corner posts woodbines were

planted. A grape-vine was planted at the southern corner of the house and trained over the whole south side, being fastened in place with iron staples. The lawn was ploughed up and cultivated for some years, and then sowed with grass. Half a dozen evergreens of different kinds were planted about on it. A rustic seat was made of cedar limbs and set under the large tree near the house, and the paling fence surrounding the house was all removed, except a few feet at the back of the house, where it joined the garden, which was left to shut out the chickens. This made the house to open directly to the lawn in front and to the garden on the south side. Then we moved all our flowers to the south side of the house, and to the garden, except those that were planted by the porch. We have always made choice of Madeira vines for our climbers; they are such neat vines and rapid growers, and late in the season the whole air is sweet with their bloom. The roots are taken up before danger of freezing and can be kept as easily as potatoes. We have Cypress vines, Morning-glories, and other climbers in the garden, but the Madeira vine keeps its place in front. A Wistaria is growing over a trellis near the border fence of the lawn, a few feet from the house. On the south side of the house the whole ground is given over to flower-beds, flowering shrubs, beds of bulbs, which later in the season are brilliant with double Portulacas, Phlox, Lady-slippers, Geraniums, etc. Further off are round beds having a centre of Ricinus, or a ring of Cypress or Ipomeas, or made wholly of Cannas or Dahlias; Lilies, Peonias, and other perennials have their appropriate places where they need not be disturbed. Our flower-beds have gradually encroached upon the garden, while the garden-truck has been from year to year consigned to the fields, planted in long rows, and cultivated with horse, instead of man or (woman) labor. I have mentioned our filling up the spring; but the ground all around it was wet and collected water, and after awhile we dug out a small pond in the corner of the fence, making a neat sloping bank, and planted water-lilies in it, and a willow-tree on the edge. The pond is always full of water and the lilies bloom beautifully all summer.

So far I have spoken only of out-door improvements, and these were for the most part planned and executed by the women of the family. Perhaps a few hints of some of the indoor improvements may not be out of place. Most of these were of woman's planning also, and it seems to me that the planning of houses, the arrangement of rooms and closets, is work that belongs especially to women, and that they, as a general thing, are more capable of doing it than men. They know better what they want, and how to economize space and arrange stairways and cupboards, pantries and shelves, so as to be most convenient and save the most steps.

The house as originally built had three rooms on the ground-floor, parlor, sitting-room and kitchen, all in a row and all opening on the front porch. When we were ready to build, we tore away the kitchen and moved it back of the house and rebuilt it as a wood-house. We extended two rooms back from the sitting-room, one to be used as a dining-room and the other as a kitchen. Then we built a wide

porch along the whole north side. The pump stands on it, within a few feet of the kitchen door. In the old plan a narrow, crooked stairway went up from the sitting-room, and this was the only one in the house. We tore this entirely out, making a window where it had been below, and a closet in the room above. A wide, straight stair was built between the old and new rooms, and a window made at the top, which was furnished at the top with a white muslin shade. A narrow stairway was also built to go up from the kitchen. We papered all the other rooms and stairways, but left the dining-room and kitchen walls to be painted. All the wood-work in the house with these exceptions was painted white, and the wall-papers selected were all light, with the borders the color that we wished to be the prevailing color in the room. Thus, the parlor border is crimson; the sitting-room green; the best bedroom crimson; another bedroom green; and another one pink. We are all dark, so we cannot indulge in blue rooms. The wood-work of the dining-room was a handsomely grained wood, so it was simply oiled with two coats of linseed-oil and varnished. The walls and ceiling were painted with umber. The kitchen was painted, doors, floor, and wood-work with ochre, and the walls and ceiling with umber. A large closet was made in the kitchen under the stairway; a meal-chest was built inside, with different compartments for flour, meal, etc. Along one side of the kitchen, near the ceiling, a narrow strip of wood was nailed, which was set with hooks for the hats, coats, and other belongings of the men-folks which were in every-day use. When remodelling the sitting-room we built a bookcase on each side of the chimney. They reach to the ceiling, a cupboard being made in the lower part of each, with a separate door from the bookcase, which has glass doors. Over our front door there was a transom-light made of three small panes of glass. I had the glass taken out and the dividing sash cut away, and procured a glass the size to fill the whole. This I drew a pretty design on, and painted the whole glass outside of the pattern with scarlet lake; the design was left clear.

I have tried to tell you how unpromising the situation was to begin with, and how improvements were made. Now almost every visitor says, What a beautiful home you have! AMARANTH.

MY EXPERIENCE IN PLANT-CULTURE.

I ALWAYS recognized the necessity of showering my plants, and nothing pleased me more than their refreshed appearance after having been treated to their weekly bath; so, every Saturday morning I used to remove them to the lawn, when the weather would permit, or to the kitchen when too cold, place them in a large tub, fill the tin watering-can with tepid water, and swing that heavy weight over the plants till they were thoroughly showered; then carry them back to their quarters to remain during the next week. Thus, fairly tired, I could not help wishing that dust would not collect on them, and that their good health did not depend so much upon the amount of water sprinkled upon their surfaces, and would almost resolve not to make such a martyr of

myself for those plants; but, of course, when the week rolled round, and they seemed to beseech me to give them their bath, I would forget my wishes and resolves, and begin with vigor that which invariably ended in fatigue.

Year by year my number of plants increased, for, besides my old favorites, I always delighted, as every one does, in something new; so that, instead of the meagre collection with which I started, my two-year-old bay-window, which, by the way, is a large one, contains more than a hundred plants. It finally became obvious that something must be done to prevent the necessity of carrying so many plants to and from the window to receive their bath. Looking over the Floral Catalogues, I saw advertisements of plant-sprinklers of various sorts, and I finally decided to purchase the *Elastic* plant-sprinkler, and accordingly sent for it. It was somewhat smaller than I had imagined it would be, but, notwithstanding that, I am perfectly satisfied with it. Indeed, I consider it quite indispensable for the purpose. My plants now get daily showers instead of weekly ones, for every morning, after I have given water to the soil in each jar, I collapse the sprinkler in part of a pail of tepid water which has been previously brought into the window, and as soon as it fills, which it does rapidly, the plants are treated to a miniature rain-storm of a mild nature. I usually fill the sprinkler five or six times in succession. The window is filled with a spray which washes the air and gives it the proper amount of moisture. The plants appear beautiful in the morning sun, dripping from both the upper and under sides of every leaf and stem, and thus they always present a fresh, clean appearance. The red spider never appears among my plants, owing to the moist atmosphere occasioned by the daily showers. The aphid has not appeared upon any plant except a pot of Verbenas. As soon as I discovered its presence, I immersed the pot, plant and all, in a large pail of quite warm water and allowed it to remain under water fifteen or twenty minutes, until every insect was drowned. I repeated the process two days later, and have not seen an aphid since. I believe this is the very best way to free a plant which has become infested with insects. Verbenas, Roses, and German Ivy are peculiarly subject to the attacks of the aphid, but my rose-bush and German Ivy have escaped its attack since the advent of the sprinkler.

I believe this shower is fully as beneficial to plants in hanging baskets as immersion is. My Maurandia, Kenilworth Ivy, Othonna, Lobelias, Oxalis, Tradescantias, Smilax, and Madeira vines, climbers and trailers, never looked better. The showering which used to be such drudgery is now mere play and a pastime, since I have the conveniences to work with. The water which falls upon the oil-cloth and wood-work can be easily removed with a clean cloth. I intend that the inside woodwork of the window shall be repainted every summer.

Those beautiful and oftentimes large English Ivies which we frequently see, when covered with dust are truly objects of pity. The larger they are the more work it generally is to keep them clean, unless one uses a patent carpet-sweeper. I consider this one of the indispensables, as it confines the dust to

itself during the process of sweeping, and prevents its smothering the plants. My English Ivy is in the bay-window, and no plant appears to enjoy its daily showers more than it does. I would rather expend four dollars and a half in a carpet-sweeper and plant-sprinkler than in all the fancy-painted flower-pots that sum would buy. I believe that unpainted flower-pots are better for the plants.

My Heliotrope has blossomed constantly ever since last fall. Not a day has passed this winter without at least half a dozen varieties of my plants being in blossom, and usually many more, though none have been so constant as the Heliotrope. Those which have rewarded me with blossoms during the winter are Ageratum, Abutilon, Cuphea, Chinese Primroses, Oxalis, Cyclamen, Calla Lily, Lobelia, Sweet Alyssum, Ten Weeks Stock, Othonna, Pinks, Virginian Stock, Hyacinth, and two Geraniums. All these are in blossom at present, and now several other Geraniums, Begonias, Fuchsias, a Pelargonium, single and double Petunias, and Verbenas are in bud and coming into blossom, to add their color and fragrance to the others. Several yards of Madeira vine are twined and festooned about my window. The root grows in my window-garden box, where it flourishes much better than it does in a jar. I cut down the vine every summer. My three varieties of single Petunia and all the varieties of Tradescantia grow in the same box, and, like the Madeira Vine, flourish better there than anywhere else. I have found by experience that Geraniums will not blossom in the box until May or June, as the roots could not be sufficiently bound in that large amount of soil, so I grow them in four and five inch jars, and they blossom nicely from the last of January till they are removed to the flower-beds. I have one clump of thirteen Geraniums growing in a rustic pail, and they make a fine appearance.

I raised my Primroses from seed. I was careful not to allow any water to touch the leaflets while they were small, and during that period they were kept under glass. I have never given them any stimulants whatever, and they are fine specimens. I give my other plants, including the English Ivy and Cacti, a stimulant once a week. Sometimes I put two or three drops of ammonia into their shower bath. One week I give them weak soot tea, another week a weak solution of hen manure and water. Fuchsias and Verbenas rejoice in this, and both require a very rich soil. Heliotrope does not like this fertilizer. Another fertilizer that I use and like very much is composed of sulphate of ammonia, white sugar, saltpetre, and water. The directions for making it can be found in Mr. Williams' book on "Window Gardening," and also in THE CABINET of January, 1877.

All my plants have charcoal drainage. With all my care in giving them light, air, good soil, drainage, and other nourishment, all essential, still I regard nothing of more importance than the daily showers they receive. Clean foliage, clean pots, and clean saucers are as essential to the well-being of plants as clean skin and clean clothing to persons.

Last March I received a bulb of the "Pearl Tuberosa." After planting it in rich soil in a five-inch pot, and pouring warm water on the soil, I covered it with a small goblet and placed it upon a cast-iron

shelf surrounding the stove-pipe, so that the bulb might have bottom heat. As I had the shelf removed from the kitchen stove to the sitting-room coal-stove the heat was constant. While the shelf remained on the coal-stove I made use of it in starting slips, seeds, and small Cactus plants, keeping all under glass. The soil surrounding the Tuberosa bulb was kept continually moist. In less than a week the bulb had sprouted, and it became necessary to substitute a large goblet for the small one, as the leaves were beginning to crowd against the glass. In a day or two after it was necessary to substitute a quart glass can for the large goblet, and finally a two-quart can. In a very few days the leaves were so large and long it was necessary to remove the glass covering, and place the plant in the window. There it continued to grow rapidly. It was placed in the garden in June, and before the middle of July it supported a spike of magnificent double blossoms.

A bulb of the same kind which I treated the year previous, without giving continuous bottom heat and moisture, did not reward me with blossoms until the first of October last year, and then it developed into single blossoms. I had it carefully taken out of the open ground while it was in bud (fearing it would be killed with frost if allowed to remain longer in the ground) and brought into the bay-window, where it blossomed for some time. If Tuberosa bulbs are properly treated in the start they are sure to reward you for any extra care you may bestow upon them.

It is not so much what we do not know about plants and their needs, as it is the little things we neglect to do, that materially affects our management.

E. S. P.

Hints for the Garden.—I think my favorites among all the flowers are the Pansies; they have such queer faces, that seem to nod and wink at you in a very mysterious way, as if they had some important secrets to tell. If planted at the same time as other annuals they will blossom freely in the fall, and live under the snow all winter, waking up bright and early in the spring, ready to bloom all summer. My treatment of Pansies is much the same as for other plants, save that I use a great deal of leaf-mould about them; the decaying soil of the woods seems just suited to their wants.

If there is a shady corner in the garden you may plant there Whitlavia, with its delicate purple and white bells, and lovely Nemophilas, for these plants cannot bear the direct rays of the sun; if the corner is damp and shady enough you may have a little fernery. Go to the woods and take up all kinds of ferns and mosses, set them carefully, give them a thorough sprinkling, and they will grow without further care. I would not wonder if soon you preferred this cool, green bit of the forest to the brilliant flower-pots.

Hanging baskets should be started in July or August. The best drooping basket plant that I know of is Nepeta Glecoma, or Gill-over-the-ground.

My basket last year was filled with this, Coliseum Ivy, Tradescantia, and Lobelia, with Madeira vines to climb up the handles. It was not started till September; but in April the vines of Nepeta had grown eight feet in length, and trailed on the floor.

Moral Arduities.

A CHAPTER FROM DOLLY'S EXPERIENCE.

WHILE sitting one day with my friend Dolly, looking at some of the beautiful catalogues which had been sent to her from different florists, she asked me if she had ever told me about her early experience with catalogues. As I answered in the negative, and begged her to do so, she complied with my wishes; said Dolly: My first catalogue was quite a contrast to the beautiful ones in which you are so much interested; it might have had some more than a dozen leaves, without a single picture to assist the imagination as to how all those plants with those hard names would look if they were actually growing; but I studied it faithfully, and sent for a dollar's worth of seeds; they arrived in due course of time, and, with the exception of one variety, were consigned to the tender mercies of the open ground, where they may be still; I have never seen anything of them since they were sown. On the paper containing Cineraria seed were minute directions for planting, or they would doubtless have also reposed in the bosom of Mother Earth. I was directed to fill pots half-full of broken charcoal, then put on a layer of coarse lumps of earth, and over this a layer of soil made very fine mixed with silver sand, then water with a fine rose and sprinkle on the seed with little or no soil over them, and keep from the direct rays of the sun. I obeyed orders to the letter, and soon had quite an array of tiny plants. These too must be kept from the sun through the middle of the day; so every morning about nine o'clock they were taken into the house, to remain till late in the afternoon, when they were put out to be refreshed by the evening air. They grew very well until one unlucky Sunday in my haste to get ready for church, I forgot to bring them into the house, and when I came home in the afternoon there lay the cherished plants in a state of *flatness* beyond description. There were a few which had been shaded by the edges of the boxes; these revived so far that from three boxes I saved enough to fill a small one. These grew bravely for awhile, but one Sunday, a few weeks later, the same scene was enacted with variations. This time but three plants were left; I put these in separate pots, and am ashamed to say that two of these soon met a fate similar to that of their unfortunate companions. The sole survivor of this numerous family, notwithstanding its lonely situation and the persevering efforts of countless green flies to destroy it, seemed determined to become an ornament to society, when one day as I was holding it rather carelessly, trying to dislodge some of the green flies which had taken refuge among the buds with which it was then covered, it slipped from my hand to the floor, breaking the large main stalk of buds from the plant. I began to think the fates had decreed that I should not see a Cineraria blossom, but I kept the poor thing until the side shoots bloomed, and the flowers were so pretty and so fragrant that I determined to try again; so I planted some more seeds, hoping that my past experience might be of some use to me. I kept my se-

cond family of plants under the shade of a grape-vine, so they escaped the fiery trials of their predecessors; but, either because they were kept in too dark a place or from some other cause, they were subjected to a new infliction, which came in the shape of thrips. But what are thrips? said I. I have had an intimate acquaintance with the green fly and can sympathize with you in your trials in that direction, but this new insect I know nothing of. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," said Dolly; but if you really wish to become acquainted with the thrip, I do not know as I can describe it better than to say that it is less than the sixteenth of an inch in length, and about the size of the point of a cambric needle. They meandered around in the beautiful purple wool with which the under side of the leaves were covered; when once ensconced in their woolly retreat it was almost impossible to rout them without taking off all the wool too, and one might nearly as well do that as to leave it for the home of the thrip, for they will make it their hunting-ground until it is all gone, then start for a younger leaf. If I had been as well acquainted then with the virtue of tobacco-smoke as I am now, they would not have wandered at their own sweet will seeking what they might devour, and finding it too. The green flies of the previous summer were, in comparison to the thrips, as child's play to the work of strong men. The poor plants looked when they were brought into the house in the fall as if they had seen trouble; they survived till one night in mid-winter when they were left in the window, and the next morning were stiff with cold; only two lived; they bloomed enough to show me that they were entirely different in color from the one I had first. You doubtless think that by this time my enthusiasm was somewhat cooled; but I had no idea of giving up, so behold me the following spring armed with more seeds, determined to succeed this time. These I kept in a cold frame where they did not see the mid-day sun, and nearly every week gave them a dose of tobacco-smoke, for by this time I had become a thorough convert to the merits of that medicine. By the latter part of November they were nearly all large, thrifty plants; all but three of the smaller ones were still in the cold frame (as it was so much easier to smoke them there) covered with carpets at night; the weather had been very mild for that time of the year, when one night without a note of warning the mercury went down a long way below the freezing point. I went out in the morning hoping that some of my plants might have escaped, but they had all turned to stones or to something as hard; by the time I had carried them all into the cellar I must say that if my ardor for raising Cinerarias was not somewhat chilled, my hands and feet were, and I was inclined to think I might own that I was defeated; but the three small ones that had been brought into the house blossomed so beautifully and were such an improvement on those I had grown before, that I could not help thinking that I should keep on until my efforts were crowned with success; so do not be surprised to hear that I am trying again. I am biding my time, gathering up my strength after my numerous defeats. As I saved one in the first trial, and in the second two survived, and the last time I had three, so perhaps if

I have the perseverance of Bruce's spider and try seven times, I may be rewarded at the last by seven plants; and as seven is the perfect number, so perhaps the plants will have become nearly perfect by that time. If eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, I may almost say that it is the price to be paid for strong, healthy Cinerarias. Meanwhile I had not neglected the catalogues which came to me year after year, but kept on trying something new every summer, sometimes being successful and sometimes failing entirely. One day I happened to see "Gloxinia; superb genus, stove plant, producing a profusion of beautiful flowers; to be grown in sandy peat." I was so stupid that I did not know what a stove plant was, but I thought it could not be very difficult to manage a bulb, so decided to send for some; but instead of the large package of bulbs which I expected to see, there came in its place a little insignificant paper of something that looked more like dust than like anything that would ever grow. My first impulse was to throw it away, as it did not seem possible that those atoms could ever grow to be bulbs large enough to blossom during my lifetime, but curiosity got the better of impatience; so I put a pinch of the dust in a flower-pot, and after waiting for what seemed to me a reasonable length of time for it to come up and seeing no signs of life, I stirred up the earth and put in another pinch. The stirring helped the first seeds up in a short time, and the second pinch soon came crowding after, so that I was like the "old woman who lived in a shoe," I had so many plants that I did not know what to do with them. I soon put them out-doors to *harden*, where they remained exposed to all the changes of the weather until fall. I had been giving them away through the summer to all who wished for them; but few seemed to be attracted by them, as they presented such an uninteresting appearance, so I still had quite a stock on hand; I stowed them all around in all sorts of unsuitable places; some in a box of verbenas in a cool room, some in the cellar, three I kept in a warm room; these grew very little until the days began to lengthen, when they seemed to wake up to a sense of the responsibility resting on them as the representatives of the "superb genus," and by the last of May they had grown to be very pretty plants. I was still determined to persevere in the hardening process, so put one out-of-doors about this time, intending to have the others follow soon; but going to a greenhouse I made some enquiries about Gloxinias, and was told by the florist that they should never be put out-of-doors. He was surprised to hear that any of mine had survived such rough treatment; said he only kept a few as ornaments to his greenhouse instead of for sale, as not one person in one hundred would take care of them properly. Of course I was one of the ninety and nine, as I had just proved to him by telling how I had abused mine; but I took the rebuke as meekly as I could, determined to become the one-hundredth soon. The plant that had been banished from the sitting-room was restored to its place, and in a few weeks they all blossomed; they were all different and all lovely. The florist had told me that he allowed the plants to rest in winter, but did not tell me that they disappeared entirely; so as the weather grew cold, and the leaves on two of

my plants began to curl and turn black on the edges, I thought they were going to die. Soon there was nothing left in the pots above the soil; but I did not throw that away, and the next spring was delighted to see tiny red shoots coming to the light. I then repotted the bulbs and they grew rapidly, making much more beautiful plants than the one which, instead of dying off, stood bolt upright all winter, growing very little until about the time the bulbs started. It is better to leave only one shoot to grow, as they will crowd each other if there are more; but if I have a strong bulb, I leave three or four until they are large enough to make cuttings, which root readily, almost always blossoming the same summer that they are taken off. As I did not plant all my seeds the first summer, I thought I would try again. This time I kept them in the house, gave them plenty of sunlight and was very successful, having several new shades. I think that out of that paper of seeds were raised ten or twelve varieties. The people who despised Gloxinias the summer before were glad to pay for them now, and the seedsmen at least were benefited by my success, for a great many who saw the plants sent for seeds forthwith; but I sometimes think that the florist told the truth when he said not one person in a hundred would take care of Gloxinias; for, said Dolly, it seems to be almost impossible to teach people that with a little care it is much easier to raise these "stove bulbs" than cabbages; for those the gray worm lies in wait for by night and the green worm devours them by day, while the Gloxinia is singularly free from insects. If a green fly happens to fall on to one from another plant it does not thrive, and a little tobacco-smoke will soon dispose of a stray thrip, if one should find its way to a plant, as it sometimes will if it is kept in too much shade. It is amusing to hear of the different ways that people will take to spoil their plants. One woman, planting her seeds in March, put the young seedlings on the roof of the wood-house on a sunny day early in April to enjoy the fresh air, leaving them out all night; they had such a surfeit of fresh air that they never recovered; another, thinking the pot in which I had put the plants too small, procured a keg or half-barrel, in which she placed it, and set it out-of-doors so that it might have room; a third, who was told particularly to keep hers in the house, could not help thinking that a gentle shower would prove beneficial to it, so set it out in what ended in a violent hail-storm; the fourth set hers in the open ground, and, as it did not do well, took it up and cut a slice from the bulb to see if it was sound. But, if time and patience did not fail me, I might go on to fifteenthly with all the absurd plans of which I have heard, but I must already have nearly worn you out by telling you so many of my own haps and mishaps, so will spare you further details. But how long will a bulb live, said I? You must ask some one who has grown them longer than I have, said Dolly. I still have one of my original three, which has bloomed for nine successive summers, and you can see it now, strong and healthy, preparing for its tenth. That large one with leaves like elephant's ears has bloomed seven summers and is already budded again, and I have little doubt that thirty or more plants have been raised from those two alone. I thanked Dolly

for the information which she had given me, and went home fully determined to profit by her experience and send for some seeds of the two varieties of plants, which seemed to require such different treatment.

CARRY COWSLIP.

LOVE FOR HOUSE PLANTS.

ANY one, in order to succeed with house plants, must have a natural love for them, or else must have some powerful incentive to spur them to give time enough to the plants; for, say what you will, they do require lots of care to look and do well. Truly, they will live through hosts of neglect that would surely end the life of any pet; consequently many more ladies try to have plants than any other pet, for this reason, though if any one told them so it would raise their "disposition" more than I would care to.

I will, however, make one exception, in favor of the much-abused cat. What well-regulated family is without a cat, or two cats? and what could take the place of it, and stand as much and as meekly? The children monopolize it, put it through all manner of trials and tortures under the pretence of playing with it, and the only word of reproof, "Be careful or it will scratch you." It makes every ugly fibre of my nature stand on end to see them so abused. I see your lip curl and "Old Maid" ready to say; but you are wrong, I care no more for the cat than anything that has life.

But, leaving cats till some future time, will tell of my luck in cultivating plants. I had very handsome flower-beds last summer, but will first speak of house plants. When I first began to take the whole care of my plants, found they did not flourish as well as when an older hand had the principal charge, so I read various books on the subject. All had good ideas, yet many were difficult to accomplish by one whose time was taken by household cares, but after a number of years' practice my plants do very finely.

Callas used to all go to foliage, with not a single blossom. I tried various methods without gaining what I wished, until after much talking with a friend, whose Callas always (it seemed) were in bloom, found what she did. So for two years I tipped my Calla out of its tub every fall, and filled the tub a third full of the "compost" I found in the hen-house; then filled it up with soil from the garden, then watered it with very warm water; those winters it was constantly in bloom. This last fall I did not pay any attention to it besides watering, and it is a poor-looking object. Shall give it next fall the potting it had before; it more than repays in flowers the trouble.

Next come Geraniums. Nearly every one has good luck with these. I find the smaller the pot the greater number of buds you have. I think it is so with all flowering plants, but makes quite as much difference with Geraniums as any. An acquaintance has the most flourishing ones I ever saw; it is a real treat to see them; great green leaves, some with those dark circles on them, but not a flower; she uses large pots.

In the CABINET I saw that Caeti require the sun. I am passionately fond of them, and have several varieties. One—I do not know its name,

but called Leopard Cactus—grows similar to a pine-apple; the leaves, I will call them, are thick and striped width-ways, with first a dark stripe of green, then one of light green; it is very handsome; the blossom is not much, it resembles a pink Oxalis blossom. This Cactus will not bear the sun, but requires the shade; the sun wilts it and turns the plant a faded yellow.

If a lady cultivates plants because her neighbor does, I would recommend her to have an assortment of Geraniums, a box of Ten Weeks Stocks, Oxalis, and Lantana, and, if she cares for a vine, a Madeira; these any one can care for and have a good show of flowers. For curiosity the Caeti family will take the lead; such delight as it is when they blossom, for nearly all of them bear wonderful flowers.

Many speak of having trouble with the red spider, but it never has annoyed mine, although I am in constant warfare with the green lice. How I prize the ends of cigars that I chance to find; how sorry I always am to find them so small; but none are so little but I regard them as worth the bother of picking up; then with a little lamp, that burns the old-fashioned lamp-oil, lighted, sit down by the flower-stand and burn the cigar-ends under it. It is positively gratifying to see the little green pests, as the smoke ascends, quiver, drop, and die. I find this to be the only way I can get rid of them, no amount of showering will accomplish it.

Mentioning flower-stands, must tell you about mine. It has a standard of iron—"three-footed," I believe, it is called—out of which a steel rod about four feet high rises, on top of which is a bracket for one pot, then there are eighteen arms that slip on this rod, each ending in a bracket—there are three sizes of them, six of each size; they all turn round on the rod, so that I can have any one to the window without moving the stand. It looks almost like a tree when it is filled with plants; it is very ornamental.

On one of the lowest brackets is a Jerusalem Cherry-Tree in fruit; it has been all winter, makes a lovely show; on the top bracket is a Skeleton Geranium, whose delicate light-green leaves towering above the plants below form a pleasant contrast.

MRS. A. E. HARRINGTON.

A Chinese Dish.—When our party of six had seated themselves at the centre-table my attention was attracted by a covered dish, something unusual at a Chinese meal. On a certain signal the cover was removed, and presently the face of the table was covered with juvenile crabs, which made their exodus from the dish with all possible rapidity. The crabs had been thrown into a plate of vinegar just as the company sat down—this making them lively. The sport of the infant crabs was soon checked by each guest seizing which he could, crushing it between his teeth, and swallowing the whole morsel without ceremony. Determined to do as the Chinese did, I tried this novelty with two, and succeeded, finding the shell soft and gelatinous, for they were but a day or two old. But the third resolved to take vengeance, and gave my lower lip a nip so sharp and severe as to make me relinquish my hold, and also to desist from further similar experiments.—*Life in China.*

Hints for the Garden.

HOW TO HAVE A FLOWER-GARDEN.

IN the first place, let us suppose that the spot intended for your garden lies on the side of the house most sunny and sheltered. Having, then, this desirable situation, take a horse and plough and break the ground deeply and thoroughly. When you have broken it up by ploughing in one direction, haul in what coarse manure—such as chips, corn-cobs, leaves, and unrotted stable accumulations—you can procure and afford, scatter broadcast over the ground, and with a long, diamond-pointed scooter or a narrow turning plough, plough it in, ploughing this, the second time, crosswise the former ploughing. This operation gives what the farmer calls “body” to the land, and is absolutely prerequisite to first-rate success at flower-growing. Your soil having been thus completely broken and pulverized, scatter lighter fertilizers—fine particles of stable manure, leached ashes, and guano, if convenient—over the whole, and with a short-toothed harrow mix it with the surface. Nature, you observe, always lays her richest soil on the surface. Be sure that for the foregoing you use a horse and a plough. Discard the spade and fork as a failure. Being now possessed of a soil capable of developing the most perfect flower for fulness of size and vigor of appearance, and of a location where the sun, that great painter of nature, may lay on those living colors which only himself can make and mix, you will next proceed to lay off the walks. This second feature of your work will not require less taste than ingenuity. Your walks may be either straight or curved. It is a principle of philosophy, you know, that curvilinear and round figures possess more ease and grace, and therefore more beauty, than angular and straight forms. But in this matter of arranging your walks be governed by the size and shape of your garden. If your garden be very small, perhaps a single broad, straight walk leading from your door to your gate might be all-sufficient. Anything less or more might destroy the effect altogether. If, on the other hand, your garden be large or of ordinary dimensions only, let your walks be straight or curved according to the situation of the most prominent objects you design for the decoration of your beds. For instance: if you design having a rockery or a summer-house, decide on its location, and from the front door of your dwelling (the most eligible point for such a purpose) determine the course of your roads. If, from the point where you stand, it is your decision that a straight walk would more naturally lead to the rockery and past it on to some other part of the garden which it might be desired to render accessible, then by all means let *that* walk be straight. But if a curved walk would more easily reach those conspicuous objects, then, in that event, emphatically let your walk be curved. When the *gate* stands directly in front of the *door* of your dwelling, the walk connecting these two points (gate and door) should unquestionably be straight, as a “straight line is the shortest distance between two points,” and this chief or “front walk” serves more for

usefulness than for ornamentation. In this active American country of ours, where every man is a business man, the effect is ill to have his approach from the street to his door obstructed by a great clump of shrubs or a broad bed of tiny annuals, to avoid which he must follow a needlessly lengthened and meandering walk. Besides, if your friends or acquaintances, less familiar than yourself with the arrangement of your garden, should choose to call after tea for an hour's pleasant confab, the evening's enjoyment might be lessened no little to have those visitors tell you that they attained your door only after a long and embarrassing wandering over and through your bushes and briers; or (as the case may be) your ardor toward those friends might possibly be sadly abated, to go out the next morning and find the mat of delicate grasses and tender bloomers lying just in front of your door all ruthlessly trampled under foot. Such a state of things might irresistibly provoke the coarse and unwomanly expression of “See where that ugly fellow and his uglier wife put their elephant feet last night, right down on my poor little Pansies; I wish they had put off their coming until daytime,” etc., etc. Now, for the foregoing and other reasons which might be seasonably mentioned, let your front walk be “straight as an arrow,” and not only straight but broad also—the king's highway of your garden. Having determined as to the *course* of your several walks, whether straight or curved, the next immediate labor is to dig them out or throw them up, as your fancy may dictate; for either plan the spade, heretofore rejected, must now be called into service; the hoe is a poor implement for such an undertaking. This part of the work must not be indifferently done, having one section of the walk broader and another narrower, but every inch of it must be done by rule. If a dug-out walk be preferred, throw out the dirt evenly and to a uniform depth of about three inches its entire length. If a raised walk be chosen, throw up the dirt to the height of three inches, evenly and uniformly. The *width* of your minor walks should be in proportion to their respective lengths, in no case less than three feet, however. Of the *number* of walks needful to traverse and distinguish your garden your own taste must judge; some writers urge the importance of having but few walks, and I think, myself, that many gardens are shamefully disfigured by a multiplicity of pig-paths and Indian trails indiscriminately threading them. Perhaps it might be well to have each half or division of your garden (made by your Broadway) subdivided by but a single walk, allowing either to the one on the right or on the left a short branch-road leading to some favorite shrub or arbor of vine that could not otherwise be naturally approached. But on this point no definite rule can be laid down; the size and shape of your garden, together with a cultured taste, must govern. If your garden is large enough, and your pleasure suggests, you may have an hundred walks, keeping constantly in mind the nature and habits of the bushes and plants you intend cultivating, and never forgetting the important truth that *tender* plants cannot endure our long, hot summers if the soil be too greatly drained. Yes, you may have as many walks as you please, for, after all, you have made your

garden more for your own than for anybody else's entertainment. Assuming your garden to be at last laid off, and that, too, in accord with a happy and healthful taste, you will now *border* your walks, and consider what to plant generally, where to plant it, when to plant it, and how to plant it. To treat each of these heads separately and minutely were to overreach the office of this article. But to your borders: Have done with box, and border with some hardy perennial, low-growing grass—whatever kind is best adapted to your climate. Your grass once established, you have beautiful, substantial edgings of green distinguishing the different divisions of your garden, and not rough, unsightly rows of box, fencing off each bed as a garden of itself. The grass, too, will hold the borders firmly to their places, thereby securing for all time the tidy and distinctive character of your walks.

Now what shall you plant? Anything you want and can afford; the soil is ready. But if you would have the prettiest effect, do not crowd your ground. Put out only the *best* plants. Place on one bed the showy Tritoma; on another the magnificent Pampas Grass. In some half-shaded spot put the Dragon Tree; and in still another, not less shaded, plant the Caladium. Put in the centre of *this* bed an improved variety of the Canna; while in the centre of *that* division you may set an ever-blooming Rose of fine variety. On the most conspicuous corners of the several beds group free-flowering Geraniums of hardy habits. Nearest the door (particularly if the door faces the east) you may have a small plat of mixed grasses to relieve the reflection of the summer sun. In some partly sequestered nook have a rich bed of Pansies, apparently placed there by accident. The bloomers you design for cut-flowers should grow near the walks. If there are trees in your garden (there ought not to be many) adorn the surface about their bases with shallow-rooted shade-loving plants. The preceding directions for planting are not intended to be followed literally, but humbly to illustrate a general plan for an ordinary garden. With your soil prepared and your walks arranged you may set out what shrubs and plants you like, taking care to avoid a crowded appearance; this much done, subscribe to some meritorious, first-class work on flowers and floral subjects, and you cannot fail of success.

MRS. ELBA H.

“I shouldn't think there would be such a word as ‘breakfast,’” remarked a young linguist to his mother the other morning. “Why not, dear?” asked she. “Because, ma,” replied the boy, “it ain't natural. Things never break-fast—they break-loose.” There was a sad bewilderment of expression in the face of that mother as she gazed speechlessly upon her precious son.

There is a precocious six-year-old boy who is wonderful on spelling and definition. The other day his teacher asked him to spell “matrimony.” “M-a-t-r-i-m-o-n-y,” said the youngster promptly. “Now define it,” said the teacher. “Well,” replied the boy, “I don't know exactly what it means, but I know mother's got enough of it.”



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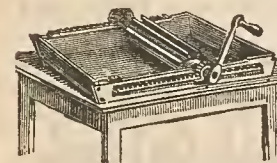
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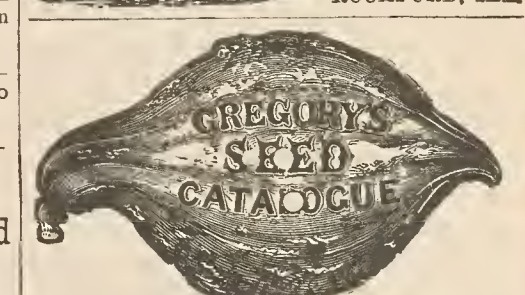
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JAMES J. H. GREGORY, Marblehead, Mass.



NEW YORK, MARCH, 1879.

FLORAL GOSSIP.

We have an alcove opening from our parlor, which is anything but lovely, until ornamented. It is about six feet square and the full height of the room, being of good height. It is not in a sunny position, so I could not hope to keep plants blooming within it. In the first place, I placed two ornamental brackets half way up the wall and put flower-pots on them, having Maurandia vine around the edge to droop over, and Parlor Ivy in the centre of each pot, the latter being trained to form an archway over the opening into our alcove. From the centre of this archway was suspended a hanging basket, with a profusion of Kenilworth Ivy drooping around it. This forms a sort of frame for the picture which is back of it. In each corner, at the back of the alcove, is a bracket holding an ornamental box containing German Ivy, which is gracefully festooned around the sides, and entwines a cross in one corner and an anchor in the other, which are suspended above the boxes containing the plants. This cross and anchor are cut from strong pasteboard, and are then covered with green Silk Moss and French moss, and Everlasting flowers, so there is no fear of their colors fading. These bright-hued Everlastings give a cheerful color to my otherwise too sombre nook. I choose the small Immortelles and flowers of that description instead of coarser and more gaudy ones. The cross and anchor are each about eighteen inches high. Then I had a strong wire frame made about four feet high, which is set in the centre of the alcove at the back. This has branches from the main standard. The upper branches are the shortest, and end with a receptacle, in which is set a pair of tall crystal vases, filled with sprays of French moss, and tiny Everlasting flowers. The wire frame is covered

with Silk moss, which is tied in place, the rows of moss overlapping the preceding fastening. The next branches are below these, and two tiny hanging baskets are suspended by gilt chains from them. These are filled with the finest drooping moss that I could find at the florist's. The next branches, and the lowest, support two large pink-lined conch shells, filled with the daintiest sea mosses that can be found. Against the centre of this ornament leans a harp, made of Moss and Immortelles. The strings are of silver guitar strings.

All of these ornaments are movable and can be changed about at will, so that an entirely different effect can be produced by placing them in different positions.

There are two other places for vases in the front of the main ornament. These also are filled with Everlastings and Moss, with which some of the smoke from the Smoke Plant is mingled. Two large winter bouquets are placed in Parian vases, on either side of this ornament. These are made up of dried grasses, Smoke Plant, Everlastings, Moss and glass cherries, plums, grapes and currants. The grasses are the beautiful ornamental grasses with which we are all familiar. Mingling Mosses with the Everlastings helps to remove the stiffness which is their greatest defect. The graceful sprays of Moss twine about them, and soften and hide their severe uprightness. This same ornament can be used for a dining table ornament, in case of a large party. For such a place the Everlasting flowers could all be removed and the crystal vases filled with cut flowers, the hanging baskets taken from the chains, and double cut glass bouquet holders substituted, filled with fresh bouquets, and the lower branches have flat dishes, in which are arranged cut flowers suitable for the purpose, instead of the shells and sea grass, and moss. To give it a graceful and effective appearance there should be a mat of green for it to rest upon, on the table. This would be nice with the edges formed in geometrical figures, of shallow dishes made on purpose for such uses, and filled with fine flowers.

In another and sunnier part of our family parlor stands an urn five feet across. This was purchased and planted for the lawn last spring, and was an attractive ornament to it through the summer and autumn, until the approach of cold weather, when we had it moved to the house. This could be accomplished, as there were double doors leading to the parlor.

In this urn there is a thrifty Rose Geranium, which yields its well-known delightful fragrance at the slightest touch. A Balm Geranium contests its laurels closely. There is a Grape Geranium three feet high, and crowned with the brightest hued, delicately formed flowers that can be imagined. Two Calla Lilies are almost ready to unfold their creamy spathes. Two or three Lantanas are loaded with flowers.

Three varieties of Roses are bearing lovely flowers and more exquisite buds. Several Primroses near the outer edge are loaded with bright blossoms. A Smilax runs hither and thither, calling upon its more upright brothers and sisters for support. Drooping over the outer edge of the urn, there is Kenilworth Ivy, Maurandia vine, Oxalis, two varieties of Lycopodium, and double Lobelia with its dainty blue flowers.

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Floral Hints.

HOW TO GROW CARNATIONS.

IN point of value as winter-flowering plants the Carnation excels all others, so far as my experience goes, for utility and profit, the floret being of such a nature as to be capable of being shipped long distances; also its odor and color are so desirable to the bouquet maker, being rated with first-class flowers; these, together with their productiveness of bloom, hardihood, and ready demand, make them one of our very best commercial winter-flowering plants. Their cultivation is very simple. They are easily rooted from cuttings from the small side-shoots (when only about two inches in length) any time from October to April. As the plant is almost hardy, it may be planted out in the open ground any time in April or May; for if it has been properly hardened off previous to setting out it will stand a smart freeze uninjured.

I plant them in beds of four rows each, one foot apart, and the same distance between the plants, with two-foot alleys between the beds, where they remain with frequent mellowings of the soil throughout the season, keeping them entirely free from weeds until October, when they are removed into a light, sunny greenhouse, where they are bedded upon the benches in six inches of rich soil, and ten inches each way between the plants; they are then thoroughly watered, and the house shaded by a coat of whitewash upon the roof, which is allowed to remain about a month, when it should be removed. They should be kept at a temperature of from fifty to sixty degrees at night, and from fifteen to twenty degrees warmer by day, with plenty of air, and watered only when the ground begins to show signs of dryness, as they will not bear too much water, and are very impatient of a wet, sodden soil, in which even large plants will damp off.

The ground in which the young plants are set in the spring should be entirely free from standing water, and of rather a loamy, upland nature. All through the summer they will push up flower-stalks, which must be broken off within some five inches of the ground, which gives them a bushy and strong constitution, the more capable to stand the exhaustion of their winter blooming. This trimming process is of the highest importance, and must be continued at intervals of every three or four weeks until the 1st or 15th of September.

Observation and experience have led me to believe that much of the cause of failure to bloom the Carnation properly in winter is the want of sufficient light and a moderately moist atmosphere, at the same time keeping the soil moderately dry. When necessarily exposed to a dry atmosphere its injury can be somewhat obviated by keeping the soil quite wet. I always stake up my Carnation plants that are blooming in winter.

Among the best new varieties which I have grown are the following:

Lydia.—This is a well-established standard fancy Carnation, and no collection is complete without it.

Have grown it the past two years, and judges pronounce it one of the most handsome Pinks. It is of



NEW PERPETUAL-BLOOMING CARNATION "LORD CLYDE."

robust, always healthy growth, bearing flowers from two and one-half to three inches in diameter; clove fragrance; intensely double; of a rich, rosy orange



PERPETUAL-BLOOMING CARNATION "LYDIA."

color, blotched and flecked with carmine. The cut is an exact representation of this lovely Carnation.

Lord Clyde.—This beautiful Pink, which I offered for the first time last season, has proved to be one of the most valuable winter bloomers. It is of remarkably robust growth, like its parent the *Edwardsii*, but of a more dwarf, low-flowering habit; florets quite double, never bursting, with a strong clove fragrance; heavily notched or laced. The groundwork of the flower is white, thickly striped with carmine and a frequent blotch of maroon; very floriferous, each stem bearing from six to eight florets. (See cut.)

CHAS. F. STARR.

AVONDALE, PA.

HINTS ON BOUQUET-MAKING.

Now a few words in regard to making bouquets, for of course every one who has a garden will desire to cut the flowers for home decoration.

The arrangement of flowers is an art, as every one must acknowledge who has seen the crushed, crowded masses sometimes called bouquets.

The essentials are plenty of white flowers and green leaves; it is well to cultivate flowers specially for this purpose. The double white Feverfew is one of the best for bouquet-making; also white Drummond Phlox, double white Balsam, and white Dianthus are very good. Now for green. Asparagus is best, I think. I grow a few roots specially for their foliage. Rose Geranium leaves are very good, while for large baskets and bouquets the plummy tops of carrots are fine.

Now we want something to give grace and lightness to our bouquets, and Gypsophila Paniculata is just the thing; it cannot be surpassed.

A spray of Cypress Vine, or Mountain Fringe, to twine and droop is an addition. Having arranged green leaves and white flowers very loosely, fill in with others; but discretion must be used, as sometimes a single flower will spoil the whole effect. Here each one must use her own taste and judgment, and learn by experience which colors harmonize best. Be careful and avoid crowding, using as few colors and flowers as possible, with plenty of green and white.

I once saw a lovely bouquet; it was in a black lava vase, and consisted of a half-opened blush rose, and a bud with a few of its own green leaves; that was all, anything more would have spoiled it.

Another pretty combination was a bunch of Mignonette and Sweet Pea blossoms, surrounded by Gypsophila. A cluster of Tropæolums of different colors, together with their own

leaves, was another pretty bouquet.

The tasteful combinations of flowers are almost infinite, and with a little practice any one can become quite skilful in making floral ornaments.

In conclusion, I would say it is only necessary to have a love for flowers and gardening, and, though you may sometimes fail, in the end you will be sure to succeed, and feel amply repaid for your labor.

LORA LEE.

FORGE VILLAGE, MASS.

Hints in Housekeeping.

INGENUITY IN HOUSEKEEPING.

WHEN we first went to housekeeping, in the far-off West, ingenuity and taste, to a large degree, had to supply the lack of means in our little prairie home. The only house we could get had the regulation "double parlors"—two small, square rooms with folding, or rather sliding, doors between. Back of these was a small room which had apparently been used for a bedroom.

Now, I know that many hold the idea that for persons of moderate means small rooms are much the cosiest. But my theory had always been that a large room could be made to look just as cosy as a small one, provided it were of the right shape. Accordingly, I had the partition between the two parlors taken out, making a long, narrow room, such as I desired. The sliding doors were put between this new room and the small one back, which was fitted up for my husband's study. Over these doors, which were usually rolled back into the partition, I hung curtains of cretonne, which, when privacy in the study was not desired, were looped back. Opposite this door in the study was a window, on either side of which were the bookcases—filling all the space on that side of the room. This window I filled with plants in pots and hanging baskets, which could just be seen from the parlor through the parted curtains. At the extreme end of the parlor, fronting the street, was a bay-window, which also added to the idea of *distance*, without detracting from that look of *cosiness* so much sought after. This I filled with plants, in pots, on brackets, in hanging baskets, and on a rustic stand of home manufacture.

The carpet had a dark cream ground, with dark brown leaves, mostly ferns, scattered over it, with just the merest touch of scarlet here and there. A bright border added much to its appearance. I succeeded in finding some cretonne which matched the carpet very well, both in color and design—of which I bought a quantity. At the furniture store I purchased a lounge and two easy-chairs—one a "patent rocker"—which were all upholstered with the exception of the outside covering, which I put on myself, using the cretonne. These, with the addition of two or three camp-chairs, which were among my wedding presents, completed this part of the furniture of the room. My curtains were of Nottingham lace, procured from a New York house for \$2.50 a window. Over these were lace lambrequins lined with scarlet cambric.

There was no fire-place in the room, so I had an imitation mantel put up between the two windows on one side, and made a temporary lambrequin for it of the cretonne. When time permits me I intend making a handsome one in applique work. On the mantel I placed bouquets of Florida grass, pressed ferns, and autumn leaves, in vases made of old stone beer bottles, painted a creamy white, ornamented with the embossed pictures so much used now, and then varnished. If I ever get near a pottery I shall have some vases made to order in some of the lovely Oriental shapes. A couple of easels made of wood-

splints, a card-receiver, and a pair of bronze candlesticks also found a place on the mantel.

In one corner of the room was a shelf with lambrequin in applique work; on it a cross covered with gray moss, and vine of wax autumn leaves. In another corner a bracket held a pot of ivy, which twined about the pictures near by and sent out its luxuriant foliage to festoon and adorn the walls beyond. Under one of the pictures was a wall-pocket made of half an old tin dipper, fastened against a back piece of pine, the whole covered with moss and lichens, then filled with earth, and in it planted ferns and trailing vines. Up some of the picture cords I fastened pressed ferns, and around the brackets were also pressed ferns and autumn leaves. Behind other pictures I hung bottles of water containing *Tradescantia* and other vines, which drooped about the pictures or found their way up the cords. In one of the windows was a hanging-basket which may be new to some. It was composed of a species of fungus found on old rotten logs—sometimes called "touch-wood." Three large pieces formed the sides, and three smaller ones the bottom. I filled it with some of the fine shavings which came round our furniture, and placed over the top a moss which dries and retains its color perfectly, filling with the moss also the crevices formed by the irregular-shaped pieces of fungus. In it I placed pressed ferns, which looked as though they were growing there, and you cannot tell until you have seen one what a pretty thing it is.

I had nothing to hold my music, and did not feel able to buy a stand, so my husband and myself improvised one. He procured some large canes (which grow abundantly near here), and by crossing these in various ways a handsome standard was made. A pine board was fastened on for a top, and covered with common coffee-sacking or burlaps. I took a strip of this same material, some seven or eight inches in width, embroidered on it in cross stitch a simple but showy border in two shades of scarlet German-town wool, fringed it on the edge to the depth of about two inches, and fastened around the stand for a lambrequin. The cost was but a few cents, and the stand is really more ornamental than one for which I would have to pay three or four dollars at the furniture store.

I will not weary you with a description of the other articles in the room, but pass on for a glance at the bedroom. The carpet was a light one, mostly scarlet and white. The curtains were of unbleached muslin, with a band of "turkey red" calico a little way from the front edge and across the bottom. The lambrequins of the same material, ornamented with a vine of ivy-leaves cut from the calico, edged with a fringe of the "turkey-red" cut with the scissors, as one would fringe a strip of paper. A table-cover was made in the same style, with an extra group of leaves in each corner. Two "barrel-chairs," an "hour-glass" stand, and trunk were covered with red and white chintz. With the toilet-mats for washstand and bureau of Java canvas, embroidered with scarlet split zephyr, the hair-pin cushion, match-safe, glove and handkerchief boxes, and other ornaments of perforated cardboard and wood-splints, the room looked very inviting.

On the floor of the guest chamber I put some

straw matting, relieved by two or three rugs made of burlaps, embroidered with blue wool. The washstand and dressing-table were made of dry-goods boxes, covered with curtains of white swiss over blue cambric. Hair-pin cushion and other fancy articles were of silver cardboard. Curtains at the windows of white swiss edged with a fluted ruffle; lambrequins of the same over blue cambric. On a shelf in one corner was a lambrequin of white drilling, ornamented with spatter-work. An "hour-glass stand," covered to match the washstand and dressing-table, a "barrel-chair" covered with part of an old blue worsted dress, with white lace tidy, a trunk and ottoman covered with the same material, and a few pictures and mottoes of perforated cardboard embroidered with blue zephyr, completed the furniture of the room.

I must mention just one more article, which, for want of room in the bedroom, found a place in the dining-room. It is a lounge made out of an ordinary packing-box, some six feet in length, with castors at the corners, and lid on hinges, cushioned and covered with an old green dress. It is so very useful for laying in good dresses, which one likes neither to fold nor to hang up.

HANNAH FORD.

PICTURE FRAMES.

A RUSTIC frame, not at all common or common-looking, we made of black walnuts. Secure the nuts in a vise, and with a fine saw divide into sections of about an eighth of an inch thick; then have made an oval frame two and a half inches wide (if made of light wood, cover with dark paper or muslin, as glue will not adhere to a painted surface); then glue a row of the pieces evenly around the outer edge, and another around the inner edge, slightly projecting beyond the edge (the space between fill with broken pieces); then follow with two other rows nearer the centre of the frame, partly covering the first two; then finish with one row. This makes a very handsome frame either oiled or varnished.

Another frame was made in prison and presented to me by a keeper's wife; the mat is a half-inch black-walnut board sawed an oval the usual size; the centre of this is sawed out, oval top and straight across the bottom, for an album-sized photograph or small picture; this inner edge is cut in small points to give a nice finish; then a pattern was traced and left in low relief, while the whole groundwork was stamped with a nail. I think a fret-saw design would be just the thing; trace this upon the wood, as for sawing, but instead go over all the parts that were to be *sawed away* with a nail and small hammer, giving a slight blow, enough to depress and roughen the whole groundwork; this will leave the design *raised* and *smooth*. If there are leaves, they can be veined in the same way or cut with a knife. And now for the frame or outer edge; this is composed of pieces of the same kind of wood about three inches in length, one-half inch in width, one-eighth inch thick, cut in points on the ends and sides. In the centre of each piece is cut a slit an inch in length and wide enough to slip one of the others through; a shoulder is left at one end of the slit to keep them in place; the wood is thinned down from the shoulder toward each end, and joined by slipping one piece through another, keeping the shoulder ends all the time in one direction. When the wreath is long enough it is joined and the last piece secured with glue, then slipped over the edge of the mat (which must be bevelled to receive it) and fastened with a nail or two on the back; narrow strips are glued on the back to hold the glass; when varnished it is very handsome.

The Household.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY MAUDE LEYHAD.

I HAVE been thinking for a long time that I should like to give a few grains of the wisdom gained by experience to those inexperienced ones who are stuck in the terrible "Slough of Despond" of housework. But there are so many things to tell, it is hard to arrange them methodically and condense them within the prescribed limits of this article; but I will do the best I can, and as spring with its attendant evil of house-cleaning is already upon us, perhaps it is as well to begin with that.

The less a woman really knows about housework the more she will undertake to do at once. Every room in the house must be in a state of confusion; carpets up, furniture in disorder, floors wet and slippery, while the mistress herself goes about a "damp, moist, unpleasant body," her nerves as disordered as her house; and this state of things continues for a week or more, when things gradually return to their ordinary routine, and the spring cleaning is over; but the mistress has expended energy and vitality enough in that one week to carry her safely and smoothly through six months of the year. Perhaps two-thirds of the women in these hard times cannot afford to hire any one to help them, and it is for these women that these hints are intended; and if they serve to lighten the labors of one overworked housemother I shall feel amply repaid.

It is best to begin with the cellar. See that the walls and floor are thoroughly swept; all boxes and stray bits of wood should be split up and put with the kindlings, and, if you can spare the money, lay in your year's supply of coal. You thus get rid of the dust and much of the sweeping that bringing coal in small quantities always necessitates. After sweeping and dusting, the walls should be whitewashed. If you cannot afford to hire this done, you can do it yourself at a trifling expense. The whitewash can be had ready for use at any paint-shop, and most of them will allow you the use of a brush. And whitewashing the cellar walls requires no more skill than washing windows; of course whitewashing the walls of a room is very different, but still a smart woman can do this, and even paint and paper her rooms at a slight expense, if she wishes.

After the cellar is in order, begin with the attics or upper rooms of the house, taking one at a time, and don't try to do all that in one day. Go at your work leisurely, and don't over-exert yourself trying to do a certain amount of work in one day. Be sure and cover your hands with a pair of old buckskin or kid gloves, to keep out dust and dirt and to keep the hands soft. If one is poor there is no reason why their hands should be discolored, rough, and hard, when a little care will keep them white and soft as the daintiest lady's in the land. Then with a clean, old silk handkerchief slightly moistened go over every article of furniture, and then carry it to another room. Dust and remove pictures and mirrors; then with a long-handled duster remove all the dust from the walls; then, beginning at the outer edge of the carpet, sweep carefully toward the centre, sweeping

slowly to avoid raising a dust; go over the carpet in this way four or five times, always sweeping toward the centre; by this time your carpet is ready to take up. To do this pull the tacks out carefully, being careful not to break the heads, as the points will be apt to be troublesome in relaying the carpet and in washing the paint. For carpet-beating take a bright, windy day, and beat with long, flexible sticks till no dust will rise from the carpet.

Next in order comes the washing of doors, casings, etc. To do this put a small quantity of whiting into a dish, and have ready a piece of soft flannel and some clear warm water. Wet the flannel, squeeze it dry, dip it in the whiting, and rub the paint up and down till it is clean. Wash off with clean cold water, and when nearly dry finish it with a piece of soft leather. Be careful and not touch the paper with the wet flannel. If windows are washed in alcohol and then rubbed dry with a piece of chamois skin, their appearance is much improved; and a small quantity carefully used will go a great way. Next wash the floor thoroughly, sifting powdered camphor in all cracks and crevices as a preventive against moths. Then relay your carpet, bring back your furniture and pictures and your room is ready for use.

Proceed in this way with the whole house, taking the sitting-room and kitchen last, and almost before you know it your spring cleaning is over, and you as fresh and vigorous as when it was begun.

And while I am speaking of cleaning perhaps it is well to mention *dish-washing*. In large families the tired mother usually puts this upon the older children, and I know from experience what a heavy burden this seems to them, and I recollect a lady's telling me that this was so disagreeable to her as a child that she was in the habit of breaking the largest cooking dishes to save washing them, especially if anything happened to stick to them. I think even this most disagreeable of all household tasks may be lightened, and even become almost a pleasure, if one goes rightly to work. Have ready a large pan filled with very hot soap-suds, and into this put the plates, one by one, as they are scraped clean of crumbs and fragments; the large ones first and small ones at the top, after this cups, saucers, and bowls emptied of all slops, and other dishes as your pan will hold. Be sure that all are covered with the boiling water, let them soak in this water while you remove the food from the table and tidy the dining-room. By this time the water has cooled sufficiently to allow you to put your hands into it with comfort. Place a dish-drainer (this is made by nailing slats at regular distances on two pieces of wood, about a foot and a half apart, and looks something like an old-fashioned gridiron) in the sink at the right of your pan, and on this pile the dishes as you wash them. Have ready some boiling water and pour over them, leaving them while you rub the knives, which may be made very bright by mixing soft-soap and Bristol brick, and rubbing with a cork. Wash all glass in hot soap-suds, rinsing in hot water and polishing with a soft dry cloth. By this time your dishes are ready to be taken from the drainer and you will find them perfectly dry, with a polish no amount of wiping could give them. All that remains is to place them in the

closet. Kettles and greasy dishes can be easily cleansed by using a small quantity of ammonia, and, after washing, dry them on the stove instead of wiping.

So much for what I call the drudgery of housework; and now a few words about cooking. I used to think cooking came by instinct, and when the right time came any one could cook; but I have grown wiser, for, unexpectedly thrown on my own resources in the cooking line, I was told that one might perform a war dance on the crust of my pies without making any impression on them. My biscuits I was advised to dispose of to the government for cannon-balls (it was in "war time"), and I found, much to my surprise, that I could not even cook meat and potatoes as they should be cooked. I was only an inexperienced girl just from school, where I had spent the last four years of my life, when my mother was suddenly called away by the sickness of my grandmother, leaving me with the sole charge of the house and the younger children.

Of course I was delighted at the thought of "keeping house," and I looked round my little kingdom as the hack drove away and would not have changed places with Victoria on her throne. Before the first week had passed I would have changed with the poorest peasant in her dominions, and thought his hut, with its sodden floor and a diet of "praties," paradise compared to the life I must lead till my mother's return.

But hard as these weeks were, I have sometimes thought that in the end they were the most profitable ones of my life, for I realized my own ignorance in a way I never could have done had mother been at home all the time, and when she came home I was eager to learn. I hope I improved the lessons I then received, and have grown wiser since then; but I presume there are hundreds of inexperienced housekeepers who know no more about so simple a thing as preparing vegetables for the table than I did, and perhaps these hints will be welcome to them.

Few people know how to properly cook a steak. While nearly all admit that broiling is the best way to cook it, there are but few busy housewives who are willing to spend the few minutes extra time it requires. Now, if we must have our steak fried let this be done in the best manner. Place your frying-pan on a bed of hot coals, and let it remain till quite hot. Then on the hot, dry pan place your steak, well peppered, turning it three times in as many minutes. Then dust lightly with salt; put a lump of butter on each piece. Put on a hot platter and send to the table. In this way your steak is as nice as when broiled, and with no more trouble than the ordinary frying.

And now with one more recipe my paper is done. If at any time you must have a "picked-up dinner" I think nothing tastes better than sandwiches, especially if they are prepared by the following recipe, taken from an old book several years ago. Add a tablespoonful chopped pickle to a quarter of a pound of chopped ham, a teaspoonful of mustard, and a sprinkle of cayenne. Place about six ounces of butter in a dish on the stove and stir till creamy. Then stir in your ham. Cut any cold meat you may have in the house very thin, and put on bread, then spread with the hot ham dressing, put two slices together and cut in halves.

Our Homes.

MAKING HOME ATTRACTIVE.

WE had been keeping house several years and keeping it rather plainly, so I told John one day I intended to get up some home-made elegancies myself this winter and make our home a little more attractive.

He said for his part he thought he had about as attractive a home as any of the farmers around; "for not one of them can beat my Durhams, Berkshires, or Southdowns."

"Oh! I mean," said I, "to add a few rather inexpensive ornaments to our rooms; it always gives an air of elegance and refinement."

Said John: "I don't care about such airs; they will do for city folks; and besides I always looked on such gewgaws as tomfoolery; but just do as you please; it's nothing to me; for you women folks, I suppose, feel as proud over such things as I do over my stock."

I had been reading of the rage for pottery decoration, so I thought I would try my hand on that first.

I obtained some jars of good form in the style of the old Egyptian and Greek urns and vases, and painted their surface a pale color. Having several to decorate, I had as many different colors—sea-green, friars-gray, pale blue, blue-gray, and buff. I got the embossed pictures sold at fancy stores, and after selecting such designs as are suited to the shape of the jar, arranged them in good taste over the surface. One of my prettiest was made of various kinds—a few children's heads, small sprays of flowers, birds, beetles, and butterflies, and little pictures of all kinds; I pasted them upon the pot with mucilage, letting the vines and leaves of the flowers intertwine so that they almost became one; while the butterflies, birds, heads, etc., were placed irregularly one here and another there.

I took great care in pasting the edges down, securely pressing them with a soft cloth. After allowing all to dry, then with a large brush gave the entire surface a coat of Demar varnish, going all over the jar with bold strokes, but never touching any part a second time while wet; when dry gave a second coat. I made beautiful jars by painting the entire surface bright red and decorating with silhouette pictures, touched up with a little gold around the edge; also a band of gold around the jar where fancy dictated.

I also made some very handsome vases and jardinières in imitation of Wedgwood ware. I will here give a few hints. The color should be blue-gray, or Pallissy gray-green, sheet-lace note-paper with embossed figures, such as is used for valentines. Lay a little fine raw cotton or tissue-paper under each figure, which should be gummed on to the surface and varnished with Demar varnish. When one once begins there is no end to the different designs that suggest themselves.

Having found an old three-legged centre-table in the attic, I at once set to work to turn it into a

beautiful ornament for my parlor. I sandpapered and rubbed until I had it very smooth, then painted it jet black and left it to dry. When dry, I varnished it and rubbed it until it shone like ebony, then put



PATTERN FOR CARD-BOARD CROSS.

some ornaments made of leather on the legs and centre piece, which I painted black, and varnished, and



CARD-BOARD CROSS ON VELVET.

med on, and a lambrequin of black satin hung gracefully from the edge and ornamented with cretonne embroidery. My coal-vase I made of a high, square box with the front corners cut off. The lid sloped downward as a desk-lid. I tacked moulding on the edges and around the lid, painted the whole black, varnished, and polished; then transferred some decalcomanie pictures of winter and home scenes on the front, lid, and ends.

Having a little knowledge of sketching and painting, I thought I would turn my attention to making and coloring chromo photographs. I removed photos from the cardboard, immersing them in hot water, and when the paste was sufficiently softened separated them carefully to prevent injury to the print. Having removed all the paste from the print, cut it a trifle smaller than the glass on which it is to be mounted, laying it between folds of blotting-paper until nearly dry. Having prepared some tragacanth paste, I coated the face of the print and concave surface of the glass with it. I lay the print on the glass, being careful to remove all air-bubbles and excess of paste with the fingers, working from the centre; after which, place several thicknesses of heavy paper on the print and work it quickly down with a moulding tool; when thoroughly dry it is ready to render transparent. Placing a cake of spermaceti in a tin tray, I set the latter in a vessel containing hot water, and when melted immersed the glass-mounted print and let it remain until the picture became transparent. Having removed it, let it drain and when cold rub off with a cloth.

The colors I now applied directly on the print to the eyes, lips, jewelry, or parts that require no blending. I pasted narrow strips of cardboard to the concave edge on the top, bottom, and sides. Then lay another glass of same size with a convex surface to the concave side of the first. On the clear glass paint hair, complexion, drapery, and background. Tragacanth paste is made by simply simmering the gum in hot water.

I made a pretty pair of lamp-mats from the ravelings of Brussels carpet; also a handsome rug. Cut the carpet into narrow strips and ravel out. With knitting cotton knit one row, then one row of the ravelled carpet, taking two or three threads a finger length long and knitting it in the middle, leaving the ends all the same length on one side, knit in strips and sew together.

I have also made a beautiful carpet for my dining-room out of two or three old ingrain ones. Having washed the carpets clean, I then cut them in strips half a finger length wide, ravelled out each edge, then sewed the strips together and wound in balls; had it woven as rag carpet, and when finished, to my surprise, found I had a Chenie Brussels.

MRS. A. B. INGHAM.

RIPLEY, OHIO.

AIR-CASTLE.

OUR air-castle we made of silver cardboard worked with two colors of blue worsted, then finished with tassels of small white glass and chalk beads, such as were used for collars years ago. T. M. M.

The Household.

SOME NEW IDEAS ON FURNISHING.

DEAR NIECE: I am glad to hear you have concluded to exchange the boarding-house for a comfortable home of your own; and I want to give you my advice about a few things before you undertake it, as one who has never tried it has a good deal to learn in going to housekeeping.

You seem to be worried and sorely perplexed because the house your husband has selected has one room which you will have to use for both sitting-room and parlor, and it is about this room that I wish to speak. As your room is large, I think it will be an advantage to a small family like yours, and with your limited means, to have it all in one. When I began to keep house I thought, too, that a parlor was indispensable; and although we had a cosy, handsome sitting-room, which was good enough in which to receive any of our guests, I could not rest until your uncle bought parlor furniture for a room which we needed more as a bedroom, and had bedroom furniture for; although he had to go beyond his means to do it. I hope there are not many young people as foolish as I was. I never enjoyed that parlor; we did not use it except when we had company, and do what I would, it would have the stiff, company look, and my friends always seemed to enjoy themselves better in the little sitting-room.

A parlor is a necessity where there are grown young people in the family, or their means warrant them in entertaining a great deal of company. Such a room is much more easily kept in order if the furniture belonging to each department be kept by itself. For instance, near one of your windows place your machine, your sewing-stand, or basket, or whatever you use in that capacity, your low chair, and one for the machine. And here let me tell you, I use one of those large, deep sewing-baskets, and have no need of a stand, as it is lined with bright silk, and, standing on the floor by the machine, forms a handsome little piece of furniture, and holds all the unfinished sewing any one ought to have around at a time. Machines now have so many drawers and boxes they hold everything else needed for sewing work.

Your library, or parlor part of the room, should contain a table, sofa, an easy chair or two, a fancy paper-holder, your bookcase, or shelves, as the case may be, and your organ and music stand. Your table need not be marble-topped or polished mahogany of some intricate design, to add to the elegant appearance of your room, as I know you could not afford anything of that kind; but it should be round, and covered with a warm-colored cloth to match the surroundings. Some designs have been given in THE FLORAL CABINET of home-made ones that would be quite as handsome as any you could afford to buy. Your sofa need not be a costly article; you can have

some carpenter make you a frame which you can cover and stuff with your own hands; or one of the cottage lounges well dressed, with a large, square pillow at each end, covered to match the rest of it, looks very well. It is most economical in the end to buy the regular furniture rep for lounge-covers, as it always looks well and never wears out. A nice, cheap way to fix the pillows is to cover them with plain calico or cambric of the desired color, put a heavy cord around the edges, a tassel at each corner, and for the side you have out knit a square worsted tidy, large enough to nearly cover it, and fasten it on cornerwise. The pillows can then be turned over when in use, and can be kept nice a long time. The tidies for the two should be different patterns, but the same colors.

Put whatever articles of furniture the children may have in a corner appropriated to their use, and let them be required to keep that part of the room in



THE LAST SONG OF WINTER.

order. Children cannot begin too early to save mamma's steps, where, as in your case, she has all her own work to do. Just as much as older ones, these little men and women need something on which to seat their guests. Too many small chairs are apt to be in the way, but small wooden boxes, fitted with lids with leather hinges, and covered with ingrain carpet or some stout rep goods, are always handy, as they can be used for footstools, and as receptacles for the children's toys or picture-books. If a small sofa frame is made, so that the seat is a lid that can be raised, and the whole covered and stuffed, it will do as well as these boxes. Their small chairs should always be furnished with tidies, and quite small girls can be taught to make them, with spatter-work on linen, or with two colors of dress braid, cut in equal lengths and pinned on a pillow so they can be woven together in the form of a checkered square. All the ends must be fastened, and a fringe of zephyr put on or a border crocheted.

I want to tell you how to make several nice pictures for this room. Gather a number of ferns of different varieties, clover, ivy, and geranium leaves, sprays of blackberry vine, oak, and maple leaves, and any others you may think would be nice, and bleach them to a pure white by immersing them in a solution of chloride of lime, one cupful of lime to a half-gallon of soft water being about the strength required. Have the solution in a glass jar, so you can tell when they are white enough; it will take several days, some longer than others. When white, take out and lay in a book until wanted for use. They look lovely, arranged in the form of a wreath or bouquet, on black velvet and framed in a deep frame.

A pretty companion picture for this is made by arranging brilliant autumn leaves, which have been carefully pressed, in the same form on white velvet, and framing to match. The leaves and ferns must be fastened to the velvet with mucilage in some places, and some stitches with white thread taken across the stems where they will not show.

Some of our magazines give colored title-pages which form handsome mats for bunches of pressed flowers. For example, I have just made a picture out of the beautiful plate in the January number of the *Démorest*. I covered the centre, which contained the title of the book, with a bouquet of pressed pansies and ferns, and framed the whole, and you would be delighted with it. A pretty cross to put on a bracket, is made by tying candle-wicking on a plain wooden cross, so as to leave ends all over it, and crystallizing this as you would grasses; cover the foundation with dried moss, and trail a delicate pressed vine over it.

Your children can make small brackets for their part of the room, by getting the triangular pieces of gilt moulding that come out of the corners when frames are made, tacking two together and fastening on a little shelf, covered with gold paper. One or two of these looks well, but do not have too many of any one kind of ornaments unless you want your room to look like a fancy store.

Such a room papered, carpeted, and curtained nicely, which you can afford since you do not have to furnish a separate parlor, will be elegant enough in which to receive any of your guests, and you will find it much easier to entertain them than it would be in a room set apart for that purpose. Then, besides, you will have a beautiful room for yourself and your children to live in, and in which to receive your husband when he comes home from his daily toil. We should always remember that beautiful surroundings have a refining influence on our families, and look to their interests first.

I meant to tell you some things in regard to your dining-room, but my letter is too long already, and I'll have to leave it till the next time.

AUNT MOLLIE.

Household Elegancies.

INEXPENSIVE HOUSEHOLD ORNAMENTS.

"How many pretty things we could have if we were only rich!" remarked a friend the other day. That is very true, but how few there are who belong to that class; and must we who have little to spend for the bright, fancy articles that we love so well, and which go so far toward making home beautiful, do without them? No indeed! We will set our brains and our hands to work to decorate our homes with our own handiwork, and we will be surprised at our success. Let me describe to you some of my fancy articles which are inexpensive and easily made. To make a button-hook holder cut two pieces of cardboard (mine is of fine silver cardboard) the shape of a lady's button boot; on one piece work with any bright-colored worsted little scallops to represent button piece of the shoe; work a dot in each scallop for the buttons, sew the two pieces neatly together with worsted, hang with a little worsted cord, at each end of which fasten a tiny ball of worsted, and it is complete; the top of the boot holds the button-hook and must be cut about an inch shorter than the hook. Very pretty splint baskets for dried grasses, pressed ferns, and leaves are made in this way: Procure a bunch of splints from any fancy store (if you get the very long ones cut them in half). I prefer the brown or black-walnut ones for this purpose, though the white ones are very pretty; weave them in and out, not closely but leaving little open squares; make two square pieces the same size. For the front of the basket soak one of the pieces in water until it can be easily bent; then bend one corner down to the centre and tie with a bow of blue ribbon; wherever the splints cross each other tie with blue single zephyr, crossing it on the top and fastening it underneath; now tie the three unbent corners of the front to three corners of the back with bows of blue ribbon, and fasten splints to hang it by. For a larger and more durable one, for papers, weave the splints closely, make the two squares the same size, and fasten the two opposite corners of one square to the centre of the two opposite sides of the other; let each remaining opposite corner project beyond the centre of each remaining opposite side. Tack bright-colored autumn leaves, that have been pressed and varnished, on the centre of the front, and at each corner a little bow of worsted cord with balls; hang with cord and balls. Another pretty paper-holder is made like this: cut back, front, and pointed side pieces of black bristol board, and in any fanciful shape; pink the edges and decorate with autumn leaves and pressed ferns; some prefer scrap pictures, but I think there is nothing so beautiful as the delicate ferns, and bright, lovely leaves of nature.

To make a pretty hair-receiver cut a piece of cardboard eight inches long by four inches wide, and another six inches long by four inches wide; in the centre of the smaller piece work (lengthwise) initials; sew the ends of this piece to the sides of the other, at one end: make a little silk bag, color to match the

letters, line with tarlatan, and sew in at the bottom of the two pieces; plait ribbon to match around the whole. I wonder if any of the readers of the CABINET have ever made crystallized baskets; the crystals are always liable to break off, and require great care in their preservation, but it is well worth the attention you give them, if you succeed in making a perfect basket. First take copper wire and form the basket; cover it by winding it with woollen yarn; take a pound of alum, if it is a small basket, or a quantity proportionate to the size of the article to be crystallized. Put the alum in sufficient water to cover the basket, boil it, and put it in some vessel large enough to hold the basket, hung by a string, so that the water will completely cover it; set it aside until the water is cold, and the alum will then be gathered upon the basket. Grasses, evergreens, mosses, or a crooked twig, wrapped with loose wool or cotton, and tied on with worsted, are very beautiful crystallized in the same manner. Bright yellow crystals may be produced by boiling gamboge or saffron in the solution, and purple ones by a similar use of logwood; the color, of course, being more or less deep according to the quantity used. Sulphate of copper will also produce beautiful blue crystals, but great care is necessary in using it. It is the best way to strain the solution through muslin before using it, to have the crystals very pure and clear.

CORAL FRAME.

VERY pretty imitations of coral can be made by using the little gnarled twigs of old apple-trees. We have for a small chromo of a boating scene with a black mat a frame about two inches wide; upon this we arranged the twigs nearest resembling branching coral, from two to three inches long; then glued them fast, and with a tiny, soft brush painted the frame black. When dry we gave the twigs a coat of vermilion mixed with varnish and turpentine. After this became dry, varnished the whole. The frame is nearly covered, the twigs branching and interlacing in every direction. I have seen brackets made in the same way and painted black. They were very handsome.

THE CHIEF IDOL.

THE idol in the market stands,
Wrought deftly by the graver's hands,
And visible to every eye.
Yet doth a truer idol lie
That monarch's cruel heart within,
And fashioned out of his great sin.
SELF is the name by which they call
That idol—type of idols all.—*From the Arabic.*

Five of the sweetest words in the English language begin with H, which is only a breath: Heart, Hope, Home, Happiness, and Heaven. Heart is a hope place, and home is a heart place, and that man sadly mistaketh who would exchange the happiness of home for anything short of heaven.

Black Ants on Peonies.—Sprinkle guano on them or about their haunts

CORNER WHATNOT.

My sister has just completed a whatnot of cone-work; she has four shelves, ranging in size from thirteen to sixteen inches on the straight edges, rounding out in the centre several inches; around this front edge is securely nailed a heavy piece of cardboard, five inches deep at the centre, narrowing towards the ends, where they slightly round (the shelves being first painted some dark color) these form the ground for the raised work. Two or three rows of pine cones, pulled apart and cut of equal length, are glued evenly all around, the first row extending a little beyond the edge; then in the centre and widest part of each is placed a group of cones cut in half, and from these, in each direction toward the ends, is filled with acorns, black walnuts, butternuts, pecans, Brazil nuts, and horse-chestnuts, peach, plum, tamarand pits, and all kinds of seeds and nuts; a great many acorns can be used with good effect, also beechnuts, and the burrs of sweet-gum; in fact, on four shelves there will be room for quite a display of ingenuity and good taste. My sister has made of hers quite a cabinet of curiosities, having grouped there the collections of many years, it is hung with heavy scarlet cord from the three corners, the lowest shelf coming to within two feet of the floor. At the centre of each ornamental piece hangs a nicely-shaped cone, giving it a tassel-like finish. Give all a good coat of varnish, and you have a "thing of beauty." The same shape can be used for leather-work or shells.

JAPANESE VASE.

WISHING something to hold our dried grasses, we looked the premises over and came across an old urn-shaped teapot that had been off duty for years and consigned to the stone heap. This we rescued, and by well-directed blows soon relieved it of its nose; then filled the holes all smoothly with putty, and left to dry. Then, with a piece of pine board, bracket-saw, and knife, fashioned a mate to the handle. This when finished was also puttied where the spout had been. When sufficiently hard it received a coat of paint—the upper and lower part and handles black—coach-black mixed with varnish, and turpentine to dry quickly. Then, after drying, the centre was painted ultramarine blue; also quickly drying. To preserve a nice shape, where the colors joined we cut a paper the desired shape and laid over the dry paint and touched carefully with the other color. After all was thoroughly dry it was varnished, and when that became tacky, ornamented with embossed pictures, butterflies, birds, and small pictures until pretty well covered; then received another coat of varnish and was ready for use. It will be very pretty for cut flowers when summer comes.

Worms in Pots.—The French *Journal d'Agriculture Pratique* states that worms can always be got rid of by using for the plants water to which a tenth part of grated horse-chestnut has been added. Under this treatment it is said the worms must either fly or die.



Marblehead Mammoth Cabbage.

There being a good deal of seed in the market raised from very poor stock, which must fail to give satisfaction, having been the original introducer of the Giant Cabbage, which, when raised from the right strain of seed under proper cultivation, has been grown to weigh over 60 pounds to a single plant, and sixty tons to the acre, I now offer to the public seed that has been raised by myself, with peculiar care, all of it from extra large, extra solid heads. The Marblehead Mammoth is not only the largest, but is one of the most crisp and sweetest of all varieties of the cabbage family, as will be seen by extracts of letters to be found in my Seed Catalogue, where my customers state that they have raised cabbages from my seed that have weighed 40, 45, and 50 pounds each. Full instructions for cultivation sent with every parcel of seed. Seed per pound, \$5; per ounce, 50 cts.; per half-ounce, 25 cts. My large Seed Catalogues sent free to all applicants. JAMES J. H. GREGORY, Marblehead, Mass.

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Little Valley Rose.

SONG AND DUET.

Words by ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

Music by ROBERT CHALLONER.

Moderato,

1. In a low, moss-eov-ered eot-tage, Where a brook ran sing-ing
 2. Oh! she wan-ders down the mead-ows, And be-neath the greenwood
 3. Yet love's chains can nev-er bind her, For no cap-tive bird is

Moderato.

ritard molto.

lento.

rit.

sempre. p

by, In a green and sha - dy val - ley, 'Neath a blue and sun - ny sky, Lives a wee and win - some maid - en, Where the sun - shine and the
tree, While the breez - es toss her tress - es, Like the wave - lets on the sea; Then she dan - ces in the sun - light, Sing - ing gai - ly on her
she, She de - lights but in the sun - shine, And in trip - ing o'er the lea; Here she finds the rich - est pleas - ures, That this fleet - ing life can

rit. *espress.* *rit.*

rit. molto. *rit, molto,*

[illegible]

D U E T.

The musical score is written on two systems. The first system features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. The tempo/mood is indicated as 'Joyfully.' and the dynamics as 'ritard.'. The lyrics are: 'Laugh-ing! dane-ing! Trip-ping on her way she goes, Smiles the bright-est, Heart the light-est! Pret-ty lit-tle Val-ley rose!'. The second system continues the vocal line and includes a piano accompaniment in bass clef, marked 'colla voce.'.

Laugh-ing! danc-ing! Trip-ping on her way she goes, Heart the light-est! Smiles the bright-est! Pret-ty lit-tle Val-ley rose.

ff

rit. molto.

colla voce.

p sempre.

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THE LADIES' *Domestic* Calendar

By HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

NEW YORK, APRIL, 1879.

No. 88. PRICE 12 CENTS.

THE WHITE WATER-LILY.

If lovers of flowers only knew how easily the fragrant white water-lily, *Nymphaea odorata*, could be cultivated, we are quite sure these lilies would be grown far more than other less fragrant and beautiful flowers that take more time and trouble to cultivate. These lilies once planted in a pond or small stream (they will bloom more profusely in shallow water) that does not entirely dry up in summer, will need no further care, and will increase from year to year. People who have not the facilities for growing them in ponds and streams can have their lily gardens in tubs and aquariums, where they can admire and gather the most fragrant and beautiful flower that grows on land or water.

In Tubs.—For a tub take a strong barrel, free from tar, oil, or salt; saw it in two; fill this one-third

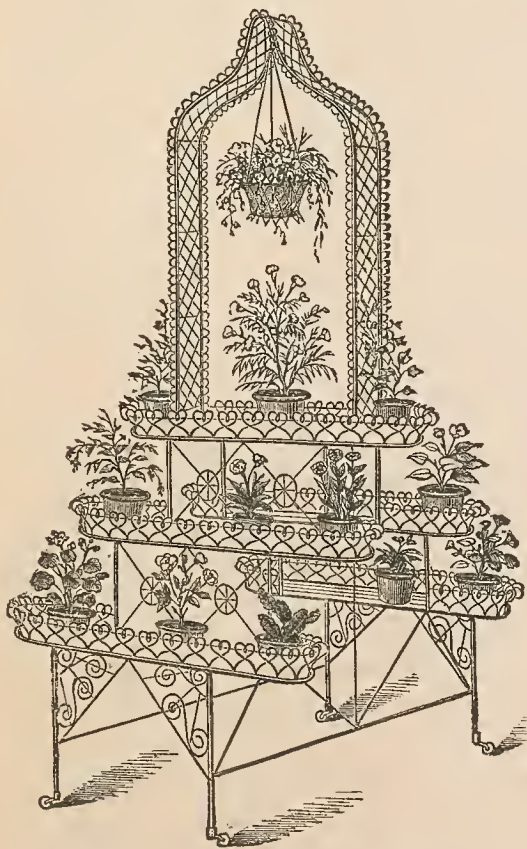


FIG. 1. FLOWER-POT STAND.

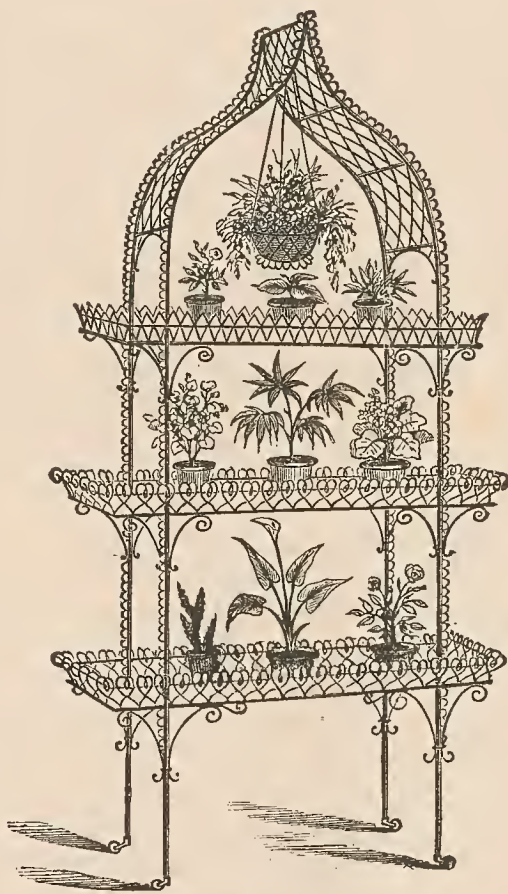


FIG. 2. WIRE FLOWER-STAND.

full with fine black garden soil, or meadow mud if handy; plant the roots in this mixture, covering them two inches deep; add water gently so as not to disturb the roots, until the tub is full. This is the only care needed—always keep the tub full of water. Set this on a brick or board platform in any place you desire. The tubs with their contents should be placed in a cellar during the winter, kept from frost, and not allowed to entirely dry up.

For Ponds and Streams.—Tie a stone close to the roots, large enough to sink it; drop this into the pond or stream where you wish them to grow.

For Aquariums.—Put in five inches of fine black loam, cover the roots one inch deep in this, and sift on fine sand enough to entirely cover the loam.—*B. Mann, in Gardener's Monthly.*

WINDOW PLANTS.

WERE we required to furnish a list of ten plants for window culture during winter, our choice would be as below: 1. Rose Geranium; 2. Zonale Geranium; 3. Variegated Geranium, Mrs. Pollock; 4. Fuchsia; 5. Heliotrope; 6. Calla Lily; 7. Carnation Pink; 8. Ivy Geraniums; 9. Tradescantia, or Wandering Jew; 10. Begonia Rex. We can hardly see where we could diminish this list, which offers many varieties and plants of a hardy nature, a thrifty growth, and pleasing appearance, yet we would desire to add many, as the Double Geraniums, the Oleander, Panieum Variegatum, Cyclamen, and Tea-Rose, etc.—*Scientific Farmer.*

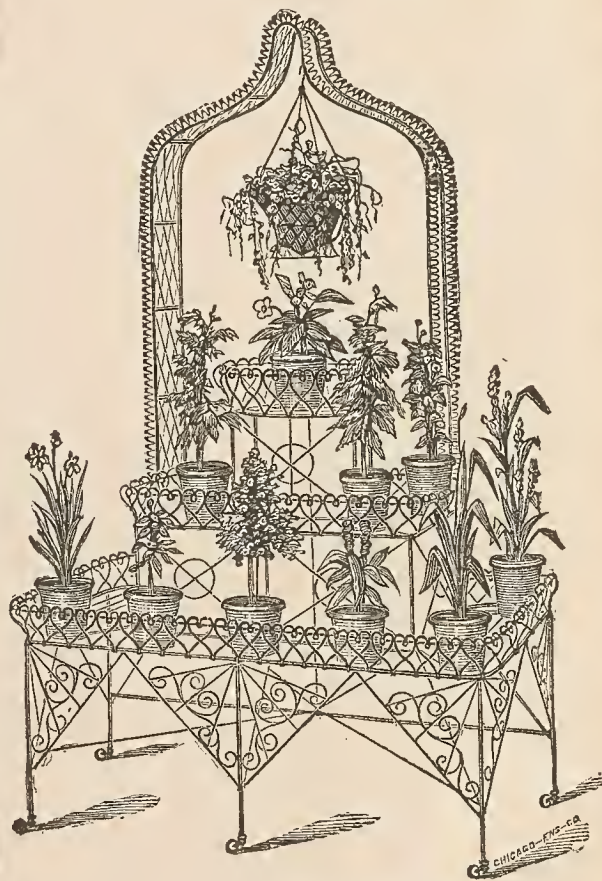


FIG. 3. WINDOW FLOWER-STAND.

Floral Contributions.

THE BEST HARDY ROSES

For General Cultivation, and How to Grow Them.

A Paper read before the Western N. Y. Horticultural Society.

BY HENRY B. ELLWANGER.

THIS is a query put by many interested devotees of Rose culture annually, and one in which all who love floriculture in any of its many forms have a never-failing interest.

As we are each year adding new sorts to our list of varieties, and are also making some occasional discoveries and improvements in propagation and cultivation, it follows that our selection of kinds and our treatment in culture will vary somewhat from year to year, as new varieties appear to take the places of old favorites, and we have knowledge of improved methods for the care of them. Reversing the order of our heading, we will first offer a few brief suggestions regarding the general culture suitable for hardy Roses, and afterwards at some greater length consider what varieties can most satisfactorily be grown by the general public.

The first requisite is the selection and preparation of a suitable place for planting. This is very important, as all that follows depends upon the care used in this first step.

To begin with, then, choose the best place you have in the garden, a place where you can offer sufficient protection by means of hedges or board fences from bleak, sweeping winds. When fences are used, their general ugliness can be most appropriately clothed by Roses themselves. A warm, sunny position is also requisite; if so situated that there is an exposure to the morning sun and the hot rays during the afternoon are in part or wholly shaded, all the better, but a certain amount of sunlight is as essential to a Rose's welfare as to our own, though many of us do not show our appreciation of the blessings of sunlight as gratefully as do our Roses. Besides scattering them through our gardens, Roses may be made very effective planted in borders about our lawns, either individually or in groups, and also planted in beds on the lawn. When the latter is done, we may with great advantage depart from the usual custom of growing the plants in bush-form and resort to what is termed the pegging-down system.

In this case the mode of procedure is quite simple. Having planted our Roses—for this purpose those on their own roots are preferable—we allow them to grow the first season in the usual way; the following autumn or spring the short and weak shoots are entirely cut away, and the long ones carefully bent down and fastened to the ground by means of pegs, or where more convenient or preferred they may be tied to stakes. Occasionally it happens there is a hard, stiff shoot which will crack or break near the ground, but if the bark on the under side continues

whole this is generally of no consequence, as flowers will be produced as well as though the shoot were uninjured.

Every year the pegging down must be repeated, the old shoots being cut away and the new ones which have come up during the summer laid down in their place. The great advantage of this system over the ordinary practice of growing in bush-form is the immense quantity of flowers produced, thus giving a magnificent appearance on the lawn and affording all the cut flowers desired for household use.

Soil.—Roses will do well in any ordinary garden soil that is free from standing water and well drained. Where there is too much clay, the soil can easily be made sufficiently friable by the application of wood and coal ashes, lime, stable manure, etc. Where, on the other hand, a soil is sandy or too light we need to bring clay, muck, leaf-mould, etc., to obtain sufficient body.

Pruning is best done during November or March, though to secure a good second crop of flowers in the autumn it is also necessary to prune immediately after the first flowering is over with.

Manures.—In regard to this important portion of cultural operations, we would say that there must be a generous application if we expect a generous yield of flowers. When Roses are planted in the spring, if the soil is ordinarily rich, it will be better not to dig in much manure about the roots, but rather apply it as a surface-dressing. This will at once be nourishing, keeping the roots cool, and prevent suffering from the droughts of summer. The following autumn, say in November, after the Roses have been planted, there should again be applied as a mulching a free application of stable manure, which may be dug in the next March. We find cow manure the best fertilizer, on the whole, that we have tried, though all kinds of stable manure are excellent, as are also bonedust, soot, guano, etc. For full directions regarding this and kindred objects we refer to the several excellent works on Roses.

With these few cultural hints, we proceed to a consideration of what are the best hardy Roses for general cultivation. We mean by this a list for beginners in Rose culture and the general public, naming those varieties that are most certain to succeed, and which will give the most generous return in profusion of flower, fragrance, and beauty. A perfect Rose, therefore, for general cultivation, should excel in the following particulars, and in the order named:

First, beauty of color, as that which first attracts us to a Rose.

Second, beauty of form, without which our eye cannot rest long, but wanders on, seeking a combination of the two in one flower.

Third, fragrance. Deprived of this no Rose can be perfect. Who ever yet saw a beautiful Rose without wishing to inhale its odors? Gratification in this matter is oftentimes far more pleasing to us than the mere sight of beauty.

Fourth, profusion and continuity of bloom. We like our good things in abundance, poured out to us with generosity, that we may have to distribute and carry our pleasure to friends.

Fifth, vigor and healthfulness of growth, that will produce strength of plant thriving with a moder-

ate degree of care and attention, and that will endure the extremes of summer's heat and winter's cold.

Let us consider at some greater length these several qualities essential to a perfect Rose.

First. As regards color, we like something decided and pronounced, or else of great delicacy and softness, and withal as durable as possible. The varieties differ very greatly in this respect. For example, Pius IX., a well-known old Rose of splendid habit, very seldom is seen of a clear color; the sun fades it almost immediately after the flowers expand, and a dirty shade of rose is produced, anything but pleasing. La Reine, Giant of Battles, and others are likewise affected, though in less degree. Some, like Abel Grand and General Jacqueminot, are quite permanent, lasting oftentimes till the petals wilt and fall. Above all things, therefore, we want our colors pure and steadfast.

Form.—In form, the Rose shows almost as much diversity as in color. We have globular, eup-shaped, imbricated, and quartered Roses, besides many modifications of these forms. The globular Rose, as shown in Alfred Colomb, is the finest of them all, but the others are very pleasing in their variety, and we should not wish to be confined to the one type. The quartered or flat form is the most objectionable, though there are very many lovely Roses of quartered or flat shape, such as Caroline de Sansal, Baronne Prévost, etc., which are large, full, and even symmetrical. Shirley Hibberd, in his excellent work on Roses, places form before color. This may be right in an exhibition box of Roses, but not as judged from our standpoint. However, it shows the very great importance of excellence in form, without which a Rose cannot stand very high in the scale.

Fragrance.—Did one ever think what we should lose were our Roses deprived of their sweet odors? Why, there would at once be a vacant throne, with no Rose to hold a queenly sceptre, and the strife of Dahlia, Camellia, Lily, Gladiolus, and Rhododendron for supremacy would have no check, no limitation. Among all the delightful perfumes exhaled by the Lily, Heliotrope, Daphne, Jasminum, etc., none yield such delicate, sweet-scented odors as La France and Louis Van Houtte-give us; they are alike supreme in beauty and fragrance.

Profusion and continuity of bloom.—This is also a very important feature, as is ably set forth by W. D. Prior in an article on "Autumn Roses," which appeared in the *Gardener's Chronicle*, September 21, 1878. He says:

"One of the most important points in which all Roses of comparatively recent introduction should be carefully watched is that of the habit of free autumnal bloom. Until this has been well established, the title of even the finest varieties to rank as perpetuals is incomplete. There is the greater necessity for this vigilance because true perpetuity is the chief claim to superiority that our modern Roses are able to advance over some of their summer predecessors, which in form, color, vigor of growth, and hardiness are quite their equals, being surpassed only in the valuable property of having more than one season of bloom. Another reason for impartial examination as to this quality is that so many novelties receiving certificates when exhibited at the meetings of socie-

ties, or which attract the commendations of adepts at exhibitions, ultimately turn out lamentably shy in autumn—mere summer roses in fact, yielding, it may be, under peculiar circumstances, a flower or two in the latter part of the year. It unfortunately happens that not a few even of the established favorites are capricious and unreliable in the essential feature which gives a name to the class to which they are held to belong. Let any one walk through a large collection of Roses from the end of August till the time for lifting arrives, and he will be struck at beholding row upon row of healthy-looking trees utterly destitute of the vestige of a flower. In other cases a bloom here or there may be seen, but nothing in quantity to justify the title of perpetual, while others will be found yielding flowers till the frost cuts them off. These last are the kinds most valuable for the purposes of the general Rose public, in contradistinction to the limited class concerned with exhibition; hence the necessity of ascertaining the trustworthy autumnal blooms every year."

There is no doubt we have altogether too many kinds of so-called Hybrid Perpetuals, which, though excelling in many other qualities, are lamentably deficient in this; they are perpetual in name only, and do not yield a sufficient number of flowers; they, therefore, should give place to true perpetual varieties.

Vigor and healthfulness of growth.—Last, and scarcely least, we look for a strong constitution.

Varieties subject to mildew, like Caroline de Sansal, Prince Camille de Rohan, etc., have our commiseration as well as our regard; while weak or slow-growing varieties, like General Washington, Giant of Battles, La France, etc., we unfavorably contrast with the exuberant, healthful growths of such sorts as John Hopper, General Jacqueminot, Baronne Prévost, etc.

With these preliminary remarks, we submit a table placing in order of merit the best hardy Roses for general cultivation. With the single exception of Climbing Jules Margottin, we have not contemplated the admission of new varieties of the past four years. Some of them, no doubt, will be worthy a place in the list, but it takes time to thoroughly test a Rose, and we wish to make this list as thoroughly reliable and as nearly perfect as it is possible for such a list to be.

We have selected the following means of determining the comparative merits of different varieties. Taking the five qualities named in the order of their importance, we assigned the following number of points to each: Color, twenty-four; form, twenty-two; fragrance, twenty; freedom of bloom, eighteen; vigor and healthfulness of growth, sixteen; making a total of one hundred points for each Rose.

Where two or more varieties resemble one another, we have only retained the superior sort as a contestant; thus Ferdinand de Lesseps and Maurice Bernardin are thrown out as being somewhat similar, but inferior to Charles Lefebvre.

This gives a list, therefore, of quite distinct sorts, those which are nearest alike being Alfred Colomb and Mme. Victor Verdier at the head, and they are sufficiently dissimilar to make both essential, even in a very limited collection.

We have given the shade of color in case any one should desire to select from this list with reference to having but a few sorts quite distinct from each other in tint, but, as already mentioned, Roses vary almost in form as in color, and we may have two kinds, of precisely the same shade, yet strongly differing in every other respect, and therefore entirely distinct. The list runs as follows:

	Color.	Form.	Fragrance.	Freedom and continuity of bloom.	Vigor and healthfulness of growth.	Total.
Maximum number of points...	24	22	20	18	16	100
Alfred Colomb, crimson.....	24	22	19	15	13	92
Mme. Victor Verdier, crimson..	24	22	19	14	11	90
John Hopper, earmine-rose....	24	20	14	16	16	90
General Jacqueminot, velvety earmine.....	24	16	17	17	16	90
Countess Cécile de Chabillant, pink.....	23	22	17	13	14	89
Abel Grand, glossy rose.....	23	20	15	16	15	89
Marie Baumann, earmine-earmine.....	24	22	18	14	10	88
Charles Lefebvre, deep earmine.....	24	21	16	14	13	88
François Michelin, earmine-rose.....	24	11	15	15	13	88
La France, silvery rose.....	24	22	20	18	3	87
Marguerite de St. Amande, bright rose.....	24	20	12	16	15	87
Climbing Jules Margottin, earmine-pink.....	24	19	14	14	16	87
Duke of Edinburgh, bright earmine.....	24	17	15	15	15	86
Baronne Prévost, rose.....	23	14	17	16	16	86
Louis Van Houtte, maroon.....	24	21	20	14	6	85
Paul Neyron, rose.....	22	19	13	15	16	85
Anne de Diesbach, earmine.....	24	16	12	14	15	81
Mme. Boll, earmine-rose.....	24	21	12	8	15	80
Prince Camille de Rohan, dark earmine.....	24	18	14	12	10	78
Countess of Oxford, earmine-red.....	24	22	4	14	13	77
Caroline de Sansal, rosy-flesh.....	23	15	12	14	13	77
Mme. Alfred de Rougemont, white.....	20	16	14	18	9	77
Peach-Blossom, pink.....	22	16	10	12	13	73
Coquette des Blanches, white.....	23	10	8	18	12	71
General Washington, reddish earmine.....	20	18	4	17	8	67
Marquise de Castellane, earmine-red.....	24	19	2	9	10	64
Baroness Rothschild, silvery pink.....	24	21	2	12	4	63
La Reine, rose.....	15	12	10	12	14	63
Etienné Levé, earmine red.....	24	20	2	10	6	62
Mlle. Eugénie Verdier, silvery rose.....	24	20	2	8	7	61

A list of this kind would not be complete without mention of some summer Roses. Though blossoming only once a year, some of them, notably the Mosses, are so beautiful as to be essential to a Rose garden of any size or pretensions. We name the following as the best: For climbers, Bennett's Seedling, Baltimore Belle, and Queen of the Prairies. We have also a new race of climbing Hy. Perpetuals, which promise to be valuable but are not fully proved. Among non-climbers, the most desirable are Persian Yellow, Mme. Hardy, Mme. Plantier, and the following: Moss Roses, Crested, Common Moss, Countess of Murinais, and Salet; the latter, though less beautiful than the others, blooms freely in autumn and would be quite valuable for that quality alone.

The selection or mode of electing varieties to a position in the above list is, of course, arbitrarily done, but it has been carefully, and we may say laboriously, compiled; and though judges would differ more or less in the relative estimation of the different qualities which go to make up a perfect Rose, and the number of points which should be variously assigned, we nevertheless think it will be a serviceable guide. As will be seen from the table, we have no Rose which may be called perfect; our choicest sorts, excelling in some qualities, fall short in others; thus Alfred Colomb, which heads the list with ninety-two points out of a possible one hundred, is less fragrant than La France, more coy of its blooms than Coquette des

Blanches, and does not have the lusty vigor of growth possessed by Baronne Prévost, but, for the five qualities combined, no sort altogether equals it, though Mme. Victor Verdier is a sister variety of nigh equal worth. Honest John Hopper, always steadfast and true, comes third. Victor Verdier bears him much resemblance in color and general appearance, but has neither the fragrance nor vigor of constitution to be counted a rival.

General Jacqueminot, notwithstanding a lack of fulness and rotund form, is now one of our oldest, most generally known, and also best Roses for general cultivation. Clad in his rich crimson livery, he is still prepared to lead the van.

Countess Cécile de Chabillant, possibly from the length of name, is a variety too much neglected and lost sight of. The flowers are not large but most beautiful, and are models of symmetry and grace. Let no one overlook her claims.

Abel Grand is another neglected, or at least not well-known, variety of the highest excellence, especially valuable in the fall of the year, when compeers otherwise equally meritorious are devoid of even a semblance of bloom.

Marie Baumann! How difficult to depict her charms. Original and exquisite in all her features, she claims a choice position in every garden. There is no more beautiful variety than this in the entire list.

Charles Lefebvre is an improved Jacqueminot in form, and possibly color, though somewhat inferior in other qualities. Only within a year or two have we in this country learned to appreciate this noble Rose.

François Michelin, a comparatively new sort, is rapidly gaining favor. It is a seedling from La Reine, bearing some resemblance to that well-known sort, but decidedly superior in color and form. Following this is La France, the sweetest of all Roses; compelled to choose one variety, this should be ours. It is not only the most fragrant, but, with the exception of those Hybrid Noisettes, Madame Alfred de Rougemont and Coquette des Blanches, will yield more flowers during the year than any other sort named. It flowers so profusely that its growth is checked, every eye sending forth a flower-shoot; it is, alas! not very hardy, being the most tender on the list, but though the tops are killed it will start out again in the spring from the roots, the same as the Hybrid Noisettes.

Marguerite de St. Amande is a worthy companion of Abel Grand, furnishing a generous supply of autumn flowers.

Climbing Jules Margottin, besides being of more vigorous growth, seems, if anything, more beautiful than the old sort, from which it is a sport. It is well worth growing for its buds alone.

Duke of Edinburgh, is a bright-colored Jacqueminot, which is saying all that is necessary.

Baronne Prévost, one of the best of the flat type, is a worthy companion of General Jacqueminot, and a model of vigor and health. It is the oldest variety known, having been sent out in 1842.

Louis Van Houtte, like La France, is but half hardy, and is also worthy of extra care. No other sort so nearly approaches La France in fragrance, and when planted in a bed together the deep, vel-

vety maroon of the one contrasts most beautifully with the delicate silvery rose of the other.

Paul Neyron is the largest variety known, and although its size detracts from our notions of a refined Rose, it is nevertheless a noble sort for any garden.

Anne de Diesbach, a true carmine, has its rivals of the same shade, but her pure, lovely color has never yet been equalled by any of them.

Madame Boll is almost worth growing for its large, lustrous foliage, but the blooms correspond in size and quality, only are too seldom seen after the June blossoming is over.

Prinee Camille de Rohan is a superb, very dark sort, very well known.

Countess of Oxford (a splendid earmine red, of the Victor Verdier type), like François Michelon, is rapidly becoming popular, its chief defect being a want of fragrance, which it lacks in common with all the Victor Verdier race, such as Captain Christy, Etienne Levet, Lyonnais, Madame George Schwartz, Madame Marie Finger, Mlle. Eugenie Verdier, President Thiers, etc.

Caroline de Sansal is a well-known, justly popular sort.

Madame Alfred de Rougemont and Coquette des Blanches are, all things considered, the best white perpetuums we have.

Peach Blossom, a comparatively new sort, seems to improve each year, and gives a new shade of color very desirable.

General Washington is one of the most widely disseminated varieties in this country, but it does not reach the maximum number of points in any quality. In color it is sometimes grand, but generally it has somewhat of a faded appearance, being quickly affected by the sun, and seldom is seen truly pure. The same may be said respecting form, sometimes superb, but generally seen with some defect, either a green centre or irregular and not symmetrical. Of fragrance it is almost entirely devoid. It ranks very high as a free bloomer, but, like La France, this is at the expense of growth.

Marquise de Castellane does not always open well, but gives many large carmine-rose blooms of globular shape that are truly superb.

Baroness Rothschild has exquisite cup-shaped flowers entirely distinct from all others. It is, unfortunately, of stubby, short-jointed growth, and can only be propagated by budding or grafting. This will always tend to make it somewhat scarce.

La Reine is another well-known old Rose which we cannot yet afford to discard, though now surpassed by so many finer varieties.

Etienne Levet, another of the newer sort, somewhat resembling Countess of Oxford, is rapidly finding favor, and had it but fragrance would be assigned a higher position.

Mlle. Eugenie Verdier, the last of the list, is certainly one of the most delicately beautiful colored varieties we have, but here again the lack of fragrance deprives it of a higher position.

FLOWERS IN A HOSPITAL.

I MUST tell you about my Verbena mound. The invention was all my own, but as I never had it patented you are welcome to it. I had four hexagon

pipe, and how they did bloom! hundreds of blossoms displaying themselves all summer to the best possible advantage. My long beds also gave me great satisfaction; the Balsams, Nasturtiums, Ageratum, Sweet Alyssum, Candytuft, and a host of others blossomed in profusion. My Phlox Drummondii and Pansies were more beautiful than ever, while in a special bed Zonale Geraniums, Fuchsias, Feverfew, and Heliotrope held themselves in readiness to make more aristocratic contributions. Of Roses, too, I had quite a variety. What wonder was it that with such wealth about me I became ambitious of giving; and many a basketful of buds and blossoms found its way to the Surgical Institute.

How eager the welcome they received there! How warm the appreciation! Never can I forget the smile that lighted up the pale face of one sweet girl, who was not expected to recover, when I gave her a handful of Rosebuds and Pansies. She pressed them to her lips, then laid them on the pillow beside her, and turned her face toward them, as if in their mute loveliness she found sympathy and companionship. "Oh! they do me so much good," said another; "they remind me of God's love." One young man, who had not been able to move for months, said: "You bring in your flowers all the sunshine I ever get." Another poor fellow, who had just recovered his eye-sight through an operation, asked to have his bandage removed just a little that he might see the flowers; "for," said he, "I have not seen any for such a long time."

Always a great lover of flowers as I had been, never did I know their worth till that summer. Never did I realize as then the fulness of enjoyment they could confer, or the truths of the greater blessedness of giving. My only trouble was that I never

could quite supply the demand, although my daughter and I distributed thirteen hundred bouquets, by actual count, during the summer. Since then, I am happy to say, a regular Flower Mission has been established in Indianapolis, and the blessed work is carried on in a systematic manner. And though I now live in a small place where there are no hospitals or surgical institutes to visit, yet I do not intend to allow myself to be shut off entirely from all such loving deeds, and I have just received, in answer to a letter of enquiry, a most hearty response from the president of the Flower Mission in St. Louis stating how great their need of contributions there, and how much good could be done with the basket of flowers which I expect to send this summer every week.

MRS. M. L. NUTTING.



GROUP OF NEW CINERARIAS.

frames made of plank a foot wide, of graduating sizes. The largest frame was three feet each side, the smallest not quite a foot. The largest frame placed on the ground was filled with prepared soil. Then I took a piece of stove-pipe three feet long and punched it full of holes (don't laugh till I get through), and stuck it up in the centre of the bed. Then the frame next in size was placed on the filled one, and secured from sagging by cross-pieces. This also was filled, and so with the next two; no soil, of course, being thrown into the pipe, the top of which came level with the top of the smallest frame, and was concealed by a large vase containing a scarlet Geranium. The frames were then painted green, and Verbenas set out in the step-like beds. Every evening during the summer I had several pails of water poured into the

Floral Experiences.

SOMETHING ABOUT MY FLOWERS.

THEY are beautiful. All who see them testify to that. Their home for the winter is a large bay-window facing the south, with side lights east and west. Early in the fall all the plants needing it are repotted in soil suited to each one's need. They are then placed in a cool chamber to gradually accustom them to indoor life. By the middle of October they are all snugly ensconced in their winter quarters, and from that time are a constant source of pleasure.

My Geraniums are all young plants. I started slips last May of such as I wanted for winter blooming. All buds were remorselessly nipped out through the summer, and by the time they were wanted for the house they were fine, shapely plants. A Master Christine, Madame Rendatler, Jean Sisley, and Marie Lemoine thus treated have given an abundance of flowers this winter. For foliage Geraniums I keep a plain and a variegated Rose, a Mountain of Snow, and a Black Douglas. The last I think fully as pretty as Madame Pollock, and it does better in the house.

The Primroses are also young plants, all raised from seed sown in May except the double white one. They were first picked out in two-inch pots, transferred to larger as they needed it, and now are all in six-inch pots; and never before have I had such large blooms as now. For soil I used mostly leaf-mould and a little silver sand. The Cyclamen, now five years old, has a bulb as large around as a silver half-dollar. It is in a seven-inch pot and has not been shifted for two years. At one time this winter it had over fifty flowers, besides the buds.

My Stevia is now one mass of feathery white flowers. Last spring a friend received one from the greenhouse, and, accidentally breaking off the top, sent it to me; not thinking it would grow, I stuck it down by the edge of a pot and thought no more of it. When next I looked at it I was surprised to find it growing; and since then it has taken constant pinching to keep it from growing out of reach. It is now a most beautiful plant.

My Heliotrope, a large plant now nearly three years old, has several large trusses of its fragrant flowers on it now. Last summer I cut it closely back, and by September it was covered with a fresh young growth. A little after Christmas it commene-

ed to bloom, and has not been without flowers since. It is in a ten-inch pot filled with the best of mould, and is given the highest, sunniest situation in the window. An old German lady of whom I got my slip told me, "He like rich food, you must feed him well." And I find it is so. Occasionally I give it a little soot tea.

Of all so-called winter blooming Fuchsias, the Speciosa is the only one that blooms abundantly for me. I have now a large plant of this in a ten-inch pot, and it has had hundreds of flowers on it this winter. The Carl Halt has bloomed only occasionally, but is so pretty when it does, one cannot find

five Callas; one being in the centre, the others equidistant about the edge. From these I have had twenty flowers since early in the fall. One lily, not yet one year old, has given three flowers. Their saucer is filled with boiling water every morning, and they are given water warm to the hand as they need it. In the summer they are stood out on the cistern-box, east of the house, and given only enough water to keep from dying out entirely.

But the crowning glory of my flowers this winter were two large vases filled, one with Verbenas, the other with Petunias. They stood in south windows on either side of the bay-window. The Verbenas, of all colors, were covered with flowers since January. The Petunias, plain, striped, and blotched, seemed trying to outdo them. At one time I counted over eighty blooms on the Petunias, and I think they averaged about that for three or four weeks. The plants of both kinds were started from slips in August in saucers of damp sand, and from these transplanted to the vases in which they were to grow; and how they grew! Careful watching, sprinkling, and smoking kept down the green lice that will trouble Verbenas, and their abundant bloom amply repaid all trouble. I shall never more winter old plants of either Verbenas or Petunias; they are, truly, more trouble than they are worth.

Of three hanging baskets I will only describe one; and here let me say this is one of the most delightful ways of growing plants. Just in front of the window hangs a large wire basket, having in the centre a pink Oxalis; climbing up the wires by which it is hung is the graceful Maurandia vine, hanging by the leafy stems to everything it can take hold of; drooping over the sides of the basket are Lobelia and Kenilworth Ivy, now full of little blue

and lilac flowers—the last like miniature Snapdragon blossoms.

All of these plants, with many others, are thoroughly sprinkled every Tuesday morning. If any signs of insects are discovered, they are removed to a little room off the kitchen and given up to tobacco-smoke for a while; then sprinkled good and returned to their places. I rarely have this to do, however. Plants from a greenhouse are always kept from the others till I am sure that they are not infected. All my plants are watered as early in the morning as possible, if they need it. Never water a plant unless it does need it, and then water thoroughly, using water warm to the hand.

MRS. W. B. VAN DE WALL.

LANCASTER, WIS.



PLANT OF NEW CALCEOLARIAS.

any fault with it. All other Fuchsias spend the winter in the cellar. I bring them up about the last of March, and in a few weeks they are covering themselves with fresh green leaves, making ready for their summer work. This winter among my new plants I have had Mahernia Odorata and a Hogarth Bouvardia; they have bloomed profusely since the 1st of February. I am delighted with Mahernia, its delicately-perfumed blossom and graceful foliage making it a valuable acquisition to my window.

Late last fall I took from my garden a root of Dicentra Spectabilis (Bleeding-heart) and planted it in an eight-inch pot filled with rich earth. It soon began to grow, and by Christmas was filled with its delicate pink flowers.

In a large pot, holding about half a bushel, I have

Floral Hints.

WINTER FLOWERS.

NATURALLY the first enquiry of every true flower-lover, or at least every window-gardener, would be: How can I get flowers to bloom during the long, dreary winter months? what will they be? and what kind of soil will they like? To such, I would say, take THE FLORAL CABINET, for therein you learn all this and much more; but at the same time study the nature of each plant, and learn, too, by experience. Strictly observe three things: Your plants must have plenty of moisture, air, and good food to thrive well. Now prepare your soil; for most of plants good garden-soil, leaf-mould, and a small portion of sand does well. For Calla Lily I use well-rotted chip-manure alone, or sometimes put in leaf-mould, while for Cactus there must be more sand used. Those who are so situated that they cannot take care of many plants during winter would, of course, want those that were the least trouble and at the same time the most sure to bloom. To such I would recommend Calla Lily, Oxalis, and Chrysanthemum. I am sure these three cannot fail to bloom if properly treated. They have always bloomed for me when treated in the following manner: About the last of May or first of June I set my Calla and Oxalis under a tree out in the yard and let them rest (by watering only enough to keep them from drying completely up) until the first of September. I then shake them out and re-pot in good rich soil and set in the shade a few days, giving but little water until after they have started to grow, after which there is little danger of giving the Calla too much. During winter I water the Calla with almost boiling hot water, taking care not to let it touch the stalks. In fact, I never water any of my plants with cold water, as it retards their growth. The Chrysanthemum I let grow out in the garden until August, when I lift it carefully and pot in the usual way (I do this after sunset), taking care not to cramp the roots in an unnatural position, yet using as small a pot as can accommodate it. Water well and set in the shade a week or two, after which bring it gradually to the sunlight, though never set it out in the heat of the day. After it is done blooming I set it out in the garden to there remain until I want it again. By following my plan of treatment with above-named plants I think any one, though poorly situated, may have flowers all winter. There are many other finer plants that we can have bloom in winter, but I recommend these three because they are less trouble than any I ever kept, and sure to bloom, and cost so little that they are within the reach of the poor. There is many a poor mother who would love to have such things (if she had the room) to brighten her dreary, cramped home, but she feels that it is impossible, for during the short winter days her time for each duty is quite limited. But perhaps she can have summer flowers. They are the simplest and least expensive ornament of the homestead, imparting an air of taste and comfort, and awakening dreams of beauty, especially in the minds of children, that will never entirely fade from the

memory, but will linger as reminiscences of home, and as oft-recurring incentives to strive after a better life. Those who cultivate summer flowers alone would best choose annuals, as they are the cheapest and produce the desired effect the quickest. Some annuals, too, are deemed absolutely indispensable, such as Zinnia, Phlox Drummondii, Petunia, etc. Most annuals should be planted about the first of May, or when all danger of frost is over. As a general rule, seed planted three times their own diameter germinate readily. In planting, great care should be taken in regard to harmony of color, height, and period of flowering, as we all know what a fearful effect would be produced by no taste being exercised. Keeping a garden clear from weeds, too, all will agree, adds as much to its appearance as arrangement. It has been said that a garden is an evidence of one's character. In the picture of the sluggard we read: "I passed by his garden and saw the wild brier. The thorn and the thistle grew higher."

LELIA MERRIT.

CALHOUN, HENRY CO., MO.

FLORAL GOSSIP.

THE various Geraniums and Fuchsias which had given our urn so gay an appearance through the summer were taken up and stored in the cellar, for a resting-spell to continue through the winter, and their places were filled before the removal to the house with a Begonia Rex, another Begonia having bright green leaves spotted with white, which are sometimes in the year almost a gold color, a Camphor Plant which is still in bloom, and a small Century Plant which we pet as complacently as though we expected to live to see it bloom. These plants are not very uncommon ones, and though I have before me the image of an impertinent miss who once declared to me with a disdainful toss of her head that she never kept any common flowers, I must still declare that I would sooner have thrifty, healthy, common plants, than sickly, scraggy, uncommon ones, with unpronounceable names, hailing from no one knows where. I have quite a respect for novelties, and count a goodly number among my plants, but I think some of the good old plants full as beautiful, and we know how much we can depend upon them. For instance, there were no plants in our collection that produced more loveliness than our large Oleanders this year, a double pink and single white. They blossomed from the first of June until after hard frosts. They were then covered with buds, but on being transferred to the cellar they dropped off. They are taking a winter's rest, and I presume will be as handsome as ever next year. I have a beautiful Dwarf Palmetto which was sent me by a friend in Texas. It is very attractive, and every one who sees it remarks upon its beauty.

I also have a singular plant which I raised from seed. The lady who gave me the seed says it is a Black Pepper tree. It has beautiful fern-like leaves, and a spicy fragrance arises from its leaves upon being touched. It grows quite fast, but mine is not a year old yet, and has never blossomed.

Our plants are all furnished with good drainage.

We usually place charcoal on the bottom of the dish, then fill up with the best soil we can get. Water freely. But it is necessary to study the nature of flowers, as some plants require more water than others. Then in a warm, dry time they need it much more frequently and copiously than in a cool time, when the water does not evaporate so freely. In the winter the greatest difficulty seems to be to keep the plants at a uniform temperature. They are apt to get too warm in the daytime and too cool at night, and great precaution must be taken to guard against this, or certainly no blossoms need be expected. I have made a comforter to hang up over the window near which my urn stands. Instead of using batting to stuff it with, I used old papers, putting in at least a dozen layers, then tacking it to keep them in their places. This I hope will contest Jack Frost's right to enter.

I certainly do not approve of doctoring either people or plants when they are well: but, in direct opposition to this theory, I have taken to putting a large spoonful of ammonia in the water I use for them once a week, and I am very much pleased with the result. The very best thing usually, after plants are properly potted, is to water them and *let them alone*. There are a great many killed by too great and injudicious care. Perhaps, as I have had considerable experience in preparing and exhibiting cut flowers, and have had good success, a description of some of my exhibits may be of benefit to others.

Last June there was a fair held near here, and I made a lovely floral ornament of Moss Rose buds, green Moss, and Roses. The moss was arranged in a large shallow box, twenty inches by eighteen, and one inch deep. This was a perfectly flat sheet of green. A cross, as large as would conveniently lie in this box, was made of Moss Rose buds, and at the crossing a bunch of full-blown Roses. The cross was formed by sticking the stems of the buds in damp sand, which was concealed by the moss. The flowers were raised above the moss. I raised a great many Moss Roses, and think there is nothing lovelier than the buds.

I once saw a floral ornament in the shape of a star, six feet across, composed of stalks of bright Gladiolus. It was showy, but not at all artistic or of delicate design or workmanship, as such an article should be to be admired.

For hand bouquets, small flowers, rose-buds of all descriptions, perfumed foliage, and tasteful arrangement are necessary. A very pretty pair, which gained a red ribbon, were formed of a creamy-white Rose-bud, rather large in the centre, surrounded with blue Ageratums, then a row of Candytuft, and then Moss Rose buds with a border of small Rose Geranium leaves.

Later in the fall I made them of a Tuberose for the centre, then Verbenas and Lemon Verbenas, with the border of Geranium leaves, before putting in the bouquet papers. Hand bouquets should be nearly flat, that is across the top, only slightly raised towards the centre. Scarlet Salvia and Geranium blossoms were often used. White flowers are always beautiful, but delicate-colored flowers, with a dash of bright scarlet and just a tiny bit of yellow, brighten up a bouquet wonderfully.

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That's rheumatism; one turn more: that's gout," is a familiar description of these two diseases. Though each may and does attack different parts of the system, the cause is believed to be a poisonous acid in the blood. Purify this by the use of

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THE FLEXIBLE HIP CORSET,

(120 Bones) fits with perfect ease and is warranted not to break over the hips.

Price, \$1.25.

For Sale by All leading Merchants.

WARNER BROS.,

351 Broadway, New York.



NEW YORK, APRIL, 1879.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE MONTH.

UPON page 1 are several engravings of very attractive wire flower-stands, suitable for parlors, windows, halls, piazzas, and conservatories, made by C. Hennecke & Co., of Milwaukee, Wis. The size of Fig. 1 is 6 feet 6 inches high and 3 feet 10 inches wide, and the length of the shelves is 3 feet 3 inches.

Fig. 2 is 7 feet high, 3 feet 6 inches long, and shelves 1 foot 6 inches wide.

Fig. 3 is 6 feet 6 inches high, 2 feet 6 inches wide, and 3 feet 10 inches long.

Upon pages 4 and 5 is an engraving of some extra beautiful flowering specimens of *Calceolaria Hybrida* and *Cineraria Hybrida*, grown by Mr. W. C. Wilson, florist, of Astoria, Long Island, and also of New York City.

Upon page 9 is a sketch of a crystal self-acting fountain, made by C. Hennecke & Co., of Milwaukee, Wis.

It can be started in a moment, and will run from one-half hour to three or four hours. It may be used in parlor or greenhouse, as it can be moved at pleasure from room to room; also it can be used as a perfume fountain.

The inside of the pedestal forms a round tube four inches in diameter, extending to the base. The glass basin is a continuation of this tube upwards. In this a weighted valve moves up and down like that of a pump. When raised up and allowed to descend by its own weight it forces up all the liquid in the tube under it through a small pipe to the jet, and, falling into the basin again, keeps the liquid at the same height.

The fountain being filled, it requires no attention, except to raise the valves, until the water or other liquid requires changing.

In the small fountains the valve is raised by the pipe itself; in the larger sizes by the two handles connected with the chains.

The fountain basins are flint-glass; the tulip for the jet of milk-white glass, and the bouquet-holder and other ornaments are either bronze or bronzed. The fountains are emptied, when necessary, by a siphon which accompanies each fountain. Any of the fountains may be used either for fish or a cologne fountain, as individual tastes may dictate; but if cologne is used it should be pure, as, if mixed with water, it forms a milk-white liquid that will soon gum and so impair the working of the valves. The fountains can also be made of any color to match the furniture of any room.

LIST OF PLANTS FOR ROCK-WORK.

AMONG the most useful plants for this purpose are the Saxifragas, of which a list of over fifty distinct kinds might be given. We content ourselves with only a few of the best: *S. Aizoon* forms clumps, leaves gray, with white edges; *S. Andrewsii* has green leaves notched with white; *S. Circulata* has leaves frosted over with white dots; *S. Ligulata* has broad leaves; *S. Longifolia* forms a rosette, with serrate and dark-green leaves curving from the crown; *S. Pectinata* has very small and frost-like leaves; *S. Pyramidalis* is quite large, and the white flower-plumes are often two feet high; *S. Atropurpurea* has, as its name indicates, purplish leaves.

The Sedums form another class of rock-work plants. *S. Brevifolium* is grayish, white, and red; *S. Corsicum* is light green; *S. Glaucium* is of a bluish-green tint, and one of the most effective; *S. Farinosum* is a light, glaucous green, becoming almost white towards the tips; *S. Multiceps* has small, round heads.

The Echeverias are all suitable for this purpose; we must note as of value the following: *E. Atropurpurea*, with purplish-red, narrow leaves; *E. Californica*, with narrow glaucous leaves and an unilateral cyme of yellow flowers; *E. Metallica*, with large, massive, recurved leaves, forming a perfect rosette; *E. Glauca* has grayish leaves, and is of dwarf habit; *E. Gibbiflora* has wedge-shaped mucronate leaves, and flowers of red and yellow; *E. Lurida* is stemless and the leaves are narrow, channelled, glaucous, tinged with purple.

The Sempervirens must not be neglected. *S. Tabulaeforme* grows with the utmost regularity, forming a perfect circle and flat across the top; *S. Arborescens* turns dark when grown out-doors and grows two feet high; *S. Californicum* is a bright green with black points; *S. Montanum* grows close and thick, and is neatly imbricated.

All the above-mentioned plants are good bedders, all are suited to a dry climate and should become popular.

ONION LILY.

In the October number of the FLORAL CABINET a correspondent asks about the "Onion Lily," and says, "Cannot Mr. Williams tell us what it is." In your answer you say you "presume it is the hardy

perennial called Blackberry Lily." Please allow a subscriber to differ from you and give a description of a plant I have called by that name. I have a so-called Onion Lily or Sea Onion. I do not know the botanical name. The bulb is almost entirely out of the ground, and of a smooth, glossy green, about four inches in diameter. The leaves are not usually more than eight or ten in number, about two inches in width, and from five to seven feet in length, of the same glossy green as the bulb. When allowed to bloom (which should never be, as it softens the bulb and destroys its beauty) the flower-stalk is about three feet in height, the flowers borne on the top in spike form, small, white, star-shaped, somewhat resembling the flower of the Garden Onion.

SPLENDID BOOKS GIVEN AWAY,

WITH

Flower Seeds, Plants, etc.

To any of our subscribers desiring to club together for desirable Seeds, Plants, and any of our Books we will make the following

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For \$1 will be sent \$1 worth of Seeds or Plants, and in addition free choice of one Premium—No. 1, 2, or 3.

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For \$2 will be sent \$2 worth of Seeds or Plants, and also choice of Premium No. 7.

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OFFER NO. 5.

For \$5 will be sent \$5 worth of Seeds or Plants; also free choice of Premiums of Books to the value of \$2 50.

OFFER NO. 6.

For \$10 will be sent \$10 worth of Seeds or Plants; also free choice of Premiums to value of \$5.

Our offers of Seeds are based upon Catalogue of B. K. Bliss & Sons, who will fill our orders; but should any other dealer be preferred the sender has privilege of choosing his seedsman—any seedsman in the country.

The money is to be forwarded to us with order, which is forwarded to seedsman with order from us to deliver to subscriber.

This order includes only Flower Seeds, Vegetable Seeds, and Plants; does not include implements or other materials in Seed Catalogues.

List of Premiums.

1. Book.—How to Destroy Insects on Flowers and House Plants. Price 30 cts.
2. Book.—Williams' Designs for Needlework.
3. Quarterly, one year, "Ladies' Floral Cabinet."
4. Book.—Ladies' Guide to Needlework.
5. Book.—Every Woman Her Own Flower-Gardener.
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7. Any book, price \$1, in my Catalogue.
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These are splendid offers. All who desire good books improve them. Address

HENRY T. WILLIAMS, Publisher,
46 Beekman Street, New York.

Hints for the Garden.

AMATEUR GARDENING.

THE ground is white with snow, and the world lies in all the dreariness of mid-winter. Indoors is the blaze of an open fire; the embers glow with incandescence, and from the consuming coals above leap tongues of flame that I endow with attributes of speech. They tell of a forest that flourished centuries ago, a forest that changed into carbon, which Nature hid away in her bosom for ages, until she relinquished it to give light and warmth to her human children. There are green and growing plants in the windows; they are a pleasant contrast to the snow; many of the passers-by glance in at them, and their faces brighten. A hanging basket stretches long sprays and tendrils of foliage toward the desk on which I write. I look up at it well pleased, for it has been admired and praised by so many that I have in a manner fallen in love with it myself. It is of drab earthen-ware, rustic in pattern, and holds about a gallon of earth. Its growth is luxuriant enough to blockade the window during the summer months, so from June until September it hung in the grape-arbor; then I removed the contents, not only root and branch, but also the earth in which the plants were growing. After giving the basket a thorough washing, both inside and out, I refilled it with fresh, rich earth, and started it anew. By each of the three long wires whereby it hangs suspended in mid-air climbs up a species of English Ivy, more delicate in foliage but just as hardy as the large-leaved, glossy kind. In the centre an *Angustifolia Variegata Aurea* stretches out six sturdy arms, covered with green and golden yellow foliage. It pined through the summer, and did but little good; now it is in the perfection of strength and beauty. On one side flourishes a red-stemmed, green-leaved *Begonia*, and on the other a crow-foot *Caetus* exalts itself above the *Lycopodium* that clothes the basket with a carpet of living green. Around the edges the variegated green and white *Wandering Jew* alternates with Sweet *Alyssum* and *Kenilworth Ivy* in producing a most graceful and delicate drapery. If I do say it myself, that basket would be a credit to even a professional florist.

We belong individually to that large and rapidly increasing class who are blessed with a large amount of taste and a limited amount of means to gratify it. That is, we cannot afford to spend money at random, and are inclined to cogitate ways and means of investing the moderate sum set aside for things beautiful and ornamental to the very best advantage. A friend came in a few days ago and was admiring our flowers. "I always look at your windows as I go

by," she said; "I recollect one winter you took your flowers down cellar and kept them there. Every time I passed the house it seemed to me there was something lacking."

And yet those windows have been made refreshing to the eye at very little expense. We use no pots for growing plants but the common red earthen-ware of medium size. As they are not pretty to look at, we have a few expanding willow pot-covers, of the size that costs fifteen or twenty cents each, and may

with equal portions of moist sand and charcoal, and a *Lycopodium* of medium size planted therein. The box was then measured, and a glass shade about four times as long as it was wide procured to sit inside of it. The *Lycopodium* stretched itself as though inhaling its native air, and set steadily to work to fill the shade with its green feathery frondage. The whole affair did not cost over a dollar, and the effect is really charming; besides, it takes care of itself, and does not require watering oftener than once a month, owing to the moisture that condenses inside the glass.

A friend presented us a pair of plaster of Paris flower-pots in the form of vases. They were provided with stationary saucers, and just fitted our window. One was pure white and the other a delicate cream color. They looked so exceedingly clean we feared too intimate contact with earth would defile them, so we set common pots, containing healthy plants, in each, and to a casual observer they seemed to grow there. By that means we have frequent changes, and insert only plants that are thrifty. A scarlet *Verbena* just now stretches its green arms in one, while an *Oxalis Floribunda* overflows the other.

Early in February I prepare a shallow wooden box, not too heavy for me to carry around, bore some holes for drainage, and fill with earth that has been thoroughly heated; but as I don't want a hot-bed I use no manure or fertilizer of any kind. In this box I make drills an inch apart, and plant seeds of *Pansies*, *Candytuft*, and *Nemophila*. On bright days I set the box in the sunshine in a room without a fire, being careful to cover at night or when there is danger of frost. By this means the flowers I allude to come to perfection in the early spring. Seeds of the same kind planted in a hot-bed do not germinate nearly so well. The spring recalls me to a joyous communion with outdoor nature. The beds and borders are ready and waiting for my willing and busy hands.

I find that if when both monthly and annual roses have been pruned in the spring they are thoroughly washed with whale-oil soap-suds, they are not nearly so liable to suffer from insects. I try to plant a little of almost everything, but must confess that *Pansies*, *Candytuft*, *Nemophilas*, *White Lavias*, *China Asters*, and *Verbenas* are my favorite annuals, not to mention *Mignonette* and Sweet *Alyssum*, which grow like weeds here and there among the borders.

It is to me a source of the most exquisite pleasure to brood over my seeds, as it were, and to take cognizance of their earliest growth, that I may protect them from the extremes of cold and heat. I have my reward in a superabundance of bloom and fragrance. Many of my buds and blossoms go forth to gladden the hearts of others, who love flowers just as dearly as I do, but have not the same leisure time to attend to them.

L. G. PATTERSON.



CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN FOR THE PARLOR.

be procured in brown and white, green and white, and red and white colors. In one window a silver-margined English Ivy twines around a green wire and wooden cross, that cost but a trifle and is really beautiful.

We had a tinner make a round tin box, something larger than a collar-box, with three supports to raise it some half an inch above the window-sill; no outlet for drainage. This was painted green, and filled

The Household.

NOTES FROM A FAMILY SITTING-ROOM.

THE FLORAL CABINET is a welcome guest in a certain old-fashioned house that has neither a brown-stone front nor plate-glass windows, but that is, in the truest and best sense of the word, a comfortable and pleasant home.

Many newspapers and books are scattered here and there over the premises; to be sure a substantial bookcase is the legitimate receptacle of the latter, but its contents overflowed long ago.

An intermixture of works in prose and poetry, on religion and politics, fashion and floral topics, bears witness of different tastes, and of that kindly toleration which must be exercised where one person has an individual liking for that in which another may see no beauty or use whatever.

In the sitting-room a little bird swings to and fro in his gilded cage. Just now he is looking out upon, and no doubt longing to make a more intimate acquaintance with, the vines that lend to his window a touch of the vanished summer.

To the writer he is different from all other birds, dearer and more familiar than all the rest of his feathered tribe. He has always been tenderly cared for. Some day his little life will probably come to an end in the claws of some ferocious cat; but such an end to his existence will cause lamentation and heartfelt sorrow.

This same sitting-room has a cosy and homelike appearance. It points to neither formality nor disorder, and is hardly suggestive of either poverty or riches. The carpet is ingrain and of Eastlake design. There is in it a blending of scarlet and oak and wood colors and brown. It asserts its cheerfulness by night as well as by day. It is a blessing to have a carpet that lights up well.

There are chairs of several designs. One is large enough for a "sleepy hollow," another a pretty modern cane-seat ladies' rocking-chair, another a folding-chair, with a pattern of green and white on the scarlet ground-work of the Brussels carpet that forms the seat and back.

But let me not omit mentioning what was an old-fashioned splint-bottomed rocking-chair, which by reason of time and use fell into the hands of a colored man, who offered to reseat it with *corn-shucks* for a moderate compensation. He returned the chair with a much more durable seat than the one it had been furnished with in its first estate, and its appearance was also a good deal more satisfactory to the eye. That was nine years ago. It has been in constant use ever since, and still there is no sign of its wearing out.

Here and there are tidies of home manufacture. These are made of white thread or knitting-cotton, some of them in square, others in wheel crochet. One wants a tidy that will wash, in a sitting-room. Ours are for use as well as for show, and the material of which they are constructed is so easily washed that it is possible to see a head lean against them a dozen times a day without fear and without reproach.

Two rustic frames, made of gnarled and twisted grape-vine branches and roots, are hanging on the wall. They are varnished so as to show the natural color of the wood, and were the gift of a friend, who fashioned them himself. In one is a basket of cherries and in the other a bunch of the broad leaves and delicate blooms of the lily of the valley. A large picture of "Apple Gathering" hangs in the centre of the wall; on either side of it a little bracket supports a Parian vase that is just now filled with a winter bouquet.

Over the clock that ticks on the mantel is one of Prang's chromos in a somewhat elaborate frame. The gray tints in the cross rather tone down and soften the coloring of the moss rosebuds, pinks, pomegranates, and nasturtium leaves that, in vividness of hue and variety of form, are near akin to nature.

A motto tells ever more the comforting assurance that "The Lord will Provide," and several family pictures are hung in various places, while last, but not least, an engraving of "Erin Farewell" turns a beautiful, sad, pathetic face away from home and country.

A sewing-machine occasionally lends us the "music" of its voice. It is a Singer.

A large home-made rug before the hearth bears witness of dresses whose form and substance came to a worthy end in long strips for the rug-needle, that reproduced them in new and geometrical patterns.

A bright fire blazes in the grate. The coals throw a glow of condensed cheerfulness into the room.

Sometimes those same coals are of practical use in making toast. For that purpose wood may as well hide its diminished head.

And now let me turn from the extension table with its scarlet and black cover, the lounge of black-walnut and Brussels, the lamps, match-boxes, and other et ceteras, to the last article I shall mention in the room. It is the desk on which this document is written. It sits in a cat-a-cornered nook by one of the windows. It is a costly little affair, to its owner a sanctum, and a place for almost everything; so that it would put to the blush the miscellaneous collections of the pockets of half-a-dozen of the average boys of the period. On its top shelf a bust of Psyche raises its pure head and shoulders from the mass of flower-like petals, whose pedestal is hidden in a mossy mat of autumn colors, while on either side a clear glass bouquet-holder sits, engraved with fronds of fern. Ah! home, sweet home. Thou art a very sanctuary of cheerfulness and calm. Within thy sweet seclusion is peace of mind, and love that knows not any shadow of turning. Dear reader, if your home is not so sweet and pleasant to you as the one of which you catch a casual glimpse upon these pages, let me urge you to take heed of the parting admonition: Make it so.

L. G. PATTERSON.

It was at the Battle of Edge Hill that Sir Jacob Astley made his remarkable prayer: "O Lord! thou knowest how busy I must be this day: if I forget thee, do not thou forget me. March on, boys."

HOUSE DECORATION.

I CANNOT hope to say anything new on the subject of house decoration, and yet I would offer a few suggestions that may prove acceptable to some one, more especially to those whose means are limited and their income small. An ingenious and tasteful woman cannot afford nor will she be content to live without fancy articles about her, when so many can be made so cheaply. She may not have means to purchase rare and costly ornaments that her more wealthy neighbor or friend may have, but yet with a little skill she need not relinquish all hope of gratifying her taste or love of the beautiful. Nothing adds more to the cheerfulness of a room than a window garden filled with nice plants. With a little care any one may succeed with Geraniums, Fuchsias, and Begonias. No one plant is more easily cultivated than the Geranium, both single and double sorts. They thrive under the most common culture, only needing air, sunshine, and water judiciously used, and they will repay you with an abundance of bloom, and make cheerful the dreary days of winter. And then the wreathing vines add a grace and elegance to pictures, curtains, and walls that nothing else can do, and there are few things more suitable for decorating our homes in winter than the beautiful trailing moss and running vine mixed with the brightly tinted autumn leaves. With a little taste in arranging them about your rooms, they will add loveliness and grace even to what was lovely without them.

And then a Wardian case filled with Coleus plants, exquisite Ferns, and lovely moss is a very beautiful object; it does not need the sun and will thrive even at a north window, and all the care it requires is a sprinkling of water once in four or five weeks. The result will be a perfect mass of green, of graceful Ferns mingled with the beautiful foliage of the Coleus plants.

Pictures most certainly should adorn our walls, and beautiful mottoes may be made in spatter-work. Select a few graceful and delicate ferns; take a piece of cardboard, a tooth-brush, a piece of wire screen, some india-ink, and small pins, or needles. Arrange your ferns on the cardboard and fasten them with pins; put a little water in a saucer, and rub the ink until it becomes the desired shade; then hold the screen parallel with the ferns, and after just touching the brush to the ink, rub it carefully across the screen; continue the process till it becomes very dark. When the ink is perfectly dry remove the pins and take off the ferns, when the form will appear. Brackets may be made and covered with handsome lambrequins in appliqué or worsted work, and for variety a shelf may be made. Cover the top with red opera flannel; work on canvas a strip about two inches wide, in some handsome pattern, with scarlet and white. Get at the furniture store scarlet fringe to finish it, and tack the whole with fancy tacks. It is very handsome, and an ornament to a room. Many pleasing ornaments can be made for the decoration of our rooms with very little trouble, and when done make the whole combination delightful.

MRS. E. D. ALLEN.

RUTLAND, JEFFERSON CO., N.Y.

Household Elegancies.

MARCIA GRAHAM'S HOME.

ONE evening last October Frank came home and said: "I've good news for you, Nell: I have to start for St. Louis to-morrow morning, and shall be gone a week."

I looked at him rather blankly, I suppose, and was just going to say reproachfully, "O Frank!" when I saw a twinkle in his eye, and waited for further developments. For you see we had been married only a few months, and though I knew perfectly well that his business was liable to call him away at any time, he never had been obliged to leave me before.

"Perhaps, my dear Mrs. Allan," he continued, "you are not aware of the fact that the Chicago, Alton, and St. Louis Railroad goes through —, and that you—"

"Can go and see Marcia," I interrupted, springing up and clapping my hands in a very school-girlish fashion. "Isn't that splendid! Why, Frank, I'm almost willing to have you go away."

That you may understand the sudden change in my mental atmosphere, I shall have to tell you that Marcia was one of my very dearest friends. We had been schoolmates, had graduated in the same class, and then had taught together a year. Soon after I went East to study music, and Marcia married Ralph Graham. After two years' absence I came home to be married, and the Fates, or something else, had kept us from seeing each other till now.

So, perhaps, you can imagine something of my feelings as I stood at her door the next afternoon, half trembling lest I should not seem the same to her or she to me; and something of her surprise when she answered my tap. Her warm welcome assured me that I had not lost my place in her heart, and I was not long in finding that she was the same bright, earnest, loving Marcia of old, with the added grace of wife and motherhood.

Her home was just like herself, cheery and bright, and everywhere showing the mark of refined taste, though you could see there was nothing expensive in it. Indeed, Marcia assured me that two hundred dollars would cover everything they had bought, for she had her organ and sewing-machine before she married, and her silver were all wedding presents. I do not intend giving a full description of all her rooms, and just how they were furnished, but I found so many ideas and hints in the ornamental part that I should like to share them with the "members of the CABINET."

One of the first things that attracted my attention in her sitting-room was a gray cross, twined with autumn leaves, on a bracket over the organ.

"Where did you get such a lovely marble cross?" I exclaimed.

"Oh!" laughed Marcia, "I made it. That is only spatter-work. I got the idea from the FLORAL CABINET, and I think myself that it is pretty."

For the benefit of those who, like myself, did not take the CABINET last year, I will explain that the cross was made of wood an inch square and about eighteen inches high, with the arm twelve inches

long. This was smoothly covered with white paper, and then spattered to imitate granite. Leaves were clustered around the base, and by the aid of wire twined gracefully around the cross. I thought it prettier than any wax cross and leaves I had ever seen, and certainly it is much easier made. But the bracket—the lambrequin to the bracket, I mean—was even prettier than the cross. It was made of heavy white bristol-board. The design, which was Marcia's own, was cut from paper, then laid over the lambrequin, so that only the design was spattered at first. Afterward the paper was removed and the rest spattered. In this manner the design was much darker than the rest of the lambrequin.

Marcia's husband made the shelf. The lambrequin was tacked to it; and then a strip of cardboard the width of the gimp, and spattered very dark, was pasted over the tacks. If any of you should make the cross, be sure and make a bracket to match.

On a small table near by was a bound volume of "CABINETS." The covers were of heavy gray bristol-board, spattered with scarlet, leaving the words "LADIES' FLORAL CABINET," and the border of ferns, gray. The edges were bound with scarlet ribbon and the covers tied together with the same. Marcia said she used Leamon's scarlet dye for this (idea No. 2 from the CABINET), but thought she should use sepia for the next volume.

"While we're talking of spatter-work," said she, "here's something else," and she opened a roll of cardboard.

"Quo Deus vocat!" O Marcia! our class motto," I exclaimed. "How came you ever to think of such a thing? I've always wanted it in some shape or other, but didn't know how it was to be done." The letters were made of tiny ferns and afterward outlined with a brush and India ink, for Marcia was a bit of an artist. For ornament she used the Hartford Trailing Fern and some fine grasses.

Before I came home she helped me make the motto for myself (only I took the translation, "Whither God Calls"), and I can testify to the immense superiority of a small piece of sieve over the old fine-comb method.

There were several very pretty vases in the room; some vines growing in them, others holding ferns, leaves, and grasses. Marcia called my attention to one, a delicate sea-green, standing in a moss mat, and asked how I liked it.

"It is very pretty indeed," I answered; "but why do you ask?"

"Because you might not admire it so much if you knew that I made it out of a lamp chimney"; and then I noticed for the first time that its shape *was* that of the scalloped-top chimney. I presume you all know the kind I mean. Her method of making it was much simpler than any I had ever heard of. On the outside she gummed a spray of trailing Arbutus (decalcomania) and bands of gilt paper; and then with a rather broad brush painted the inside. She used oil-paint—such as comes in tubes—mixing white with the green. The vase was set over a wide-mouthed bottle, and had a Madeira vine growing in it. She had made a white and blue one in the same manner, and these were in the bed-rooms.

She did not have plants in the house, though she is passionately fond of them; for she could not very well keep them out of reach of little Robbie, just running around. But at the windows she had shells with Tradescantia growing in water, and the same behind the pictures. There was a bouquet of dried grasses, the prettiest I ever saw, that I must tell you about. A few stalks of feather-grass had been wet and lightly sprinkled with flour, then a few more were sprinkled with flour mixed with vermilion powder. These were arranged lightly in a vase with other dried grasses, and you've no idea how they brightened the bouquet.

Marcia said she detested colored grass as a general thing, and shouldn't have used the vermilion if she had had bright autumn leaves to have given a little color to the bouquet. It is worth telling (if everybody doesn't already know it) that in order to give a light, natural appearance to a bouquet of grasses, ferns, or leaves, the vase must be filled with sand.

In the dining-room was a quaint old secretary that had been in the Graham family a great many years. This Marcia had made into "a thing of beauty" as well as "Centennial" interest. In the upper part were doors with a great many panes of glass, twice as long as wide. Behind each pane she had fastened pictures on tinted paper—some of them her own water-colors, the rest of them decalcomania—and the result was panel-pictures.

I asked her how she kept her furniture looking so bright and fresh. She said that about twice a year she used a varnish, made very thin with turpentine, so that it would dry quickly, on articles that had been varnished. On those that were oiled she rubbed with a soft cloth equal parts of linseed oil and turpentine.

There was a novel rag-bag in the corner of the dining-room, near the sewing-machine. She said she had no closet to keep a rag-bag in, except in the bedroom. So she was of necessity obliged to invent one. It was a three-cornered affair, larger at the top than bottom, and about three feet high. It was made of heavy pasteboard, the front and lid covered with brown cambrie, and bound with scarlet braid.

Her paper-holder was very easily made, yet quite as pretty as more elaborate ones. She took the cover of an old atlas, covered it with brown velvet paper, on the front gummed an embossed medallion picture, then with a large awl made half a dozen holes in the ends of both sides. Through these she knecd scarlet cord, fastened the same to the back to hang it by, and the holder was done.

I should like to tell you of her dainty bedroom furnishings, and her contrivances for lessening and saving work, but they will have to wait for another time.

One thing that made Marcia's house so pleasant to look at was that there was no over-ornamentation. It did not look, as I have seen some houses, as if a fancy store had been emptied into it. She showed me half a dozen pictures and a number of fancy articles that she had put away because she had no place for them without crowding. Happy are those who have the taste and the tact to make their homes as refined and attractive as was Marcia's.

Mrs. E. P. A.

LOWELL, LAKE CO., IND.

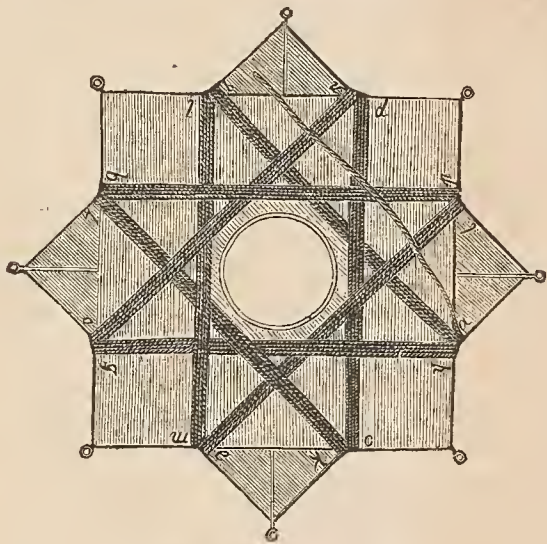
Household Arts.

MELANGE.

BINDING FLORAL CABINETS.

OF course we will send them to a good establishment to be elegantly bound, if we can. If we cannot, we will bind them ourselves, and elegantly too. It is not so difficult as some might think.

The first requisite is two sheets of heavy cardboard of the right size. On one side of each we will spread boiled flour paste evenly, using but little; then lay on old, lustreless black silk, and with a soft cloth press and rub it perfectly smooth, folding the edges over on to the under side of the cardboard and pasting them down. When this is thoroughly dry, we will cover the other side of each piece with marbled paper, which should reach nearly, not quite, to the edge. Then arrange THE CABINETS in order, and with an awl make a row of holes an inch apart along the back edge, half an inch from it, and with a darning-needle and strong thread sew all together; laying the papers on the edge of the table for convenience' sake, and passing the needle down through one hole, up through the next, and so on till the last one, then back to the beginning in the same way. Now we want some good glue; with a brush apply some



THREAD PICTURE-FRAME.

along the back edge of one cover on the paper side, and lay on a sheet of marbled paper for fly-leaf, more glue, and fasten on the frontispiece—the lovely "Glee Maiden," perhaps; then the title-page and index in the same way. Apply more glue, and lay the cover carefully in position on the papers. Turn the whole over and place the other cover with fly-leaf in the same way. Now put Webster's Unabridged on the top, and let it remain so all day or over-night; then we will do the back. For this we want a strip of strong cloth—unbleached cotton is best; cover one side with glue and press it down smoothly over the back of our book, turning the edges under neatly at the ends, and letting it lap three-fourths of an inch on the covers. Along the edge of it, on each cover, paste a narrow strip of gilt paper. Then take a strip

of heavy brown paper exactly as long as the covers, and exactly wide enough to cover the back and reach to within a line's breadth of the outer edge of the gilt strips; also a strip of black corded silk some larger than the brown paper; paste the two together, turning the edges of the silk under the paper and making the whole very smooth and neat; let it dry, then glue it in place on the back of our book, put-



EXAMPLES OF PAINTING ON POTTERY.

ting the glue only on the parts which lap over the cover, none on the back itself. It is best to do one side and let it dry before doing the other one. Now we will ornament our work; we will paint in lovely illuminated letters on the first cover "FLORAL CABINET," and below the figures "1877"; on the other cover a golden cornucopia overflowing with flowers and trailing vines. The back we will divide into sections with lines of gold paper, and paint a dainty little floral figure in each. If we cannot paint, we can use decalcomania; cutting simple letters and figures from gold paper, pasting them in place, and surrounding them with a lovely wreath. For the title-page we will take one of the green covers which THE CABINET wore several times last year, and with a sharp penknife cut out the letters of the heading, LADIES' FLORAL CABINET; then placing that part from which we have cut the letters across the middle of a sheet of cream-tinted paper, we will spatter them with black ink, doing the finishing touches, the fine lines around the letters, etc., with a pen when the spattering is dry.

Now our CABINETS are bound handsomely and



EASTER EGG ON ARTIFICIAL FLOWER.

durably, and in a manner well befitting them, earnest teachers as they are of just such art as we have used in a manner which makes them a greater ornament

than ever to our table, and which will ensure for them a most respectful and careful handling when we send them on a mission for good among our friends and neighbors.

When slippers have become a bore a

SLIPPER-CASE

will be found a very acceptable gift to a masculine friend. Make it of heavy cardboard covered with velvet, broadcloth, or any plain material, and ornamented with braiding and appliqué or any kind of embroidering; or cover with pretty paper with bindings of gold paper or some contrasting color, and ornament with pictures, designs of pressed flowers, leaves, etc., or spatterwork.

MENDING KID GLOVES.

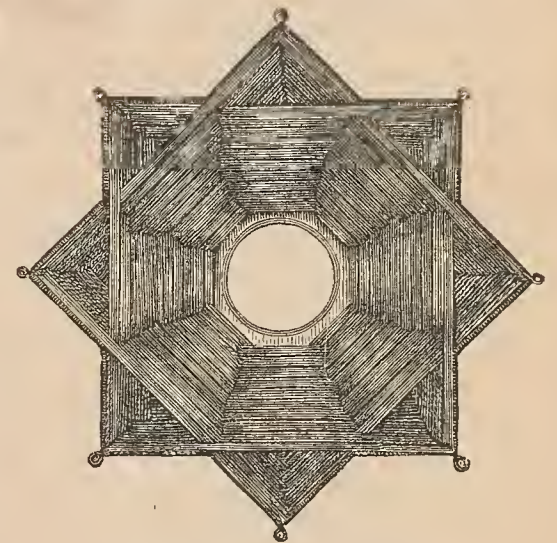
Any one can sew up a rip in a glove if only they have enough patience, but to mend a tear so that it will look well and wear well is quite another thing. We have recently learned an admirable and very easy way of doing this.

Work a fine button-hole stitch all around the rent, then draw the edges together, putting the needle back and forth through the button-hole stitches, not into the kid at all.

EVA MAY.

CORNER BRACKET.

I ALSO sawed some pretty brackets and a fancy back



THREAD PICTURE-FRAME.

to a corner bracket, for which we made a lambrequin of black cloth cut in deep points; one in the centre, and a half on each side, the straight edges coming next the wall; back of these, and coming between the points and nearly as low, are scarlet points; the edges are all pinked; then from a braiding pattern we cut vines and leaves of scarlet opera flannel, and glued around the upper part of the lambrequin next the shelf. To the space between this and the points, and even on the points, we glued other bright colors cut in fancy shapes. Some white merino and purple Irish poplin help to make it gay. Some of the leaves are veined with bright-colored silk chain-stitched through. This is quite quickly made and very pretty. On this we have a Japanese vase.

Household Topics.

ITALIAN OR DIAPHANIC PAINTING ON GLASS.

I HAVE always been passionately fond of paintings. Pictures of landscapes, flowers, and forms have always been my delight. But very unfortunately I had never been able to draw even a straight line. It was always with much jealous longing, and much sighing for impossible things, that I have watched my friends' tasteful pencil sketches, and the more talented ones painting bright bits of scenery on canvas. But finally my wish was, in a measure, gratified. A few years ago a lady and gentleman called at our house, and offered to give me instructions in the art of painting on glass. I demurred at first, knowing my incapacity for such things; but they quickly informed me that all the talent required was taste exercised in blending the colors harmoniously, and judgment in mixing the paints. I finally consented, with many misgivings, to take lessons from them, and have never had reason to regret it. The pictures, of course, are not to be compared with fine oil-paintings, but, executed with taste and skill, are an ornament to any room, and awaken universal admiration. Thinking some of the readers of the FLORAL CABINET might have the same longing desire, without the means of gratifying it, I have concluded to send such directions as, if correctly followed, cannot fail to give pleasure.

First, after having selected and thoroughly cleansed a glass of proper size for the picture you wish to paint, cut off the margin to the size of your glass. Then lay your picture in clean cold water until it sinks, after which remove it and lay it between dry papers to dry the surface. Then varnish your glass on the crowning side with a coat of Demar varnish very evenly, and let dry until it is just tacky, then lay your glass with varnish on your picture, in the position you wish it to appear on the glass; then turn it over and lay on dry papers, and with a cloth rub thoroughly from the centre each way; then turn the face of your picture up and hold to a front light, still keeping the wet paper covered with the dry, and rub till that sweaty look disappears, then set it away to dry from twelve to twenty-four hours; then by thoroughly wetting the paper you can roll it off quite clean, and when dried varnish again with a coat of Demar varnish diluted about one-fourth with spirits of turpentine, and if the paper is off clean enough it will become quite clear. It is then ready to paint.

FOR A LANDSCAPE.

Paint your foliage first; for this take light chrome yellow; add Prussian blue enough to produce the shade of green desired; then for earth take white and add raw sienna enough to produce a yellowish brown color; for distant mountains still lighter, and for rocks and trunks of trees a shade darker by adding a little Vandyke brown; for water take white and a very little blue; for sky take white and add a little scarlet lake and paint across the lower part of the horizon; as you go up add more white, then add very blue to the white; as you near the top a little deeper blue and finish to

or crimson lake, and add very little blue and white; for gold yellow use Italian pink or yellow lake, and lay foil at the back; also lay foil at the back of crimson lake whenever used clear; for hair take white and add raw sienna and Vandyke brown; make lighter or darker with more or less of the brown; paint eyebrows the same as the hair; for eyes, first touch the spot on the sight with white, then add the least touch of blue to the white and paint the white of the eye; then the part indicating the color of the eye to your fancy; for lips use scarlet and white; for flesh-color take white and add a little scarlet lake and Naples yellow, flush with the scarlet, and blend with the finger. Mix all your colors with the diluted Demar varnish, the same as you varnish your picture with the last time, and cover thoroughly each part with its appropriate colors, and it will be finished.

LIST OF COLORS NEEDED.

The paints come in tubes, with the exception of white, and consist of the following colors: ivory black, Prussian blue, burnt umber, Vandyke brown, emerald green, Naples yellow, light chrome yellow, chrome orange, Italian pink or yellow lake, raw sienna, burnt sienna, scarlet lake, and crimson lake.

The pictures to be painted, uncolored wood-cuts, and should have no glaze on them.

EMMA A. REFSNYDER.

TO WASH FLANNELS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Boston *Journal of Chemistry* says: "I will give a little of my experience in washing flannels. I was taught to wash flannels in hot water, but it is a great mistake. In Italy my flannels came home from the wash soft and white. I learned that the Italian women washed them in cold water. Many a time I have watched them kneeling in a box, which had one end taken out, to keep them out of the mud, by the banks of a stream, washing in the running water, and drying on the bank or gravel without boiling; and I never had wash-

ing done better, and flannels never half so well. I have tried it since, and find the secret of nice, soft flannels to be the washing of them in cold or luke-warm water, and plenty of stretching before hanging out. Many recipes say, Don't rub soap on flannels; but you can rub soap on to the advantage of the flannels, if you will rinse it out afterwards and use no hot water about them—not forgetting to stretch the threads in both directions before drying. Flannels so cared for will never become stiff, shrunken, or yellow.



LIFE'S MORNING AND EVENING—SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

the top; then cloud with ivory black and blend with the finger.

FOR FIGURES.

Paint all drapery and surroundings first. For drapery green use emerald green; for buff use Naples yellow; for bright yellow use light chrome yellow; for orange use chrome orange; for bright red use scarlet lake; for pink take either scarlet lake or crimson lake; add white in proportion to the depth of color desired, the same with blue, which never use clear; for brown take burnt umber and add Naples yellow; for purple take either scarlet

Hints in Housekeeping.

USEFUL RECIPES.

Patten Honey.—Take 4 pounds of sugar, one-half pint of water, 2 teaspoonfuls of alum; boil 5 minutes; strain; then add 1 teaspoonful of flavoring composed of 3 drops oil of rose in 1 gill of alcohol, and it is fit for use.

Puffs.—One quart of milk, 6 eggs, 16 tablespoonfuls of flour, and a little salt; bake in small tins or cups.

Sponge Cake.—Four eggs, one and one-half cups of sugar, 1 teaspoonful of butter, 2 tablespoonfuls of sweet milk, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and one-half cup of corn-starch; finish with flour; do not make it stiff.

Cocoanut Cake.—Two cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, the yolks of 4 eggs and 1 whole one, beaten until very light; add one-half cup of sweet milk, one-half cup of corn-starch; finish with flour; bake in jelly tins. Beat the 4 whites to a stiff froth, add 1 cup of sugar, 4 tablespoonfuls of corn-starch, spread layers, and sprinkle plentiful with cocoanut.

Jelly Roll.—One cup of sweet milk, 1 tablespoonful of butter, 4 eggs beat separately, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one and one-half of sugar, two and one-half cups of flour; bake in a square pan, roll, spread, and roll while hot.

Sponge Ginger Cookies.—One cup of butter, one-half cup of sugar, 1 tablespoonful of soda, 1 tablespoonful of ginger, 2 cups of molasses, 2 eggs. Rolled and cut like cookies.

Steamed Pudding.—One quart of flour, 1 cup of raisins, 1 of currants, 1 cup of chopped suet, one-half cup of molasses, one-half cup of sugar, 1 teaspoon of soda, 2 cups sweet milk, a little salt; mix and steam three hours. Served with sauce.

Elderberry Pie.—Two cups of berries, 1 teacup of sugar, 1 tablespoonful of vinegar, 2 tablespoonfuls of water, 1 tablespoonful flour. Baked with two crusts.

Omelettes.—Six eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately, 1 tablespoonful sugar, flour, with lemon. Bake fifteen minutes.

Chicken Salad.—One common-sized chicken, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 pint of fine-chopped cabbage, 3 pickles, 2 bunches of celery chopped fine, all chopped separately very fine; add salt and pepper, then mix well together, and make in little balls, and it is ready for the table.

Black Cake.—One pound of butter, 1 pound of sugar, 1 pound of citron, 1 pound of figs, 4 pounds of currants, 1 pound of raisins, 1 cup of molasses, 1 cup

of brandy, 3 nutmegs, 1 tablespoonful of cloves, 1 of cinnamon, 1 of mace, 1 ounce of chareoal, 8 eggs.

Cocoanut Pie.—Grate one cocoanut; add 1 pint of sweet milk, 3 eggs, 1 cup of sugar, a little salt; add the cocoa milk first. For two pies. Baked without a top crust.

Pie Crust.—One and one-half cup of lard, 1 cup of sweet milk, 1 teaspoonful of baking powder, salt one-half teaspoonful; stir the baking powder and lard in the flour first.

Mince Pie.—Five pounds of beef well boiled, 3 pounds of chopped suet, 3 pounds of raisins, 2 pounds of citron, 1 tablespoonful of lemon, 2 of cinnamon, 4 nutmegs, 1 teaspoonful of ginger, 1 of salt, 4 pounds of currants, 6 pounds of sugar, 12 apples, one-half pound of butter.

Artificial Oysters.—One pint of grated sweet corn, one-half cup of sweet milk, 1 teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoon of pepper, 2 cups of flour, 3 eggs. Beat well and fry like griddle-cakes.

Christmas Plum Pudding.—One pound of raisins, 1 pound of currants, three-quarter pound of citron, 6 eggs, 1 teaspoonful ginger, one-half of nutmeg, 1 gill of whiskey, 1 small loaf of baker's bread, 3 ounces of sugar. Boil from three to four hours, and do not let it stop boiling. Do not tie too close. It is to be eaten with a brandy sauce.

How to Can Corn.—To each quart of corn add 1 small teaspoonful of tartaric acid; boil 15 minutes and seal; when prepared for the table add to each quart 1 small teaspoonful of soda.

A Dish of Snow.—Select very juicy apples, pare and core, and stew them in clear water till soft; then pulp them through a sieve, and sweeten to taste with powdered sugar. Spread this when cold in a deep glass dish. To every apple allow the white of one egg; beat these whites with powdered sugar to a stiff froth, and pile it high upon the top of the apples. Any flavoring preferred may be used in the apples and snow.

Cookies.—Two cups of sugar, 1 of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder. They are very good.

Lemon Pie.—One tablespoon of corn-starch, one cup of boiling water, 1 cup of sugar, 1 egg well beaten, the grated peel and juice of 1 lemon; baked between two crusts.

Crullers.—Four tablespoons of butter, 1 cup sugar, one-half cup of sweet milk, 2 eggs, 1 and one-half teaspoon of baking powder, one half of a nutmeg.

Fruit Cake.—One cup of butter, 2 cups sugar, one-half cup of brandy, one-half cup of milk, 1 pound raisins, 1 pound currants, one-half pound of citron, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half cup of

molasses; sift flour over the fruit, and rub them in it to prevent them from settling while baking, and use your own judgment about the flour. It is very good.

Spiced Cherries.—One gallon of seeded cherries, 4 pounds of sugar, 1 pint of vinegar, 1 ounce of cinnamon, 1 ounce of mace, one-half ounce of cloves, one-half of allspice; cook slightly, then seal them.

Rusks.—One quart of bread sponge, 1 cup of sugar, one-half cup butter; make in a stiff, soft dough. When very light roll about an inch thick. Cut and let them rise again, then bake.

Buns.—One cup of butter, 1 cup of sugar, one-half cup of yeast, one-half pint of sweet milk; make it stiff with flour; add allspice and nutmeg, let rise and bake.

How to Cook Cranberries.—One teacup of cold water to 1 quart of cranberries; after cooking 10 minutes add 2 cups of sugar. Cook ten minutes longer. Stir while cooking, then mould; you will find them very nice indeed.

Marble Cake.—*For the white part.*—One-half cup of butter, 3 cups of white sugar, 4 cups of flour, one-half cup of sweet milk, 2 full teaspoonfuls of baking powder, the whites of 8 eggs; flavor with lemon.

For the dark part.—One-third cup of butter, 2 cups of brown sugar, 1 cup of molasses, 1 cup of milk, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, 2 cups of flour, yolks of 8 eggs. Spices of all kinds. First a layer of the dark, then a layer of the white, and finish with the dark.

Corn-Starch Cake.—One cup sugar, one-half cup of butter, 5 eggs, 1 and one-half cup of flour, one-half cup of sweet milk, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Crystallizing Flowers and Grasses.—Put 18 ounces of alum into a quart of water, keeping the same proportion for a greater or less quantity, in close, tinned vessel over a moderate fire, stirring it frequently with a wooden spoon. When the solution is completed, it must be poured in a deep glazed jar; as it cools, the subjects intended to be crystallized should be suspended in it by a piece of thread or twine from a stick laid across the mouth of the jar, where they must remain for twenty-four hours. When taken out they are to be hung up in a shady place to dry. Then arrange as you like.

A Recipe for Removing Grease.—Scrape a small cake of soap in a quart of cold water. When dissolved add 2 ounces of spirits of ammonia, 1 teaspoonful of saltpetre. Shake them well in bottles, and cork tightly. Wet the places to be cleaned well with the eradicator, rubbing briskly with a sponge or brush; rinse with cold water.

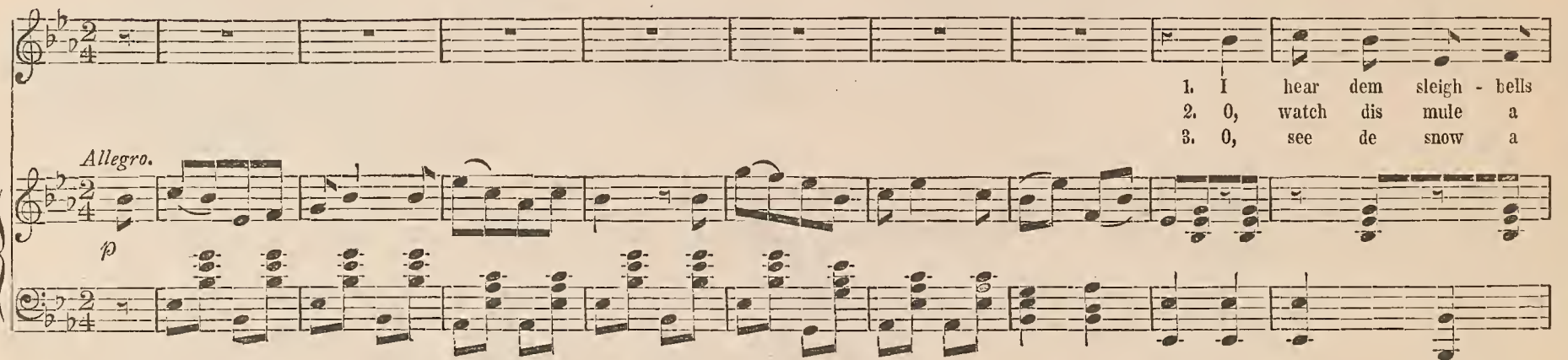
Pudding Sauce.—Four ounces of butter, 6 ounces of sugar, 1 nutmeg.

WHOA, I TELL YOU!

Words and Music by WILL S. HAYS.

1. I hear dem sleigh - bells
2. O, watch dis mule a
3. O, see de snow a

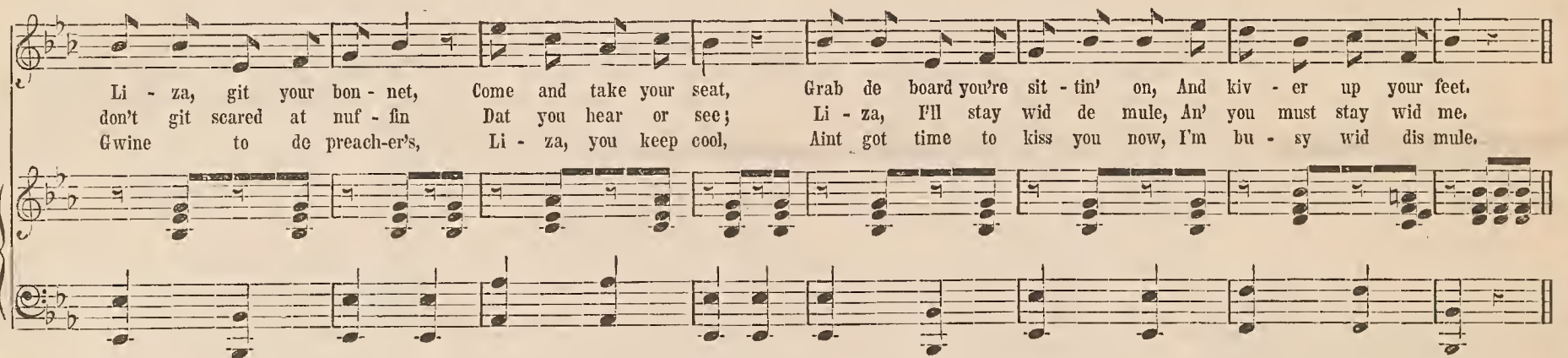
Allegro.
p



ring - in', De snow am fall - in' fast, I put dis mule in har - ness, An' got him hitch at last, O,
climb - in', For dis aint half a load, Find a mule dat's room - y, Givo him all de road, An'
fly - in', Look out! let him sail, Watch dem ears o' his - 'n, See him wag his tail.

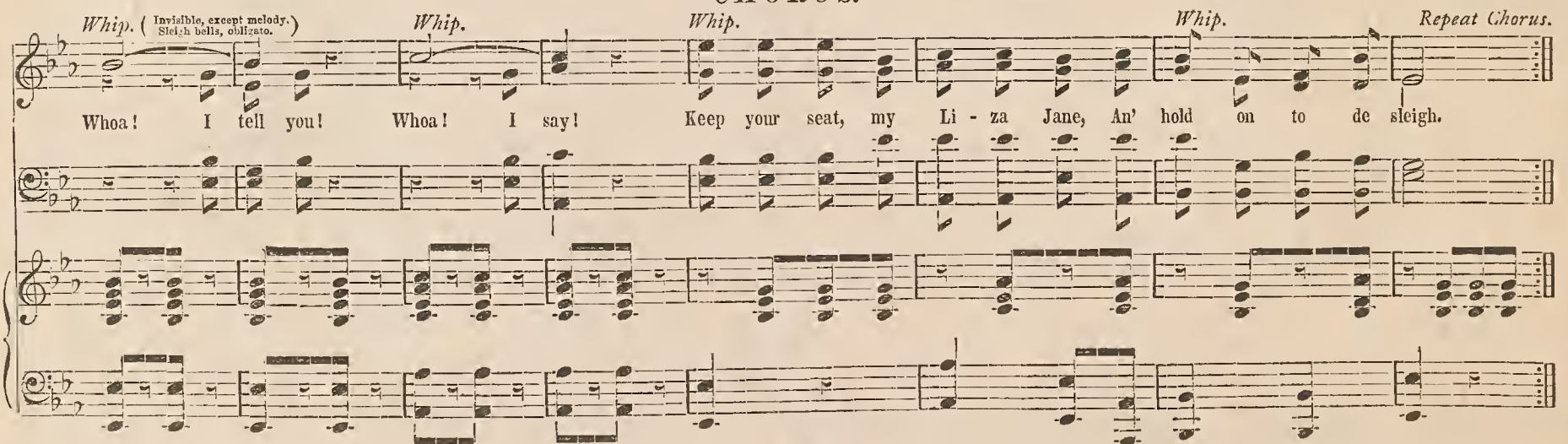


Li - za, git your bon - net, Come and take your seat, Grab de board you're sit - tin' on, And kiv - er up your feet.
don't git scared at nuf - fin Dat you hear or see; Li - za, I'll stay wid de mule, An' you must stay wid me.
Gwine to de preach-er's, Li - za, you keep cool, Aint got time to kiss you now, I'm bu - sy wid dis mule.

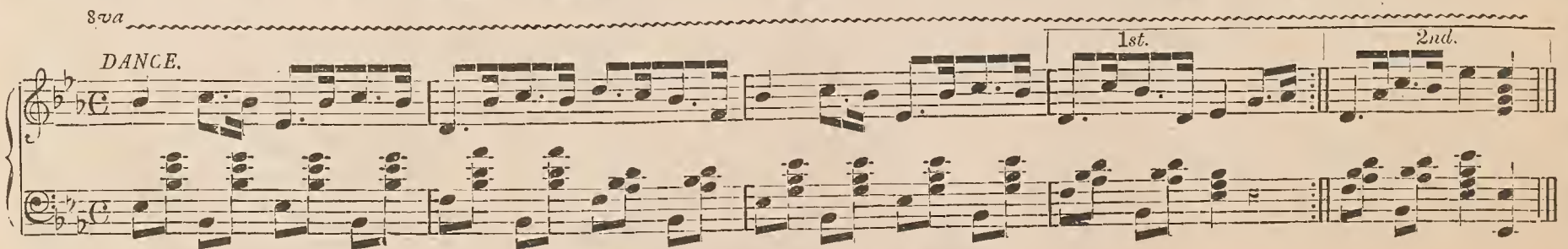


CHORUS.

Whip. (Invisible, except melody.) *Whip.* *Whip.* *Whip.* *Repeat Chorus.*
Whoa! I tell you! Whoa! I say! Keep your seat, my Li - za Jane, An' hold on to de sleigh.



Sua
DANCE. *1st.* *2nd.*



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THE LADIES' *Home* Almanac

By HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

NEW YORK, MAY, 1879.

No. 89. PRICE 12 CENTS.

THE FROST FLOWERS OF RUSSIA.

A CORRESPONDENT describes an extraordinary frost flower of Russia, which has been produced, it is said, in Boston in a temperature of artificial cold. This wonderful plant, or rather flower, is found only on the northern boundaries of Siberia, where the snow is eternal. It was discovered in 1863 by Count Swinskoff, the eminent Russian botanist, who was ennobled by the czar for his discovery. Bursting from the frozen snow on the first day of the year, it grows to the height of three feet, and flowers on the third day, remains in flower twenty-four hours, and then dissolves itself into its original element—stem, leaves, and flowers being of the finest snow.



MANTEL SHELL FLOWER-STAND.

The stalk is one inch in diameter; the leaves—three in number—in the broadest part are one inch and a half in width, and are covered with infinitesimal cones of snow; they grow only on one side of the stalk, to the north, curving gracefully in the same direction. The flower, when fully expanded, is in shape a perfect star; the petals are three inches in length, half an inch wide in the broadest parts, and tapering sharply to the point. These are also interlaced one with the other in a beautiful manner, forming the most delicate basket of frost-work, the

most wonderful. The anthers are five in number, and on the third day after the birth of the flower of snow are to be seen on the extremities thereof, trembling and glittering like diamonds, the seeds of this wonderful flower, about as large as a pin's head



PARLOR AQUARIUM.

The old botanist says, when he first beheld the flower, "I was dumb with astonishment; filled with wonderment, which gave way to joy the most ecstatic

on beholding this wonderful phenomenon of snow—to see this flower springing from the snowy desert, born of its own composite atoms. I touched the stem of one lightly, but it fell at my touch, and a morsel of snow only remained in my hand." Gathering some flowers in snow in order to preserve the little diamond-like seeds, he hied to St. Petersburg with, to him, the greatest prize of his life-time. All through the year they were kept in snow, and on the first day of the year following the court of St. Petersburg were delighted with the bursting forth of the wonderful frost flower.

A DRY PATH FOR GARDENS.

"A GOOD dry path may be made in the following



SHELL FLOWER-STAND FOR MANTEL.

manner," says a recent writer: "After removing three or four inches of the surface soil put in a layer of broken stones or bricks, road-metal size, and fill in the interstices with smaller stones and sand mixed with as much coal-tar as will moisten it and no more. It should then be rolled. In three or four days give a coating, one-eighth of an inch thick, of sand and coal-tar, made as dry as possible, and roll again, first sprinkling the surface with dry sand to prevent the mixture from adhering to the roller. In ten days it will be fit for use."

Floral Experiences.

SUGGESTIONS ON THE CULTURE OF FLOWERS.

WHEN one, with a view to selection, looks over any one of the beautiful flower catalogues that are now obtainable on every side, it must be with the feeling that Mrs. Stowe once said it gave her—a sensation of “exasperated bewilderment,” not being able to make any choice where all were so beautiful and seemed to have so many advantages. If one who has a knowledge of flowers feels thus, how puzzled must be the novice who is just starting out to cultivate a few flowers, with perhaps but little room and little cash!

These remarks are given as the result of experience and observation, and are especially addressed to the consideration of those who have but limited means and opportunities. It is the general peculiarity of flower books and catalogues that they seem addressed to those who, if they have not the purse of Fortunatus, must at least have good “long pockets.”

In a garden intended for flowers alone the beds may be laid out and planted according to individual preference; there is no absolute rule for such things, but due regard should be paid to the requirements of the plants as to sunlight, shade, shelter, etc., and observe care in planting so as to avoid all inharmonious mixture of colors. Do not plant tall varieties in front of low ones, nor leave running vines without support. All the peculiarities of each plant as to color, height, duration of bloom, etc., are described in the larger catalogues at comprehensive length.

Portulacas, Pansies, Fuchsias, Ice Plants, and a few others need to be slightly shaded from the mid-day sun; plant beside taller-growing plants, so placed that they will intercept the vivid sunlight, or beside a lattice fence; a tree or a board fence makes too much shade.

Most of the more common flowers delight in all the sunshine they can get, and will do well with pretty much the same general cultivation. Give them rich, light, open soil; keep clear of weeds and do not let them suffer for water, but remember that the rain does not come every day, and you will see that flowers do not need watering nearly so often as many people think. Remember, too, that rain-water in the growing season is *never cold*, so never give flowers water that will chill them. Water that has stood in the sunshine all day is of the proper temperature, and the best time to water flowers is late in the evening or very early in the morning; never water when the sun is hot upon them. A weekly watering about the roots with good strong soapsuds is of great benefit to almost all growing plants, but be careful of its use on the leaves of delicate, soft-wooded ones; I once completely killed a fine lemon-scented and a nutmeg scented Geranium by being too liberal with soapsuds.

Roses, especially the finer kinds, require special culture. Give them a warm, sheltered spot, and bear in mind that you cannot make the soil too rich for them. The Rose is a rank feeder and sends down

its roots sometimes more than two feet, so the soil cannot be made too deep. Use a compost of leaf-mould, well-rotted stable-manure, bone-flour, and good garden-soil. Dig a hole two feet deep for each bush, or, if you prefer them in groups, a hole the size you wish the bed to be, and fill it with the compost well pressed in but not too hardly packed. Plant carefully and firmly a fraction deeper than they grew in the pot, water freely, and shade from the sun for several days. They will scarcely fail to thrive if care is taken to keep them free of bugs and slugs. Any one wishing to grow Roses to any extent must be provided with some one of the good books on rose-growing; the directions for pruning, pinching, etc., take too much space for this article. Some prefer to grow their own Roses from cuttings, but I have found it better to get good strong plants from reliable florists, for though I have tried about every plan of which I ever heard or read, I have never succeeded in growing Roses from cuttings.

In the hope to be of help to some of modest means, I will make a few suggestions as to the beauty and profit that may be evolved from the possibilities of a ten-by-twelve backyard in a city, even New York. The first requisite is the soil; almost any market gardener will haul two or three barrels of good garden earth for a small compensation. From the florist's can be cheaply obtained a half-bushel of leaf-mould or peat-soil, and a few pounds of bone-flour; a gallon or two of silver sand would also be a good addition. When these are obtained they must be well mixed together; then there is a compost in which almost anything will grow nicely. Property-owners will not allow the displacement of many bricks or flags, and as there is so little ground-space the flower-beds, instead of being laid out, must be built up, as are the New York houses.

When you are sure of your soil, provide a lot of rough boxes of different sizes, some nail and small cracker kegs, a bundle of laths, a pound of lathing nails, and a pound or two of eight and ten-penny nails. If you haven't them and do not wish to buy, borrow a rule, a saw, and a hatchet; get your materials out in the yard and go to work. You will be surprised, when once begun, how ideas will come to you and things shape themselves to your eye. Almost any girl can do all the work for herself; perhaps at the cost of some mashed fingers and a few scratches, but these will feel good when they get done hurting, and it will be so pleasant, when the summer fills your little garden with odor and loveliness, to feel that your own hands were the instruments which helped you to so much comfort and pleasure. One of your boxes should be a big, rough packing-case, say four feet long, three feet wide, and twenty-seven inches, or perhaps three feet, high. Divide the height into three equal parts, draw a line with the rule and a pencil, and saw the box into three parts; there will be one box with a bottom and two without. The loose top of the ease will make one bottom, odd bits the other. Now knock off one end and one side of each of the bottomless boxes and saw sixteen inches off the length and eight inches off the width of one, and two feet off the length and sixteen inches off the width of the other; nail the corners up into shape again and nail on the bottoms. Now

you will have three trays, say nine inches deep; one four feet by three feet in size, one thirty-two by twenty-eight inches, the other one sixteen inches shorter and eight inches narrower than that. Set your largest tray on the bricks and nail it firmly to the fence. Saw one of your other boxes down to the height of nine inches and set it down in the one you have fixed; let it be as nearly as you can the size of the box that is to rest upon it; you will save much soil thereby. Set the second-size tray on this and nail it firmly to the box and fence. Fix a smaller box in the same way and nail the smallest tray to that and the fence. Now you have two three-sided flower borders each eight inches wide, and one the whole square of your smallest tray. With two cheese-boxes, a nail-keg cut in halves, and a halved cracker-keg, you may make two round pyramids to stand in the corners of the yard. You may make more if you like, and with larger and more boxes make them higher. You will soon be inventing additions and improvements. Fill your trays with the prepared soil and plant your flowers. If you can afford pot-flowers you have but to get them from the florist and set them in the trays in the order that best pleases your fancy; but if you must economize, get flower seeds and sow them thinly and very shallow where you wish them to stand. As the soil is so shallow you cannot grow large plants. The smaller plants are more sweet and beautiful. Along the edge of the bottom tray plant Abronia of both colors, inside Sweet Alyssum. In the second tray, Lobelia Erinus. In the top plant Pansies, Portulacas, China Pinks, or Verbenas; in any case using the mixed seed. When your plants bloom, as they will continuously through the summer, you will have a pyramid with a border of white and rosy lilac at the bottom, next tier deep blue, and the top, if Pinks, Portulacas, or Verbenas, all shades of red; if Pansies, a mosaic of velvet browns, purples, and yellows. The round pyramids should be different. One may have narrow-striped Tradescantia in the bottom, second tier Sedum Carneum, at the top Saxifraga Sarmen-tosa. These are not easily grown from seed, but can be had at any florist's for a few cents each. In the other plant at bottom mixed Portulacas, second tier Mignonette, at the top Drummond's Phlox, dwarf mixed, or pink Oxalis.

Most flowers do best to be sown where they are to grow, but there are but few varieties that may not be successfully transplanted, with proper care. Some time may be gained, if you have a warm room in which to keep them by sowing the different seeds in a box and placing them at first near the fire heat and then in a window with warm exposure. The little seedlings are extremely tender and must be shaded from too hot sunlight and be gently and carefully watered. I think I have named no flower in this article than such as bear transplanting.

With the hope that my suggestions may be the incentive to some tired, homesick soul to create for itself a little brightness amid the city's waste, I am,

A SINCERE FRIEND OF THE CABINET.

As a general rule, moisture is death to insects which infest conservatory and window plants.

Floral Contributions.

HINTS ON FLORICULTURE.

WE will now consider the flowers that make our homes attractive.

You have never cultivated a garden or bed of flowers even, and yet you love these beautiful gifts of Nature, and wish to see the bright, dainty darlings scattered all around you; but though I shall endeavor to give you as many practical hints as my limited space will allow, *experience* is the only source through which you can attain *real* success. Flowers are classed as perennials, biennials, and annuals; and these are hardy, half-hardy, and tender. Hardy varieties can be sown from the middle of April to the middle of May, half-hardy from the first to the last of May, and tender varieties from the last week in May to the middle of June. The sowing will depend upon the earliness of the season, some springs being more favorable to early planting than others; but you can forward many plants by sowing the seed in shallow boxes, or any convenient receptacle for soil, and keeping them in the house until the earth is warm and the weather suitable for transplanting. I find that a mixture of garden-loam two parts, leaf-mould two parts, and sharp sand one part makes a good soil in which to plant seeds in the house; if the loam is heavy add more sand and mould. Sow evenly and thinly, that the plants may not crowd each other. Cover according to size of seed, the finest very slightly; some requiring to be sown upon the surface and pressed into the soil by a slight pressure. Keep your seeds warm and moist—not wet. The best way, perhaps, to secure a uniform heat and moisture is to keep them covered with wet flannel, paper, or glass. Do not allow the flannel or paper to become dry while germinating, removing as soon as they begin to appear. Give them all the sunshine possible and plenty of fresh air. Should they begin to crowd each other, thin out and transplant to other boxes, as you must have strong plants, otherwise they would become drawn and prove unsatisfactory. For transplanting choose a cloudy day—a damp one is better, if not positively wet, or evening is a good time; press them firmly in the soil, and water with water from which the chill has been taken. Protect from sun a couple of days. Some plants require planting where they are to remain, as they do not transplant well. Perennial Peas, Sweet Peas, Delphiniums, Euphorbias, Lupini, Poppies, and Candytuft, all object to removal. As regards your beds, cut them any shape you fancy, provided they are not so wide that you cannot reach the centre conveniently when working them; but the soil must be light and rich, and deeply dug. Observe the same rule for sowing seeds as in the house, as nearly as possible. Keep them covered from the sun and drying winds by newspapers fastened at edges; and Rhubarb and Burdock leaves have only to be used to be appreciated. In arranging your flowers consider adaptation to location, and avoid bringing together colors that do not harmonize. Those beds farthest from the walks may contain the taller flowers, and those of medium height of brilliant colors, which include the

tall varieties of Asters, Balsams, Celosias, some varieties of Dianthus, Antirrhinums, Petunias, Delphiniums, Lychnis, Salvias, Zinnias, etc., while in the beds near them and the house you may plant Abro-nias, Alyssum, Candytuft, Mignonette, Pansies, Portulaca, Stocks, Verbenas, Saponaria, Gypsophila Muralis, and Lobelia Erinus. Nearly all I have mentioned commence blooming early and continue through the whole summer until late autumn. It will be better to plant mixed beds of the same varieties, except where you desire masses of color or ribbon-beds. The larger varieties should be planted ten or twelve inches apart each way, and the smaller ones six. Asters and Balsams require a very rich soil, good cultivation, plenty of moisture, and partial shade to secure the finest flowers, though they will blossom under a great deal of neglect. Celosias are from one to three feet high, of many brilliant shades, commencing to bloom early and continuing to grow in beauty until destroyed by frost. To me Pansies seem almost human, and their bright little faces will look their gratitude the whole season, if you will give them a shady nook near the house where only the morning sun can smile upon them. Give them a rich soil and a plentiful supply of water, soap-suds, and weak liquid manure. Stocks are better with similar treatment, minus the suds. Dianthus and Phlox Drummondii rejoice in the sun, also Portulacas and Verbenas with a generous admixture of sand in the soil. Sweet Alyssum, Gypsophila Muralis, and Lobelia Erinus are especially adapted to small beds, edging and ribboning and unexcelled for vases and baskets where fine trailers are desired. Remove all fading flowers, except those saved for seed, leaving only one or two, which should be of the first and most perfect blooms. The forming of seed exhausts the vitality of the plants, thus shortening their season of bloom. Dahlias and Gladioli are very ornamental with a shrubby background. The exquisite beauty of Lilies renders them important to the smallest collection. Plant six or eight inches deep in rich loam, well mixed with leaf-mould or any vegetable manure; but avoid all animal fertilizers. They do best in half-shade. Ricinus, Zea (Maize), Euphorbia, and Amaranthus in variety are fine for foliage-beds, bordered with some constant-blooming trailer. The Amaranthus is also fine for centre of vases. The annual climbers are so beautiful, and cover our porches and windows with such exquisite festoons and graceful draperies, that to omit them would be to leave our gardens unfinished and our dwellings unadorned—Morning-glories, that smile so sweetly upon the early morning and climb and race up the slender cords and ramble along the eaves in tangled luxuriance; and Cyprus-vine, exquisite in flower and foliage. It loves the sun, and is suitable for porch and vase. Pour boiling water upon the seeds and let them stand over-night. Plant in warm soil. Tropæolums are excellent for porches, and unexcelled in brilliancy of flower. Sweet Peas require early and deep planting. Can be grown in clumps upon common pea-brush and are useful for screens, while in beauty and fragrance they vie with the Stock and Carnation. For a dainty bouquet nothing is sweeter than a few Pea blossoms, with sprays of Mignonette and Sweet Alyssum. If you would de-

rive the greatest pleasure from your flowers, cultivate thoroughly. Early morning is the best time to stir the soil, as the roots absorb the dew, giving health and vigor to the plants. Never work soil when heavy with moisture. In watering it is better to wait till evening, that your flowers may receive the full benefit.

MRS. L. D. HORTON.

BUNDYSBURG, GEORGE CO., O.

LICHENS.

THE heading of this article suggests something perhaps very uninteresting, but while all classes of flowers receive their share of praise, from the gaudy Cactus and queenly Roses and Lilies even to the more unpretending varieties of vines and trailing plants, we hear nothing of the unpretending Lichens.

Leaving the showy garden-border or conservatory with their rich display of exotics, let me beg you, my reader, to go forth with me into the woods on a damp morning in October or November. Low-hung clouds which have been weeping the night through are being lifted by a gentle breeze, and mist and rain-drops are mantling and trembling yet among low patches of copse-wood. Here then, just under a spray shaken by the robin's flight and brightened by a fall of scarlet berries, springs up a little flower-garden, quite complete in richness and variety. Mosses in many colors, from that of greenest velvet texture to the curled and crisped varieties in shades of dark green, light brown, and dusky red, emboss and embroider earth's brown bosom, and are fantastically dotted with what resembles a light fall of snow (though the snow, in these milder latitudes of the Middle States, is yet in the store-houses of far northern clouds).

See the old gray rock fence, where a rough pile has fallen away from its moorings, and who will fail to admire it, all beflowered and embroidered with lovely crisp and curling forms, round and oblong rosettes in delicate shades of pale green and drab, reminding one of the soft contrasts in the dress of a modern belle? But we will leave the humbler tribe of Lichens to speak of those which we once saw in an August woodland walk after a shower. Beneath a brown and gnarled oak stump was a gorgeous display of brilliant orange scarlet blossoms displaying their great fleshy and leathery leaves, and looking almost luminous with color as a broad beam of sunlight shot across them.

Again, beneath a neighboring cedar we saw with delight a great bunch of the same species, rejoicing in color of palest cream, and ruffled and crimped as tastily as was the crisp silk hat of Lucia, our village bride; so lovely was the pale cream tint of her hat and its graceful plume, and also the contrast with her soft dark eyes, that our village beauty must have gotten the idea from "under the cedar." Perhaps the reader may exclaim: "What, is all this written about nothing but a fungus?" But when we consider how they spangle the woods in the dreary time of winter with strangely grotesque and beautiful forms, we may really regard them as valuable acquisitions to Nature's floral kingdom.

HANS HATHAWAY.

Floral Hints.

FLOWER-GARDENING AS A MEDICINE.

OBSERVING that you wish all articles to contain "really useful information which will be a help and benefit to others," I have thought I might contribute more to this result by giving my own experience than by writing an abstract article on some particular branch of floriculture.

Last spring, being completely prostrated with a severe attack of diphtheria, I was obliged to give up all household employment, and my eyes being so affected that I could neither read nor sew, it seemed as though I had been cast back from the "valley of the shadow of death" (Ps. xxiii. 4) almost helpless and useless, too weak even to be as thankful as I should have been for the little life remaining. Medical treatment alone seemed unavailing, and I was utterly unable to endure the fatigue necessary to a change of scene. Company and talking with sympathizing friends left me more prostrate than ever. Indeed, all the stereotyped prescriptions for debility and loss of health seemed in vain.

Suddenly my husband, who is a minister, became deeply interested in floriculture. He, who hitherto had given no attention whatever to such things, began enquiring of me concerning the habits and culture of our finest plants and flowers. All hours which could possibly be spared from his own work were employed in perusing catalogues, guides, etc., and in transforming into a flower-garden a neglected corner of the lawn. And as he seemed to find it absolutely necessary that I should be near to advise in the forming of beds, sowing of seed, setting of plants, etc., by means of cushions, robes, and shawls the wheelbarrow was for the time being transformed into an impromptu lounge, and I lay in the warm spring sunshine part of each bright day, as he said, "playing overseer." Gradually the pure air, the fresh-turned sod, and warm sunlight—blessed means in the hands of our "Great Physician"—seemed to tone up the weakened nerves and arouse the failing energies, and I slowly began to realize that my dear husband's new-found interest in floriculture was to try the effect of its use as a remedial agent in restoring a dearly-loved wife to health and animation. Can you wonder, then, that the little new-found strength was used in co-operating with him in the use of the means and in seeking the blessing? Soon languor gave way to returning energy and listlessness to awakened interest, and how I enjoyed those bright spring days in the garden, helping to plan and make rustic vases, beds, etc. One of these—a Calla vase—proved such a success that I think I must describe it, together with some of our other economical arrangements, for the benefit of those who, like ourselves, may be much limited in means. We covered the half of a cracker-keg with alternate halves of peeled and unpeeled hickory and maple

limbs, placed perpendicularly upon it, ornamenting it with wild grape-vine, and placed it upon a tripod of ornamental grape-vine work. This we filled with Callas, Fuchsias, Ivies, etc., and placed in partial shade, and by watering it freely every morning we were soon repaid by luxuriance of growth and profusion of bloom that were lovely to look upon.

Our beds, some eight or ten in number, averaging fifteen feet in length and seven in width, were raised about fifteen inches to secure the proper drainage and depth of soil, and were neatly sodded, with paths about eighteen inches wide between. The soil, a heavy sod, being enriched with leaf-mould from the woods, well-rotted manure, spent ashes, etc., was rich and friable, giving promise of a great return. How anxiously I watched for the springing seed, and



ERYNGIUM LEAVENWORTHII.

how earnestly I worked, as strength would permit, at weeding, watering, and trimming the sodded borders of the beds, which was done by means of a grass-hook and a pair of sheep-shears. And as one bed after another burst forth in a gorgeous display of Phlox, Petunia, Verbena, Geranium, Pansy, Aster, etc., how I enjoyed wandering through the paths, filling baskets and vases for my own rooms and those of my friends and neighbors. It is a pleasure so pure and delightful that it never seems to pall, and in giving thanks to the Giver of all good I cannot but be grateful that he put it into the heart of my husband to use it as a remedial agent.

We both became so "enthused," as "that husband

of mine" says, with the work that as the chill approach of winter began to rob us of our treasures, he insisted on investing in a larger collection of house plants, that we might secure some of the pleasure for the long winter days. Our arrangement and method of treating these has been as follows:

First, then, we brought in our Calla stand, our pet and pride, substituting Begonias for the Fuchsias, that they might rest, and placed it upon a platform of our own planning and construction, which is a little less than four feet long, and about two feet three inches wide, with a raised edge of about one-half inch, jointed, put together water-tight with white lead, and painted. Around the foot of the vase we have placed Geraniums, Roses, Fuchsias, Primroses, and other plants, in pots with their saucers, so that all can be showered together, and the water left standing on the platform if desired for the purpose of giving moisture to the atmosphere. The platform being furnished with No. 7 plate casters, the whole arrangement can be easily moved near the fire on cold nights with one hand. This fills one window, and, in our estimation, few florists can exhibit anything more magnificent.

The other window has a southern aspect, and is occupied by a half-round plant-stand four feet in diameter, with four graduated steps, stained walnut and varnished, also our own work. On this is placed a set of three-inch bracket casters, and although crowded with heavy pots of flourishing plants, I can move it with perfect ease wherever desired. Under it I have placed a pretty bright piece of oil-cloth, so that we can shower all together with a fine rose watering-can without having to make any change. There are some thirty or more plants of Geraniums, Fuchsias, Roses, Bouvardias, Carnations, Abutilons, etc., making one mass of beauty from the floor to the top step. We place those that require the most heat on the upper steps, and having fastened a small thermometer to the back of the stand, we can tell when the room is heated to the degree required, which we allow to range from sixty to seventy during the day, and from forty to fifty at night. By dampening the broom frequently in sweeping the carpet, and by a slight showering every day, we are enabled to keep them bright and clean. In addition to the regular showering, we give a thorough watering occasionally, but only when the soil seems to need it. The only insect with which we have had any trouble is the aphid, which we have so far been able to control by dipping the plants badly infested with them in a strong tobacco tea, and, where there were but few, brushing them off with a small camel's-hair brush dipped in water.

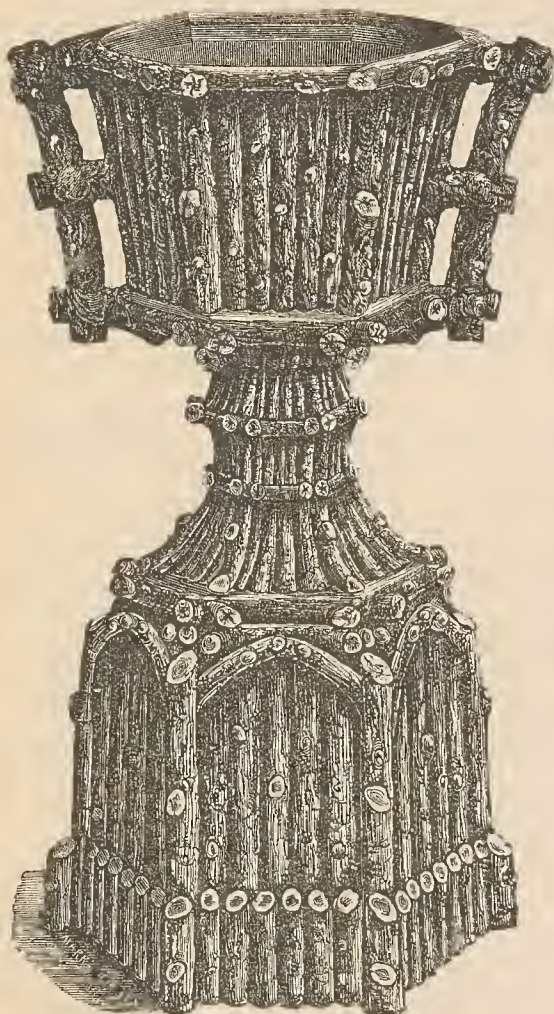
It is an old proverb that "no excellence is attained without great labor," but let me impress upon you the value of having large-sized casters upon all vases and flower-stands for the house, so that all can be moved together easily, by means of which an immense amount of labor may be saved which is so often uselessly expended in moving pots singly from place to place.

MRS. J. F. C.

Floral Miscellany.

THE COMING FLOWER.

THERE can be little doubt that the new race of Tuberose Begonias is destined to play an important part in the decorative gardening of the future. The Begonia is, so to speak, the coming flower. There are two particular lines along which we may expect to see the Tuberose Begonias extending themselves—namely, as green-house summer decorative plants, and as bedding-out or rock plants. In each of these they have already distinguished themselves. As indoor decorative plants they come at a season when they are especially useful—at a time when green-house flowering plants are becoming scanty, and when for the most part recourse must be had to the tender annuals. For the decorative use

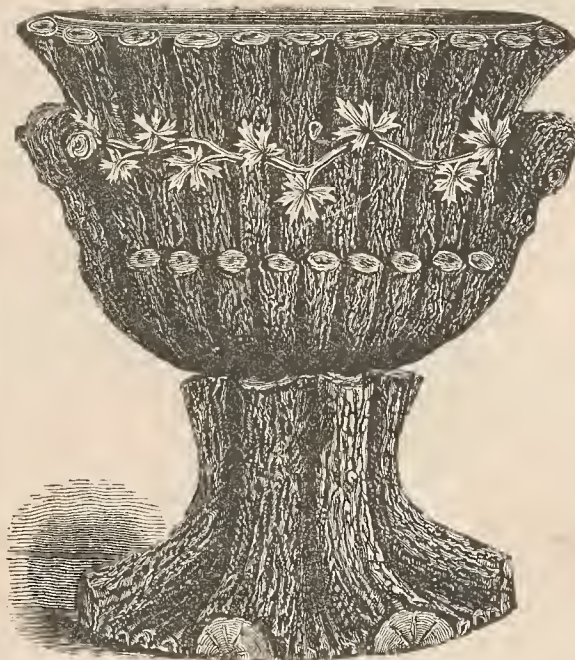


RUSTIC TERRACE VASE.

their free branching habit, and the abundance of flowers they produce while still of moderate size, eminently adapt them. Their usually rich and now varied colors particularly recommend them for this use.—*Gardener's Chronicle*.

Ornamental Plants.—Among our common vegetables are varieties of distinct aspect and characters of growth which might well find use in our ornamental grounds. Thus, the rhubarb affords certainly two varieties—the *Rheum palmatum* and *Rheum emodi*—the former with broad, deeply-jagged leaves, the latter with rough-looking, red-tinted foliage. The blood-red flowers and fruit of *Rheum emodi*, hanging round its tall, upright stem, are very striking. Then there is the variegated kale, with its tall stem and

cuspid-edged leaves; the orach, also, with its towering stem and ample leaves. Do not let us overlook corn, of which we have variegated-leaved varieties; nor hemp, which is a tall, branching plant of much elegance and grace.



OBLONG RUSTIC VASE.

ARBUTUS BLOSSOMS.

I.

We sought the moorland far and wide,
The winds blew fresh and free.
Where can ye be, we faintly sighed,
Sweet blossoms of the lea?

II.

Fair, pale, waxen-hued, yet flushed
With faintest tint of rose,
As if a maiden softly blushed
At what love might disclose.

III.

An ivy-bough we glanced below,
When lo! they were beneath,
Scattered like pearls, and pure as snow
When first it touched the heath.

IV.

Eureka!—found our treasure-trove!
What fragrance! What delight!
No longer mourn, no farther rove,
Nor wish for fairer sight.

V.

Goodness, power, and love divine
Hath formed this tiny flower;
May faith, and hope, and love be mine,
Increasing from this hour.

MORENO.

Asparagus as Decorative Plants.—As a decorative plant some species of asparagus hold a high rank. Asparagus Bronssonetic is remarkable for its great vigor and rapidity of growth, quickly gaining a height of ten feet in spring, and with a dense and glossy foliage, and is recommended in France as a covering for bowers, as well as to make pyramids of in a diversified garden of plants.

FUCHSIAS.

RACEMOSE.—This must be a very rare plant, as I have never seen it described in the CABINET, neither in any floral catalogue. This plant has a spreading habit, when old throwing up numerous suckers from the root, and thus forming large clumps from one to two feet high.

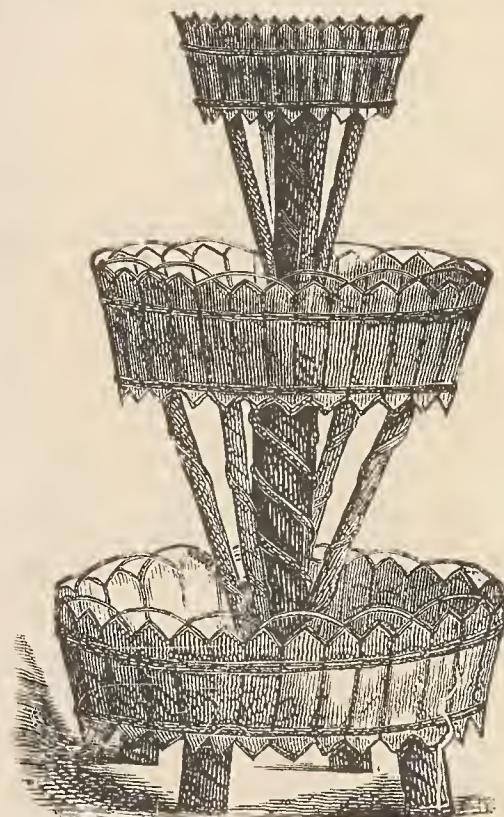
The flowers, which are of a bright scarlet, are clustered at the top of the stem in a raceme, and are very narrow in proportion to their length, the length being near four inches. I have counted on my plant over forty of these long, tubular blossoms and buds in one cluster. It has a very large, beautiful leaf and is quite a free bloomer.

It is easily wintered in a frost-proof cellar. Every lover of flowers should have one of these beautiful plants in their collection.

INDIANA.

MRS. S. A. H.

More about Bouquets.—At the same exhibition I was awarded a prize for the best bouquets. They were composed mostly of Moss Roses and buds, Rose Geranium leaves, and Candytuft.



RUSTIC GARDEN VASE.

Flowers can be arranged very nicely, and will keep well if the stems are inserted in mud; they can be made in any form desired. Pyramids are the most common form, when made in this way. In the latter part of the season a star of the brightest kind of Gladiolus, or, better still, of different shades of Asters, on a green foundation are very nice. If of Asters, the bright colors should be in the centre, decreasing in intensity towards the points of the star. A handsome anchor made of Moss Rose buds and Geranium leaves, with a Daisy chain falling from the ring, is very handsome.

Wire-Worms in Pots.—To kill wire-worms in pots use salt, sprinkled over the soil, or a diluted solution, not strong.

Floral Miscellany.

FLOWER PENCILLINGS.

"Oh! the flowers look upward in every place
Through this beautiful world of ours."

FROM the far-away shores of the ice-bound North, where the Rose Carnation and lovely Forget-me-not creep shivering from their crystal couch of snow, to the dreamy Lotus-land of the South,

"Where the sun with a golden mouth can blow
Blue bubbles of grapes down a vineyard row";

from the spicy isles of the ocean to Araby's "*land of the blest*," the air is filled with the redolent perfumes and our eyes gladdened with the entrancing *beauty of flowers*. They peer at us from the wayside, the moss-grown lane, and the shadowy forest. At the foot of the mysterious pyramids, on the lonely Campagna, in the dwellings of the rich and the lowly cottage of the poor, everywhere are found the lovely harbingers of hope, silent mementoes of an Eden lost and a paradise to be regained. Beautiful flowers! They wreath the cradle, the marriage altar, and the tomb. The Persian writes his love in perfumed nosegays, and the Indian child of the far West gathers with glee the luxuriant blossoms that deck the boundless prairies. The Arab stops a moment in his wild flight o'er the burning sands to pluck a leaf of the fragrant Myrrh for his dark-eyed mistress, while the sturdy "Lap" in his furry coat looks for a gleam of the blue-eyed Myosotis or sprig of the delicate Daphne for his fair-haired maiden. Who does not remember the touching story of Pellico, the Italian patriot, confined in an Austrian dungeon in the horrors of Spielberg. When the cold stone walls and cruel bars and iron guards shut out all hope from the poor exile, a flower became an angel, and its delicate beauty, creeping through the chinks in the courtyard stones, became a missionary and messenger of peace to his breaking heart. Our rarest flowers bloom with the greatest confusion in other lands. The charming Isle of Cyprus, famed alike in prose and poem, is brilliant with dazzling Hyacinths; the air is heavy with their misty perfumes, while every fountain and stream reflects again the image of the lovely Narcissus. At the Cape of Good Hope countless numbers of Callas (or, more properly, Richardia *Æthiopica*) grow in the swamps, lakes, and lagoons, while the delicate Smilax (*Myrsiphyllum Asparagoides*) weaves its evergreen traceries amid the foliage and drooping bells of the Fuchsia. The latter beautiful plant was introduced into cultivation in rather a singular way. One of the most eminent florists of the day, Mr. Lee, of Hammersmith, near London, hearing of a wonderful flower of exceeding beauty belonging to an impoverished sea-captain's widow, went at once to purchase it. She refused to part with it, however, as it had been brought her from abroad by her husband. The florist after many controversies finally prevailed over all her objections by promising her one of the young plants and the payment of *eight guineas*. He made cuttings at once, forced them in hot-beds, and the next season sold three hundred Fuchsias at a guinea each, keeping his

promise to the widow also by taking her one of the first blooming plants. In ancient Egypt the favorite flower was the Lotus, or Rose of the Nile, the Nymphia Lotus of modern botany. It bore a large, fragrant white blossom. So highly was it esteemed that distinguished guests upon their arrival in a city were presented with coronets of this exquisite flower as a conspicuous mark of honor. Woven in chaplets it played an important part in religious ceremonies. It crowned the head of Isis, that wonderful goddess whose very name is a romance. The first of all the heavenly deities, her many gracious gifts to mankind were represented by flowers interwoven with ears of corn. O trancing, soul-forgetting Lotus! thy very name bears with it a charm, a weirdness that carries us away to the very borders of Lethe, until

"No more, no more the worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar;
With dreamful eyes my spirit lies
Under the walls of paradise."

Cleopatra, no doubt, crowned herself with this witch-flower when she wove her Circean spells about the yielding Antony. The Rose has been known, admired, and cultivated from time immemorial, "Fondest child of dimpled spring, the wood-nymph wild." It is the queen of every grove.

"Eye of gardens, light of lawns,
Nursling of soft summer dawns,
Love's own earliest sigh it breathes,
Beauty's brow its lustre wreathes."

The name is of Celtic origin and signifies red. Anaereon, the celebrated Ionian poet, tells of the birth of the Rose in the following beautiful lines:

"When, humid from the silvery stream,
Effusing beauty's warmest beam,
Venus appeared in flushing hues,
Mellowed by ocean's briny dews;
When in the starry courts above
The pregnant brain of mighty Jove
Dislosed the nymph of azure glance,
The nymph who shakes the martial lance,
Then, then, in strange, eventful hour
The earth produced an infant flower,
Which sprang, in blushing glories dressed,
And wanted o'er its parent breast.
The gods beheld the brilliant birth,
And hailed the Rose, the boon of earth.
With nectar drops, a ruby tide,
The sweetly Orient buds they dyed,
And bade them bloom, the flowers divine
Of him who gave the glorious vine,
And bade them on the spangled thorn
Expand their bosoms to the morn."

Who has not heard of the "Vale of Cashmere" with its roses, "the brightest that earth ever gave"? Feramors sings of its fairy charms to Lalla Rookh, of its flowers, its holy silence, interrupted only by the dipping of the wings of birds in marble basins of purest water.

"Where the spirit of fragrance is up with the day,
From his harem of night-flowers stealing away,
And the wind, full of wantonness, woes like a lover
The young aspen trees till they tremble all over;
When the East is as warm as the light of first hopes,
And Day, with his banner of radiance unfurled,
Shines in through the mountainous portal that opens
Sublime from that valley of bliss to the world."

Cicero slept on a couch of roses and violets, as did

many other noble Romans; and Propertius, a Roman poet, was buried in them, as he sings, that the earth may lie lightly on his grave. In the convivial festivals and Bacchanalian revels of the ancients they crowned themselves and lady-loves

"With buds of roses, virgin flowers
Culled from Cupid's balmy bowers,
In the bowl of Bacchus steep
Till with crimson drops they weep."

The beautiful custom of crowning the young bride with a chaplet of flowers has obtained in all ages. The choicest gems of Flora's kingdom were culled to grace the marriage festivities. The ancients fashioned the bridal wreath of the beautiful Myrtle, while now the Orange-Blossom is used almost exclusively. The bride herself must gather the wreath in olden times, as to purchase was considered an ill-omen. Our brides of to-day do not seem to fear any such evil forecast, as the dainty wreaths and bouquets made so skilfully for their sovereign use are of the most costly description. We hope none of our readers will share the fate of the unlucky Proserpina, daughter of Ceres, the goddess of grain and harvests, who while gathering the Rose, the Hyacinth, and Crocus in the Nysian plains with the ocean nymphs, her sisters, beheld a Narcissus of extraordinary beauty. Reaching for it, she was caught up by Pluto and transported to Hades, where she remained until restored by Jupiter and the intervention of Mercury and Erebus. Proserpina signifies the seed corn, which, cast into the ground, is carried off by the god of the lower world and reappears again in the waving grain or is restored to the mother Ceres.

"Blossoms," says Pliny, the Latin naturalist, "are the 'joy of trees,' and wherever these beautiful creatures are found, they seem to say to us, Yes, be joyful too. The darkness of thy lot is only the avenue through which thou art passing. God, who is good to the flower and the blossom of the tree, will not forget thee." MRS. THEO. BUTTERWORTH.

QUINCY, ILL.

BEAUTIES OF LICHENS.

AND lo! what are these tiny, wondrous-looking, cup-shaped flowers of pale green which thickly spread over the moss carpet? And, again, little trumpet-shaped corollas arise, with edges daintily notched, each bearing a pistil, and sometimes a stamen or two. Occasionally, as if done by the hand of a "child fairy," one trumpet is placed within another trumpet, each rising above the other in perfect regularity, and putting forth one pistil and stamen at the top. In others delicate scarlet mould dots the top of slender stems, which, when seen through a microscope, resemble beautiful rosebuds.

Lichens cling to the dark and barren breast of the old gray rocks, and make that which is unsightly to appear "a thing of beauty." Always clinging to the north side and softening its ruggedness, it reminds us of that love which displays itself in adversity, softens defects, and beautifies life in its darkest moments.

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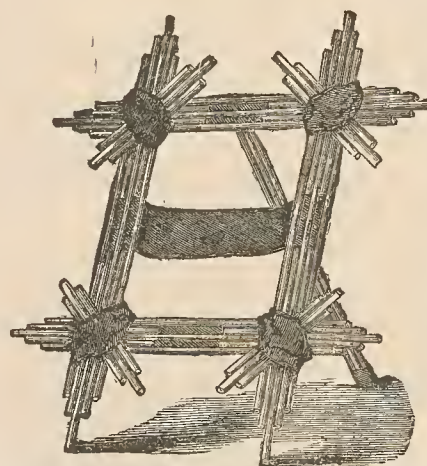


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NEW YORK, MAY, 1879.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE MONTH.

UPON page 1 are several illustrations of window and parlor decorations. Figs. 1 and 3 are shell rests, used to hold ornamented shells, which often contain a little moist moss or earth, in which are planted some slips of flowers; and thus a miniature garden is formed upon the mantel-piece.

Fig. 2 is a combined aquarium and plant-stand, three feet six inches in height, the bowl twelve to sixteen inches in diameter, and the little cups are large enough to receive a six-inch flower-pot.

Upon page 4 is a sketch of a plant of the *Eryngium Leavenworthii*, grown by W. C. Wilson, florist of Astoria, Long Island. This is a remarkably showy annual, with stems from one to three feet high and very branching. The heads are of a beautiful purple. Branches cut after the flowers and leaves have matured will last two or three months, making it a valuable addition for winter bouquets.

Upon page 5 are sketches of some exceedingly ornamental rustic terra-cotta garden vases. The oblong rustic vase is made in imitation of rustic wood-bark, and is eighteen inches high and sixteen inches long. The rustic terrace vase is thirty inches high, twelve inches in diameter across the base, and seventeen inches in diameter across the handles.

The rustic garden vase is made of willow wood, trimmed often with grape-vine. The whole is forty-eight inches high; lower vase, twenty by twenty-eight inches; middle vase, eighteen by twenty-one inches; top vase, ten by thirteen inches.

Upon page 9 are given sketches of *aquaria ornaments*. The *granite castle* is capable of a double use, either as a fine ornament for a large aquarium, admitting of a variety of water-plants all around the

castle, or it can be used as a flower-pot for small ferns and plants.

The *shell ornament* represents a shell with figure and surrounding plants. There are three openings to receive water-plants.

The *fairy castle* is to be attached to some source of water giving a steady supply, and the flow will be as shown in the illustration. This figure is twelve inches high and eleven inches long.

The little window-garden with its wire railing and shelf is four and a half inches high, three feet long, and eight inches wide.

The little fernery is twelve inches in diameter, with glass fifteen inches high.

All the above articles are made by G. Hennecke & Co., of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, who make many very tasteful window and floral ornaments.

Upon page 12 are sketches of ladies' needle-work. The *shopping bag* is in canvas-work. It will be found most useful, and satchels for shopping were never in more universal favor.

The materials are: canvas, No. 14 gray Berlin wool, coarse floss silks of a bright emerald green and gold color, gold thread, small pearl and garnet beads, white and gold tassels, cord, rings, half a yard of colored silk. Work in any block pattern, and make up with silk lining, finishing with cord. The same work may be made up at an upholsterer's with a strong steel clasp, and will be more serviceable.

The *shawl or wrap case* is of *Holland*. It is bound all round with worsted braid. The border in embroidery may be in Andalusian wool or purse silk. The roses and foliage are cut out of cretonne, and fastened upon the holland with cording-stitch. The outlines of the pattern are in chain-stitch, or machine embroidery may be substituted. The straps are of holland, lined and embroidered with a simple design.

The *lamp-mat* is a mat upon net canvas, in feather embroidery. The ends of the feathers are slipped through the meshes of the net to the wrong side, and securely fastened. The edge consists of three rows of feathers, two rows of quilled ribbon, and the centre of the mat grounded in a dark color, or, if preferred, a pattern can be embroidered in silk or Berlin wool upon the net.

WINDOW GARDENING.

In growing plants for winter use it is best to take slips early in the summer, and grow them in pots in a sheltered situation out of doors until the third week in August, then repot into larger pots and bring into the house at once. I find that my plants are less apt to wither and lose their leaves if I bring them into the house early. I have a great many plants to care for, and I begin to pot them for the house about the second week in August, and keep working at them until all are finished.

If you wish your *Calla* to bloom early, pot it in rich earth in August and water sparingly until it begins to grow; then keep it very wet, letting it stand for at least an hour in a saucer of warm water every day. It will grow rapidly and will soon throw up a flower-stalk; and it will bloom at intervals all winter. When it shows that it is in need of rest,

which will be in the following May, withhold water gradually, and as soon as the weather admits of it put the pot out of doors under a tree or shrub, turning it upon its side that it may receive no water. It will soon become dry and the earth appear to be baked; do not meddle with it until you are ready to repot it for winter blooming, when proceed as before.

A beautiful plant for the house is *Lilium Candidum*; one year ago last fall I bought a bulb for twenty-five cents and planted it in a four-inch pot. It soon began to grow and sent up a stalk of delicate foliage; in March it bloomed, having three white blossoms out at one time; it remained in bloom for three weeks. After it was done flowering the foliage showed signs of decay, so I put the plant away for a rest. When all danger of frost was past I set the plant out of doors on the south side of the house and left it until fall; during that time it received no water except what rain fell upon it. In September I took the pot into the house; it soon threw up a second flower-stalk with seven buds, and for weeks it was the pride of my window. A few weeks ago I brought it from the cellar, where it has been resting since the autumn, and now two flower-stalks have made their appearance. They are already more than a foot high.

Some time ago one of your correspondents enquired if the *Aloe* is a member of the cactus family. I believe that the question has not yet been answered, so I will insert one here. The *Aloe* is not a cactus. It belongs to an entirely different order—the *Liliaceæ*, sub-order *Aloineæ*. The *Aloe* is a native of Africa, and it is found there in great profusion; there are a number of species, all having true stems, but varying in height from a few inches to many feet. The *Aloe-wood* of commerce is not obtained from the *Aloe-tree*, but is an entirely different substance. The *Aloe* plants that are sold by florists are some of them of great beauty, the leaves being marked or striped. One of the newest varieties is the *Partridge Aloe*, so called because the markings resemble those on the wing of a partridge.

We often hear the *Century-plant* spoken of as the *American Aloe*. This is a misnomer, as the *Century-plant* is not an *Aloe* but an *Agave*. It is a member of the great family of *Amaryllids* that includes a number of well-known species; among these may be mentioned the *Narcissus*, *Tuberose*, *Jacobeus*, *Lily*, *Snowdrop*, and *Star-grass*. There are a number of *Agaves* native to America, of which the best known is the *Century-plant*. The especial difference between the *Agaves* and the *Aloes* is that the former have no stem, the leaves rising directly from the ground. The *Agave Americanus* sends up a flower-stalk of from fifteen to twenty-five feet high, bearing a panicle of yellow flowers. The story that it blooms only at the age of one hundred years is now known to be false. In its native home it blooms when it is from ten to twenty years old, but in a green-house it requires a longer time. In California and Mexico, where these plants grow wild, they bloom often at the age of fifteen. After the *Agave* blooms the plant dies to the ground, but new shoots grow from the roots, which perpetuate the species.

IDA I. LAW.

GLENCOE, COOK CO., ILL.

Window Gardening.

THE CULTIVATION OF HOUSE PLANTS.

In order to grow Geraniums, Salvias, Camellias, Roses, and Primroses successfully, a temperature of sixty to sixty-five degrees for the day, and about fifteen degrees lower at night, is necessary.

This temperature is not warm enough for the more tender plants, Colens and Begonias. For this reason I reserve my Begonias for my hanging-baskets, as the air of the room is some degrees warmer near the ceiling. Nothing can be more beautiful than a Begonia in full bloom, especially those having ornamental foliage.

In order that Begonias may attain their fullest development they must have plenty of moisture, and with a little care this is easily obtained.

I have a Begonia Maculata in a hanging-basket, one of whose leaves measures over a foot in diameter.

A pretty hanging-basket may be made by taking a common five-pound starch-box, and, after



GRANITE CASTLE.

cleansing it carefully of all paint, sand-paper it until it is perfectly smooth. Then with an ivy-leaf laid on a piece of paper draw a vine, and prolong it until it will go around the box. Cut this vine carefully out of the paper and paste it on the box, being careful that the edges of the paper are securely fastened. With a brush now stain the box a black-walnut color, and after it is dry remove the paper. You will have a pale, cream-colored vine on a dark ground; give the box two coats of varnish, and you will be surprised at its beauty. It will resemble the most costly inlaid work. Before staining the box it should have a narrow moulding nailed around its top. Suspend the box by copper wire from picture-screws fastened in each corner of it. Wooden boxes are preferable to terra-cotta hanging-baskets as they do not dry out so soon. Bore a few holes in the bottom for drainage.

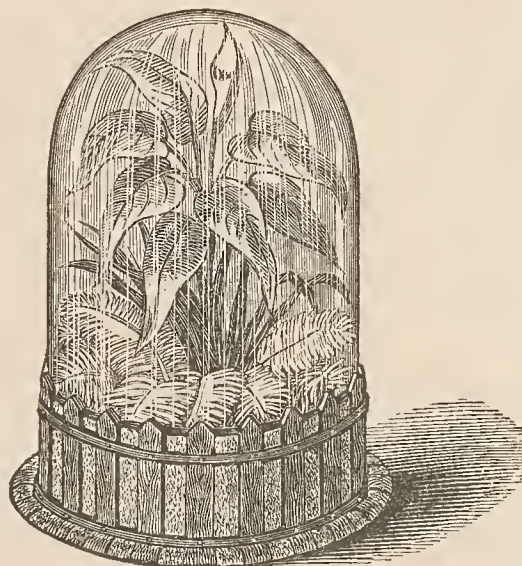
Fuchsias are very satisfactory plants for the house, as with two or three large plants one need never be without blossoms. They require very rich soil, at

least two-thirds well-rotted cow-manure to one part leaf-mould and sand. While in bloom they need plenty of water, but after the blooming season is past



WIRE RAILING OF WINDOW GARDEN.

they must be dried off and given a two or three months' rest. They will do well in a cellar during



FERNERY.

the winter months, if you have not room for them elsewhere. They can be readily grown from slips. The Heliotrope is a very pretty plant for the winter,



FAIRY CASTLE.

but it must be grown in a pot throughout the summer, as it is a very difficult plant to move. The

strength of the plant lies in the small white fibres of the roots, and these are apt to be broken in removal.

Roses must also be grown in the pots where they are to bloom, as their roots are tender. The Eupatorium is a plant that will bear hard usage. It requires plenty of pot-room and a great deal of water; in return it will grow luxuriantly. During the summer months keep pinching the ends of the branches to make it grow bushy, as it only blooms upon the extremities of the branches. It has small white blossoms and is very fragrant.

I have a great variety of plants growing in our sitting-room; most of them were raised from seed or cuttings. I usually start all cuttings in a bowl of sand. I use only cuttings of the new wood that will break readily. It takes about a week to root most cuttings, and during this time I keep the sand very wet. The room is heated by a coal-stove, and the fire is never suffered to go out.

Early in the fall, as a precaution against sudden changes of temperature, I paste wall-paper, with the white side out, over every crack and crevice in the window; this keeps out every draught of air. One



SHELL ORNAMENT FOR AQUARIUM.

who has never tried this will be surprised at the additional warmth of the room; if your paint is white, use wall-paper; if it is grained, take brown or yellow wrapping-paper as near the color of the paint as possible.

Many persons find it difficult to grow Carnations successfully in the house, as the buds shrivel in the dry, hot atmosphere of most sitting-rooms; this may be prevented by wrapping a damp newspaper around the plant at night and taking it off in the morning. The red spider, that pest of Carnations, will be effectually destroyed by this means. There are three other insects which infest many house-plants: the aphid or green fly, the scale-bug, and the mealy-bug. The aphid is the most common, and is easily destroyed by syringing the plants with a decoction of tobacco-water. An easier way for those who have conservatories will be to set a pan of coals on a couple of bricks, and lay a few leaves of tobacco on the coals; the smoke will destroy the aphid very quickly.

GLENCOE, COOK CO., ILL.

IDA I. LAW.

Hints in Housekeeping.

A TALK WITH HOUSEWIVES.

MUCH has been written about housekeeping, and a great deal learned by reading, but after all "experience is the best teacher." This old, time-worn maxim cannot be more truly applied than in this case. Not till our housekeeping years can be counted by the dozen do we feel anything near satisfaction on reviewing our attainments in this branch of the business—for it is a business (I was going to say a science, and am not quite sure but it is), and those who engage in it should be trained just as much and as well as for any other life-work.

There are many inventions nowadays professedly to lighten woman's labor, but I think there is great danger of it being too much lightened in this one direction. For instance, it is becoming too much trouble to beat the butter and sugar to a cream and whisk the eggs to a puffy lightness necessary to have good cake, and some one of the numberless popular raising mixtures are used instead. Nor is it cake alone, even bread, the staff of life, has to suffer by these new inventions, and the sweet, lively yeast such as our grandmothers kept in the stone jug on the cellar floor is in some families a thing of the past. I am glad to say there are still some housekeepers old-fashioned enough to keep their own yeast and make the good old-time bread.

I do not wish to have you think I condemn the improvements and new inventions; by no means would I do so, for there are many such good and true. But there are some general principles that must be followed in order to bring good results. For instance, the yeast must be sweet and lively, the flour fresh and fine, or the bread will not be good. The water must boil before it is poured on the tea, or it will not be drinkable.

I recently heard a mother recounting the total ignorance of her daughters in regard to housekeeping. One of them being left at home one afternoon without a servant, and the mother also being absent, there was no remedy: she must get the tea herself or go without it. Having a gentleman visitor, she set about getting the evening meal. When at table she passed the tea to the gentleman, he (being a privileged friend) asked, "What ails your tea? I don't think the water boiled when you made it." "Why, must it boil?" said the young lady innocently. "I did not know it should; it was pretty hot." The gentleman made the tea himself. This same young lady graduated with high honors at one of our popular colleges. Can we wonder there are so many unhappy homes in our land when there is so little attention paid to our daughters' education in this particular branch? Of what avail are all the accomplishments upon which so much time and money are spent? When a woman has a dinner to cook, a sick child to nurse, or a retinue of servants to look after, how can she tell others to do what she knows nothing about?

Some one has said if a young lady can make a good sponge-cake she is ready to get married. I cannot agree with them. No woman should assume the duties of wife and mother without some practical know-

ledge of housekeeping; this knowledge and a love for the work will in time bring perfection. I once heard a gentleman say, "If I was a woman, I would be a housekeeper, and one of the best, too, and would not be satisfied with only an ordinary name."

That is just it: the largest majority of our women are not in earnest in this great work, but delegate to the rough and often inexperienced hands even the finest points of this business; they cannot endure this "eternal vigilance," necessary from garret to cellar, if everything has a place and is kept in it.

I am not speaking a word for those fussy, fretty, housewives who are continually in a broil lest the sun should shine on the carpet (if it would be allowed to slip in and sweep up some of the must and mould in some parlors we wot of, there would be more health, and happiness too, there) or their furniture get rubbed. My dear sisters, what are these things for? Why not enjoy them while we can? Those who come after us will not want them; other fashions will turn them out. Therefore, I say, don't let us invest so much in our household goods that we cannot afford to use them while we have health and strength to enjoy them. Better far get less costly adornments for our homes, and invest the surplus in brightening the homes of those less favored than ourselves.

I admit it is painful to any good housekeeper to see our best chairs, holding two hundred pounds of human flesh, tilted back on two casters, or a careless boy leaning on our new piano, scratching the shining surface with his buttons. But accidents will happen to furniture as well as persons; and while a broken chair is a loss to the owner, it is a gain to the dealer when we buy another; and this is what we are to do: "Live and let live."

I would like to speak a word for the help, or, as some say, the "hindrances," in our homes. Those of us who must endure these "necessary evils" (I quote again) should bear in mind that these same persons are members of the same human family as ourselves, have trials and disappointments such as we. Let us then try the gentle method; a little praise will set the wheels of domestic machinery in swift motion, sometimes, when a cross word or sharp rebuke would excite passion and bring everything to a stand-still. Who of us would not much rather serve a beloved friend than one who takes no interest in our affairs? Let us then try what patience and gentle dealing with firmness (for without this the reins will be too slack) will do in our domestic government, and I think we will be amply repaid by faithful serving.

There are training-schools now for housekeepers. No doubt these are excellent institutions. But there are scores of American homes where there are far greater opportunities for gaining a practical knowledge of housekeeping in all its branches. I have heard more than one say, when urged to learn the ways of keeping house, "It will be time enough when I am obliged to do it; I can learn then." But when that time comes, how gladly would this self-confidence be exchanged for a little real practical knowledge. Let our daughters be taught, while under the roof-tree of home, a complete knowledge of housekeeping.

MRS. E. R. COOK.

TRENTON, N. J.

HOW TO MAKE DYES.

A GERMAN writer tells us that a number of excellent dyes can be obtained from the berries of common plants by boiling them in water so as to produce a strong decoction. The whortleberry and the blueberry, when boiled down, with an addition of a little alum and copperas, will make a fine shade of dark blue. The same treatment, with a solution of nut-galls added to it, will make a handsome brown; while by adding alum, verdigris, sal-ammoniac to the berries several shades of bright purple and red can be obtained. The juice of elderberries boiled in water with a little alum will also produce a shade of blue. The berries of the privet, when over-ripe, will yield, by mixture of a little salt, a scarlet red; and the seeds of the burning bush, when treated with sal-ammoniac, make a beautiful reddish purple. The juice of the currant, with a little alum, will dye a bright shade of red; and the bark of the bush, treated in the same way, makes a good brown. Yellow can be obtained from the bark of the elm, the poplar, the ash, and the apple-tree, boiled down strong and mixed with alum water. The tassels of broom-corn, treated in the same way, produce a good shade of green.

USEFUL RECIPES.

Cement for Glass, etc.—A new and very strong mucilage, capable of fastening together wood, porcelain, or glass, is described in the *Journal de Pharmacie*. To a strong solution of gum-arabic, measuring eight and one-third fluid ounces, add a solution of thirty grains of sulphate of aluminum, dissolved in two-thirds of an ounce of water.

A Cheap and Truthful Barometer.—Put a small quantity of finely pulverized alum in a long, half-ounce vial, and fill it with spirits of wine. When the atmosphere is dry and clear, the spirits will be clear as crystal; but on the approach of rain or bad weather the alum will rise in the centre in the form of a spiral cloud, which is an infallible indication of rain or bad weather.

A Cheap Tidy.—First make a frame, about a foot and a half square, of common laths; have two bunches each of red and white dress braid. Cut the braid in pieces the length of the frame, and tack them on at both ends, about two-thirds of an inch apart. Weave the braid together over one and under one. When it is all woven in, pull the tacks out, baste the ends down, and fringe out the edges.—"Maud," in *Home Guest*, Boston.

Cookies.—One and one-half pound sugar, one-half pound butter worked until a cream; add 6 eggs, the yolks first, the whites beaten to a froth; 3 teaspoonfuls of baking powder; beat one egg, spread on each cookie. Strew with sugar.

Ginger-Snaps.—Boil together 1 pint of molasses, one and one-half pint of butter. When cool, take 1 tablespoonful of ginger, 1 tablespoonful of soda, 1 teacup of sugar; flour to make a stiff dough. Roll thin and bake quick.

Housekeeping Experiences.

HOUSEKEEPING IN ARKANSAS.

My sister Belle lives in Arkansas and I in Michigan, so the distance being great and travelling expenses high, when she and her husband invited me to visit them I went for a long stay. I found them living in a pleasant white cottage surrounded by trees, but disfigured, like many other Southern houses, by chimneys built up on the outside—one for each of the four rooms. Southern style, a wide hall extends through the centre, two rooms on each side opening into it, to allow a free circulation of air—in summer very important in that climate. In winter, too, would sister Belle have it, if she followed the example of her neighbors, for they seldom close the doors of either house or store in the day-time, never except for unusual cold or a driving storm, but sit, wrapped up and shivering, before huge blazing fires; she has been, however, too much accustomed to the warmth of a cosy Northern house to like this hospitable but very uncomfortable fashion, so she closes the doors and carpets every floor in that season; and has a stove in living-room and parlor, and, burning less wood, is more comfortable than most of her neighbors; but she cannot persuade them to the belief that stove-heat is more agreeable, for they say, "It is so gloomy not to see the fire, and, besides, how do you manage to warm your feet?"

Sister Belle had not unlimited means at her command in furnishing her house, but she did have almost unlimited ingenuity. She already had a bedroom set of black-walnut for one room, and bought parlor furniture, but still had another bedroom and the dining-room (also sewing-room) to supply; she bought a bedstead and mirror for the one, and a safe and some chairs for the other; then supplied herself with boards, a box, and a barrel, saw, hammer, and nails, and went to work. She first made a top for a toilet-table, in lieu of a bureau, about two feet by four; this she laid over the top of the barrel, then she tacked pink paper cambric around the edge, front, and sides lengthwise, so that it touched the floor. Above this she plaited a skirt (straight) of book-muslin (don't tell) which she had "worn out" herself, and covered the top with a spread of white piqué edged with a gay chintz bordering. A wooden box for comb, brush, etc., she then lined with pictures and covered with pink cambric and a white embroidered ruffle, surmounting the lid with a pin-cushion to match, and put it on the toilet below the mirror, hung upon the wall. The barrel was a receptacle for clothing packed away when out of season, and the toilet-top could be easily lifted off. The washstand she made from the box, similar to some lately described in the CABINET, and curtained to match the toilet. Embroidered curtains, too much worn for further use in the parlor, she hung cross-wise, à la lambrequin, over shades of chintz to cover and adorn the high windows, and as there was no wardrobe in the room she improvised one thus: she had a high shelf, some seven feet long, put up on cleats behind the door, and to its edge tacked white curtains which hung nearly to the floor and protect-

ed the garments hung on hooks screwed in below the shelf. A few brackets and pictures relieved the bareness of high white walls. Now I hope I have made my room appear as pleasant to you as it did to me, dear reader, when I first saw it. Sister Belle said it was "real pretty," and some of her Southern friends thought it "mighty pretty." I thought the adjectives equally out of place. Now to the dining-room, across the wide hall which also serves as library, containing a bookcase and horn-glass (home-made), a light stand, and at each entrance a huge stag's horns, mounted, for a hat-rack. In lieu of an extension-table, sister Belle ordered a common pine one made, with turned legs, oval at the ends and long enough to seat six persons (there were three of us in the family); this she stained to imitate oak, and when not in use it made quite a respectable appearance covered with a large red spread. A lounge in this room deserves special notice. It is a box, seven feet long, two wide, and eighteen inches deep, covered by a light frame to which is nailed heavy canvas; a mattress on this covered with a green material formed the bed, while the box, concealed by a flounce of the same, made an excellent wardrobe, for it would hold many dresses, laid in full length, with very few folds; silk below and muslin ones above would keep as fresh as if "just from the iron," for months. In one corner we put up an arrangement for the "goodman's" smoking materials; it was a corner-bracket, sawed out in a pattern on the outer edges, and painted in arabesque to resemble a darker wood inlaid; the front of the shelf, however, had an ornamented edging, some three inches high in the middle and sloping to each side, making the box it formed one inch high next the wall.

Now, to the kitchen, we will go through the back doors of the hall, across a porch seven feet wide and twelve long. It is enclosed by green blinds and is a delightful dining-room in summer. The kitchen is really an addition to the house, but in Southern parlance the two are always separate. The kitchen proper "on this lot" was about twenty feet from the house; one of the two rooms forming a house, the other being intended for the home of the cook and her family. I can assure you a kitchen apart is a necessary arrangement where negroes preside; for left to themselves they have none of the nice, deft ways desirable to all who would like to have a neat house. Only persons who are colored go out to service in Arkansas, and many of those who might do so, like their white sisters elsewhere, are too delicate in health or too sensitive in temperament to endure the wear and tear, physical and mental, of a servant's life; so if they do anything for their own support, they prefer to take home laundry work, and good servants are hard to find; when found, they ask very high wages and bring their families "on the lot" to be supplied gratis from the household stores. One perhaps is a good cook; but besides the cooking she does only the washing, and others must be hired to wait upon her, for it is a notorious fact that one capable white person will do the work of two average colored ones.

Well, those Southerners who cannot afford this drain on their purses, enjoy the fleeting services of the young and inexperienced class which tries the

patience of housekeepers elsewhere. Sister Belle is one of those independent women who have been able to take matters into their own hands, discharge the clumsy servant and take the lead in housework, and she has assisted by example and advice many who were willing to help themselves but knew not how. They had but few modern conveniences, because negroes are averse to any but "oletime" ways; and competent theoretically though a Southern housekeeper may be to do her own cooking, mountains are in the way of her doing it practically. I found sister Belle had overcome some of them; she bought a new cooking-stove (her sister-in-law, used to negroes, wondered how she could keep it so clean and so long; her best servant would burn one out in three years) and she turned the former dining-room into a kitchen. There was a large store-closet back of it; and across one corner she built a cupboard for dishes, spices, etc., etc., near the stove; a large box served for pot-closet and sink; she put a shelf into it and nails to accommodate the iron-ware; above it was a shelf for tinware, and behind the door she nailed up a small box for a cupboard for the kerosene can, knife-scouring materials, and other things. The laundry work she put out usually, so she had no care of that; and she rented the old kitchen, if she could find good tenants, to a small family, premising that some one of the occupants should bring wood and water, do errands, and help in the house when wanted. When the house was not rented she hired a young girl to wait on her and do a scullion's work, etc., but when I was there to assist, we grew very independent and would have no help indoors, unless we were well snited, except occasionally by the day. Our cooking was part Northern, part Southern in style. We always had light bread (raised wheat bread), but for breakfast toast or some other hot bread, and we used Irish potatoes a great deal, but every new servant we had to teach to cook them properly; while we ourselves had many failures before we learned to cook rice and hominy to suit the Southern palate of the goodman. Only experience taught us to stir the latter very frequently till it was thoroughly swelled, to prevent it from sticking and burning to the bottom of the sancepan, then to set it back to take care of itself for half an hour, cooking slowly. For the former we learned to use nearly two quarts of water for a teacupful, salted to taste, and let it boil till tender, then pour off the water and set it back on the stove to dry off; then we would serve up a dish of snowy rice, each kernel whole and standing alone—as much a desideratum to a Southerner as mealy potatoes to a Northerner. A simple desert we made was a "Pot Ball." On baking-days lay aside a little bread-dough and let it rise till very light, putting it into a basin ready to go into a steamer, and steam thirty minutes. Serve hot and fresh, with a sauce made by boiling a pint of syrup with a tablespoonful of butter till thick.

Thus I could go on and fill pages with our experiences and recipes; but I forbear, and will stop at once abruptly, lest you, reader, be weary.

Moths.—To keep them out of carpets wash floor with turpentine or benzine before laying them.

The Home.

THE GAY DECEIVERS.

BY HARRIETTE WOOD.

WE were to entertain the Sociable a few days hence, and the house must look its very best. Accordingly books, brackets, pictures, vases, and all the pretty things were arranged to show off to the greatest advantage. I am proud to add that no borrowing was done; but we did descend to some other false pretences, less reprehensible, to make confession of which is the object of this sketch.

Some days previous to that of the gathering we were considering whether we might, could, would, or should squander a very little in the purchase of some bouquets, when one of those bright ideas which, we suppose, travel through space, touching only at those points which most attract them, chanced to rush into the head of one of the young ladies of our household. So overpowered was the little sprite by the shock of receiving a new thought, as she said, that she gave a sudden and terrifying scream, which summoned us all to the dining-room, where she stood before a stand of house-plants in no apparent distress, other than of being "too delighted," as she expressed it. "Well, Sunshine, what is it? What is the matter now?" we asked.

"May I do just what I please with these plants?" was the satisfactory reply.

"They are in your hands," we said, "only you shall preserve them alive." Now, although our plants

back. Both the omission and commission of everything of which we could hear or read we have tried, all to nearly no effect. And so it happened that at this time our plants were void of bloom.

"But I'll make this wilderness bloom like a full-blown rose," said Sunnie, slightly misquoting Scripture.

yet" for two years, as I am told—was supplied with such perfect counterfeits of the same that I do not care whether it ever produces a real blossom or not. I doubt if it would ever know its own from its adopted offspring any way!

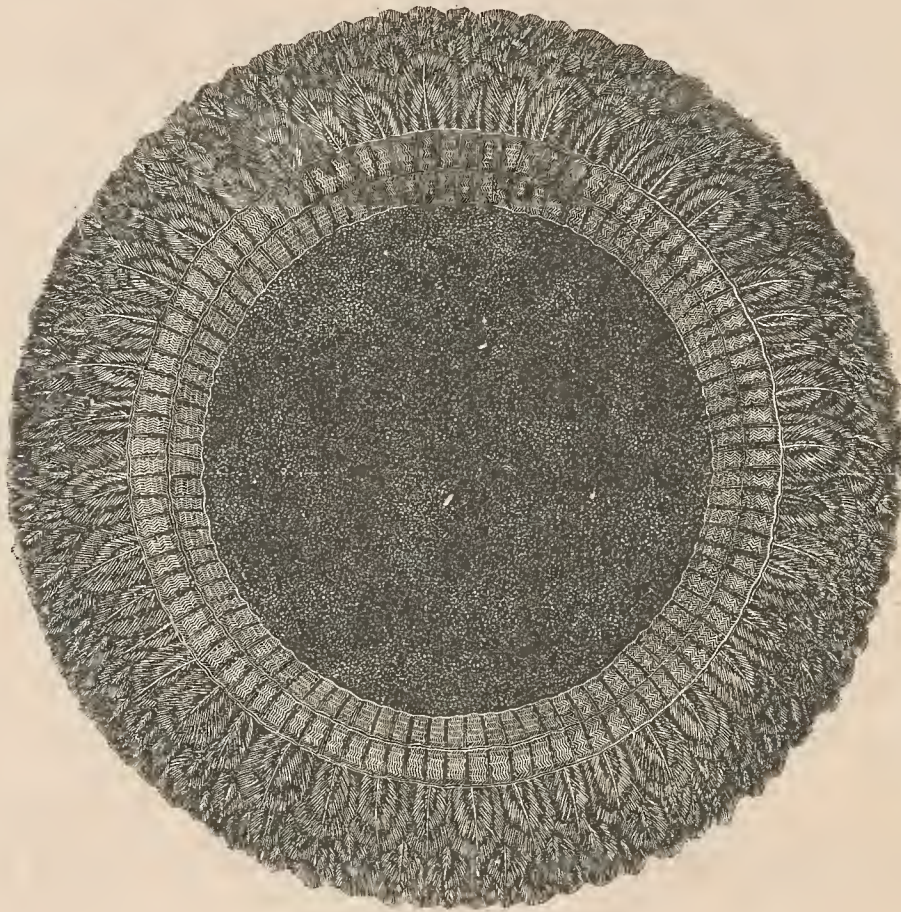
In the evening Sunnie and her sisters, together with a few young friends, her colleagues in many another enterprise of fun, had plenty of enjoyment watching the guests as their attention was drawn toward them, and their admiration of the flowers variously demonstrated. The enthusiastic Mrs. A., the sharp Mrs. B., the calm, unruffled Quaker lady Mrs. C., with Farmer D., Attorney E., and Dr. F., were all alike victimized by the gay deceivers, as they stood in silent, graceful dignity adorned with borrowed holiness. Pastor G. was especially partial to the Rose. "It was a Bible flower," he said, and bent down to inhale its fragrance, but, having a bad cold, was unable to perceive any.

But as the evening began to wane, and our friends to talk of retiring, Sunnie stole up to the good Reverend and in her own irresistible way said:

"Pastor, I am like Mark Twain, not like George Washington—I could tell a lie, but I won't. Please to inform these friends that every one of our flowers is a sham, nothing but a deception in paint and wax."

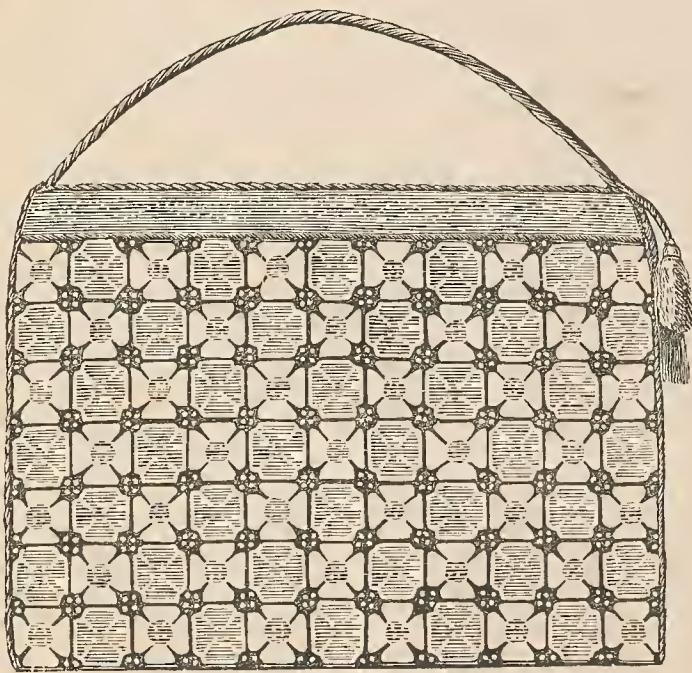
This he did, adding: "I am not, however, altogether prepared to pronounce an artifice by which we have

been so completely cheated a sham. I hope that Sunnie, and all of us for whom she has prepared this seat of beauty, may be able to attain unto as great perfection in the imitation not only of the Creator's works but of himself, in all those things wherein he has commanded us to be conformed unto his own glorious image."



LAMP-MAT IN FEATHER EMBROIDERY.

For several days the child shut herself up in her room and kept busy at work. Finally she appeared one morning, bearing upon a huge band-box cover a quantity of most exquisite flowers which she had been constructing, of course of wax, but every one of which was as perfect, in outward appearance, as if nature alone had been concerned in its formation. And now indeed the wilderness *did* begin to bloom, even as she had promised. For both varieties of the Fuchsia she had made a proper quantity of the lovely jewel blossoms which they bear, and these she proceeded to attach at those points upon the branches where the natural flowers should have appeared. This was easily done by means of twining the delicate wire stems around those of the plant, whose abundant foliage concealed the work of joining most effectually. In the same way my Bridal rosebush was put in blooming order, and my Tree Carnation covered with



SHOPPING-BAG.

always look remarkably healthy and thrifty in winter, we do not succeed often in obtaining flowers from them. We have pinched off, and we haven't pinched off; we have cut back, and let alone cutting

buds, and a single full-blown choice Pink prematurely opened (?). My two Caeti next flashed into a flame of scarlet bloom, and lastly my lovely Wax-plant—though "the time of flowers is not



SHAWL OR TRAVELLING CASE.

Worms in Pots.—Bake fine-cut tobacco, spread a thin layer of the earth around the plant when the earth is dry, then water freely; repeat if needed and first application is not thorough.

Household Arts.

HINTS ON HOME ADORNMENT.

THERE are quite a number of women who, not possessing the carte-blanche to make their homes attractive like their more favored sisters, would fain sit down in an unadorned home, and spend their time in useless repinings—not so much from discontentment that they have not been so highly favored, but from the knowledge that they do not know how to make anything that will really add to their homes and suit their own fastidious tastes. Now, for the benefit of these, I will describe some things which I saw while on one of my not unfrequent visits to my nieces.

In the parlor was a very pretty vase made in imitation of the Japanese ones now so fashionable, and this was the way it was made: First was selected a common four-gallon stone jar, one of those which are smaller at the bottom, gradually swelling out toward the middle of the jar, and growing smaller toward the top; it also had small handles on the sides. Then it was painted two-thirds of the way up a light tint of green, the other third being painted black. The rim around the top was also painted the light shade of green, and ornamented with gilt stars. Then, after procuring suitable pictures for pottery decorations, these, with the aid of mucilage, were stuck promiscuously all over the jar, after which it was thoroughly varnished with white varnish. It is quite a pleasing study to arrange the pictures effectively, and care should be taken not to get them too close, or several pictures of one kind together, and you should have as much variety as possible in your pictures; reptiles especially can be used with effect. The vase I have just described had for a centrepiece on one side a large alligator, seemingly in the act of grabbing a small fish, judiciously placed just out of his reach. On the other side was a tortoise. Bugs, butterflies, flowers, leaves, fruit, Japanese figures, and fish can all be used with artistic effect; they can be procured cheap at any picture house. Most every one can find some old jar, jug, or antique pitcher about the house, that could be made very ornamental in this way. I have even seen teapots, by having the spouts knocked off and painted black and covered with pictures, metamorphosed into respectable-looking Japanese pitchers. Now, as my nieces informed me that their vase did not show off half its charms when sitting in a corner on the floor, they

pressed papa into their service, and the result was a cunning little stand, about a foot high, made of the rough barked willow so much used for rustic work, and varnished. One can scarcely conceive what a beautiful ornament this made placed before the window, the vase tastefully filled with a bouquet of dried grasses, and some shells laid carelessly around on the rustic stand where it projected from the vase.

Two corner brackets in the room were draped with beautiful and cheap lambrequins; they were made of Turkey-red calico. The lambrequin was gathered in graceful folds about a foot above the shelf, and

deep blue delaine of the lambrequin, and the gray moss, with the marble statue, made a very harmonious and beautiful combination.

Also in the sitting-room was a durable and pretty sofa, upholstered by these ingenious nieces. The hair-cloth becoming worn through, making it an unsightly piece of furniture, they procured cheap cretonne, and proceeded to their unaccustomed task. After taking the seat out and covering it smoothly, stretching the cretonne very tight, they cut a piece of the cloth to fit the back, turning the piece wrong side out over the back of the sofa. Then they cut strips of pasteboard half an inch wide, and tacked the cretonne all around the outside edge. It was then turned and stretched, and tacked underneath the framework. By this expedient no unsightly tacks could be seen. The arms were covered in like manner, and a neat cushion of the cretonne made to match. A chair was covered in the same way with seal-brown calico, and a strip of cretonne stitched on up the centre of the back of the chair and across the bottom. This was quite pretty.

For a more expensive chair, work on Penelope canvas a pattern in shaded zephyrs. Fill out with some suitable shade, and put it on the material with which you wish to upholster your chair, with a cord on each side of the worked stripe either made of the cloth or of silk as you prefer.

One of their bedrooms looked quite cheerful and comfortable. It was furnished in this manner: On the floor was very pretty drab and scarlet wool carpet. The windows were draped with curtains made of unbleached muslin, trimmed with a band of Turkey-red calico. They hung very gracefully. A small table had a cover on it to match the curtains, and a pin-cushion on the table was made of the Turkey-red calico, with a puffed tarlatan cover. Scarlet and white wool toilet-mats, some cunning little pictures framed with splints, and et ceteras included the handiwork of the room. AUNT ELIZA.



"THE NEW ORGAN."

tacked to the wall, and finished with a bunch of autumn leaves; the cloth extending thus up behind the Parian marble busts and vases made them stand out in bold relief. The lambrequin was then allowed to fall over the shelf and half-way down the bracket, where it was gathered in artistic folds, and finished with a neat wool tassel.

A blue one in the sitting-room similarly made had sprays of Spanish Moss, *Tillandsia usneoides*, tacked on in place of the autumn leaves, and allowed to fall down around the ornament on the bracket; the

Cold Coffee Cake.—Take of molasses 2 cups; sugar, 1 cup; butter, 1 cup; coffee, 1 cup; currants, 1 pound; citron, one-half pound; raisins, 1 pound; one nutmeg; 1 tablespoonful of cloves; 1 tablespoonful of cinnamon; 1 heaped teaspoonful of soda; flour to make it stiff as pound-cake.

Cocoanut Cake.—Sugar, 2 cups; milk, 1 cup; butter, one-half cup; eggs, yolks of three; flour, one and one-half cups; soda, one-half teaspoonful; cream tartar, 2 small teaspoonfuls.

Household Elegancies.

ÆSTHETIC HINTS.

LADIES OF THE CABINET: There is an excellent song which commences thus: "Scatter the germs of the beautiful, by the roadside let them fall," and so forth; hearing it frequently, it as often causes me to muse upon humanity's universal love of beauty, and I feel that we should all foster this love by striving ever to ennoble and beautify our homes. Let us daily flood them with blessed influences by admitting an abundance of sunshine and fresh air, ever remembering to let the sunshine of love also irradiate our countenances for the cheering of our children, and as a salve of consolation for the observant husband wearied by the cares of the day. As we would have our children's future homes, so should we make ours in the present; and if the real still fails to compare favorably with the ideal, we should not be discouraged. We may cause so much of beauty, so many comforts and æsthetic delights, to cluster around us, that they will never forget the dear old home when they have formed new homes amidst other scenes. Forget not that children are the flowers of humanity; treat them with tender regard, and, although you may not succeed in cultivating house-plants successfully, yet remember that earth's fairest and dearest blossoms may be trained to enliven and beautify home as no other flowers can, ultimately repaying us for our patient devotion to their interests. Permit me at this time to allude to some of the household elegancies with which persons who have leisure may embellish their homes, pausing only to say that where one does not possess a cabinet great care should be exercised in the selection and artistic arrangement of minerals, relics, bric-à-brac, etc.

Home should be neither a bazaar nor a miniature baby-house; hence, if one has more of such things than one has room for it is best to present some to friends, or have two sets, one for summer, the other for winter, and use alternately. First, calling your attention to my palm-leaf whatnot, I will endeavor to tell how it was made. One summer day, having thought of a plan by which I might have one entirely novel, I sent blond-haired Tillie, our little German help, to "the stores" with thirteen "nickles" wherewith to purchase thirteen palm-leaf fans, telling her to have them of uniform size as nearly as possible. Now, Tillie's rather lagging feet could not keep pace with my nimble fancies, but in the course of an hour she returned to the ark of home, bearing, in lieu of an olive-branch, the required number of branching leaves of the tropical palm. I had not thought the errand would prove unpleasant; but she was just budding into womanhood, and she also brought back several budding roses on her cheeks as she told how the clerks had quizzed her about being so excessively overcome by the heat. Begging pardon for this digression, I will proceed. I had the handles sawed off and laid by for future use; joined the fans in pairs, with a layer of dark cotton batting between; took two pairs for each shelf except the top one, which had an additional fan doubled up and joined to it to form a small semicircle for the corner. When in shelf-

shape, at the place from whence the handles were removed I tacked flat rosettes of dark paper to hide stitches; bound the edges, then twisted narrow strips of heavy black paper into what children call cat-steps, and trimmed all the edges. Had it stained, varnished, hung with scarlet cords, and my original and oriental piece of furniture was ready as a surprise for my husband. It cost one dollar and ten cents only, was kept in the parlor two years, and has been used in my bedroom for the last two years as a receptacle for the family band-boxes. Let me add that the panels were stained, and being entwined with the cord keep the shelves from slipping out of place. In making air-castles fray green cloth and simulate moss instead of snow. Preserve real mosses by painting them dark green. Place painted ferns with bright autumn leaves in a dark gray vase, engraved with maroon and silver lines, and you will have "a thing of beauty." I have a large pear-shaped hollow stone which I line with moss, and scatter over it white pebbles and tiny forest leaves with good effect. I reserve some unpainted ferns and use them freely in making pansy pictures, one of which I will describe, as it is an invention of my own. I covered a cardboard the size of my frame, eighteen by twenty-one inches, with black velvet; this formed a rich background. A little above the base I pasted a line of royal pressed pansies of every hue of light and dark (their gorgeous colors making them resemble airy butterflies), then built it up in the form of a pyramid of pansies alone, until I reached a point where one flower only was needed. I gave to this for a pillow a scarlet geranium blossom, which served to brighten it in its loneliness. At the base of the pyramid I placed a support of amber-colored, locust-shaped leaves combined with arbor-vitæ, with here and there sprays of both green and withered ferns, to give contrasting color. At its top pasted an arch of small, round leaves and feathery grasses, with a few detached petals (not blossoms) of scarlet geranium. Over all was placed a smooth glass, and, framed in walnut and gilt, it became my mother's Christmas gift. Ferns and fluffy things from nature's storehouse look well in an egg-shell vase; make it thus: break a small piece of shell from the large end of a white, smooth egg; after removing its contents paste a very delicate binding of gilt around its broken edge. Leave the rest plain white or trim with peanut lace; then glue it by the small end to a dark, square surface, and your vase is complete; it costs scarce a penny and its uses are many. Pleasant remembrances of the joys to be found in woodland ways may be secured by hoarding black-thorns, horse-chestnuts, burrs, pine-cones, acorns, mountain-ash berries, sycamore balls pendant from limbs, mosses, grasses, and other beauties too numerous to mention. Oak balls strung on silvered wire, *à la* bead-work, and finished with a fringed tassel make lovely hanging-baskets.

Frosted Ornaments.—The more substantial of the above, also small fruits, may be frosted with sugar frosting, retaining and frosting the stems; thus disguised, place them in a choice plate upon a mat of red leaves, and if they are well done you will not complain of fruitless efforts or lost time. Coal-cinders as they come from the grate are not objects of

beauty, but if fantastic in shape, color them with carmine or violet inks or aniline dyes, with a few crystallized for white ones, and their last state will not be worse than their first. They may then be placed with choice minerals, and there puzzle the observer, unless he chance to be a geologist familiar with every form of matter "on this mundane sphere."

"Lichens and toad-stools, laugh them not to scorn;
Bright-colored, shell-shaped things, they shall adorn
The home of one to fits of musing prone,
Whose love for nature ne'er may be outgrown!"

Once at a picnic I found a hollow, horn-shaped stick, its many knots and indentations covered with rich-looking bark, and bore this token of "ye merry greenwood" to a relative, who varnished it, filled it with cedar, rose-berries, straw flowers, oats, crystallized grasses, grasses natural, various seed-pods and thorns. High on the wall in a corner it makes, in its rich, dark colors, a pleasant contrast with her thrifty plants and cool green vines. My fern-bracket was once a portion of a dark-red, pebbled paper collar-box. I cut the rim and side pieces in an open-work pattern, bound the edges with narrow strips of white paper cut in points; then, placing two golden-brown chestnut-leaves at the base, clothed it with ferns, grasses, and green puff-balls, and hung it above a bracket on which rests a flesh-tinted bust of Dickens, displayed against black velvet trimmed with cedar. Rainbow flowers may be made by fringing out silks, delaines, or canton flannels, and sewing the ravellings in imitation of zephyr flowers. They are as brilliant as the latter, and much more delicate. Our Memorial Wreath, on white cardboard, is an array of pressed leaves from nearly every State of the Union; with Southern flowers, holly, mistletoe, etc., sent me by a soldier friend during the war. Skeletonized leaves are over some of the brightest colors, and, to represent our own prairies, I have enthroned one tiny keepsake; for the pearl of them all, near the centre, is my snowy white violet. Elegant portfolios for engravings and handsome woodcuts may repose on the centre-table, and afford our friends much pleasure. To make them procure perforated cardboard, and embroider them and bind with ribbons. Be sure to have the word "Engravings" wrought or printed upon them. Also be old-fashioned enough to have several scrap-books for the amusement of old and young. I have one which I prize very highly. In it I preserve only poems from authors of acknowledged merit, or such anonymous gems as are exquisite enough to find a welcome without the author's name. Sponges utilize thus: cut them into thin slices with a sharp razor, and after coloring them rose-red, fashion them into a card-basket. Groceries are useful as beautifiers in spite of their prosaic qualities—flour, rice, raisin-stems, almonds, peanuts, cranberries, apples, cloves, oh! there is not space to enumerate all. Almond lace for decorating silk articles may be obtained by placing an almond on its side and cracking carefully, to avoid breaking the handsome wooden lace-work which will be found between its inner and outer shell. Remove with a pin. I suspect that tiny worms are the artisans which carve for us these exquisitely minute patterns, but they are found in good as well as refuse almonds. MRS. GEORGE R. LEE.

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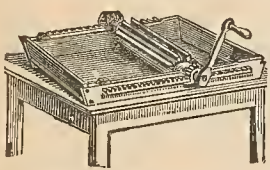
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No. 1 contains nearly 25 Designs for Worsted-Work, Canvas-Work, Crochet-Work, etc. Price 30 cents.

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They are printed in an exceedingly ornamental manner, and all our readers will do well to get one or more of them as an indispensable companion to their Fancy-Work Baskets.

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THE CABIN ON THE HILL.

Words and Music by WILL S. HAYS.

Very moderate.

1. When the moon is bright-ly beam-ing, And the
2. I can see the red gate swing-ing On its
3. I can see the blue smoke curl-ing From the

stars be-gin to peep, And the gen-tle breeze of sum-mer Rocks the ros-es all to sleep; Then I can
hing-es to and fro, As it did when I swung on it, Ma-ny, ma-ny years a-go; I can
chim-ney built of clay, And the air is rich-ly freight-ed With the smell of new-mown hay; And I

love to hear the mu-sic Of the gen-tle run-ning rill, As it dan-ces through the mead-ow, Near the
hear the cow-bells ring-ing, And the clat-ter of the mill, And I feel my homes' a pal-ace In the
oft-en think that na-ture All her mis-sion did ful-fill, When she made the fields and flow-ers 'Round the

CHORUS.

cab-in on the hill. Oh, I loved it in my child-hood, And I fond-ly love it still, And the

on-ly home I cher-ish Is the cab-in on the hill.

THE LADIES' HOME GAZETTE

BY HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

NEW YORK, JUNE, 1879.

No. 90. PRICE 12 CENTS.

A FERN BED IN A RUSTIC FRAME.

A BEAUTIFUL and luxuriant group of Ferns may be had for the entire summer by any one who has a large tree under which to plant them. If there is a wet or unsightly place under the tree that never can be made to look well, all the better; choose that spot for your Ferns. An airy place, shaded by the house, will do nearly as well. To prepare the bed for the Ferns proceed in this wise: Choose a bundle of stakes two and a half feet long, an inch and a half in diameter, and which still tightly retain the bark; drive these into the ground in a circular or oblong form, as you may wish the bed to be; the stakes may stand from twelve to eighteen inches above the ground; now weave in and out about the stakes, basket fashion, grape-vine until the top of the stakes is reached. You then have what appears to be a rustic basket. Fill in the bottom with sod, or earth rubbish of various sorts, but leave room enough in the top for a good layer of forest mould, in which plant the Ferns, which may be taken from the woods as soon as the fronds begin to peep above the ground.

It is better to choose the Ferns from a plot where they grow thickly, and take them up so that they may be as little divided as possible, and with plenty of soil unbroken about the roots. Fill your basket full of them, and, if you water them well, in a few weeks you will have a thing of beauty to gladden your eyes for many a week to come. The basket may be further ornamented by slipping seeds of the Cypress vine or Morning-glory between the interstices of the grape-vine into the soil. They will sometimes grow right merrily, and if trained about the basket beautify and illuminate it in a very dainty and exquisite fashion.

Red Spider.—An exchange suggests: If small plates of bright tin or glass, with a little sulphur on them, are placed in the full rays of the sun under the plants, no red spiders will trouble

them, as the sulphur fumes kill them. A weak solution of whale-oil soap is excellent; but it must be very weak.



DESIGN FOR FLOWER-STAND.

A WELL-MANAGED HOUSE-PLANT.

THE Massachusetts Horticultural Report mentions a very finely-grown tricolor Pelargonium, exhibited by John Parker, who gave in substance the following statement of his treatment: "In summer it is plunged in open ground in the garden; taken up, severely cut back, and repotted in autumn, the old earth completely shaken from the roots. After January it is watered with liquid manure once a fortnight, made from a pint of hen-droppings in two gallons of water, settled, and sediment rejected. The droppings are first scalded with boiling water to destroy any animal germs. Once a week the plant is dashed with water, and, if the weather is mild, in the open air. The pots are washed once a fortnight, and the surface of the earth stirred with a fork." This was the treatment of a plant in a dining-room, and the result was a brilliant display. Mr. Parker said that it was important to keep plants near the glass, in the full blaze of the sun, from January to May.

THE VALUE OF ORNAMENTAL TREES.

M. B. BATEHAM gives in the *Practical Farmer* an interesting example of the financial value of ornament. He says that some thirty years ago a neighbor at Columbus planted four Norway Spruces in his front yard. The trees cost him one dollar each. Ten years afterwards a wealthy citizen paid a thousand dollars more for the place on account of those trees than he otherwise would have done.

LARGE PÆONIA.

MARSHALL P. WILDER exhibited last year, among other fine flowers, a tree Pæonia of the variety known as Louis van Houtte, which measured nine inches in diameter. It is rare that six or seven inches are exceeded by the tree Pæonia.

The Garden.

OUT-DOOR GARDENING IN ALABAMA.

I HAVE always been a passionate lover of flowers. When but a "wee bit toddler" the most pleasant part of the day was that spent at eventide in my grandmother's vegetable garden, with its narrow central bed of old-fashioned flowers, Hollyhocks, Primroses, Sweet Williams, many-colored Four-o'Clocks, and other homely favorites, dear to us from association with childhood's innocent pleasures, but now mostly relegated to obscure corners in order to make way for their more aristocratic foreign sisters. What a never-palling delight I found in stripping the calyx from the Primrose buds and watching the petals unfold, like a flash, in all their golden glory! And I used to fancy that they enjoyed it as much as I did, and were grateful to me for hastening the moment of their liberation. Then the stores on stores of beautiful tiny cheeses afforded by the matronly Hollyhocks. And I must not forget the dear little Heartsease, "Little Stepmother," as the Germans call them, with their bright faces looking up so cheerfully, as if resolved upon doing their utmost to enliven and beautify the lowly station allotted to them in Flora's fair domain. I look with admiration upon the royal Pansies, brilliant in their gorgeous robes of purple and gold, but they never call forth the thrill of tender recollection produced by the sight of the little, unpretending favorite of my childhood.

When I returned from boarding-school, and settled down permanently to home life, I resolved to introduce a new element of beauty into our sweet but somewhat sombre "Hermitage": to devote a portion of my newly-attained leisure to the cultivation of flowers, and thus surround myself with "all things fair and lovely." We had a few varieties of flowering shrubs scattered about, which in the course of years had grown almost to the dignity of trees, but no space specially devoted to flowers. The dear old grandmother, in whose heart and home I had found loving room since my orphaned infancy, had but one defect in my eyes, and that was her failure to sympathize with me in my love for these frail children of the soil. In vain I quoted to her, "Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living teachers; each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book," etc. Her nicely-kept lawn, with its noble evergreens, was the pride of her heart, and she insisted that flowers did not pay for the trouble of cultivating.

Finally, however, after much coaxing, she consented to allow me a spot on the lawn for my "experiment," as she called it, provided none of her cherished trees were sacrificed. I soon selected the location I considered best suited to my purpose, a plot of ground once shaded by a giant oak; but this had been blown down during a violent storm some years ago, and its place was now occupied by a thriving young magnolia. My first step was to draw a diagram of my future garden; so I went to work with paper and pencil and dashed off a most elaborate network of beds and walks. The services of the colored magnate of the vegetable garden had been placed at my disposal, so I soon had the pleasure of see-

ing "Uncle Ned" hard at work with "the shovel and the hoe," throwing up beds and levelling walks, while I stood by, paper in hand, stopping him, every few minutes, to make corrections or suggest improvements. I suppose I must have tried his patience sorely, for after an hour or two he suddenly straightened himself up, and, extending his hand, said, "See here, missie, you jes gimme that paper, and go in de house 'long o' old miss, and I'll fix it all right fer you." I meekly obeyed, and walked off, leaving him to his own devices. The next day he announced that the beds were ready for the plants, so I started out to beg contributions from my neighbors. The lady at whose house I called first professed herself delighted to accommodate me. "Would you like to have some Crape Myrtle?" "Oh! no, thanks; we have several, twenty feet and more in height, scattered about on the lawn." "Cape Jessamine?" These, too, I declined, as we had about half a dozen, and as she had nothing else I bade her good morning and started again, hoping for better success on my next call. Let me remark, en passant, that these two, Crape Myrtle and Cape Jessamine, are the standard flowering shrubs in Southern country homes. They are found everywhere, and everywhere they bestow added loveliness. Even the roughest log cabin loses something of its bleakness when embowered in clouds of rosy bloom, while the delightful fragrance exhaled from the waxen petals of the Cape Jessamine offers a pleasant greeting to the passer-by. They are of the easiest culture, and exceedingly tenacious of life, particularly the Crape Myrtle (*Lagerstræmia*). It will live and thrive in situations where even a bramble would die of starvation. I have seen it growing luxuriantly in clay gullies by the roadside, where the branches had been carelessly thrown in from a garden near by.

But to return. I made several calls, with varying success, and upon reaching home, and taking an inventory of my acquisitions, I found myself the happy possessor of about twenty-five plants, consisting principally of "slips" or cuttings of Roses, Spireas, Oleanders, Forsythia or Golden Bell, Purple Magnolia, two varieties of double Pomegranate, scarlet and lemon, together with a few hardy bulbs, Jonquils, Hyacinths, etc. Uncle Ned's services were again called into requisition to dig the holes for me, and before night my plants were all in the ground. But there was still space for more, so I concluded to send to a florist for his ten-dollar collection. In about two weeks they arrived, and I could scarcely wait to have the box opened. Such lovely plants! and not a leaf broken or withered. Two or three of the Roses and Carnations had buds on them. Besides these there were Fuchsias, Heliotropes, Geraniums, Verbenas, Pansies, Petunias, and many others too numerous to mention. They were "too lovely for anything."

But at the height of my excitement and admiration my enthusiasm received a momentary check, as a little cousin, who was standing by, exclaimed:

"Cousin Bell, what is this *weed* doing among your flowers?"

"That is an *Ageratum Mexicanum*, you mientivated little heathen!" I answered, looking at the label.

"Well, if it is a *Nagerater Exieanderm*, there's lots of them in the woods round the school-house," she retorted, her little nose "tip-tilted" in disdain, as she glanced at the poor *Ageratum*.

The hundred plants contained in the box filled out my beds nicely, and now that my part of the work was done, I watched impatiently for signs of growth; but, alas! one after another they succumbed to the scorching sunshine, until by the last of June I had scarcely a "rose to tell where the garden had been." I was so disappointed at my failure that I had almost resolved never to make another attempt at cultivating flowers, when, one bright day, auntie came from her distant home to pay us a visit. Now, this same auntie was, like myself, a passionate lover of flowers, but, unlike poor me, was very successful in their culture. Knowing this, the second day of her visit I took her to see my garden, and begged her to tell me the cause of my failure.

"You commenced wrong," she replied; "in the first place, your garden is surrounded on two sides by huge trees, whose roots, I have no doubt, traverse the entire space, and absorb the moisture and nourishment which should support your flowers. Then, instead of thoroughly breaking up and enriching the soil, you only scraped the surface, and deposited your plants in holes dug in the hard ground. No wonder the poor things became discouraged and died under such treatment. Now, I would advise you to select some other place, away from these trees; and don't undertake too much at first—it is better to add a bed or two as occasion demands. Then spade up the soil to the depth of a foot, at least, and enrich it thoroughly. If you will give it just the same culture that your grandmother bestows upon her vegetable garden, you will be apt to succeed as well as she does. Keep the soil open by constant stirring, so that the air can penetrate it, and don't allow the weeds to creep up around your plants; they will soon overrun and perish them out."

"Thank you, auntie; and now please tell me what to plant, what varieties will best endure our long, parching summers."

"I am afraid you are disposed to make the climate responsible for your own shortcomings, but never mind that now. Of course you want a succession of bloom; well, first on the list come the spring bulbs, Jonquils, Narcissus, Snowdrops, Hyacinths, Daffodils, etc. Plant these in September, and you will have flowers through January, February, and March. Then come the Tea-Roses, Summer Pinks, Verbenas, Phloxes, and Petunias, the last two from seed planted in the fall, or after the first year self-sown. In May and June comes on the whole army of Roses, with the tender annuals, such as Zinnias and Balsams; and, by the way, I think there is nothing prettier than a well-trained Double Balsam. Keep the shoots pinched off, so that the leaves do not conceal the beautiful rose-like blooms. I take off all the side-shoots, or leave only three or four; either way they are lovely. There is one charming little annual that I must not forget, the *Portulaca*. This needs a situation partly shaded, or the flowers will close up in the afternoon. There cannot be a bit of more gorgeous coloring than a bed of mixed *Portulacas* in full bloom. You must, by all means,

have a bed of *Gladiolus*. These, like the spring-flowering bulbs I mentioned first, need only to be planted, and then you have no further trouble, except to thin them out every two or three years. Of course every garden must have a generous-sized bed of Violets and Mignonette, and its borders of Sweet Alyssum and White Candytuft. Then I should have half a dozen good Dahlias, and these, with the gayly-colored Double Hollyhocks and fragrant Chrysanthemums, will keep your garden looking bright and cheerful until frost. And now I come to the last, and perhaps most important of all, for it is the only one that will furnish us blooms in abundance when the ground is frozen and icicles hang from the eaves, and that is the *Camellia Japonica*. By all means have two or three of different colors, and during the dreary winter days, when even the sturdy little Violets have disappeared, you can have your rooms brightened and beautified by these lovely floral gems. There will be, perhaps, during the winter a few days when they may require some slight protection, such as a piece of carpet thrown over them; but when the 'cold snap' passes off you can remove it, and they will smile out upon you in unimpaired loveliness."

"Thank you again, auntie. I know I should succeed if I could only have you here to help me."

"I can introduce you to a much more competent instructor than myself. As soon as I reach home I will send you a copy of THE FLORAL CABINET. I need not advise you to subscribe for it, for you will be sure to do so as soon as you see it; and if you follow its instructions, I have no doubt but that on my next annual visit I shall find your garden a perfect bower of beauty."

Her prophecy was verified; at least, she was kind enough to tell me so when she came to see us last summer.

J. W. L.

THE FAILURES AND SUCCESSES OF AN AMATEUR FLORIST.

"Spake full well in language quaint and olden
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars that in earth's firmament do shine.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in the stars above;
But not less in the bright flowerets under us
Stands the revelation of his love."

THE poet having thus so beautifully declared the mission of the flowers, let us open wide the portals of our hearts and homes to these gentle messengers of love, and banish to the potato patch all those prosaic individuals who sneer at these sweet treasures because "there's no bread and butter in 'em." Flowers will give somewhat of a real home air to the most dreary-looking dwelling; while if a cozy, cheerful cottage were placed on a smoothly-shaven lawn barren of shrubbery, Roses, and Lilies, the flowers taken from the vases and windows, the delicate vines torn from pillar and trellis, it would appear as "forlorn as an old bachelor."

Feeling and recognizing the cheering, home-brightening influence which these "blue and golden" pets gave my girlhood's home, I have always endea-

vored to keep my own dwelling under their sweet spell, but for several years contented myself with summer flowers, annual, biennial, and perennial, together with hardy Roses and shrubbery, for we lived in a small country town, far away from any greenhouse, and our house was so cold it would not keep plants from freezing. Visions of *Heliotropes*, *Geraniums*, and *Begonias* oft flitted through my head when sleeping and waking, but these were put by as the idle longings of discontent, until one day we purchased another property, purposing to remove there, and in making repairs moved the house and dug a cellar. Then did my day-dreams become so bright as to appear almost reality, and under my supervision the cellar was dug to extend five feet beyond the house on the south side, this extension being covered with glass. This was almost a success. My *Geraniums*, *Heliotropes*, etc., grew well all winter, keeping green and thrifty instead of sending out long, sickly, white shoots, as they do when kept in the dark; but there was no way of entrance except from the outside, and in long-continued seasons of cold the plants would damp off.

Having told of my failures, I must hasten to speak of my success, for I think I have attained this desideratum. We now live in a pleasant home of our own building, but while examining draughts and studying plans previous to building, I did not forget my flowers; not even when those delights of good housekeepers, spacious closets and commodious pantries, occupied my thoughts. In order to carry out my plans conveniently, and at the same time economically, I have a cellar for storing winter vegetables under my dining-room. The floor is paved and cemented so it is rat-proof. On the south side it extends five feet beyond the house. This extension is twelve feet long and is covered with glass placed at an angle of forty-five degrees. This is covered at night and in severe weather with wooden shutters; the centre one, running in grooves, can be pulled down off the glass. The end ones are hinged and lift back. The cellar has an inside entrance through a pantry which connects with the dining-room. Staging is erected in this extension or flower part in a way to economize space as much as possible.

One who is not accustomed to arranging plants would be astonished at the number which can be placed in so small a space. My cellar contains at present thirty *Geraniums*: Ivy, Apple, Rose, English and Fish *Geraniums*; eight varieties of *Fuchsias*; five of *Abutilons*; three of *Begonia Rex*, besides three other kinds of *Begonias*; *Tradescantias*, *Vulgaris*, *Zebrina*, and *Repens Vitata*; *Ivies*, *Ferns*, *Farfugiums*, *Verbenas*, *Maurandias*, pink and scarlet *Salvia*, and *Heliotropes*; a *Calceolaria*, an *Echeveria*, a *Crassula*, and an *Achania*. I like Cacti and they do so well in the cellar that I keep several varieties. I have now three species of Night-Blooming *Cereus*. One, the *Cereus Grandiflorus*, bore two flowers in the summer of 1875. The largest was fourteen inches in diameter. Another is now twelve feet high, far too high for my ceiling, and as it will not bend without breaking, the box which contains it is set on the floor in one corner and turned almost on its side, that the stem may not come in contact with its edge, and the plant hangs suspended from the ceiling by soft strips

of cloth. This has bloomed also, but the flowers were not so large as *Cereus Grandiflorus*. Then there is a large pot of *Cereus Flagelliformis*, or Snake or Rat-tail Cactus, which is now full of tiny pink buds. It has borne forty perfect flowers. Then there is a pot of *Cereus Phyllanthoides* full of buds. This has bloomed every spring for several years, and last fall it surprised me very much by sending out five beautiful flowers in November. There is also a pot of *Cereus Truncatus*, one of *Lace Cactus*, one of *Crab Cactus*, a *Globe*, a *Pincushion*, and two species of *Agave*.

It is sufficiently light behind the staging for my *Justicias*, *Oleander*, *Dwarf Orange*, *Aloysias*, *Pomegranates*, *Lantanas*, *Amaryllis*, *Agapanthus*, and *Tritoma*.

Now, any one who has not the means to buy such plants as they wish every season, or one who lives far from a city or large greenhouse, can in this way keep their plants with but little trouble and no expense.

All the attention my flowers receive during the winter is a little water once a week, and the shutters opened and closed morning and evening. I have kept plants in this way for eight years, and have never lost one in that time from freezing or damping off. Of course the atmosphere is too low, in a greenhouse of this kind, to keep some very tender kinds, such as *Colens*, *Achyranthus*, and *Bouvardias*, but if you are so fortunate as to have a window garden, you can safely add them to your list. I have one that is beautiful with its ruby-centred *Euphorbias*, snowy, fragrant *Cyclamens*, and the varying tints of *Achyranthus* and *Coleus*. I have kept several varieties of these last for four winters in succession, and in a frame house, too, the room heated by a common wood stove—although some eminent florists say that *Colens* cannot be kept in a dwelling-house.

Some one has truly said that "flowers are God's thoughts painted in colors." Then, while tending and admiring these beautifully illuminated texts from his great book of Nature, let us not forget the bountiful Author and Giver of all these benefits.

LOIS.

Primroses hold a first rank among plants for house-culture. They are easily raised from seed, and continue in bloom for a long time. The seed is very fine and is best sown in the house.

Take a shallow box, about three inches in depth, and fill with a mixture composed of equal parts leaf-mould and sand; sprinkle thoroughly with water, and sow the seed on the surface; do not cover the seed with earth, but press it gently into the ground with the palm of the hand. Lay a pane of glass over the box, and place it in a warm place; in a few days the seed will sprout. As soon as the third leaf appears, carefully pot off the young plants into another box, planting them three inches apart. Keep the glass over the box to retain the moisture, and avoid the direct rays of the sun.

Repot as often as the plants require room; I prefer boxes for small plants, as they do not dry out as soon as pots; if pots are used they should be inserted in boxes filled with earth; this will keep the roots cool.

Floral Experiences.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

AMONG our fall flowering hardy plants but few can be found more desirable than the Chrysanthemum, or Artemisia, as it used to be termed in my childhood. For profusion of bloom, variety of coloring, number of sorts, lateness of flowering, ease of propagation, and freedom from insects it can hardly be equalled, and surely not surpassed. It is within the memory of some of our older florists that only the large flowering sorts were known; and when the beautiful little Pompon varieties came out, they could scarcely be enough admired. These were soon followed by the Japanese, which fill the place among Chrysanthemums that the quilled varieties do among Asters. The Chrysanthemum is as easy of propagation as a Geranium, or even easier. Cuttings may be rooted with the greatest ease, and seeds also will produce new varieties if hybridized. There are almost innumerable varieties which have been thus obtained. Each plant will also send up a number of shoots in spring or after blooming, each of which, if taken off, will make a nice rooted plant. Cuttings of the tops, taken in April or May, and placed in light soil, either in pots or the open ground in the latter month, will speedily take root, if kept watered, those in the ground of course needing less attention than those in pots, unless in an unusually dry spring, such as we have had a few of lately. Several may be placed in one pot around the sides.

When rooted, and about six inches in height, pinch back to the third leaf. This will make them put forth side branches, which should be again pinched back in their turn as soon as they get four or five leaves. In this way the plant will become almost a perfect bouquet of bloom. After the first of July pinching should be discontinued, or your plants will not flower.

Although very hardy, a little protection from strong northerly winds will prove a great advantage, both by increasing the bloom, and also prolonging it. Plants set on the south side of an open picket fence I think do the best, as it allows of a free circulation of air around, though a close board fence or the side of a building does perfectly well, if the plants are not too closely in contact with them. A little rotten manure or a few dry leaves, or both combined, will be found very beneficial, applied around them in fall after flowering. Many people take them up, put them in boxes in a cellar, at the approach of winter, but I have never had any difficulty in keeping them out of doors when treated as described, or even when growing on an open border along a walk in a very bleak situation. However, if one has a new variety in limited quantity, "caution is the parent of safety."

Although a sheltered place is recommended, Chrysanthemums do not do well under the shade of trees. They are then apt to be attacked with a sort of mildew which quite disables them. Soapsuds on the foliage will sometimes benefit them in a measure when thus attacked.

In case plants are wanted for the house, the cut-

tings may be started in pots, and shifted from time to time until placed in a six-inch pot, or they may be grown in the ground until well budded, and potted soon after the buds begin to show color. In either case the pinching process is the same. A little manure-water once or twice a week will be very beneficial—not too strong, or the buds may suffer.

They are capable of sustaining a great deal of drought when growing in the open ground, but if in pots should not be allowed to become too dry if expected to flower abundantly.

After blooming the pots may be placed in the cellar, leaving the room they had occupied free for other plants, an advantage which will not fail to be appreciated by those whose window-room is limited. Among the most desirable sorts with which I am acquainted, I would mention of the large flowered kind: Virgin Queen, Rotundiflora, Beauty of St. John's Wood, all white; Yellow Perfection, Julia Lagrovere, purple; Pink Perfection; and of the Pompons, La Fiancée, white; Bégon de Horticulture, creamy white extra; Rose d'Amour, extra; Pearl of Autumn, pale pink; St. Justin, deep yellow and maroon, fine; Bob, deep maroon; Pluie d'Or, straw color; L'Erbenelle, deep golden yellow, etc.

The Japanese kinds bloom all winter if the early buds are removed in the fall. Among these will be found great variety of sizes, from the monstrous Red Dragon down to the smallest Pompon. Laciniata is a particularly desirable variety. The flowers are pure white, and greatly resemble a double White Pink.

The lovers of foliage plants will also find something to admire in the variegated-leaved Chrysanthemum Sensation, which is white, with beautiful green and white foliage. I am sorry to say that this, in common with many other variegated plants, will prove less able to withstand hardship than its plainer relations, being rather impatient of having its leaves wet or being exposed to too strong sun. Nevertheless, it is so pretty that it is quite desirable. The fine aromatic perfume of the foliage of Chrysanthemums is much liked by many, while their cousin, the Wormwood, is well known for its medicinal qualities.

A moderate temperature will be found most conducive to the welfare of potted specimens, as the flowers will retain their beauty longer. When used for cut flowers they will keep an almost incredible length of time, and are especially good for decorating the hair, as they do not droop as quickly as most flowers when not placed in water. Those who need flowers for church decoration will find them especially adapted to their needs, either in pots or cut. The dwarf varieties grow about eighteen inches in height, while the larger, stronger growing sorts will often attain to four feet.

The first Chrysanthemum ever grown in this city was raised from a cutting of an imported plant, by the writer's grandmother, over seventy years ago, and so precious was the slip deemed that a hole was actually drilled through a China vase to afford it a fitting receptacle. I have often wished that ancient dame could have seen the plants of the present day.

Probably no one will confound the annual Chrysanthemums with those of which we have been

speaking. There are several colors of these, and in a favorable soil some of them are very handsome. A light, sandy soil seems unsuited to them. They are more fastidious in that respect than the perennials. They are a good border flower, as they bloom early and continue late. A striking peculiarity is the fact that the first blooms on a plant are often single or semi-double, while the succeeding ones are double as roses. These are propagated by seed alone.

I remember reading an anecdote of a celebrated Italian who had some plants of the first perennial varieties brought to Europe, of which he refused to impart seeds or cuttings. A cardinal who was an intimate friend, after many endeavors to obtain some, determined to try the effect of strategy. He accordingly called often, and walked in the garden to feast his eyes on the rare beauties, jealously watched, however, by the owner. At last one day he made his appearance with a velvet mantle loosely thrown over his shoulders, which he contrived to drag over the plants and drop to the ground. Turning to his servant who walked behind him, he ordered him to pick it up and take charge of it. As soon as possible he left, and a close inspection of the mantle rewarded him with a few seeds, and in a few months he was able to invite the puzzled flower-fancier to an inspection of his specimens.

At the present time, however, there is but little inducement to resort to subterfuge, as the finest varieties may be purchased for from fifteen to twenty-five cents each, and even less in quantities. Two or three neighbors, by clubbing and purchasing a dozen, may each of them be the owners of a dozen sorts the succeeding spring, owing to the ease with which they are propagated. I have said that the Japanese occupied the same place among the species that the quilled varieties do among Asters, but there are some of them which in appearance resemble tassels; others look like bunches of thread, being, like most Japanese things, very curious. Some of them are spotted purple and white, and crimson and white.

F. A. A.

PEONIES.

No flowering plants capable of enduring our northern winters are more satisfactory than the Peonies. Massive without being coarse, fragrant without being pungent, grand without being gaudy, various in form and color beyond the possibility of being successfully superseded, they stand in the first rank of hardy flowers. They are derived principally from four species, each of which is beautiful—*P. montan*, *P. Sinensis*, *P. officinalis*, *P. paradoxa*. A few varieties are from species of less importance. The Peony belongs to the natural order Ranunculaceæ, which fact alone is a warrant of its worth.

I have had much experience in ordering Peonies from catalogue description, and it has been so expensive and the result so vexations that I have about reached the conclusion that color-blindness, carelessness, or worse are all that is needed to write a descriptive catalogue of them. I have rejected a good load of roots, after giving them a trial; not that they were inferior in any way, but because I had others so near like them that I could not readily tell one

from the other. The object of this article is to call the attention of amateurs to some varieties which are particularly fine, and which differ enough from each other to give satisfaction. The old Peony, *officinalis*, is the parent of several varieties. Of these *rubra* is a bright crimson, and *grandiflora rosea* is of bright rose-color. These sorts are old and grand; but whoever discards them on account of their being old will make a sad mistake. *P. officinalis tenuifolia fl. pl.* is a floral treasure, though I do not believe that it is a variety of *officinalis*, as it has all the traits of a distinct species. It blooms early; its flowers are double and of a bright scarlet-crimson color. Even without flowers it is a beauty, on account of its delicate, fern-like foliage. Though this variety is perfectly hardy and easily grown, it does not seem to be very plenty.

P. paradoxa.—The varieties in this division originated in Europe. The best is *Nemesis*. The flowers are very numerous and full, but quite small and of a rich crimson color. All the varieties from *P. paradoxa* are crimson, of greater or less intensity.

P. moutan differs from all the others in having a shrubby top. There are no decided colors in this division, but a simple range of shades, from a dim white to a dim rose. Some of the flowers are very good; and, as they are borne on bushes or trees from three to eight feet in height, they are quite conspicuous. The best white is *Bijou de Chuse*, and the best colored is *Gumpferii*, a bright rosy pink. I say to the amateur: Don't be in haste about getting Tree Peonies, for the best are not yet in market.

For brilliancy, grace, and fragrance the varieties from *P. Sinensis* must have the first place, as they may be had in a greater variety of shades and colors than those of any other class.

Bicolor is a handsome variety; outside rose-color and the centre of a very good yellow. *Festiva* is pure white and very full.

P. fragrans, sometimes called the Rose Peony, is one of the best. It is of a rose-color and very sweet. *P. Humei* resembles it in color, but blooms much later, and is the latest of all I have tried. *Jules le Boon* is a bright red. *Mrs. Dagg* is a very early variety, dwarf habit; flowers pure white, dotted with red. *Perfecta*, outside petals a peculiar shade of pink, inside petals lively salmon—a beauty.

P. purpurea superba is of a deep brilliant crimson. The plant a tall grower and very showy.

After getting more kinds than I have mentioned, the distinctions will begin to disappear between those you have and those you get. In making a selection I would especially caution the amateur, when he takes up a descriptive catalogue of Peonies, against making any great distinction between the colors which he finds mentioned as pink, rose, and lilac. Whoever considers these colors as differing much from each other will discover the true distinction when he sees the plant in bloom. A very good way is to let some reliable grower make a selection for you, as such a person takes pains to propagate the best varieties largely, and it often happens that he has a surplus of the best.

In raising Peonies from seed, the seed should be soaked in water for a day or two, as it is very hard. About the 1st of March it should be sown in a brisk

heat, and when the weather becomes warm the seedlings may be planted out, and will show their color the third year. They are usually increased by dividing the root; and, though this is commonly done in the autumn, there is nothing gained by it. March or April is a better time, as the new root will have a chance to get hold of the soil before it is called upon to endure our northern winter. The soil in which they are planted should be dry, rich, and deeply dug. The tubers should be planted six inches deep.

P. moutan is propagated by grafting on the root of *P. Sinensis*, and by an amateur may be performed as follows: In the spring take some good, strong single roots from the clumps of some Chinese variety and plant them by themselves in a rich place and grow them until September. Then cut a scion from *P. moutan*. It should be about three inches in length and contain a bud. Sharpen it and insert it firmly in the root which is used for the stock, and cover it with the earth that has been thrown out to make the experiment; and, if the work has been carefully done, the graft will take care of itself.—H. HUFTELEN, Le Roy, N. Y.

HINTS ON FLOWERS.

To be successful in the cultivation of flowers one must bring to the work some little knowledge of the nature and requirements of plants, the peculiarities of their growth, and the different conditions of soil best adapted to each variety. Much may be learned from the floral catalogues and papers, which give information on almost every subject connected with Floriculture; but experience is the best teacher, and the mistakes of one season will be guarded against the next.

First in importance is a judicious selection of seeds. The amateur will be most successful with the hardy varieties of annuals, and these are comparatively easy of cultivation.

At the beginning of the list I would place Phlox Drummondii; a package of mixed seeds will of itself be sufficient for almost a whole flower-garden. Next in importance are Petunias. Of these my favorites are the blotched and striped varieties; these almost rival the Phlox in beauty and brilliancy, while for showiness they are unequalled.

I must not forget the Asters. They blossom later than some other plants, but one is fully repaid for waiting by the beauty of their flowers. I have found the New Rose most satisfactory; a single plant of mine had on it last fall at one time more than thirty perfect and half-opened flowers, besides numerous buds. These plants require a very rich soil; they must be staked, as the weight of flowers bends them down.

The Balsam should be in every collection; but seed must be purchased of a reliable dealer, otherwise there will be a large percentage of single flowers. This variety of plants also requires a rich soil, the stronger the better, and they should be pruned to either a single stalk or to two or three branches; the flowers oftentimes are as perfect as roses, and as double.

The different varieties of Dianthus, especially D. Chinensis and D. Hedderwigii, are very desirable for

garden cultivation, and are easily raised from seed to bloom the first year.

Be sure and tuck a few Mignonette seeds in every spare nook in the garden, for this plant is indispensable for its fragrance.

These varieties I have mentioned are but few of the many; but for the showy part of a small garden I think they will be sufficient, and if the plants are well grown, must prove satisfactory to any one.

If you have any unsightly fences or walls cover them with climbing vines; after many trials of different vines, I have found the good old-fashioned Morning-glory (*Convolvulus major*) the best for this purpose; its growth is rapid, its flowers pretty, but one must rise before the sun to see them.

For a trellis in the centre of a flower-bed nothing can be prettier than Cypress vine, with its delicate foliage and star-like flowers. For this purpose Maurandia is also very desirable. I think this a very nice way to arrange a bed, to have some delicate vine in the centre.

I remember once seeing a ribbon bed the effect of which was very fine. It was circular in form; in the centre was a clump of Pampas Grass, surrounded by Cannas; next was a row of dark-leaved Coleus, then a row of the golden-leaved; following this Mountain of Snow Geranium trimmed low, and lastly a border of blue Lobelia. Such beds, however, are impracticable anywhere but on a smoothly-shaven lawn.

I have found June to be the best time to root cuttings for winter flowering; keep a box of sand in a shady place, and in this plant the slips; in a week or two they can be transferred to little pots. Started so early they will make strong, healthy plants, and come into bloom sooner in winter.

LORA LEE.

AMARYLLIS AND ROSES.

A NOTABLE specimen of the first is thus described by a correspondent of *Laws of Life*: Calling on a friend one day last winter she displayed with pride and pleasure, as well she might, an Amaryllis Johnsonii in remarkable bloom. The seven blossom bulbs—the product of one purchased some years before—were in a pot of six-gallon size, and bore twelve tall flower-stalks, each having four or five, or even six, buds or blossoms. It had thirty-six fairly open, crimson-scarlet lilies, each petal having a longitudinal stripe of white over the midrib. They were in a soil composed of black muck, garden mould, sand, and old barnyard compost in equal proportions. The repotting was soon after the spring bloom, and the pot was kept in a warm window and well watered until time to plunge in the ground in June. Just before frost it was put into a close and rather warm chamber, where it was left without much water, losing its foliage. When wanted for blooming it was brought to the window and flowers and leaves came up quickly together. It would have been better in a cool, light cellar. It is to grace the church on Easter Sunday, and I know of a superb calla wearing its crown of eight white spathas that is to stand opposite the crimson lilies.

Hints for the Garden.

HALF-HARDY ANNUALS.

HALF-HARDY annuals are such as require starting under glass to get large plants before the weather gets warm enough to plant them out of doors, so that their full beauty may be seen before they are destroyed by the early fall frosts. There are also some kinds which are hardy enough for growing from seeds sown into the places where they are to remain during summer, but being of so slow growth that, to hasten their flowering season, it is advisable to start early in the season, and then plant into the garden for flowering. A hot-bed is the best place for starting seeds in; but where only a few are wanted and the means are limited for having a hot-bed, they may be sown in a pot or box and placed in a warm window. Some who use hot-beds sow the seeds into the soil placed on the surface of the manure; but I prefer sowing them in boxes, as I think they vegetate sooner and are less liable to damp off than when sown right into the soil. Use shallow boxes, about two and a half inches deep and just large enough to conveniently handle. For soil a sandy loam and well-decayed leaf-mold is the most suitable. Upon no consideration bury the seeds deep, especially small ones—such as Coxcombs and Lobelia—and before sowing such small seeds give the soil a good watering, for, unless carefully done after sowing, they are apt to be washed to one end of the box, and some of them get too deeply covered, and therefore destroyed. Generally one good watering before the seeds are sown will be sufficient until they vegetate if a piece of board or glass is put over the box to prevent evaporation. Do not, however, keep the board on the box close after they have vegetated, as they will grow weakly if kept too dark. Also guard against the sun shining too brightly upon them.

Previous to planting all kinds of plants out of doors which have been started under glass, they should be well hardened-off by full exposure day and night for some time. A good many plants are destroyed by being planted into the open ground without being sufficiently hardened after coming out of the warm, moist temperature in which they were started.

BALSAMS.—The seeds of Balsams should be sown about the end of March or beginning of April, and kept warm, as they are very tender. After they have made their second leaves, transplant them into other boxes or pots, if wanted for decorating the greenhouse, for which they are very suitable, and, if supplied with plenty of moisture and good rich soil, make beautiful specimens. If for out-door ornament, do not set out until the ground gets warm and all danger of frost is past, and give good rich soil, and their free-blooming and delicate flowers will amply repay good culture. The variety called Solferino is finely striped with lilac and scarlet on a white ground. The camellia-flowered kinds, both tall and dwarf, are of different colors, perfectly double, and for general purposes are the best in cultivation.

CRASSULA PERFOLIATA.

IN California this plant is not as well known as it should be. It is a window or greenhouse succulent, and if properly treated will yield a profusion of blossoms in the latter part of November, and continue to do so till the first of January. Even at this date it does not completely discontinue to open its small white, star-like flowers, but sometimes spring has fairly opened before its last raceme has faded away.

The flowers are borne in large clusters; very often as many as ten or twelve of them will be on one stalk, and we have had, this winter, on three-year-old plants, no less than two dozen of these stalks.

In some of the European countries, where much taste is displayed in decorating, the flowers are employed in embellishing rooms, in making bouquets and wreaths, for all of which they are found to be well adapted, as its flowers remain fresh a long time.

No trouble will be experienced when the proper soil is used to have a pleasing display of hanging-baskets and pots placed on brackets or shelves containing one or more Crassulas with their branches falling over the sides, which will in a couple of years completely hide the pot.

This truly valuable plant should not be left out of our amateur collection of window plants, for its culture is easy, and it will grow in any position where there is an exposure to the sun. The profusion of flowers will well repay the little time bestowed in keeping them watered. The best results are obtained by giving them a full southern exposure, for they will not bloom satisfactorily in any other situation.

When blooming season approaches water should be given sparingly, but in no case let them suffer for the want of it. By having the plants "root bound" they yield a greater profusion of flowers. For plants three years old from cuttings a seven or eight inch pot will be large enough. One-year-old plants grow and bloom in three or four inch pots.

When planted in any other soil than that containing much sand the roots seem to decay and the plants rarely grow, and send forth few or no flower-stalks. A soil that will grow healthy Fuchsias, Heliotropes, or, in fact, any good potting soil, with the addition of about one-fourth of beach sand, is the best for this succulent.

At the close of the flowering season all faded shoots should be cut away, trim the plants into good shape, and, if necessary, repot with fresh earth. Should they be too much root-bound shift into a larger size pot. After this change give but little water till they are started into new growth, after this no fear may be had of giving them the usual amount.

If the plants have been kept through winter in the house, bay-window, or in a greenhouse, they may be placed in the open air during spring and summer, though in no case turn them out of the pot into the open border.

CULTURE OF THE CALLA LILY.

I HAVE been thinking that an article on the Callas might be beneficial to some of the many readers of your valuable and interesting paper. Although many have written on the same subject, I wish to give you my treatment of and success with them.

The Calla should be in every collection of winter-blooming plants, both for the home and the greenhouse. I admit that the flower has no perfume; but the pure white spathe, as it stands up so grand among the bright green foliage, is beautiful to look upon and is admired by all lovers of flowers. It is not like many other kinds of flowers, which look well for a short time and then are done blooming for the season. The flower of the Calla will last for a long time, if it is properly attended to.

Having had quite an experience in growing the Calla, and meeting with good success, I will give my way of culture. I let my plants bloom until May in the greenhouse. Then they are put under the stage, in a shady and dry place, each pot laid upon its side and left in that position during the summer, as they will live without any water during the time they are having a rest, which I think is best after blooming all winter. But if you should want a few flowers during the summer, you can leave a half-dozen plants for that purpose. Set them in a rather shady place and give plenty of water, and you will find that the Calla will bloom in summer as well as in winter. The plants are left in their position in the greenhouse until August. Then they are taken out of the pots, and the old earth shaken from the roots, and divided if they are too thick; and then repotted in fresh soil. Thoroughly scrub the pots, inside and out, before repotting them. The kind of soil that I use is well-rotted manure from hot-beds and good garden soil, with some sand to make the soil a little loose. It should be run through a sieve and well mixed together, equal parts of each. The size of pots depends altogether whether you want large flowers or small. I find the larger the pot the larger flowers I have; but if you want small Callas, use smaller pots. I read a short article a few days ago on the Calla, which stated that if you wanted to have plenty of flowers you must have them in small pots and in poor soil. I cannot agree with the writer on the small-pot and poor-soil question; for, judging from what I have seen of the Calla, I think they want good soil and plenty of room in the pots.

Through the winter I water my plants every day, never letting the soil get dry in the pots. They require a great deal of water, and once a week I give them manure-water, which can easily be made by taking an old barrel, and put in it about a bushel of cow-droppings; then fill it full of water and stir it up when you want to use. Do not be afraid that it will hurt them. I have used it too often not to know. You will find that you will have some fine flowers, that will pay you for your trouble. I saw some plants last spring that were in eighteen-inch pots, and they had from six to ten flower-stalks on each plant. So I think that shows that large pots will not hurt them. I have been told that a good way to make the Calla bloom is to set the pot into hot water and steam the roots. I have never tried it, and do not think I shall. I have all the blooms I want without such treatment. The Callas should be kept in a warm place and have plenty of light and sun; and if so treated they will yield plenty of bloom, to cheer you and your friends through the long winter months.—J. F. T., in "*Cultivator and Country Gentleman*."

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AND

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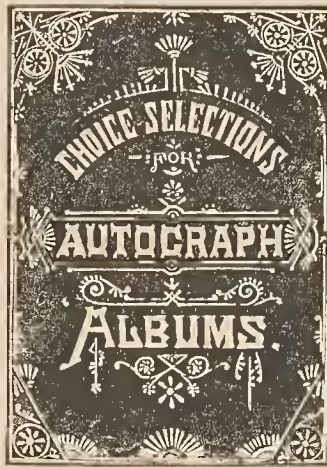
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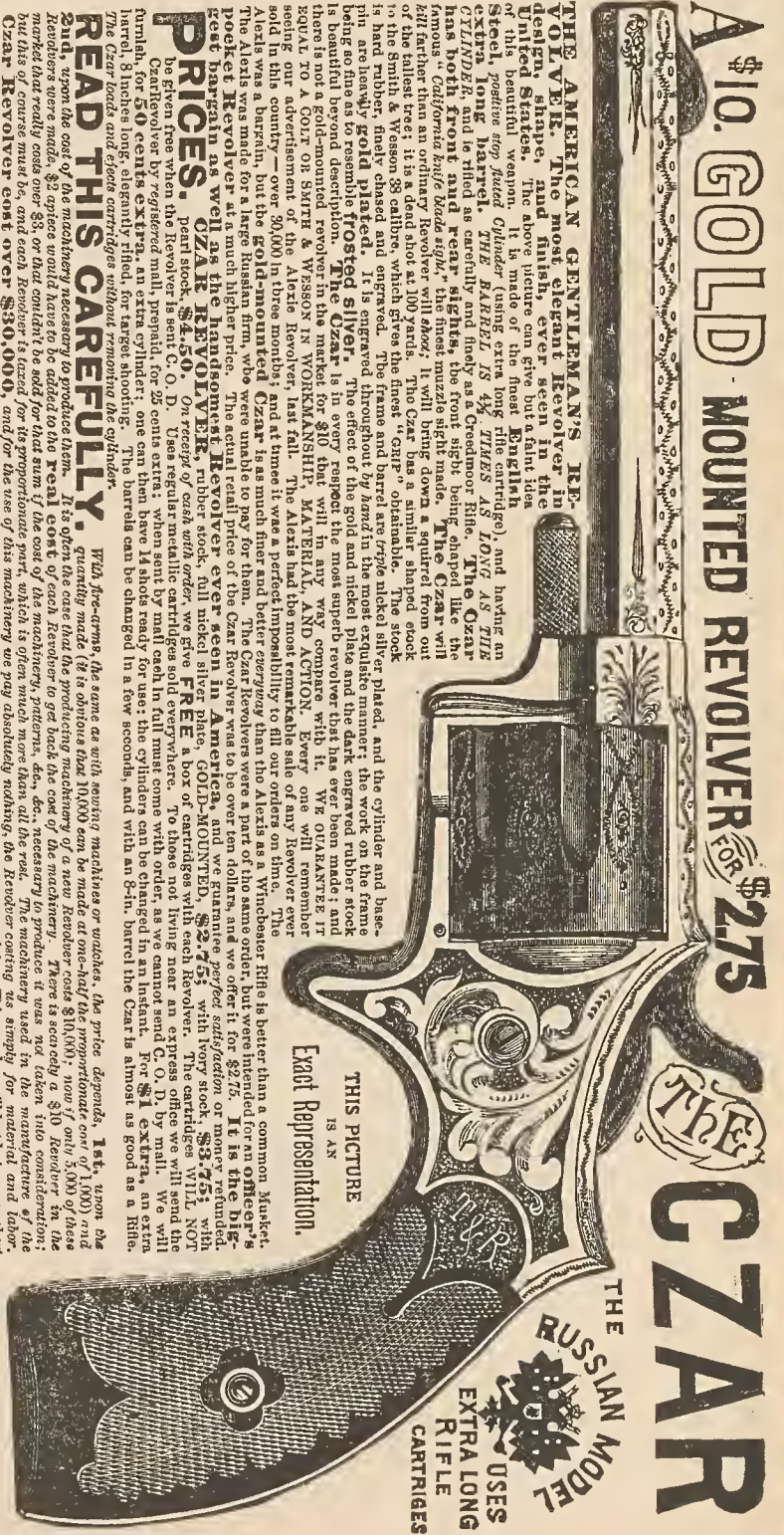
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NEW YORK, JUNE, 1879.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE MONTH.

UPON first page is sketch of Beautiful Window Garden and Globe Aquarium. It is of more than usually elegant character.

UPON page nine are sketches of some beautiful flowers as grown by Charles T. Starr, of Avondale, Pennsylvania: the precious Lily of the Valley; the Ivy-leaved Geranium *l'Elegante*, a plant of very lovely foliage, ereeping, trailing, with variegated leaves; the scented Geranium *Lavender*, the odor of which is like lavender.

Among other scented geraniums is the "*Lady Plymouth*," a very peculiar plant, leaves variegated, green and creamy white, with fragrance of the Rose Geranium.

UPON page twelve is an example of Chinese Embroidery, birds brilliantly colored and worked in fine silk, blue and scarlet. The Lamp Mat of appliqué work is of velvet, with silk of three different shades, sewn on with gold-colored braid.

The Welcome of the children to grandfather and grandmother reminds one of the days when "*Old hearts become young again*."

FLOWER-GARDEN HINTS.

MANY people say that their flowers, which once did well, do not thrive any more, and the reason is incomprehensible to them. In many cases the trouble is from worn-out soil; and if a little manure or a little fresh earth be added occasionally it is wonderful what an effect it will have on the renewed growth of half-worn-out root-stocks. Some kinds of flowers, especially, soon grow surly and bad-tempered unless they have a complete change of earth once in a

while. The Verbena is of this character. In perfectly fresh soil—that is, earth which has never grown a Verbena before—it grows like a weed; but the next year it is not quite so well, and in a few years it absolutely refuses to creep, run, or do anything, and we are forced to confess that the Verbena won't do for us as it used to years ago.

Other flowers are not quite so stubbornly fastidious as the Verbena; but still all more or less like to feel rejuvenated by an addition of some kind occasionally to the earth-blessings they have already been treated to.

Almost all our best hardy flowers are natives of woods or low, undisturbed lands, where the decaying leaves from the trees or the washings of higher surface-lands make a new annual entertainment for them; and it has been found by experiment that nothing is so good for these pretty little flowers as well-decayed leaf-mould from the woods, spread round the root-stocks, just above the ground. But, where this cannot be had, any other well-decayed vegetable refuse that may "be lying around loose" will do very nearly as well. Strong, rich manure—barnyard manure—has not been found very good for garden-flowers. It makes the herbage too strong and the flowers less in proportion. But, if nothing more natural can be got at to help the flowers along, and the soil seems exhausted and poor, this will be found much better than leaving the plants to struggle along as best they can.—*Germantown Telegraph*.

A LIST FOR AMATEURS.

ANNUALS are more trouble than they are worth to most flower cultivators. Certainly a large list will lead to discouraging failures. I will venture to suggest a list of indispensables and give a few hints for their culture:

1. *Asters*.—Truffaut, German, and Washington are the best. Sow in a hot-bed, and do not transplant till the plants are three to five inches high. Thin them thoroughly to make them stocky. Asters thrive in any rich soil.

2. *Snapdragon*.—A good bed of best colors will delight you. They are easily grown, either sown in open soil or in hot-bed. Set them eighteen inches apart. Almost all flowers are crowded too much to show their real quality. A fine plant is half the charm.

3. *The Japan Pinks*, especially the lacinated. The single flowers are really preferable, if they are large and finely colored. Set them six inches apart, so as to thin out the poorest after they come to bloom. Or set two plants in a place and a foot apart. In this case, one of each two. The poorest in bloom can be pulled out. Place two fingers of the left hand close about the plants, press down; then with the right hand draw out the plant you prefer to lose.

4. *Clove Pinks*.—These are not exactly annuals, and may with care last several years. Plant fifteen inches or more apart—better at twenty inches—so as readily to adjust a hoe. Cover lightly in the winter with sawdust.

5. *Petunias*.—No flower gives so much satisfac-

tion with so little trouble. Get the best seed of the singles. The doubles are mostly monstrosities. The exquisite shades and markings of the single varieties are incomparable. Pull up at once every ordinary plant, before the pollen has spoiled the seed of the finer plants. Set as described above, two or three in a clump. Then thin out the poorest.

6. *The New Golden Celosia, or Coxeomb*.—This is of all rich shades and marvellously beautiful. Set two feet apart. Transplant one or two into pots in late autumn, and they will remain fine until near spring.

7. *Balsams*.—These must have room and rich soil in order to be worth raising. Set two feet apart. Place a double-handful of manure about each plant, press it down, sprinkle a little soil on it, and the plants will not dry up or wither. This is a capital plan in transplanting any flower or vegetable from the cold-frame.

8. *Drummond Phlox*.—This is the darling of the garden—the summer pansy. It should not be grown in mass, but in single plants, ten inches apart. The finer sorts are indescribably lovely.

9. *The Verbena*, which may be grown as an annual, and any extraordinarily fine specimens saved as bedding plants. Take up only a small branch that has rooted.

10. *Mignonette*.—This pet will sow itself always; only give it a little sunny corner. The new varieties are no improvement, on the whole.

11. *Candytuft*.—But the new varieties of this flower are a most decided acquisition.

12. *Stocks*.—The large Ten Weeks are magnificent. Be careful not to have raw manure at the roots. Save single ones for the sake of seed. Set fifteen inches apart. Take up a few of the finest for winter bloom.

13. *Sweet Peas*.—Every year I say: We will have more of them next year. You cannot have too many. Sow for a succession from April to first of June.

Here is a good baker's dozen of choice first-class delights. If you have a bit of hard, rough soil, put on it *Tropeolums* or *Nasturtiums*. If a bed not easily worked and not too near the walks, cover it with *Zinnias*, two feet apart, and *Tropeolums* underneath. I always raise a few rich blue *Larkspurs* also.

Of biennials select choicest double *Hollyhocks*, the very best *Sweet Williams*, and a good supply of *Wall-flowers*. The last must be potted for Winter bloom.

For knolls select *Ricinus* and *Cannas*. Set your *Gladiolus* in the beds of perennials.

CLINTON, N. Y.

E. P. POWELL.

SPECIAL NOTICES—PREMIUM.

As the demand for the New Rose Duchess of Edinburgh was so great as to exhaust the supply, we were compelled to substitute in their place either a Bulb of *Gladiolus* or another Rose. We endeavored to send a satisfactory Premium, and our subscribers must not feel disappointed at the change of premium. We have endeavored to please as far as possible, while the supply lasted.

Floral Miscellany.

A MESSENGER.

Go, little rose !
With all your dewy freshness,
To my darling. And when
You see her face, with its fair kindness,
Greet her with my love
And say I sent you.
And if by some sweet chance
She clasps you to her breast,
O little rose ! stay softly still
In happy rest :
And as each tender heart-beat
Moves you gently to and fro,
Keep guard about her for me, rose,
Because I love her so !

When evening gloaming
Walks abroad the earth,
And shadows gather, as the day is done,
Oh ! then, my messenger, I charge you,
Give her this (I press it
Softly on your crimson leaves).
Go, my rose, and fold her in a mute caress—
She with her growing loveliness—
And give the kiss I send
With all my heart's fond love,
And say I sent you.

—H. Russell, in N. O. Picayune.

BOUQUETS OF FLOWERS.

With but little trouble any person can keep up a constant succession of beautiful flowers in the house



SCENTED GERANIUM—"LADY PLYMOUTH."

from the holidays until the season of their blooming in the yard or garden. To do this cut some small twigs of the various flowering shrubs or trees growing in the yard or lawn, and put them in bottles or jars containing pure water. If the weather is very cold when the twigs are cut, care must be taken not to

injure the buds, which is very easily done when they are frozen. After the twigs are cut lay them in a cool room a few hours, then put them in the bottles of water and let them remain two days in a cool place where the water will not freeze, after which they should be brought to the heat gradually. They



SCENTED GERANIUM—"LAVENDER."

will bloom if brought to the warmth when first cut, but the flowers and foliage are not so strong and luxuriant. After bringing them to the warmth the bottles should be filled up with fresh water every day.

When treated in this way, all the following-named shrubs bloom nicely: Daphne Mezereum, Forsythia, Spiraea Prunifolia, Deutzia Gracilis, Lilac (white and purple), Pyrus Japonica, Syringa, Weigela, and many others. The twigs of the Cercis Canadensis (Judas tree, sometimes called Red Bud, which grows very abundantly in many places in our woodlands) when thus treated give a great profusion of beautiful red and purplish pink flowers, and are exceedingly beautiful.

I use Hyacinth bottles, the tall ones of different colors. Beginning early in the winter with the Daphne and the Forsythia, they being among the first bloomers of spring, I tie a few twigs together with a soft woollen string (if tied tight it stops the flow of the sap), put them into the bottles and give them plenty of light and water, and in two or three weeks have a nice bunch of flowers, the red contrasting beautifully with the yellow. In about a week after starting the first I set a couple more bottles, and so on until the fine warm weather of spring produces them out on the lawn. The Japan quince does not produce flowers on the small twigs of the last year's growth, but the buds are formed on the two-year-old wood; hence care must be exercised in selecting from this shrub, or no flower-buds will be obtained. I now have Forsythia, Spiraea Prunifolia, Lilac, Deutzia Gracilis, and Daphne Cneorum in full bloom, making a beautiful display in the window.

This method of producing flowers in winter is by no means a new one. My mother used to practise it when I was a little boy.

G. F. N.

MILLERSBURG, O.

INSECT ENEMIES OF THE ROSE.

Rose-Slugs.—The body of the slug is about one-quarter of an inch long, green and soft like jelly. Slugs eat the upper surface of the leaf, leaving the veins and skin underneath untouched.

They are most troublesome in June, and frequently reappear in August.

They increase very rapidly, and will destroy the foliage of the largest bushes in a few hours.

The following are remedies used by various florists.

a. Take white hellebore powder, mix with water, and sprinkle over them.

b. Dust the plants thoroughly with powdered lime, plaster-of-paris, or ashes.

c. Even road dust may be used instead of lime, and be as efficacious; repeat vigorously as often as may be required.

d. Sprinkle the plants thoroughly with a strong suds made of soft soap.

e. Whale-oil soap, whenever it can be obtained, is the best of special insecticides. It is a powerful enemy of all insect life, and is now for sale at all agricultural stores. Use one pound dissolved in eight gallons of water, or a quarter of a pound to two pails of water; applied by means of a syringe every evening for a week, it effectually destroys all trace of the nuisance.

f. Another useful article for the destruction of rose-slugs, and other insect enemies of the rose or other



LILY OF THE VALLEY.

garden plants, is found in the Persian Powder, sold by most florists.

The powder should be applied three times to the rose-bushes before the buds appear, for after the buds have grown the powder mars the buds and the leaves.

Household Arts.

ONE WOMAN'S WORK.

I LAID down the paper with a long-drawn sigh and a feeling akin to despair. It was April and house-cleaning time, and I sat alone in my forlorn-looking sitting-room, earnestly pondering over the ways and means by which I could render my home more cheerful and attractive. I wanted it beautiful, like those I had been reading about; but how or where was I to begin? The CABINET had given me bright glimpses of rooms done in scarlet and gray, blue and silver, or green and gold, with pretty, tasteful furniture, beautiful pictures and ornaments, and bay-windows filled with flowering plants, and trailing vines running riot over lovely tinted walls, and sea-shells, and rockeries, and ferneries, and—oh! dear, nothing at all that seemed to just fit my case; my purse was so *very* limited, and there seemed so little to do with. I felt that every one of those fortunate daughters of Eve who had succeeded in constructing for herself a sort of earthly paradise had more “raw material” than I to work with. “Many of these ‘beautiful home’ builders,” I said to myself, “had pretty, roomy ‘French cottages,’ or at least something better than this wretched Liliputian den, to begin with,” and I cast a rueful glance around my two diminutive unfinished rooms, and at the dingy blue ceiling overhead; “and then, too, they had big, old-fashioned mirrors stowed away in the garret, and old blue wool-delaine dresses” (what a treasure one would be to me just now!), “and bundles of old swiss and laces” (there is my old white swiss dress, it’s out of fashion; that’s *one* item), “and presents of *bad* fifty-dollar debts, and—and a ‘John’ or a ‘big brother’ or *somebody* to do the sawing and hammering, and—” I stopped short; there was just where my trouble began: not the *lack* of a “John”—I had one—but it was the *lack* of *help* and *encouragement* that troubled me. My “John” didn’t care for beautiful things as I did, or I thought he didn’t, and he “*growled*” (that’s what “Nellie” calls it) sometimes when he caught me hammering away at some nondescript affair that I had concluded to build, and afterwards “made up” for the moment’s ill-humor by good-naturedly helping me among my flower-beds, and, in his careless man-fashion, pulling up choice plants along with the weeds, or clipping off the tops of my Moss-rose bushes with an unlucky sweep of the scythe. These were only a few of the difficulties with which I had to contend; ill-health was another serious drawback. However, I gathered consolation from the beautiful pages of the CABINET, and appreciated more than ever that article of “Nellie’s” in an old number, which seems to have been written expressly for the benefit of just such unfortunates as I, and, with considerable satisfaction, I recalled that last clause: “Let him growl; you, too, have a right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; enjoy it.” Well, I had already decided to “let him growl,” and do what I could towards beautifying my home. I took an inventory of the contents of my purse—just fifteen cents and some scraps of paper—not very encouraging. I thought a moment. “John” worked hard; I knew he would

have no money to spare for extra expenses. I must earn it myself somehow, and, to cut the matter short, I procured some work, and for the next few weeks, when not busy with household duties, I was busy as a bee at the sewing-machine. I had soon earned enough to defray necessary expenses, and was ready for the work of renovation. But where to begin? The house, as I have already intimated, was exceedingly small, a tiny white cottage, exposed on all sides to the glaring noonday sun, being built on a high plateau overlooking one of the loveliest valleys in Western New York. The scenery was picturesquely beautiful, and this was much to me. Standing back from the road some twenty-five or thirty feet, there was room for some lawn decorations in front. The rooms on the ground-floor were two in number: one ten and one-half by sixteen, sitting-room, dining-room, and winter-kitchen all in one; the other a nine by thirteen and one-half bedroom, unlathed and unplastered, ceiled overhead and painted blue, save in the smaller room, which was roughly plastered overhead. Both rooms had one long, narrow south window, reaching nearly to the floor, and facing the road; the front door between, opening into the larger room, in which was also an east window, sliding doors between the two rooms, a soiled, worn paper on the walls, a low, unfinished chamber above, a small summer-kitchen behind; a china-closet built in the wall supplied the place of a pantry. This was my home. The furniture was cheap and scant—six wooden-bottomed chairs, round backs, painted yellow and daubed with streaks of burnt umber, an old defaced wooden rocker, table ditto, and everything else to match. My first work was in the garret. I will not tire you by telling of the long, weary days of toil. There were dizzy sick-headaches, and aching back and limbs, that came of reaching and lifting, and papering and painting, and numberless blows on the poor bruised fingers from that abominable hammer, that always came down where I didn’t want it to; but it was finished at last. My “garret” was converted into two very pretty sleeping-rooms. Partitions placed along next the eaves formed store-closets that I found exceedingly convenient, and made the side walls of the sleeping-rooms higher. Into these partitions were fitted two small wardrobe closets, one in each room. These were papered smoothly inside with strong flour-sack paper. Both rooms had been lathed a long time—we could not afford to get them plastered—so I put on white-backed wall-paper overhead, wrong side out. I put the paste on the *laths* instead of the paper, and also on the edges of the strips of paper, smoothing it down tightly to the lath, but being careful not to stretch the paper much. It looks like plaster, has been on now nearly a year, and has not cracked. The side walls I covered with a delicate tinted paper, letting it hang loose from the lath, except along the edges of the strips; being put on very smoothly, it looked nice. The floors were covered with a light-colored rag carpet, the casings painted white, and I was ready for the furnishing. My best bedstead was a cheap affair with head and foot boards of serpentine turning, stained black-walnut, and varnished—not worth modelling over, so I used it as it was for one room, and hunted up an old wash-stand, minus

top and drawer, that I repaired and dressed over to match the bedstead. For the other room I purchased a new unfinished one of hard wood having a handsome grain; grained the mouldings and trimmings in black-walnut color and varnished it; this was very handsome, having a moderately high Gothic head-board, with panels and mouldings, and trimmings in fret-sawing (these I make myself), and cost me four dollars and a half. An old dry-goods box of suitable size and proportions served as a toilet-table. I sawed the top so as to form a curve in front, just in the middle, leaving the corners square, placed shelves inside, and papered it. I draped the outside with a curtain made of plain bright pink calico, having a wide fluted flounce of white swiss muslin over the pink at the bottom. This was headed with a narrow ruffle fluted, standing upright, and a narrow band of white, corded on each side with pink, between. Over this curtain I placed a loose drapery of white muslin looped up with bows of pink. The top I wadded and covered with pink, tacked smoothly over the edges, and over this placed a cover of white muslin, having a wide fluted ruffle at the edge, headed the same as the bottom flounce. The other toilet-table was like this, only all white with a touch of bright Turkey red. For the windows a lambrequin of the bright pink calico, edged with a fluted ruffle of white muslin, for one room, and another of bright Turkey-red calico for the other. These are lined with white. Over them a loose drapery of white muslin looped up with pressed ferns and small autumn leaves. I brighten the tints of my autumn leaves with oil-paints; it gives a gloss, and they will keep without curling. At the top of the window I placed a fluted ruffle of the muslin standing upright, and just below a vine running across made of tiny autumn leaves, fern fronds, and sprays of green French Moss. A wash-stand was constructed similar to the toilet-tables, only with a straight top, and draped in pink and white muslin. A mat of white-marbled oil-cloth, just the size of the top of this wash-stand, was pinked on the edge, and ornamented with a light running vine of Moss-rose buds and sprays of green, a cluster in each corner. The other wash-stand I covered on the top with white-marbled oil-cloth, drawn smoothly over the edges and tacked underneath. I should like to speak of the other adornments of these two pretty rooms, but have not space except to mention the two bedside rugs, made by crotcheting fine carpet rags in shaded stripes, and finishing at the edge with pinked flannel. My first work in the lower rooms was to grain all the wood-work in chestnut and black-walnut to match the china closet, copying from the real woods. I felt a little proud of this piece of work, for it looked very nice. I covered the blue ceiling first with a strong flour-sack paper, and then wall-paper wrong side out over that. The plastered ceiling I scraped smooth and kalsomined a snowy white. The side walls of both rooms were covered with a lovely gray-tinted paper, put on in panels with a darker shade, and in the larger room fine lines of scarlet with a scarlet border next the ceiling, and again above the base-boards; in the smaller room a delicate vine of shaded gray, blue, and gold color run through the centre of the columns, lines and border of a bright turquoise

blue. The carpets were rag, but very pretty, and corresponded in color. The lambrequins of the larger room were curtain lace looped up with ferns and autumn leaves. Window cornices of plain pine, ornamented with oak leaves and acorns, the leaves cut from heavy brown paper, stained black-walnut, and varnished. Fine veinings of gilt paper were added, and they were a very good imitation of walnut and gilt carvings. From the lower edge of the cornice drooped over the lace a short, pointed lambrequin of scarlet embroidered in applique. Long lace curtains and lambrequin of turquoise blue, embroidered also in applique, draped the one window of the smaller room, designed as a parlor. My window garden filled the east window. A plain box three feet four inches long, and eighteen inches wide, and nine inches deep was covered smoothly with white-marbled oil-cloth drawn tightly over the edges and tacked on the inside. Flat mouldings one and three-quarter inches wide and one-half inch thick were also covered, and fastened on with small screws from the inside, in such a manner as to form two panels on the front and one on each end. These panels are ornamented with decalcomanie having fine veinings of gilt. The box is filled with pots of plants, each space between filled with moss, and a fine, delicate, moss-like greenhouse fern planted in the soil around the edge of each pot. This forms a carpet of living green drooping over the edges of the pots, and is beautiful to behold. A shelf on the window-sill, level with the top of the box, and another resting on brackets half way up, support other plants in pots painted gray, ornamented in different ways with decalcomanie, tiny autumn leaves, and fern fronds. From the front edge of this upper shelf droops a border of pressed ferns, headed with a vine of tiny autumn leaves and sprays of green French Moss. Madeira Vine, Smilax, and German Ivy ramble over the lace lambrequins and wreath the cornice above, and two small hanging-baskets of pink coral, filled the one with gray Sedum, the other with the delicate fern before mentioned, depend from the under side of the shelf. A large hanging-basket of moss filled with *Othonna Grassifolia* is suspended from the ceiling above, whose long, graceful tendrils droop downward to meet the stately *Calla* below. The south window is also filled with plants at the sill, and a group of hanging-baskets above, and has side brackets holding pots of English and German Ivy. I have not space to describe my plants, nor many of the adornments of these lower rooms. The wooden chairs I transformed into black-walnut ones, polished and cushioned with gray and scarlet striped rep, fastened around the edges with ornamental tacks. A beautiful wreath of tiny autumn leaves, fern fronds, and sprays of green French Moss is fastened in the centre of the ceiling, in the smaller room, and from its centre depends a handsome basket of crystal beads, filled with ferns and grasses. One corner is filled with a three-shelf hanging whatnot holding a collection of sea-shells and branches of coral. Beneath it a quartet-stand holds a beautiful gray moss cross, wreathed with tiny autumn leaves, fern fronds, and sprays of French Moss. The lambrequins of this whatnot are turquoise blue embroidered with white Water-Lilies and buds. There are pictures and other

ornaments that I have not space to mention; but a beautiful floral design I will at some future time describe. I am well pleased with my petite castle, and, what is better, my "John" is proud of my work.

JENNIE.

HOME ITEMS.

HOUSEKEEPING is an art, and, to be enjoyed, must be considered in that light; we should all the time be trying to improve in all its departments, whether they be useful or ornamental. All housekeepers, in the common walks of life especially, ought to try and be in love with their work, for it drives the dullness out of our tasks; and "what we do for love we surely shall do well."

When washing up the dishes let us try and see how we can make the glasses sparkle by wiping them with dry towels free from lint; have all the earthenware wiped from hot water, and their sweetness will repay you. I remember of trying to clean new ironware by scouring with soap and sand; it was an unsatisfactory piece of business, and had to be repeated. Since then some one told me to grease new ironware with fresh grease, set it on the stove and heat quite hot, then wash with soap and water. I have had occasion since to try this method, and found that it was indeed *the* way.

Tea-kettles sometimes trouble one by rusting; this can be prevented by putting an oyster shell in the bottom of the kettle; it also prevents it from cracking in case the water boils away; a piece of pumice-stone is nice to use round the sink to clean ironware that has been cooked in; this with a dish-cloth knit out of twine will be found a great help to remove anything that sticks to dishes.

Being my own maid, my kitchen has to be made pleasant; here I keep my plants, and it is a good place, for the steam and heat agree with them; two deep, sunny basement windows make one of the best of places for them. In one I have an old tin foot-tub painted green; this is filled with Ivy, Madeira, and Nasturtium vines, also Oxalis; the vines are trained over the window, and nearly do away with the need of a curtain; Fuchsias, Heliotropes, Geraniums, Pinks, Roses, Cactus, Ipomoea, Corn Plant, and *Calla* serve to fill my hanging-baskets and windows full; these two windows are my pets, and they please my eye when my hands are employed. I can empty almost all of my refuse water on them, and find it is beneficial. I never have spoilt one meal by being so near them when cooking.

We are great lovers of soup, and for that we get a shank, say one weighing about twelve pounds; have it sawed in three pieces; take the two last cuts, put them on, give them a good boiling in sufficient water to cover; when tender, or nearly so, skim off some of the grease, salt and pepper, and for three quarts of liquor add one turnip and four or five potatoes, two onions cut in dice; the onions should be put in first, next put in half a cup of rice, then your potatoes and turnip, also a small carrot cut in two or three pieces; just before taking from the stove, dust in some summer savory and it will be found an agreeable dish.

The other piece of shank I put on and boil until

quite tender, then take out and mince it up, season to taste, put it in a long cake-tin, turn some of the grease that rises on the water where it was boiled; when cool it will slice off, and is good and cheap.

For my dinner to-day I had fried oysters, and as it was my ironing day I did not feel as though I had the time to spare to fry them one by one, so I took three eggs, broke and beat them, put in a little salt and pepper, rolled five butter-crackers fine, added these; I had put the oysters to drain previously, so now I stirred them all together and fried them by the spoonful in good hot fat (we had one quart of oysters); if anything, we found them superior to the former way. For pie we had dried apples and prunes; pick them both over and put them to soak over night separately; in the morning cook them. The apples cook best in a covered dish so as not to stir them; when both are done put them together carefully, so as not to break them to pieces; sweeten to taste, adding a little butter. They are good. I could give you many more recipes of my own, but guess that these will do for the present. Let us bear in mind that such home labor is not lost; the Master has put this for my task, and by his help I intend to improve.

H.

Clove-Apples.—Select apples of perfect shape, and sound; fill them with cloves to exclude the air, and, if they are not disturbed by some lover of cloves, they will remain good for years. A friend once told me, with tears in her eyes, that herself and husband having been reduced to extreme poverty by long-continued illness, she could think of nothing she could make for his Christmas present but a clove-apple, which she gave him with the following lines:

"This apple of clove I give, with much love,
To him whom my husband I call;
May its pleasant breath be like a sweet memory
To hallow the gift, though 'tis small.
While moons wax and wane still 'twill fragrant remain,
A durable gift it will be;
At least 'twill be thought to be better than naught
While I cry, Merry Christmas to thee!"

I thought her lines very touching. Since then "fortune has smiled upon them," but they never forgot the clove-apple. The raisins you may eat, but dip the stems into melted sealing-wax, both red and black; dip others into white wax, and finish your bouquet by trailing damp grasses lightly through flour to make them look snowy—but not doughy, oh! no; dip lightly and shake lightly. Let it be neat, but as odd as possible, for it is called the hap-hazard bouquet.

Bread Pudding.—Take stale bread; scald it; one-half cup of sour milk, 1 egg, 1 cup of sugar, 1 cup of shortening, one-half pound of raisins, one-half pound of currants, cream-tartar, and soda. Bake well; eat with brandy sauce.

Stale Bread Fritters.—Soak 1 large bowlful of dry bread, then squeeze it out dry; add to it 2 eggs, 1 coffee cup of sour milk, 1 teaspoonful of baking soda, one-half cup of flour. Salt to taste; fry in hot lard.

Fireside Reading.

HE LEADS US ON.

He leads us on,
By paths we did not know;
Upward he leads us, though our steps be slow;
Though oft we faint and falter by the way,
Though storms and darkness oft obscure the day,
Yet, when the clouds are gone
We know he leads us on.

He leads us on
Through all the unquiet
years;
Past all our dreamland hopes, and
doubts, and fears,
He guides our steps. Through all
the tangled maze
Of sin, of sorrow, and o'er-clouded
days.
We know his will is done;
And still he leads us on.

And he at last,
After the weary strife,
After the restless fever we call life,
After the dreariness, the aching
pain,
The wayward struggles, which have
proved in vain,
After our toils are past,
Will give us rest at last.

WALKING WITH GOD.

THE difficulty which most people have in religion is to bring the thought of God into their daily lives. His very greatness makes it hard to connect him with homely, every-day matters. We get some sense of him in church, or in the prayer-meeting, or in rare hours of exalted feeling. But when we go into the busy world, where most of our life is spent, God fades away into heaven, that is farther off than the blue sky above our heads. This is a great loss to us. It is neglect on our part of our highest opportunity. God walks with us, in closest nearness, at every moment. There is in him, if we could learn to take it, a provision of helpfulness, of sympathy, of sufficiency, for every step in the whole round of our daily life. The very things that seem insignificant and without spiritual meaning are set round us by God as a part of our education. And if we habitually recognize his presence in them, all the incidents of business and our household care and daily walk would become threads of gold, holding us in the sweetest, noblest friendship with our heavenly Father.

ANSWERING A FOOL ACCORDING TO HIS FOLLY.

LET me tell a Dutch story right here, because it comes from a Dutchman in the eastern part of Pennsylvania and must be a true story. The Dutchman was never ashamed of his religion. In his neighborhood there was a sceptic who said, "You can't believe anything you can't understand"; and so some of the better class of people asked the Dutchman if he would not have a conversation with him. He said, "Yes, if you tink best."

The odder day I vas riding along the road and I meet von dog, and that dog had von of his ears stand up in this way, and the odder one he stand down so. Now, vy was dat?"

Now, that was very unhandy just then—very unhandy. He either had to prove that the dog did not have one ear standing up and the other ear standing down, or else say he did not believe it. So he said, "I don't know."

"Oh! then you are not so very smart after all. I ask you anoder question. I saw in John Smith's clover-patch the clover come up so nice, and I looked over into the fields and there was John Smith's pigs, and dere come out hair on dere packs; and in the very same clover-patch vas his sheep, and dere came out voll on dere packs. Now, vy was dat?"

Now, that was as bad as the other, because the same perplexity arose. He had to prove there was wool on the back of the pig, or hair on the back of the sheep, and he couldn't tell why, and, therefore, he had no business to believe it. Finally he said, "I don't know."

"Vell," he said, "you are not half so smart as you tink you are. Now I asks you anoder question. Do you pleef dere is a God?"

"No, I don't believe any such nonsense."

"Oh! yes, I hear about you long ago. I know all about you. My Bible knows about you, for in my Bible he says: 'The fool says in his heart there is no God'; but you big fool, you blat it right out."
—G. P. Hayes.

THE LATEST INVENTION.

THE *London Saturday Review* once declared that the greatest benefactor of the human race would be he who could enable men to drink an unlimited quantity of wine without getting drunk. Such a man has been found. Dr. Bell invented the telephone, but its wonders pale before the telegastograph. This is an electrical machine by which the palate can

be tickled and pleased by any flavor and for any length of time, without fear of indigestion or inebriety. By putting soup, or fish, or wine into a receptacle connected with a powerful battery, the taste of the daintiest viands can be conveyed along a telegraph wire miles, and to an unlimited number of *bons vivants*. They have only to put the wire in their mouths, and they seem to be eating and drinking. They may get drunk or overfed; but the moment the contact is broken the evil effects pass off, and nothing remains but a "delightful exhilaration." The inventor, however, keeps the *modus operandi* a perfect secret.



GRANDFATHER AND GRANDMOTHER.

"Have you any objections to the neighbors coming in?"

"No; slust as you tink best."

So they made the appointment and everybody was there. The old gentleman came in and was introduced to the sceptic, and he began by saying:

"Vell, now look here. I pleefs the Bible—what you pleefs?"

Said he: "I don't believe anything I can't understand."

"Oh! you must be one very smart man. I was mighty glad I meet you. I ask you some questions.

Household Elegancies.

OUR NEW HOUSE.

WE had been married about three years, and been living in a rented house all that time, when we began thinking of building a house of our own. How to plan one that would come within our means, which was but a few hundred, and still have one that would be cosy and convenient, was what bothered us. But was there ever a woman that was not interested in a new house, "be it ever so humble"? So for some months before we built I would often sit down and draw some kind of a house on any little piece of paper I happened to pick up. My husband said if I could plan one to suit myself he would have it built as I wished. We both wanted a cottage, but how to divide it into rooms puzzled us. So one day a very dear lady friend came to spend the day with me, and together we settled on the plan of this house as it is now, and I have never wished to have it different. I will describe it as near as possible, in hope that it may help others that must build with small means. In size it is twenty-six by twenty-eight feet; there is a little hall four by nine, with glass over the front door to light it; a parlor thirteen by fourteen, with two south windows and one west—"it is a splendid room for plants in the winter." Back of the parlor there is a bedroom ten by twelve, with two windows, and a closet for clothes three by six. There are folding-doors between parlor and bedroom, which I thought would be nice if we should ever want to use it as double parlors. There is a door opening out of the parlor into our sitting-room; this room is thirteen by fifteen and a half feet, and off this room there is a small bedroom nine by nine; that is quite small, but I have a bed, wash-stand, and two chairs in it, and room enough to move the bed from the wall and get around it with ease. There is an inside stair that leads from this room to an attic the whole size of the house; it is eight feet high in the centre, and lighted by a skylight; I call this the most convenient room in the house, for it is just the kind of a place one wants to store things in that are not in every-day use. The front of the house faces the south, and the sitting-room the east; this room has an outside door that opens out to my flower garden, which is just lovely to see in the summer. Now, back of this upright is a wing fourteen by twenty-two, which is divided into a small dining-room with china closet, and kitchen with pantry; there is a door opening out of my dining-room to my small fruit-garden. I have a cellar twelve by twelve, which I go to from the kitchen. Back from the house we have a nice wood-shed, chicken-coop, and barn, with a good kitchen-garden, which my husband (my own make), as I could not afford to buy all-plant and cares for before and after his day's work.

We are quite proud of our little home, and every one that has been here seems surprised to find so much room in so small a looking house.

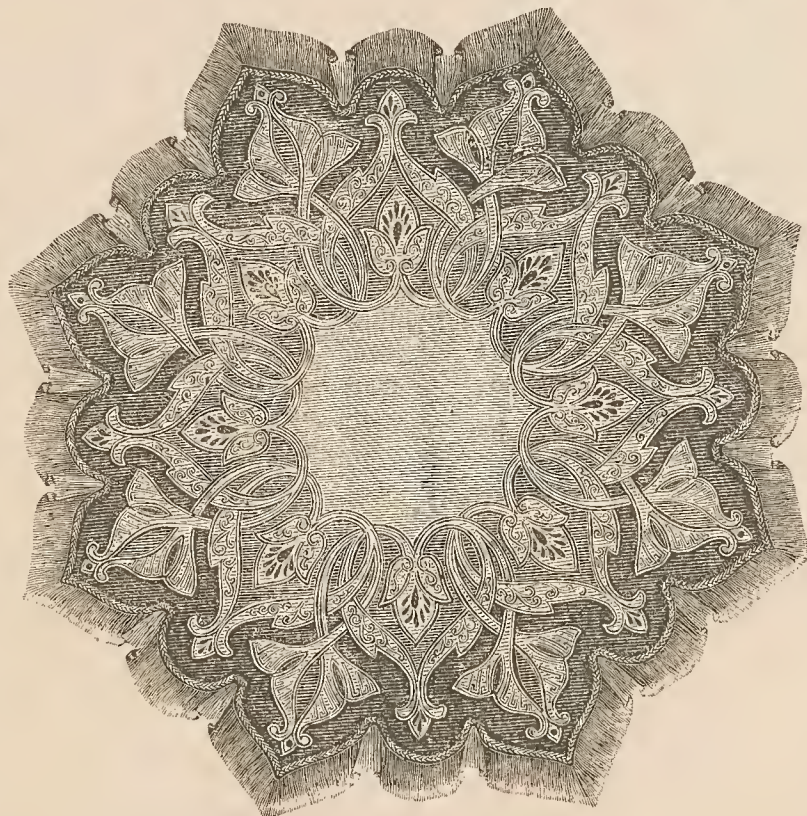
Now I must tell you of some things I have done to make my home pleasant. In the first place, I try to keep everything tidy by doing my work regular and when it should be done, although sometimes I dread

carpet is crimson and gray; one of my bedrooms is furnished in scarlet, the other in blue. And here I must tell you about the lambrequins I made for my blue room from a hint I got in the CABINET last spring. I took an old sheet, and after washing and blueing it quite blue, I tore it into strips one inch wide, and ravelled out both edges, leaving only four threads in the centre. When all was ravelled I took a board long enough to reach across the window, which made it forty-two inches long, and leaving it four inches through the centre. I ran it to about half an inch at each end; then I made a lead-pencil mark at every inch clear across the edge of the board, and on every mark I tacked one strip of the fringed cotton; then I divided them into lots of six strips each, which made seven lots. The middle lot I left two feet long, the next two and a half, the next three, and the outside ones three and a half. At the bottom of each lot I fastened a large tassel, made of one strip of the fringe, and tied it with blue ribbon, and across the top I put a band of blue ribbon one and a half inches wide, which covered the tacks. It just took half of a sheet for each window. My friends said they were very pretty.

I covered an old box with some blue cambric for a stand, and took some dotted muslin (an old dress) and puffed it over the cambric, and looped it where necessary with blue ribbon. I made a wall-protector for back of the stand of the muslin, and lined it with the cambric. I learned that from the CABINET, too. I made a rug of some old socks; as I have never seen this kind of rug spoken of in the CABINET, I will tell you how I made mine. I took old woollen socks or stockings, and cut them in pieces lengthwise, cutting them two inches wide and as long as the sock will make them; then I ravelled them from one edge, leaving about half an inch on the other edge without raveling. When all was ravelled I took a piece of coarse cloth the size I wanted my rug, and began at the outside edge. I sewed piece after piece of the ravelled socks to the cloth, letting each piece overlap the others just enough to hide the sewing until the cloth is all covered. One can use every little piece of socks or children's stockings they happen to have, and if dyed bright colors they make handsome-looking rugs. I have a few nice pictures, among which are Vick's chromo, "Winter In-doors and Out," and "Treasures of Garden and Woodland," in frames that my husband made from some of the moulding that was left after building. I stained and varnished them myself, and they look very well.

I have a pretty little canary that a friend gave me for a Christmas present. But my plants are my pets. I have about a dozen, besides a large box of Scarlet Verbena, which is in bud.

A. R. M.



LAMP-MAT IN APPLIQUÉ WORK.

to begin; still I always feel repaid when I see everything look neat. I always try to have my table look clean and bright, and something good to eat. In my dining and sitting rooms I have bright rag-carpets



CHINESE EMBROIDERY.

Household Elegancies.

HOW INGENUITY TOOK THE PLACE OF MONEY.

"MOTHER, our lounge and chairs need recovering; they are very shabby."

"I know they are, but times are so hard we cannot afford it."

"There is that Knickerbocker we have had in the house so long; if I embroider a pretty pattern upon it will that do?"

"Yes, I think it will; we will try what we can do."

We first cut a piece long and wide enough for the lounge, upon which we basted a piece of a coarse bag, which resembled the canvas that is used in embroidering upon cloth; then I worked a pattern in three colors with common yarn. The arm of lounge, backs and seats of chairs were worked in the same style. The back and front of the lounge were covered with the same material, side or kilt plaiting, reversing the plaits at the bottom of the material. For gimp I crocheted a chain the required length, then crocheted one stitch treble into each stitch of chain, tacked it on with small-headed tacks. The chairs mother covered with an old quilt, then with embroidered covers. We had an old-fashioned bed-blanket, around which was some linen fringe, which we colored brown with Leamon's dye, sewed it around the seats of chairs, tacked on the gimp, continuing it up over the back, and they were completed, much to our satisfaction.

We next turned our attention to making a flower-stand; procured a boot-box about forty inches long, fifteen inches wide, eleven inches deep, into each corner of which we nailed round sticks taken from the wood-pile, twenty-seven inches long, and supplied them with casters. Next painted front and ends and legs dark brown. Of all kinds of fancy work I disliked paper work, but I was at a loss for something to ornament the edges of the stand, so I very humbly folded brown paper into points, and tacked a double row; the points of one row were placed up, and the other row down; between the rows I folded a square of the paper cornerwise, and took three or four plaits in the bottom and tacked them on; at the corners I made a rosette of the plaited papers, and finished with a button-mould in the middle. The front we divided into three panels by placing two rows like the border between them; pushed thick brown paper under the points to protect the panels from the lighter brown paint with which we painted the paper border. Varnished; when dry put a bouquet of decalcomania pictures in each panel and on each end. Laid dry moss on the top—of which we secured a large supply in the fall—filled it with pots (or rather fruit-cans painted brown, which are far better for plants, and much easier arranged than the old earthen pots), and it was soon a vision of loveliness, which we could wheel from room to room as fancy dictated.

The plants looked so nice in their bed of moss that we nailed a board on each window-sill, covered with moss, and put plants upon them; one window is

quite a window garden; we drove the ends of a piece of wire into the sides of the casing, thus making an arch, over which a Madeira Vine luxuriates; threads from the top of arch to the shelf support white and red Petunias; brackets on each side of window contain Air Plants and Smilax; a hanging-basket in the centre is made of an old hand-basin, has pink and white Oxalis, Harrison Daisy, and English Ivy.

So much encouraged were we by the success with which we met, we next attempted a matting for my bedroom; obtained from the stores matting that tea-chests are enclosed in, washed them—which stiffens them—and cut into ten-inch squares; bound one half of them with old black cloth, the other half with red, then stitched on the machine. Cut out of thick paper a square like the matting, then cut from the middle of paper an oak-leaf; on those that were bound with red we painted a black leaf, on those bound with black a red leaf. Sewed the squares into breadths, then laid on the floor as other matting is, and we had a lovely and durable covering for my floor, and the cost was very slight. We now launched out into an entirely new line of fancy work, that of making use of empty spools.

I had long wanted a towel-rack, so one stormy day I besought mother to help me make one; she kindly consented. First we cut from a pasteboard box a piece sixteen and three-fourths inches long and nine and one-half inches wide; now mark off one and one-half inch all around and cut out the centre. Split No. 40 spools in two as evenly as possible, and glue on the upper edge of the frame, also lengthwise; let the heads of the spools project over until the frame and body of spools are even; the second row must be placed so that the heads of the last row of spools must be in the middle of the bodies of the first row. Little spools from which twist for buttonholes had been used were placed two in each corner. Stained with black-walnut, as we did the lounge and chairs previously described. The stain is simply asphaltum made light as you wish with turpentine, and applied with a brush; ten cents' worth will last a year. For the centre of the rack I worked in large letters the initials of my name, with white worsted on red canvas. Framed as any picture with glass; a piece of board the size of the whole frame strengthens it. Take two pieces of strong wire each four inches long, bend one end over one-quarter of an inch, one inch from that make another bend, drive the short bend into the board two inches from edge; the long end that is in front must be turned up at the end; bend the other wire in the same way, then place a wooden rod upon them to hang the towels on, and it is ready to hang up in its place.

One day in looking over some rubbish I found two old iron candlesticks, which I imagined looked like some vases that I had seen. I immediately broke off the little slides, sand-papered, and painted them a light-drab color; gave them three coats, bought some small embossed pictures of flowers, and placed some around the candlestick, others on the base, and varnished.

A small bottle put into the place "where the candle ought to be," then fill with ferns and flowers. Look, behold and wonder! two beautiful vases stand-

ing on sea-foam mats, and no one would dare to insinuate before them that they had once been called candlesticks.

To finish I will describe a jardinière we made for church decoration. The base is a cheese-box cover nineteen inches in diameter; a standard twenty-nine inches high; an old umbrella divested of cover, handle, and ribs, except an inch on each side of where the braces are fastened; slip the umbrella inverted over the standard within seven inches of the base; fasten it there. A circular piece of wood three and one-half inches in diameter is crowded down the standard into the umbrella, which presses it out the required distance, thirteen inches, and is held in place by a wire. Take a piece of hoop-iron thirty-eight inches long, and wire the lower ends of the ribs firmly to it; another piece of hoop is wired to the upper ends of ribs, and is forty inches long. Fasten a piece of wire on one side of the upper hoop, pass it through a small hole made for that purpose in the standard, and fasten on opposite side of hoop. A tin bottle with the bottom melted off, cut in inch-wide strips half way to the neck, makes a pretty cup; fasten on the top of standard; bend the strip over in graceful curves. Paint all brown. Fill base and middle with moss and vines, leaving room for pots of plants in bloom, and in the top cut-flowers; be sure and have plenty of vines. It was much admired and criticised; but to no one did we impart the secret of its manufacture.

USEFUL RECIPES.

To Clean and Polish Brass.—Oil of vitriol, one ounce; sweet-oil, one-half gill; pulverized rotten-stone, one gill; rain-water, one and one-half pints; mix all and shake as used. Apply with a rag and polish with buckskin or all woollen. Rotten-stone followed by Paris white and rouge is very good also.

To Keep Lard Sweet.—To one gallon of lard put one ounce of sal-soda, dissolved in a gill of water. Do not fill your kettles more than half full, for it will foam and perhaps boil over. No other water is required than what the soda is dissolved in. When it is done it will be very clear, and will keep two years. Strain through a coarse cloth and set away.

Household Pests.—Housekeepers will be glad to learn from the *Journal of Chemistry* that hot alum-water is the best insect-destroyer. Put the alum into hot water and let it boil till all the alum is dissolved; then apply it hot with a brush to all cracks, closets, bedsteads, and other places where insects are found. Ants, bedbugs, cockroaches, and creeping things are killed by it, while it has no danger of poisoning the family or injuring the property.

Boils should be brought to a head by warm poultice of camomile flowers, or boiled white lily-root, or onion root, by fermentation with hot water, or by stimulating plasters. When ripe they should be destroyed by a needle or a lancet. But this should not be attempted until they are fully proved.



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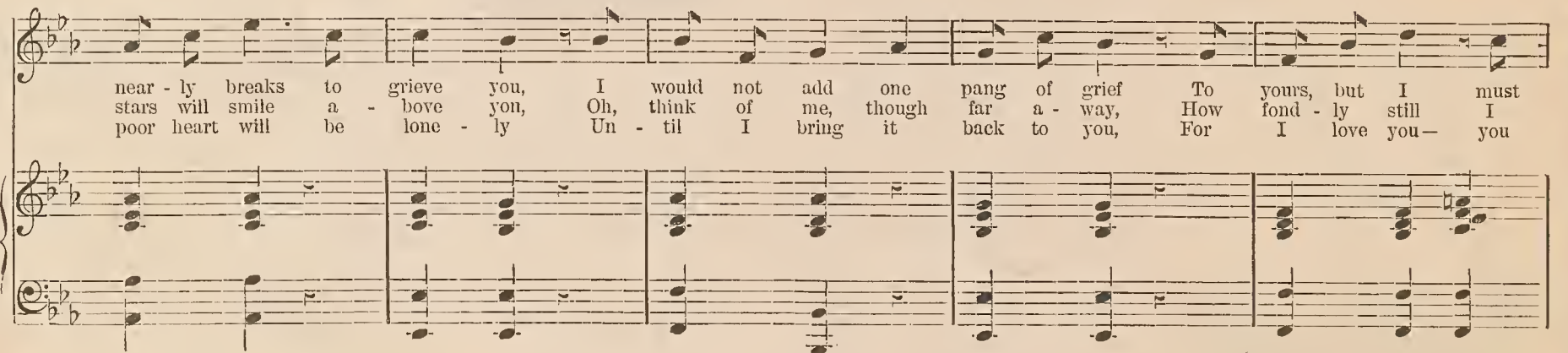
FAREWELL, BUT NOT FOREVER!

Words and Music by WILL S. HAYS.

MODERATO.



1. My own true love, my heart is sad, It
2. When sha-dows cloud the face of day, And
3. I care not when or where I roam, My



near - ly breaks to grieve you, I would not add one pang of grief To yours, but I must
stars will smile a - bove you, Oh, think of me, though far a - way, How fond - ly still I
poor heart will be lone - ly Un - til I bring it back to you, For I love you - you



leave you. These sad, sad tears a - lone can tell How hard it is to sev - er, But
love you. Be hap - py in the one sweet thought, That I'll for - get you nev - er, Of
on - ly. One kiss, then let us prom - ise, love, If I should cross death's riv - er, We'll

CHORUS.



we will one day meet a - gain - Fare - well, but not for - ev - er. Good - bye, good - bye, 'Twill
one who kissed you when he said - Fare - well, but not for - ev - er. My own sweet love, good - bye,
try and meet a - gain "up there," Fare - well, but not for - ev - er.

TENOR.
My own sweet love, good - bye, 'Twill

BASS.
My own sweet love, good - bye, 'Twill



be my fond en - deav - or, To let my heart be true to you, Fare - well, but not for - ev - er.
be my fond en - deav - or, To let my heart be true to you, Fare - well, but not for - ev - er.

THE LADIES' National Emblem

By HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

NEW YORK, JULY, 1879.

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A MURDEROUS SEA-FLOWER.

ONE of the exquisite wonders of the sea is called the Opelet, and is about as large as the German aster, looking, indeed, very much like one. Imagine a very large double aster, with ever so many long petals of light green, glossy satin, and each one tipped with rose-color. These lovely petals do not lie quietly in their places, like those of the aster in your garden, but wave about in the water, while the Opelet clings to a rock. How innocent and lovely it looks on its rocky bed! Who would suspect that it would eat anything grosser than dew or sunlight? But those beautiful waving arms, as you call them, have another use besides looking pretty. They have to provide food for a large open mouth, which is hidden deep down amongst them—so well hidden that one can scarcely find it. Well do they perform their duty, for the instant a foolish little fish touches one of the rosy tips he is struck with poison, as fatal to him as lightning. He immediately becomes numb, and in a moment stops struggling, and then the other beautiful arms wrap around him, and he is drawn in the huge, greedy mouth, and is seen no more. Then the lovely arms unclose and wave again in the water, looking as harmless as though they had never touched a fish.

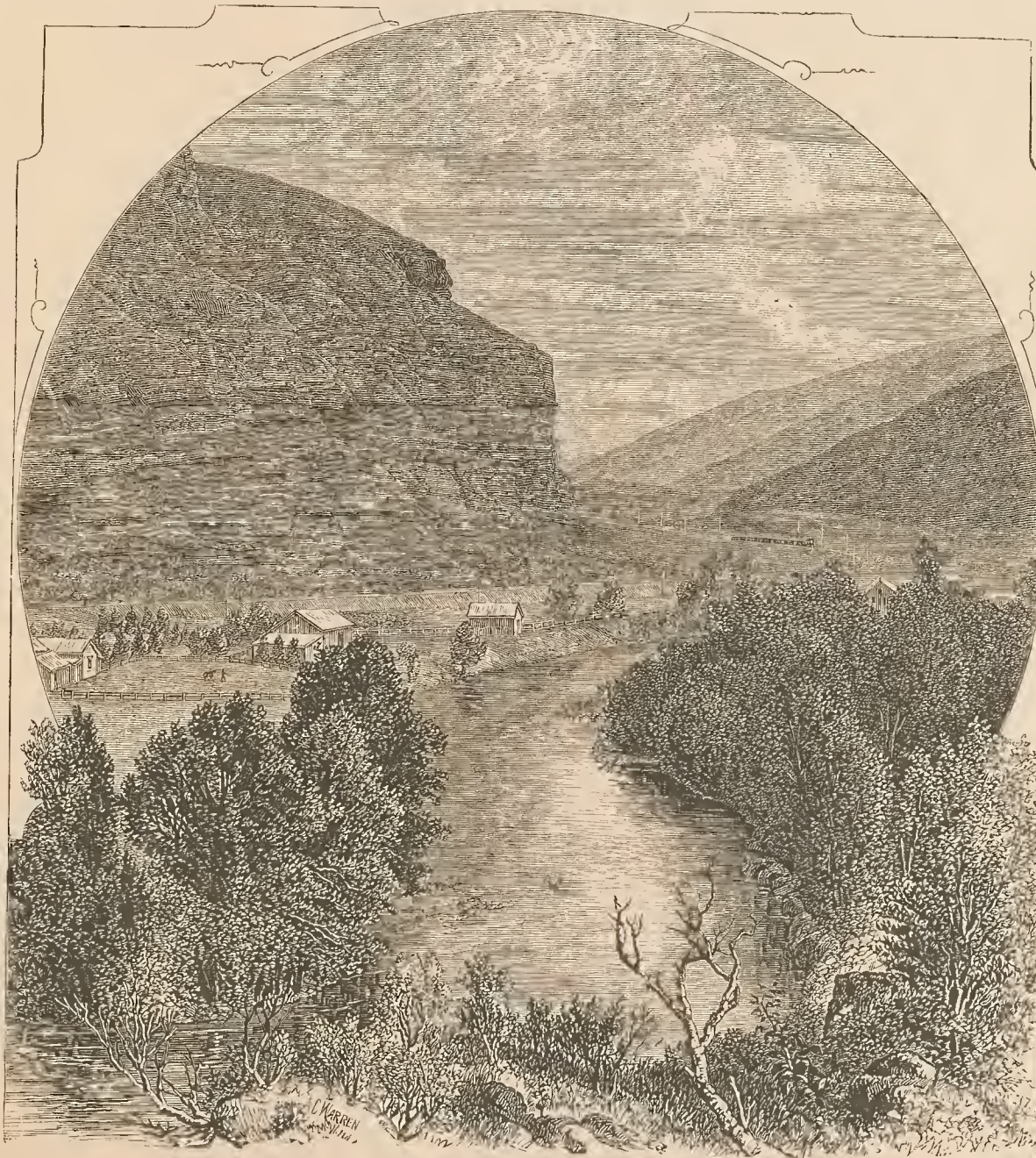
FRESH AIR.

So few houses are well ventilated that, unless provision is made for this in any given case, there

stove-pipe or chimney, if it be in cold weather. Take out a pane of glass from the upper window, place a pane of tin instead. Through the centre of this cut a hole say four inches in diameter, and onto this, in the room side of it, solder a tin elbow, with joint eight inches into the room and one foot and a half in length for the turn-up. Into the horizontal part insert a damper such as is put into stove-pipes, and you have as good a ventilator as one could ask.—*Laws of Life.*

HEIGHT OF TREES.

WHEN a tree stands so that the length of its shadow can be measured, its height can be readily ascertained as follows: Set a stick upright; let it be perpendicular by the plumb-line. Measure the length of the shadow of the tree, and at the same time measure the length of the shadow of the stick. As the length of its shadow is to the height of the stick, so is the length of the shadow of the tree to its height. For instance: If the stick is four feet above the ground and its shadow is six feet in length and the shadow of the tree is ninety feet, the height of the tree will be sixty feet (6:4::90:60). In other words, multiply the length of the shadow of the tree by the height of the stick, and divide by the shadow of the stick.



VIEW ON THE UNION PACIFIC RAILWAY—ENTRANCE TO ECHO CANYON.

will be an observable deficiency. To ensure it make one or two ventilators in the window, and in the

Floral Hints.

CARE AND CULTURE OF PLANTS.

ALL who truly love flowers, and have the facilities for taking care of them, desire to make their culture a success. Nearly all who write for the CABINET upon this subject give instructions how to successfully cultivate plants in the window and living rooms or in conservatories, but there are a great many flower-lovers who, like myself, live in lightly-constructed houses, and in our changeable climate find that they cannot safely keep tender plants in the house. I have known many beautiful and valuable collections of plants to be entirely destroyed by the first cold snap that came. Here in Middle Alabama all tender plants require a place secure from frost five months out of twelve. This is an all-important consideration.

This article is not written for those who have greenhouses, or other appliances that wealth can supply, but rather for that other and much more numerous class that we all know of. I find a pit to be the safest as well as the cheapest protection for all tender or greenhouse plants. The pit should be made on the south side of some building, so as to be protected from the north and west winds. A good size, that will accommodate a large number of plants, is 7x12 feet and 5 feet deep. My pit is well supplied with shelves, arranged like steps; the top one reaches to within about fifteen inches of the glass. It is on the south side of the house, and just underneath my parlor window, where I can see the plants growing and blooming, and enjoy them as much as if I had them in the house. It is covered with close-fitting sash, and I find that all greenhouse plants not only keep safely, but grow and bloom in my pit all winter. I have all kinds of Geraniums; many of them have not been without bloom since they were put into their winter quarters in October.

I kept my plants two winters in this same pit, but instead of sash I had close-fitting frames with coarse cotton cloth tightly stretched and securely tacked to the frames. My plants did not bloom much thus shaded from the sun, but they grew and came out in the spring in excellent condition for blooming. My pit is now (February 11) lovely. I have all kinds of Geraniums in bud and bloom; also Chinese Primrose, single white; Cyclamen, Stevia Eupatorium, Abutilon, Oxalis, Calla, Begonia Ageratum, and Camellias coming on. I had a Fuchsia Elm City laden with blooms at Christmas. These, and indeed all greenhouse plants, do equally well in my pit. My plants look even more flourishing than many that I see in greenhouses, and then I am not troubled about providing artificial heat. They get full sunlight all day—one of the essentials, I think, to successful plant-culture.

I have learned from experience that if you are not prepared to provide artificial heat for your plants, any attempt to cultivate what are by florists termed stove or hothouse plants will but result in failure. You may possibly keep them alive, but such poor homesick-looking specimens can afford you no pleasure.

My home is on a farm in the country, and I usually get the soil in which most of my plants grow from the fence-corners in a large enclosure to which all kinds of stock have access. In this enclosure is a grove of large oaks, and I find the soil that collects on the lower side of this lot is a mixture of sand, leaf-mold, and manure of various kinds, and not having been often removed, it is well rotted. I find this suited to nearly all kinds of plants; for some I add a little more sand, enough to give the soil an open, sandy appearance. I use leaf-mold and sand alone for Azaleas and Camellias. If worms are in the soil add a little wood-ashes or lime, or water the plants with lime-water. I have never been troubled with insects of any kind on my plants—have never seen a red spider; but I am not anxious to make their acquaintance.

A friend gave me a Coccoloba that was covered with the brown scale insect. I removed them from the plant with the point of a penknife, and washed the entire plant with warm soapsuds. Two or three applications and not a scale was to be found. I attribute the great healthiness of my plants and their entire freedom from insects to the humid atmosphere of my pit. Every cold morning they are as wet as if they had been in a shower, though the pit is perfectly dry; no water ever rises or drips into it. Any kind of pots may be used that suits the taste and convenience of the cultivator, as I have plants growing in glazed and unglazed pots, in cigar-boxes and in iron and tin cans, all doing equally well. I prefer pots on account of their neater appearance, and always use them when convenient, but I now have plants laden with blossoms growing in the sheet-iron cans in which gunpowder is sold. These cans hold about five gallons and are painted green. I cut them in half, punch holes in the bottom, and put in two inches of broken charcoal for drainage. Plants growing in these cans require less water, as it does not evaporate so easily. They are very good for this reason to use for hanging baskets. I have an Hibiscus that has grown in a powder-can for four years; it is near four feet high and branched like a little tree. I water all my plants when the surface soil in the pots look dry. One must learn from experience how much water to give and when the plants need it, etc., as no exact rule can be given that will apply to all plants. In my experience too much water and too frequent potting are very injurious to nearly all plants.

When it is warm enough for my plants to be taken out of the pit, I move all those that do best in full sun to the east side of the house, where they get the full morning sun, also the rains and dews; but they have entire shade all the afternoon. Since I have adopted this plan my plants are one sheet of blossoms all summer. Some plants, such as Fuchsias, Chinese Primrose, Begonia Rex, etc., like partial shade and protection from the weather; these I keep on a shaded porch where they get only an occasional ray of sunlight. Plants with me do not do well under the drip of trees, and I avoid placing them where they would be thus exposed. I plunge the pots of Camellias in partial shade, but avoid the drip of trees and do not water them often, unless there is a long spell of dry weather. In September I cut back such of

my plants as need it, and repot or give fresh soil by turning the plant out of the pot, and take off part of the ball of dirt, wash the pot in warm suds, have it well dried, and, after putting in an inch or so of charcoal for drainage, return the plant to the same pot. I sometimes take off some of the top soil and add new.

August and September I find to be a good time to get slips to grow. Geraniums I usually stick down in the edge of a pot in which plants are growing, and they scarcely ever fail to grow. Others, like Heliotrope, Fuchsias, Abutilons, Begonias, Cactus, etc., I start in dishes of pure sand, kept wet and in full sun all day; keep the sand very wet, or the slips will be injured. My cuttings root easily, scarcely ever losing one in this way. As soon as I find that they have ever so small a root, I shift them from the dish of sand into small pots. If allowed to remain too long in the sand, weak, imperfect plants are the result. Plants should be occasionally turned out of the pots, to see if the roots have become matted and need repotting. As the little plants make some growth, I nip out the bud to make them branch, and continue to pinch the ends of the branches as they make new growth. This is especially advisable with the Fuchsia, as by this plan you will have many more blooms and handsomer shaped plants. When left to grow after their own sweet will their aspirations are too lofty for the accommodations that I have for them. Chinese Primrose are best grown from seed, unless they can be had well established in pots and not have to disturb their roots. I have never been able to save one that came to me through the mail. I have flowers in abundance the year round. I usually keep a south window in my room filled with plants in bloom, but carry them to my pit for safety whenever there is any danger from cold of losing them.

MRS. J. J. J.

JONESBORO, JEFFERSON CO., ALA.

FARFUGI GRANDE.

A LADY in the CABINET wished to know about the Farfugi Grande. I have one, which was given me by a friend last autumn. It was a small root with one leaf. I kept it in the upper part of the house through the coldest weather we had in December, in a room which had no heat but from that adjoining. It was then taken down-stairs into a warm room. It grew very fast, and now has six or eight leaves.

I find it requires a great deal of water, and cannot stand the sun. I read that it is a native of low, marshy places, and that it would live out all winter. The leaves are very beautiful, as large as a large sancer.

M. P.

Preventing Seeding.—Can we prolong the life of an annual or biennial plant by preventing the perfection of the seed? CODNOR. [By constantly removing the flowers and preventing the formation of seed, the tendency is to prolong the growth, but the effect varies much in different plants, with the richness of soils, amount of moisture, degree of temperature, and other influences.]

The Garden.

GARDENS FOR CHILDREN.

GARDENS and children have a sympathy and a fellowship. We hope that the parents among our readers have been wise enough to bestow the use of a plot of ground upon each one of their children. We do not at all insist upon its being large; indeed it is better that it should be small, but let it be in a good place and well prepared. Let its beds, be they more or less numerous, be carefully laid out, and good edging of board or some other material put around them. Let the beds be small, carefully adapted to the size of the child who is to be its happy owner, so that its little arm need have no difficulty in reaching across it.

Now do not make the mistake of planting this garden before you bestow it upon your child, but when all is ready take the little ones out, assign to each their bed, and tell them they shall have it all to themselves, and plant it to what pleases them best. This last is a very important item. I heard of a little girl who moved her garden from the place first taken at the foot, to the top of a hill, and carried water up the hill all summer, simply to avoid being advised about it. All children might not show so much resolution, but I think most would have something of the feeling. Of course if they ask advice it should be given.

Now, if your children are old enough, provide them with a seed catalogue—for children the illustrated ones are probably best; tell them just how much money you can allow them for seeds, and await results. I promise you a great deal of pleasure in watching them while they are making out their lists.

Do you know what a very bewitching kind of reading these same catalogues are? Especially when you read them with the knowledge that you have the money all ready to spend as soon as your choice is made. I have sometimes thought that a judicious use of seed and plant catalogues would drive novels out of the field, for they are so very charming.

But we are wandering, and must come back to our subject. Many and busy will be the consultations the little folks will have, and mamma and papa will be appealed to again and again to help them decide. Then, too, papa must help them, if they are quite little, in writing and sending their order, and he will perhaps need some patience before the seeds come, for they will begin to expect them the day after the order is sent, and each day after, until their arrival, will ask for them.

But let him be patient; the benefit they will derive from their garden, the exercise in the open air, the knowledge of plants, and, more than all, the opening up to them of a new source of interest, which will never fail during the longest life, is worth the exercise of some, yes of a vast deal of patience. Said one who had spent a long life in the culture of plants: "It is an employment of which one never wearies, for you are always finding something new, and in the longest life will never have made acquaintance with all the treasures of the floral world."

To give to children a source of interest, and pure,

healthful, refining amusement like this, is worth a good deal of effort on our part, and the outlay of no small amount of patience, and of all the money we can afford.

There will be for those children who have pocket money another benefit. They will have some better use for their money than buying candy. A new plant for their garden, or another paper of seeds, will have such attractions that they will learn how much more may be accomplished by a wise than by a foolish use of money.

Try it, my friends, and when your little girl or boy comes running to tell you that there is a flower in their garden, don't be too busy or too tired to go with them and sympathize in their pleasure.—*From the California Horticulturist.*

A BIT OF EXPERIENCE FROM THE SOUTH.

LAST spring we had only a few plants, as we lost nearly all during the winter; but we bought some, and had a good many slips, or cuttings, given to us, and in a short time we had quite a nice start.

We have a very small, cramped yard, but we had a good long shelf put up against the fence—for we have no piazza—about two and a half feet from the ground. Here they can get sun a portion of the day, and grow very well.

Our experience with cuttings is that they root readily in clear water. Place the end of the slip—being careful to cut it just below a joint—in a bottle of water, and put some cotton around the stem at the mouth of the bottle, to prevent the water from evaporating; this also keeps the temperature more uniform. They will strike root in this way in two or three weeks, if kept on or near the window-sill in the sun. Another way is to have some good soil with a little sand mixed with it; make a hole with your finger and pour a little sand in it, and, placing the cutting in, press the earth firmly around it, not giving very much water till rooted. Again, we often put them in pots with other plants. With either of these ways we succeed very well, but not as well with wet sand; perhaps did not give it a fair trial. Last summer we raised a *Datura Wrightii* from seed; it had a very large, delicate-looking bloom, but we thought it more suitable for a garden, as it is a large, strong-growing plant.

Among our collection we have *Geraniums*, single and double, zonal and scented; *Begonias*, *Callas*, and *Lily-of-the-Valley*; *Wax Plants*; different kinds of *Joint Grass*; a *Manrandia*, which I am training to resemble a wigwam in shape, by placing a pole perpendicularly in the centre of the box, near the plant, and fastening cords from the sides of the box all round to the top of pole. I think it will be quite pretty when the cords are covered, and will not require more space than the box occupies; besides, it is easily made. It has not been protected during the winter, except being put under a shed to keep off frost. We also have a dozen or more varieties of *Cactus*, and I think them very interesting. They grow slowly, but require very little attention. We plant them in good soil, with about one-third sand and brick; break the brick tolerably fine, and mix

well. Ours are doing well, nearly all cuttings from last summer. I have one about three years old, called here the *Clove Cactus*; it has not bloomed yet, but grows compact and pretty, sending up fresh green bract after bract all winter, and admired by all. It hasn't been repotted since I have had it.

Last fall I purchased a Chinese *Primrose*, pink, and an *Eupatorium*, white. Both bloomed freely; the *Primrose* has been blooming all winter, and bids fair to continue to do so some time longer.

A LOVER OF FLOWERS.

ORANGEBURG, S. C.

A TALK ABOUT FLOWERS.

A WONDERFUL CACTUS.

I WILL first tell you about what I call my wonder of wonders. It is a large scarlet cup *Cactus*. A few years ago I wrote about it having three hundred flowers. Then we had no suitable place to keep it; but last year father built us a small conservatory, in which we placed it. It is about five feet in height, and ten feet in circumference; it is planted in a box about fifteen inches square and fifteen inches deep. It began to bloom about the first of March, and continued in bloom till the first of June; having one thousand flowers on it from the time of opening till the time of closing; and having three hundred open at once. A gentleman who called to see it, who had travelled in regions where cacti grow wild, says "that in its native country he never saw one with such a profusion of bloom." There were callers from all over the place to see it; and in talking to them about the culture of the *Cacti* I think I see why so many fail. On looking at it, invariably the question would be, "Have you planted it in sand?" No, I have it planted in good rich soil, with a quantity of cow-mannure mixed with it. I know the *Cacti* grow in sandy districts, but I do not think the temperature of our living rooms is the same as that in which the *Cacti* grow. I think that they need to be cultivated as well as other plants. And, as I have met with better success than any one I know of, I think it is good proof that my way is the better plan.

BOUVARDIA.

And here is my white *Bouvardia*. I purchased it about three years ago, in the summer; it had then but one flowering branch. I enquired how I should treat it, and was told to leave it in the pot till the next summer; you can imagine it did no good for me till then, as it had no chance of sprouting. Well, the next summer I planted it out in a bed on the north side of the house. In August, I replanted it in a pot, and broke off all the new shoots half-way back. It was sprouting beautifully, and I was beginning to conjecture to myself how pretty it would be in the winter, when there came up a great storm. As my flowers were sitting on a back porch where they caught the full force of the wind, when I ran up to see to them my *Bouvardia* was broken off nearly to the ground, and it could not recover till last summer. But the sight of it now repays me for all my trouble. It is about three feet high and full of branches. At the end of each branch is a large cluster of white flowers.

EMMA P. RESSMYDER.

Garden Hints.

OUTSIDE THE GARDEN.

AN amateur in the home-culture of flowers, who counts the years of her experience on half the fingers of one hand, who has drawn all the knowledge she has from the CABINET—what can she give back to her teacher. The success which has given us so much pleasure does not differ from that of others, who have told of it and how to obtain it better. Though our houseplants are loved and petted treasures, we cannot hope to interest you in them. We have wondered, sometimes, why we found in this FLORAL CABINET of ours so little about the floral world which lies outside of lawn and garden, as these lie outside of the window-garden and conservatory; and if you will come down in the woods with us this bright, clear morning, perhaps we can have a little pleasant chat about some of the sweet dwellers there.

Through the orchard and down the wood-road beyond, where young oaks and beeches meet overhead, and stretch away on either hand. Years ago primeval pines reigned here; grand old monarchs, when they fell, their places were quickly taken by these aliens. See how kindly Mother Nature has spread her daintiest handiwork over the great stumps, making them fitting memorials of the old forest kings. How the colors of the different mosses, lichens, and fungi brighten the dead brownness around; but not more than do the little pine-trees; bright and sturdy little princes these are, growing up from the parent roots, strong and vigorous, under the very arms of the usurpers; and the story is that by and by there will come a day when these shall fall at the feet of the young pines, which, in full possession at last of their inheritance, will grow with the century to the perfect stature of their fathers. But much we fear that meddling agriculture will possess the land long before the day of the young pines shall come. Here in spring and early summer anemones lift starry, white faces, and afterward moonwort ferns grow riotous, but no more flowers.

Farther on, over a tumbling stone wall, and we are under the pines—noble trees, though the largest trunk is smaller than a third part of some of the old stumps we have passed. Evergreens love evergreens. The lesser ones are always found in the shadow of the greater. The tree-tops, so far above us, are hardly so green as the brave little things that rise just above the finer needles under our feet. Here are several kinds of Lycopodiums, Hepaticas, Pyrolas, and Pipsissimas; spotted and creeping Wintergreen, Mitchella repens, likes to hide a little, but not deeply; pull away the brown covering and how the bright eyes laugh up in your face, from where it lies luxuriantly in its warm bed. Below that large rock, in a sudden little hollow, is the spring, full and overflowing. A long curving line of bright green in the meadow beyond shows where the "sweet, pleasant water" takes its way. And in this meadow, in the corner beyond the spring, is the paradise of violets; blue, yellow, and white; blossoming larger and fairer as spring passes into summer, and summer lengthens towards the fall. Marsh

Margolds are here too; nor do we disdain them, when we come for clumps of violets, which, planted in deep plates, will carry the spring pleasantness into close rooms.

In this smooth, clear space, Low Crenels will cover the ground in midsummer. The scarlet berries which follow the odd, changing blossoms make lovely fall bouquets; a loose bunch in a white vase, with only their own green leaves. Over there Lady-Slippers always tantalize us from under the brush and bushes, rising so gracefully on longer stalks, with pendent moccasins of deeper rose-pink the farther under they grow. Beyond the meadow is the swamp, frozen now; impenetrable in summer except with boots of masculinity. Some of our choicest summer treasures come from here—Azaleas and Callas; our own native Calla Palustinus; not to be placed beside the proud Lily of the Nile, truly, but very sweet and interesting in its own quiet way. A large plant in bowl or vase of water (with a few pieces of charcoal for sweetness' sake) will continue in bloom a long time. Blue Flags are here of course. For their own sake, we could wish that these were not so common. Yet great honor is theirs; for the sweetest song that poet ever sung for a single flower is that of the "Flower-de-luce." Resting on this high bank some bright June day, looking down to the "sluggish meadow brook," where the first blue lilies stand sweet and stately by the water's edge, it were easy to believe that the poet too was resting here, when he listened to

"The Muse, who far from crowded cities
Haunted the sylvan streams,"

fit words of greeting to the azure-winged Iris queen:

"Born to the purple, born to joy and pleasure,
Thou dost not toil nor spin,
But makest glad and radiant with thy presence
The meadow and the lin.

"The wind blows and uplifts thy drooping banner,
And around thee throng and win
The rushes, the green yeomen of thy manor,
The outlaws of the inn.

"The burnished dragon-fly is their attendant
And tilts against the field,
And down the listed sunbeam rides resplendent
With steel-blue mail and shield."

With the song on our lips it seems almost a vandal act to tear the fair flowers from their home; but we want them for our own home's adorning. So down from the mossy bank, where white violets and reddening strawberries are, towards the water's edge we go courageously, though well knowing that the royal Iris is royally guarded, and that we are not properly equipped for a tilt with her brave defenders. Alas! the drooping banners are still far beyond our reach when we stand dismayed, overpowered. The winged warriors whizz around our head. The thronging rushes, those "green yeomen," stretch out helping hands, but we know their treachery; they would draw us into the black depths from which they rise. Every tuft of grass, every black root, yields us faithless footing. The "still river" follows our steps, and its kisses are not sweet to us, as to the lilies. Standing here, we look back to the

mossy bank and think again of the poet's song. What is it he says at its closing?

"O flower-de-luce! bloom on, and let the river
Linger to kiss thy feet."

Then we look ahead at the royal Lilies, and surely they are laughing, while strange sounds come to our ears from the whispering reeds, hinting of a deeper meaning in the words than we had seen before. Had we thought that the poet said "bloom on," because, by reason of his exquisite sense of the fitness of things, he could not tear the fair flowers from their surroundings? Not at all. He had only left his rubber boots at home, and loved not that the river should "linger to kiss" his own feet. Shamed and saddened, we must retreat as best we can; but it is only to return, properly "armed" for the contest, and very soon the blue banners droop amid their green spears, in a moss-filled china bowl on our parlor table, with the dainty green and gold volumes close by, open at

"Beautiful Lily, dwelling by still rivers,"

and we know that our callers will fall into raptures of delight over them.

After the Blue Flags come the Cardinal Flowers, with their splendid dazzling beauty. Did you ever, after long and weary striving for the possession of some of these, have a strong feeling of disappointment when at last they were arranged in bouquet form? We think there are no flowers more easily spoiled. Without the right surroundings they utterly refuse to shine with the flaming brilliance which so fascinated us when first we saw them in their boggy home. We like best a pure white vase filled with the glossiest, darkest green leaves we can find, a few only drooping over the vase. Then put in the crimson spikes, one at a time, not too closely together, and place the vase on a corner-bracket or stand, where no strong light will fall on it, or else directly in a sunny window. They are lovely in a dark corner, where each tiny blossom seems to glow with double power, and dazzling bright in the sunshine. For a table ornament fill a tall crystal vase with fine white flowers; green leaves and trailing vines around the edges and Cardinals in the midst, rising high above all. These are easily transplanted, taking up the roots in early spring or late autumn. They will grow almost anywhere if given rich earth and plenty of water, but they seem sadly out of place in flower-bed or border. Put them in some hollow or corner by themselves, a good many together; or, better yet, at the foot of an old mossy stump or vine-covered rock. If the frozen roots are lifted in the winter, thawed out very gradually, then given warmth and water in abundance, they will surely think that spring has come, and begin to grow at once. Several around the fine Calla in your aquarium will leave nothing more to be desired.

On this wet bank will rise the wise heads of the preachers. Very fine they are, each erect in his gay pulpit; but the tiniest violet teaches the same lessons as truly. Here, too, are the curious Pitcher Plants, or Huntsman's Cups, with their odd umbrella blossoms. Do you know what pretty window ornaments can be made of these green pitchers. Fill a large one with water, after suspending it by strong thread above a

hanging-basket; then put in it some trailing little plant, or a few cut leaves and flowers. If kept filled with water it will last all winter. We have seen in Boston a man selling these for fifteen and twenty cents apiece, a tiny bouquet of everlasting flowers being in each pitcher.

Late in the summer we shall have flowers from this swamp, than which there are none more beautiful and fragrant among all our natives—the small purple-flowered Orchids. We shall give these a tall lava vase, with shining beech leaves, polypody Ferns, and flowering grasses among the rose-purple trusses. Here at the end of the pines grow the sweetest of all the Violets, the Bird-foot—*Viola pedata*—with its delicately-cut leaves, in such neat, compact shape; the large velvety blossoms rising above on long, graceful stems. We have counted sixteen in full bloom on a single root, with half as many buds. These take very kindly to cultivation, and thrive beautifully as petted favorites; throwing up flowers more freely, as well as larger and sweeter, than in its woods home.

Now come down to the brook; we shall find evergreen ferns there. See how those large ones bend under the weight of ice-drops. There are many set in the icy borders of the brook; and here is a perfect frond imbedded in the ice, every delicate point showing as plainly as if under glass. And see those baby-ferns, none more than three inches long, fresh and green in their mossy bed, as if this were June instead of January. We will lift a clump of the frozen moss, little ferns and all. This, with a handful of the larger ones, we will keep for a few hours in a basin of cold water; then their bright fresh beauty shall grace our tea-table. The moss on a plate; a silver vase in the centre with the larger ferns, one pure Calla in their midst, and Partridgeberry Vines, with plenty of the berries, drooping around.

Going home through the old pasture we shall see where the Bluets grow. No sheltering, shading trees for them. They must catch every ray of the spring sunshine, for they are our earliest flowers, as Arbutus passed away years ago, and is known here no longer. Bluets, too, like the Bird-foot Violets, are delightful pet plants. Last year we had a clump in a moss-bordered soup-plate which was a thing of exquisite beauty for several weeks. If transplanted early—taking up enough earth to fill a shallow pan or tray—they will bloom steadily for months. They like a good deal of water, but they are very patient under a course of careless neglect. Bluets, Eye-brights, Innocence, Dwarf Pinks, the tiny flowers are called by many names; *Houstonia cerulea*, the botanist says “Dwarf Pink,” is simply absurd. Of the others Dr. Gray says: “The French Canadians call them Bluets, but in the States they do not seem to have got any one well recognized popular name, to which they have a clear title. Innocence is one which they may share with many a simple flower. Eyebright is not bad; but it belongs to a very different blossom, which is rare in this country. Bluets is an importation, but it is coming into use, and is preferable to the others. But *Houstonia* itself makes as nice a common name as *Magnolia*.” Of course this is a dictum indisputable, yet we cannot help thinking that “*Magnolia*,” which belongs to

a superb tree, would not be quite so euphonious if given to a “wee bit” blossom on an inch-high stalk. We wish that Eyebright had not been condemned; but if “Bluet” is allowable, Bluets they shall always be to us, though they are hardly blue enough to warrant the name, as some have not even a tinge, and those that are deeply colored when they first open usually fade to pure white in the sunlight. The tiny blossoms, each with a golden star in its centre, rise on stems from one to four inches high; sometimes in clumps, where the stems are set as thickly as the blades of grass around them. We have read of the little plant covering yards of ground with this dense growth. Here we usually find the flowers scattered in the grass, not far apart but separate, each little branching stem by itself, and it must be the bluet which grows in this way that has been linked with the stars of heaven, to teach one of life's noblest lessons:

“The starry flower, the flower-like stars that fade
And brighten with the daylight and the dark,
The Bluet in the green I faintly mark.

EVA MAY.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IN the March number, 1876, I find this, in speaking of rooting plants: “*Bryophyllum* requires even less pains, as new plants will form on the edges of a leaf hung up, which may then be repotted.”

The enclosed leaf will grow in that way, or by putting in ground with edges of leaf exposed. It is from a plant with straight grayish-green stalk, seldom, if ever, branching; no blossoms; can be set out in the ground during summer; growing rapidly. We call it Air Plant. Please tell me if it is *Bryophyllum* or what.

This is the third year I have taken the CABINET, and I intend to be a *life-subscriber*, for I cannot keep house without it.

LORA MYRNE.

ROCKFORD, ILL.

ANSWER.—The leaf is certainly *Bryophyllum*. It is the peculiarity of the plant to produce buds from the edges of the leaf. No other plant has this power, so far as we know.

In next FLORAL CABINET please tell something of the management of “*Hoya*,” or Wax Plant. I have one the branches of which are three or four yards long; has a few blooms, but no leaves, except at the bottom. Should it be cut back?

A Calla Lily, which bloomed profusely two years ago, has not bloomed since. What must be done with it?

I find your FLORAL CABINET very useful and instructive. Respectfully,

B. B. W.

BIG LICK, ROANOKE CO., VA.

ANSWER.—Do not think of cutting back your Wax Plant; it is probably doing well. The Wax Plant is very peculiar in its habit of growth; in some respects like the Cacti. It has a season of very rapid growth, during which it sends out long cord-like processes, which attain a very considerable length without showing any sign of leaf or bud. They are of a dark reddish-brown, and have a very

singular appearance; after a little the leaf-buds show themselves, and unfold in thick glossy pairs. During this season of rapid growth it needs to be well watered and have plenty of sunshine until the flowers appear, which is usually about midsummer. The fact that your plant has leaves only at the bottom only means that the leaf-buds have not yet formed. The growth of the stem is much more rapid than the production of the leaves.

The flower-buds appear at the bottom of the leaf-stalk. Be careful not to break off the flower-stalk when the flowers have fallen, as the same stem will produce flowers for several years—a fact not generally known. When the flowers have fallen the plant relapses into a state of rest, and through the winter it may be left without fear in any room where it will be secure from frost. In February it generally begins to wake from sleep, and it then needs more air, warmth, and water.

Your Calla has probably become crowded for room, or needs more water; immerse the pot in a tub of tepid or quite warm water about to the brim, and let it have plenty of sunshine.

MRS. JENNIE DUNCAN, BURGETTSTOWN, PA.—
The leaf sent is White Jessamine.

Should Ferns have ventilation at bottom of Wardian case?
SOPHIA A. HOMER.

HANCOCK, IND.

ANSWER.—No; Ferns in Wardian case need only to have the glass raised once or twice in a month.

Will you please tell me how to treat an Irish Wallflower.
MRS. H. J. FLEURY.

ROUSE'S POINT, N. Y.

ANSWER.—The seed of Wallflower should be sown in the spring, in the first warm weather, in open border. It will bloom in the spring following. In the climate of New York it should be kept in a cold-frame through the winter. Choice kinds are propagated by cuttings. Seeds cannot be depended on to bring the same variety. The plant is a native of Southern Europe. It grows among rocks and upon old walls; hence its name. The colors vary from light orange and brown to deep blood color, running through innumerable shades. It needs rich loamy soil, and not too much water, but a moist atmosphere.

MISS EVA BELDEN.—Try charcoal dust about the roots of your roses. If they still languish, smoke them with tobacco to destroy insects, and repot in good rich loam, giving good drainage, that the soil do not sour. It often saves a rose to cut back severely.

MRS. T., MONTREAL, CANADA.—Your Geranium trusses should be large if the plant is vigorous. Has it not been injured by insects? Some flies attack only the flower-bud, and do not touch the leaves; perhaps this has been the explanation of the failure of your flowers. Try treating the first buds to a little tobacco-water, and watch closely.

Floral Miscellany.

TO A ROSE-BUSH.

[On receipt of the CABINET Premium, "Duchess of Edinburgh," by mail.]

DARLING little rose-bud,
Peeping out between
Little shining leaflets
Of the brightest green—

Lovely little rose-bud,
I shall watch with care
Till you are a blossom,
Fresh and sweet and fair.

Naught shall mar my rose-bud,
For I've just learned "How
To Destroy Insects,"
And, I tell you now,

Not a single rose-slug,
Nor an aphid sly,
Shall molest my rose-bud ;
If they do, they'll die.

GROWING PANSIES.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "Can you tell me how to grow Pansies, and be sure of success? I have a perfect passion for them, and always fail with them. Have tried to make them grow and bloom half a dozen times, and am ready to give up. Isn't there some 'knack' about it which belongs only to certain persons? I have followed directions carefully, and always with the same result. The seeds grow, but the plants are weak, and generally die before they blossom."

It does seem as if some persons had a peculiar "knack" for making certain flowers grow. But generally, when you come to enquire into the matter you find that they have found out the conditions necessary to a healthy growth of the plant they succeed with, while others fail, and that is really the secret of their success. I used to experience the same trouble with Pansies that my correspondent does. I tried growing them in shade, as recommended. I tried this location and that one, and a few poor flowers was generally all the satisfaction I got for time and labor expended. I began to think I lacked the "knack" of growing pansies, and gave up trying. One day a friend went a mile or two into the country and came back with some of the loveliest Pansies I ever saw. They were very large, and no two seemed to be alike. They were in all shades of purple and yellow, and were marked with black and maroon and pure white. "You ought to see them in the bed that these came from," said my friend. "I never saw anything like them." On enquiry I found that an old German woman grew them. Knowing that the Germans are very fond of them, and are successful in growing them, I determined to visit this old lady and see if I could find out what her "knack" was. The next day I drove to her place, and interviewed her. She told me that she always started her Pansy-seed in the house, in rich earth, early in March. She took pains to have

the young plants get plenty of sunshine and air, so that they would not become weak and spindling. By the time the ground was warm they were large, fine plants, and in a short time would begin to blossom. She made the soil mellow, but not over-rich, and chose a spot where the hot sunshine of midday would not strike them. But she did not believe in having them shaded entirely. In that case they were apt to make a straggling growth, but would have few flowers. They wanted plenty of air, and unless they could have it they would mildew and become unhealthy. She never had any trouble in making them grow, and always had fine flowers. Every year she raised new plants, as she thought they blossomed better than old ones. This year's plants would have the largest flowers, but next year they would blossom more profusely, and at the end of the season she threw them away.

I have tried her plan, and have no trouble with Pansies now.—*Exchange.*

CACTI.

MY love and admiration of nature's beauties have for years past led to the cultivation of many rare and lovely plants. Of my success with some I should like to give a brief account, hoping the slight information may be of benefit to some floral friend. I have long entertained a strange fancy for the Cacti family, and having loved and cared for them so many years I feel that I must bring them first into notice—a notice which they well deserve.

There is a large Cereus family. The Grandiflora (or Night-blooming Cereus) is the general favorite; but not so with me. True it is a fine Cactus, growing yards in one season, and can be trained on a trellis and lapped about like a serpent. I do not find they require to be almost starved for water to cause them to bloom, as some persons assert. On the other hand, they make much larger and stronger plants by watering well through the summer. In this climate (Northern Louisiana) we have long droughts in the heat of summer, when the very atmosphere becomes so dry that, in order to have our plants flourish, they must be watered and sprinkled often.

My Grandiflora blooms beautifully every season, to the admiration of my neighbors. The flower is closed by morning, never more to open.

The Quadrangularis and Triangulis are both fine Cereus. The former grows wonderfully tall. Mine being of such an immense height, it was placed in the yard and fastened in places to the house. The passers-by gazed in amazement at the tall green plant with such wonderful spines. Its flowers open at night also. The bloom of the Triangulis surpasses that of the Grandiflora; unfortunately, it closes by morning light, as if too delicate for the rude glare of day. Any one desiring to cultivate a Cereus for the beauty of the plant should immediately order the Serpentinus. It produces a beautiful fruit, which of course adds much to its otherwise attractive appearance.

There are many low-growing Cacti as fine, and more easily cultivated, than the tall varieties, since they require no support. The Epiphyllums have the

loveliest flowers; but to bloom well they should be grafted on a Cereus, which can be done by splitting the Cereus half in two for about two inches; then place your Epiphyllum between the halves, and close them by wrapping cord around tight enough to hold them in place. The Echinocactus, Mammillaria, Orange, and Melon are exceedingly interesting; some having fruit, others bright red berries, much resembling the Turkey berry. There is much I could say about the Cacti of Texas—growing wild over portions of that vast State. Some varieties may well compare with the green-house pets. The Cereus Cespitosus ranks first. It does not grow more than a foot high, and in shape greatly resembles a corn-cob. It is literally covered with small white spines. Echinocactus Horizontalis spreads out like a large pine-cushion, and is ornamented with thick crooked spines. Their flowers are very attractive, since they open by daylight and remain in bloom some time. The Echeverias are much admired here. Why is there so little mention made of them in the CABINET? They are so easily grown, and flourish like a house-leek in our dry, warm climate. In the latter part of summer the Metallica Echeveria puts up four or five tall stalks, which in the fall are loaded with small, wax-like flowers. To know how exquisitely lovely these flowers are one's own eyes must behold them. A feeble pen can convey but a faint idea of their singular beauty. The Sanguinea has fine foliage. The Secunda is very pretty for filling spaces in large jars or boxes, with tall plants in the centre. I wonder if any lady reader of the CABINET has ever tried to cultivate a Bonapartea Juncea. They are very rare and ornamental, belonging to the family of Century plants, yet greatly unlike them; so much more graceful and delicate in growth, the long, slender foliage drooping from every side like a fountain. They can be grown in pots and kept in the green-house, pit, or window, wherever your fine plants are wintered.

Pressed Leaves.—A good way to arrange autumn leaves and ferns is to stitch or pin or iron them on with thin mucilage to a strip of lace of suitable width, and with it border lace or muslin window curtains and lambrequins. This confines them so they will not easily be broken, and the light falling through brings out the colors finely, and the whole produces a charming effect. An invalid of our acquaintance decorates her room by twisting the stems of autumn leaves on fine wire as milliners do artificial flowers, twining the sprays about walls, windows, and pictures, like vines.

Select Tender Roses.—The prize for the finest collection of tender roses of twelve varieties at the exhibition of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society a year ago was for the following sorts: Belle Lyonnaise, Bon Silene, Catherine Mermet, Climbing Devonensis, Climbing Hermosa, Gloire de Dijon, Maréchal Niel, Isabella Sprunt, Niphetos, Pauline Labonté, Souvenir de la Malmaison, and Triomphe de Rennes.

Iron for Flowers.—Work iron-filings and iron-chips in the soil of your flower-beds, and you will add greatly to the bright rich coloring of flowers.

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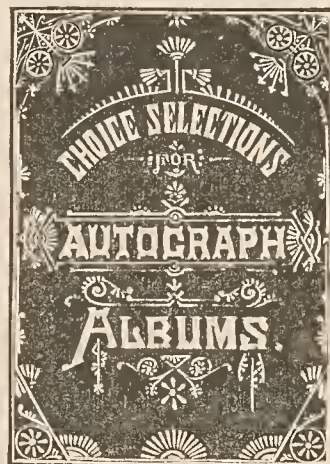
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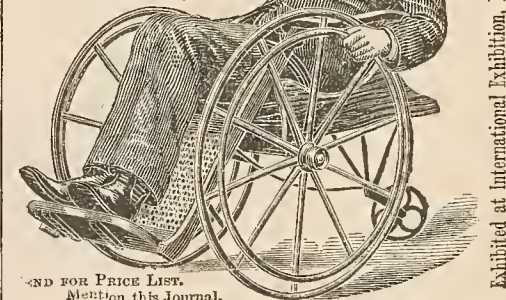
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NEW YORK, JULY, 1879.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE MONTH.

On page 11 is a splendid illustration of scenery on the Union Pacific Railroad. This view is of the immense rock at the opening to Echo Cañon, and is called Bromley's Cathedral. The railroad track winds immediately under it, and passes eastward through a cañon whose wall of rock rises from 500 to 800 feet high, of immense size and perpendicular form. It is the most noted point of scenery along the route.

Upon page 9 is a pretty little sketch of the *Deutzia crenata flore pleno*. Most of our readers are familiar with its name, but few possess it in their gardens. It should be everywhere in the yards of every country home. It flowers early in the spring most profusely, and is an ornament of great beauty.

Upon this page is also a sketch of an English flower-garden, where a mound has been selected of immense size to display bedding plants and those of beautiful foliage.

Upon page 12 are designs to use in *Java Canvas Work*—borders, corners, etc.

Upon page 13 are sketches of scenery in St. Augustine, Florida; the upper view being a scene along the beach, the centre is a tropical garden, and the lower scene one of the gates of entrance to the city.

ORANGE FLOWERS.

THIS beautiful evergreen is found in every civilized country where the climate is favorable, and in colder countries it is the cherished ornament of the hot-house. It flourishes in the most southern limits of the United States, largely in Florida, and to a considerable extent in Mississippi and Louisiana,

south of the lakes. In Mississippi and Louisiana they are favored by the lakes tempering the cold north winds. There seems but little difference between these States in their favorable localities. However, the tree requires delicate cultivation and studied treatment. About the year 1816 oranges were introduced as ornaments to the States by the French. In 1830 an orange-tree in a box, in bloom, brought 400 francs, and about this time some attention was paid by horticulturists, and blooming trees in boxes were sold at from 50 to 100 francs in New Orleans.

The time of flowering is from the beginning of February until April 10, in healthy trees; unhealthy ones are found in bloom sooner or later. The last week of February finds most of the trees blooming. The petals remain on the flowers for about two weeks. Unfavorable conditions shorten the time. The humidity of the atmosphere materially affects the flowers—when too wet the pollen heads are injured and the secretions are imperfect. Dryness has a similar effect on the pollen and nectar, but does not affect the secretion of oil. When the temperature is too low but few flowers are fructified, the oil-cells are limpid and no nectar is secreted. The most favorable temperature is about 68 deg. to 76 deg. F. Under 60 deg. F. flowers are blighted. When the busy bee is found collecting the nectar the conditions are favorable for the development of flowers and fruit, and then the flowers contain their most agreeable odor.

An ordinary tree will yield from two to ten pounds of flowers, ordinarily about seven. As soon as the petals begin to fall a canvas is spread under the tree and by brisk shaking the petals will fall, with some leaves, which are easily separated. The time when flowers are most fragrant is early in the morning, and late in the day the odor is greatly diminished. Prior to the late conflict negroes collected and sold orange petals in New Orleans. A tea-saucer full (about 2 ozs.) was measured out, put upon a china plate and set in the room, for which the negro received about 50 cents. From two to three plates would perfume a room for a week. Orange flowers produced in the extreme southern borders are believed to possess a stronger odor and more oil. The difference is accounted for in this manner: In the tropics and semi-tropics the trees do not begin to bear very much until about twenty years old, while in this country they begin at about seven. The development is more rapid, the tree more vigorous, and it is reasonable to suppose a better development of odor in the flower. The writer was informed by an orange-grower who had made extensive observations in different countries and fully confirmed this supposition. The flowers are more fragrant and the fruit more juicy, but not so sweet as in some other countries.

The writer made several experiments with orange flowers. When placed in the direct sunlight, in the course of two days they lose all their odor. In diffused daylight they retain it for at least three days, and in a dark, humid atmosphere the odor is quite distinct after one week. When bruised, they lose their odor in half of the time stated. The writer has no means for experimenting as to amount of volatile

oil, but he believes that the better plan for the pharmacist is to have the petals hermetically sealed and to make his preparations direct.

Orange-flower water is one of the most agreeable vehicles for nauseous medicines that we have, and when the pharmacist can make fresh preparations they will be fully appreciated and the expense will not be greater. The syrup of either flower or fruit has no superior, especially the syrup of the fruit. A honey collected from orange flowers is very fragrant with the orange odor. The flowers, placed in tin cans and sealed up, are known to have retained their odor unimpaired for nine months. As a perfume they have no equal. To sit under a tree when in full bloom is delightful, the fragrance intoxicating. If any one has made the syrup of orange from the fresh juice of the fruit and used it, he will not want to use any more which is made from simple syrup and a few drops of the oil of the rind.—*Villa Gardenier*.

PRUNING THE OLEANDER.

THE oleander is certainly one of the best hard-wooded plants we have got for bearing trimming. If the points of the shoots are injured with the frost, cut them back to healthy wood, even if it be to the old wood of the plant, as from it fresh shoots will start in abundance. I often see large, straggling-growing plants of oleander, set out in conspicuous positions, that look anything but attractive. If they were compact they would be very beautiful. By a judicious use of the knife there is no need of poor-shaped plants, as they will bear with impunity cutting into shape, if it is done before the plants start into growth in the spring. When the growths have started, some one or two may probably start stronger than the others, taking the lead. These should be pinched and kept in check, so that more strength may be concentrated in the others, and a better form given to the plant.

As is well known, the successful flowering of this plant depends upon thoroughly ripening of the young wood; therefore this should be well attended to. Our climate is well adapted for the successful flowering of this plant. When it is kept out-of-doors during the summer, the young wood gets well ripened before the time for housing it. When it is wanted to flower during the summer months, the cellar of the cool-house is the best place for it; but it requires, when in a cool temperature, to be kept rather dry at the roots, or else the shoots may damp and the foliage get soft. Bring the plants gradually to the light in the spring; if brought from the dark and placed at once where the sun may strike hard upon them, the leaves are apt to get browned and drop off, which should be guarded against, as evergreens of any kind denuded of their leaves are left in a very weakened condition.

M. MILTON.

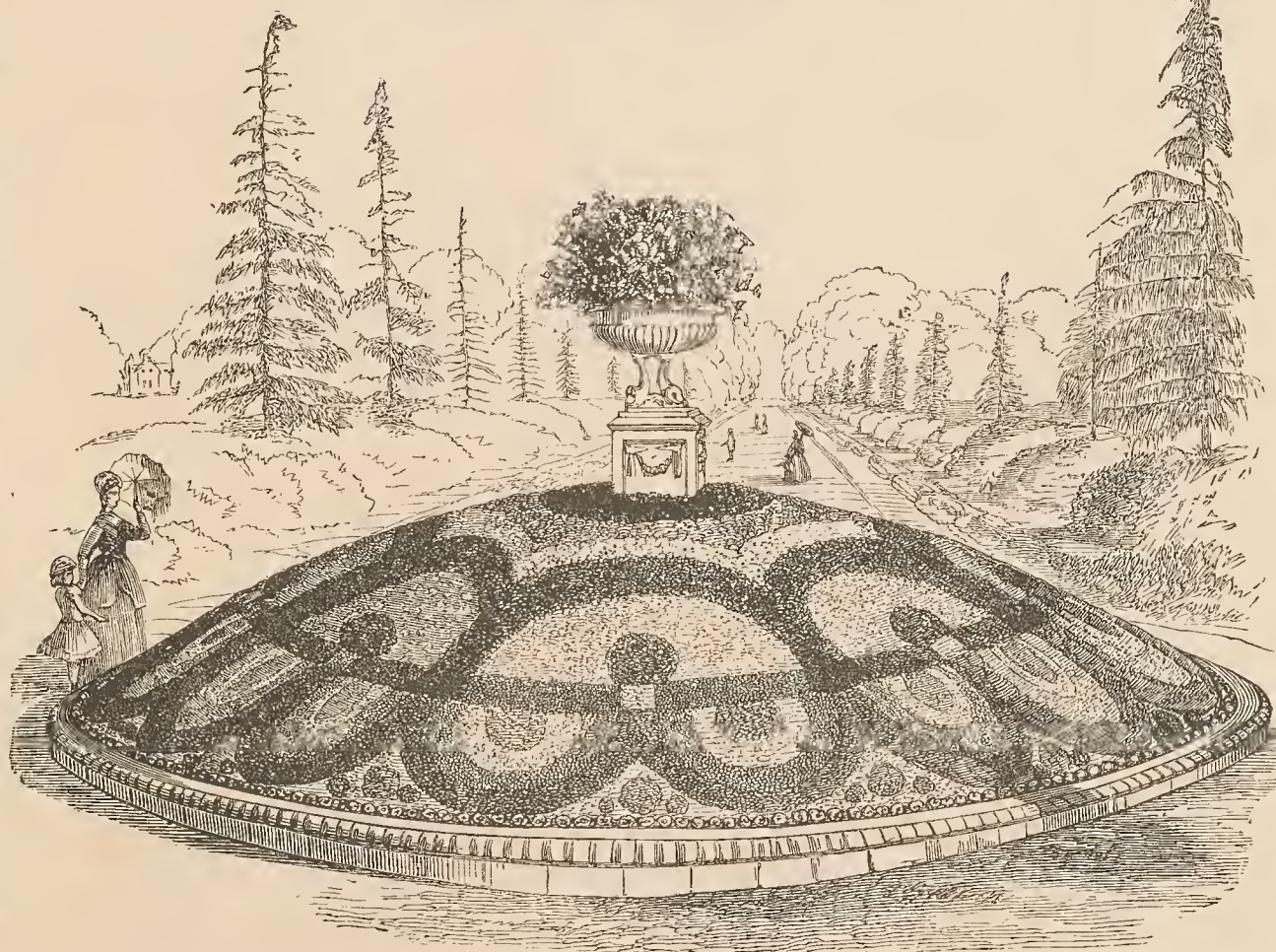
To keep a Lawn Fresh and Green.—Put on frequently a slight sprinkling of salt or bone-dust, or superphosphate, or any good fertilizer. When the soil is soft, run the roller over it; it helps the appearance greatly. The application of a little ground gypsum will also freshen up the grass.

FLOWERS FOR WINDOW BOXES.

WHEN you have filled your box with earth you can select your plants, if you have not already done so. What do you want? Plenty of flowers? Then I advise you to use Geraniums. Get Master Christine for pink, General Grant for scarlet, Rose Rendatler for salmon. If you want a double one, and they are very fine for summer flowers, and your box is expected to have fulfilled its mission by the time frost comes, get Gloire de Nancy, bright scarlet, very double and profuse; Mad. Lemoine, bright rose, or Asteroid, soft crimson. But I do not advise you to get all of these. I only named those I consider the best for the purpose. I would select the color I preferred from them, but would not mix scarlet and pink and salmon together. I think you will find the effect much more satisfactory if you confine yourself to shades of the same color, as, for instance, Master Christine for the centre of your garden, flanked by Mad. Lemoine. You want a harmony of color, and you cannot have this if you blend scarlets and pinks together. Among the Geraniums I would put Heliotropes. They are profuse bloomers, and so very fragrant that they are indispensable. Their lavender tints will harmonize perfectly with your pink Geraniums. If you want Fuchsias, plant them next the window, where the other plants will shade them. Get Aurora, or Arabella, pink and white varieties, blossoming profusely, and furnishing a shade of color that will blend perfectly with your Geraniums and Heliotropes. At the outside edge of the box put slips of some trailing plant, like Moneywort or Kenilworth Ivy. They will soon cover it with their luxuriance, and hide its roughness from the eyes of outside spectators. At the ends put tubers of the Madeira Vine or roots of German Ivy. Or you can plant seeds of Morning-glories, which will be prettier



DEUTZIA CRENATA FLORE PLENO



AN ENGLISH FLOWER-MOUND.

than either Madeira Vine or Ivy. Then scatter some Mignonette seed over the batch among your plants, and—wait.

Before the vines at the ends get much of a start, you must make some sort of a trellis for them. You can fasten a square frame to the top of the window and stretch twines from the box to it, if you can afford nothing better. In a short time it will be hidden, and then you will be as well satisfied with it as if it had cost you two or three dollars—perhaps better.

You must be sure to give plenty of water; for, being so exposed to the air, the box of earth will dry out rapidly. Water at evening, giving the plants a good sprinkling. You will be surprised at the amount of bloom you get. The Geraniums, Fuchsias, and Heliotropes will make your window bright through the entire season, and the Mignonette will make your room sweet as nothing else but Mignonette can, and the Morning-glories—you know what they can do if they try; and if you don't let them dry out at the roots they will do their best, and wreath your window with their vines and flowers from June to October.

Such a garden is inexpensive, and affords a vast amount of pleasure. A box of the size I have named will accommodate from ten

to fifteen plants handily, exclusive of the vines and Mignonette. But I would prefer ten to fifteen. They will be all the finer through the latter part of the season for having plenty of room. A great mistake is made in crowding a large number of plants into the box to begin with, and attempting to make a satisfactory show at the start. Give the plants time and they will satisfy you. If you use too many you dwarf the whole, and lose the luxuriance, which is so attractive.

If you want a window-garden of "foliage plants," put a Cana in the centre, and Coleus and Centaurea to fill in about it.—*Exchange.*

Household Elegancies.

HOW WE MADE OUR HOME PLEASANT.

WE live in the country and follow the profession of teaching, which allows but little time for house-decorating; nevertheless we find some spare moments, and we endeavor to improve them. At first we boarded—my husband, Consin Dell, who teaches music in our school, little Daisy, our baby, and myself—but finally concluded that between us we could manage to keep a small house. So my husband procured one, a cottage with four rooms, with dining-room and kitchen attached. How we planned to make our nest cosy! Saturdays found us at the cottage tacking down carpets, hanging pictures, and getting everything ready for us to take possession. Finally, the day for us to begin our new work arrived. How happy did I feel when my first supper passed off charmingly! We had four rooms to make comfortable, and we wished to do it with as little expense as possible. We started with the parlor, which does the service of music-room and library. We carpeted the floor with white matting, spreading a bright rug wherever it was necessary. We then turned our attention to the windows. These we draped with white lace curtains over maroon chintz, which renders the room dark and cool in summer and warm and cosy in winter. Our piano cover was maroon embroidered with gold, so it corresponded nicely with our curtains and the gilt frames around our pretty chromos, the largest of which hangs over our mantel. We festooned our pictures with hanging moss which drapes so gracefully the cypress-trees on the banks of our Southern rivers.

We place our books in a large case made for them. The case is made with a cornice over the top, underneath this we confine a lace curtain to fall over the books, and when it is looped back the pretty bright volumes peep out as if to invite us to come and search within their leaves and become wise. But no time for that until our fernery has been described. Guess where it is? In no less place than the fireplace. Every Southern country housekeeper will understand what I mean by a fireplace; they are generally considered the test of a housekeeper, so of course, as beginners, we wanted something nice for ours. We first thought to make a pretty spatter-work screen, but as my husband is averse to having a closed fireplace, we went to work with a good will to transform this black, ugly chimney into a thing of beauty.

Cousin Dell with the school-girls started for the woods with the children's little wagon and a spade. They took up large groups of beautiful ferns and mosses in their own black dirt, while I put in readiness their future home. I whitewashed the back and sides, also the hearth, put away the andirons and tongs, and everything was ready when the girls returned with the lovely captives, the ferns and mosses.

We made a bed of the black dirt three inches deep, on this we placed the most beautiful groups of ferns, being careful to conceal the dirt with a covering of green moss. Several times during the warmest days we would give them refreshing showers of water.

The ferns grew very rapidly; some of them spread their leaves far up the chimney. Of course some of them died out, but so many young ones unfolded their delicate leaves we hardly missed the yellow ones that we pulled out. We felt quite fond of our fernery when we listened to the exclamations of delight from our admiring friends. When we look around we can see our pretty camp-chair, comfortable rockers and lounge, with bronze vases filled with bright flowers culled from our yard, and a beautiful silver card-stand on the mantel. Our centre-table, on which is placed a glass stand of flowers, was arranged by the skilful hands of my fair cousin. She made a ground-work of Geranium leaves and fine grasses; trailing around the sides are the feathery Cypress vines; half hidden under the shadowy grasses may be seen blush Rose-buds, delicately tinted Pinks, and snowy Daisies. Around this stand on the table lie some of the latest journals and monthlies, among them the much-read and loved FLORAL CABINET.

After the parlor comes my room. It is also my husband's study. It is furnished with a cottage set of furniture; a pretty carpet on the floor, though it is not a new one; small pictures on the wall, as we chose the largest for the other room. But the crowning attractions of this particular apartment are the baby's crib and our desk. This desk was made by a design planned by my husband. It contains at the back three shelves for books, each one smaller than the other. On the top is placed the most beautiful wall-pocket I ever saw. It was made by a lady friend in Pennsylvania. It is trimmed with leather-work made in the shape of grape-leaves. On the front is arranged a large bunch of grapes surrounded by leaves in the form of a large leaf. It has a group of leaves and tendrils on each of the four corners. This with a nice bright student's lamp and a large easy rocker finishes the room.

Now for the crib, or, as Daisy calls it, "tibble house." It is tall and has rockers on a little form made for it, so my carpet is not worn out, and the crib rocks without the usual noise and strain. I think so many mothers have been injured by stooping over rocking a heavy, unhandy cradle. 'Tis my delight to keep the crib looking cheerful and inviting to our little cherub. It is always dressed in white coverlids. In summer I keep it completely covered with white netting looped at each end of the crib, and Daisy is not satisfied until I pin a "bota of fowers" where it is looped.

Cousin Dell's room is a little home within itself. A nice new carpet, white curtains over green, instead of the usual paper shades. She bought six yards of green calico tacked on the inside of her curtain, so she could raise her windows without tearing her shades. Her washstand is of our own manufacture. A goods-box is turned up on the end, a white curtain to fit around it; on the top is a cover made of linen trimmed with white bands. Over the washstand is a wall-protector made of the same dark linen. It is divided into two pockets, one in which she keeps her comb and brush, the other that of our little cousin, who boards with us and rooms with her. Between the pockets she stitched a division just large enough for a tooth-brush handle, one for her side and one for the little girl's. In the middle of this hangs a pincushion of green worked with white, with a

large German D in the centre. On each end is a little hairpin case made of white perforated board, worked with green and marked with her initial to correspond with the cushion. Above this hangs her mirror, by the side of that is her watchcase, which is the 'cutest thing imaginable. It is made of zephyr-work. It is to look at simply a spray of flowers, but, on closer examination, under a rose you will find a little case for a tiny watch.

The Roses and buds are red and the leaves and tendrils green. Everybody laugh when they find out how useful the pretty little ornament is. Cousin Dell has her walls beautifully decorated with pictures, which she adorned with the airy grasses common in our old fields. Our fourth room is twin sister to Cousin Dell's; but it is occupied by two boarders, school-girls, and of course has not the little ornaments which particularize the room of a refined grown lady.

Now, our four rooms are very comfortable and pleasant, and though they are elegant we are happy, and think many other people, who say they cannot be literary and housekeepers, too, should adopt our plan. Though they cannot do as well as those who do nothing but attend to their household affairs, let them do all they can—have an hour set apart for each particular duty—and I dare say school-teaching and housekeeping can be very well combined.

EASTERN CAROLINA.

Homemade Scrap-Book.—Pretty scrap-books can be made of old print starched stiff and cut into sheets the size you wish, and the pictures pasted on with boiled starch. The remains of the picture-books which will accumulate in the best regulated families of children, are capital for this purpose, and the scrap-books will bear a good deal of rough usage. If you have nice pictures, really beautiful books can be made by using linen or cambric for the leaves. One before me now, which was made for a weary little invalid, has large leaves of gray cambric doubled, and the edges turned in and stitched together. The pictures are of all sorts and sizes; some steel engravings from old volumes of the *Lady's Book*; some beautifully colored ones from the *London News* almanacs; some floral chromos from the catalogues, and a few scrap pictures proper bought for the occasion. The covers are of stiff cardboard, covered on both sides with the same cambric. Pictures are pasted on the insides of the covers, and on the outside of the upper one is a wreath of small flowers and leaves, surrounding the letters of the child's name and the date. The covers are bound with blue ribbon, and sheets and covers are fastened together with bits of blue ribbon put through eyelet holes worked in each, and tied in a bow and ends. These can be untied, and extra sheets added at any time. If you have not pictures enough for a scrap-book, you can take a strip of cambric or stiff print, about eight inches wide and as long as you like, and paste pictures all over one side. Fasten one end by tiny tacks to a round stick, and the sheet can then be rolled into small compass and put into a cover. The cover to the last one I made was of pasteboard, joined together to form a roll and covered with gilt paper.

The Household.

USEFUL RECIPES.

Pulled Bread.—Take from the oven an ordinary loaf when it is about half baked, and with the fingers, while the bread is yet hot, quickly pull the half-wet dough into pieces of irregular shape about the size of an egg. Do not attempt to smooth or flatten them—the rougher their shapes the better. Set them upon tins and place in a very slow oven, and bake to a rich brown. This forms a deliciously crisp crust to eat with cheese, milk, or cream.

Kentucky Corn Cake.—Take one quart of corn-meal and two tablespoonfuls of common wheat flour (not prepared); add salt to taste, and mix thoroughly with a sufficient quantity of buttermilk to form a batter. Next melt a heaping tablespoonful of lard, stir it with the batter well, and bake on a hot griddle, pouring them thin. By this recipe the full flavor of the corn-meal is obtained, unmixed with the taste of molasses, which many people mistakenly deem necessary to cause the cakes to bake brown.

Buckwheat Cakes.—Take one-half teacupful of good yeast and stir the cakes at night, adding a spoonful of molasses in the morning. Bake from two to four more than are eaten; while hot, pour boiling water on them and let stand until cool; then squeeze them fine and put in your pitcher, where there should be one teacupful of the batter. Add a cup of water, that it may not sour during the day, and set in a cool place. If in danger of souring, pour off the water and add fresh when they are stirred the next evening. One-fourth Indian meal improves them, or instead of meal what we call wheat middlings. Fry quickly.

Frosting.—Grate one cocoanut fine, beat the whites of three eggs, mix one-half pound of pulverized sugar (with eggs), then put a layer of icing and spread the cocoanut over it. Bake 6 round cakes, a layer of icing and cocoanut between each. This frosting is for cocoanut cake.

Custard Cake.—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of sweet milk, 1 egg, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in thin layers like jelly cake. Prepare a custard by boiling a half-pint of thin cream, 1 beaten egg, 1 tablespoonful of flour, 1 teaspoonful of corn-starch, and one and one-half cup of sugar together. When cold flavor with lemon and spread the custard between the layers of cake.

Beef Sausage.—Take 10 pounds of beef or 5 of beef and five of pork, one-quarter pound of salt, 1 ounce of pepper, one-quarter ounce of nutmeg, one-quarter ounce of cloves, one-quarter ounce of salt-petre. Cut it and stuff it in bags, and let it lie in pickle over a week, then hang it up to dry.

Huckleberry Dumpling.—Make a paste like very rich soda-biscuit dough, roll it half an inch thick, then, laying this in a basin with a part hanging outside, fill with berries and fold over the outer part, enclosing the berries. Steam thirty or forty minutes; serve with a sauce of butter and sugar. Blackberries and black raspberries may be used.

Chili Sauce.—One dozen large tomatoes, ripe, peeled and sliced; 6 onions chopped fine; 6 tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls of ginger, 2 teaspoons of cinnamon, 2 teaspoons cloves, 4 teacups of vinegar, 1 teaspoonful red pepper. Boil two hours. Seal in bottles.

Onions a Cure for Croup.—A lady who speaks from experience says that probably nine children out of ten who die of croup might be saved by the timely application of roast onions, mashed, laid upon a folded napkin, and goose oil, sweet oil, or even lard, poured on and applied as warm as can be borne comfortably to the throat and upper part of the chest, and to the feet and hands.

Salt for Burns.—An extensive scald, which for twelve hours gave agonizing pain, when immersed in a saturated solution of salt, was followed with surprising relief. The abatement of pain was immediate, and in four hours both pain and swelling were gone. The next day the scalded hand differed from the other only by a slight swelling and redness.

For Sick Headache.—It is simple and cheap, and will do no harm if it should not cure your case. Take lumps of charcoal (I have used it from the kitchen stove), pound very fine or to a powder. Dose: Two tablespoonfuls to a half tumbler of cold water. It will require considerable stirring to cause it to unite with the water. Then drink, being careful to swallow all the charcoal possible, and not let it settle to the bottom of the tumbler. It is excellent to allay acidity in the stomach.

Chapped Hands.—A correspondent writes us that a simple mixture of equal quantities of rich cream and strong vinegar will make a compound which, if used on the hands after washing them, will cure chaps.

Cure for Hoarseness.—The juice and pulp of lemons, stirred thick with white sugar, will relieve hoarseness—besides being an agreeable remedy.

For Toothache.—Put a piece of lime as large as a hickory-nut into a quart bottle filled with water, and rinse the mouth with it frequently.

Beeswaxing Floors.—In a hot solution of five pounds of good pearlsh, in soft water, shaved or rasped fine. Stir the mixture while boiling, and, when effervescing, add, while stirring, five pounds of dry yellow ochre. Pour into cans or boxes and let it harden. When wanted for use diffuse one pound of the mix-

ture in five pints of boiling hot water, stir the mixture well, and apply, while hot, to the floor with a paint brush. It dries in a few hours, when polish with a floor brush and wipe with a coarse woollen cloth.

To Prevent Moths.—Moisten with turpentine a small linen rag and place it in the chest or wardrobe, renewing it two or three times a year, and no moths will enter. When furs are packed away in the spring, they should be beaten well with a small rattan, in order to dislodge any eggs of the moth; afterward brush thoroughly, and sew up carefully with a linen pillow case; over all pin newspapers, leaving no crevice where an insect could insinuate itself.

THE VEGETABLE WAX

(RHUS SUCCEDANEA).

THE most important article for illuminating purposes in Japan is the candle made from the fruit of the *Rhus succedanea*, a tree about the size and appearance of the common sumac of this country. It is grown more or less extensively almost everywhere in Japan, and especially in the western provinces, from the south northwest to the thirty-fifth degree. Specimens of this tree have been imported for introduction.

The tree has a quick growth, and attains the diameter of a foot and a half, and a height of twenty-five feet. They begin to yield berries the third year, but in California may bear the next year after planting. The berry here is the size of a small pea, of a white color, hanging in clusters, and contains the wax, as a thick white coating of the seed. The full-grown tree averages fifty pounds of seeds annually, about one-half of which is wax. It is a hardy plant, growing on indifferent soil, on embankments, and out-of-the-way places.

The wax is obtained by the berries being crushed, steamed, and then placed in hemp bags and pressed in a wedge press. It is also obtained by boiling the bruised seeds and skimming the wax from the top. The wax is a palmitine or glyceride; when first extracted it is of a yellowish white color, and somewhat softer than beeswax. It melts at one hundred and twenty-seven degrees, and when formed into candles gives a fine clear light. In ordinary candle-making the unbleached wax is used. When washed and bleached in the sun and air it assumes a pure white color.

The vegetable wax of commerce is the imported article from Japan. From experiments made it can be readily grown in this country. The tree is highly ornamental, as well as for its useful production. The wax is in great demand, and commands a good price. It is valuable for candles, making the gloss for linen, for waxing thread, and other purposes for which the ordinary wax is used. Since it may be grown so readily, its cultivation could undoubtedly be made a source of profit, and especially since the present process of extracting honey from wax will tend to lessen the supply of the ordinary article, and also leave ample room for this new industry.—“Henry Loomis,” in *California Horticulturist*.

Household Elegancies.

TABLE-FURNISHING.

THERE is decided improvement in the taste with regard to table-furnishing within the last few years.

The convenience of using white china caused it for a long time to be the prevailing mode, but the reaction of taste has brought about a keen appreciation of color, and the introduction of so much Oriental ware has cultivated a taste for the grotesque.

The simplest object for table use may be had in high toned colors and all manner of strange shapes.

Exquisite things are made for sale representing shells, flowers, dragons set upon curved feet.

Other styles show a leaf of the brilliant Alocasia of rich green lined with crimson, which is decorated with the large pale-tinted blossom.

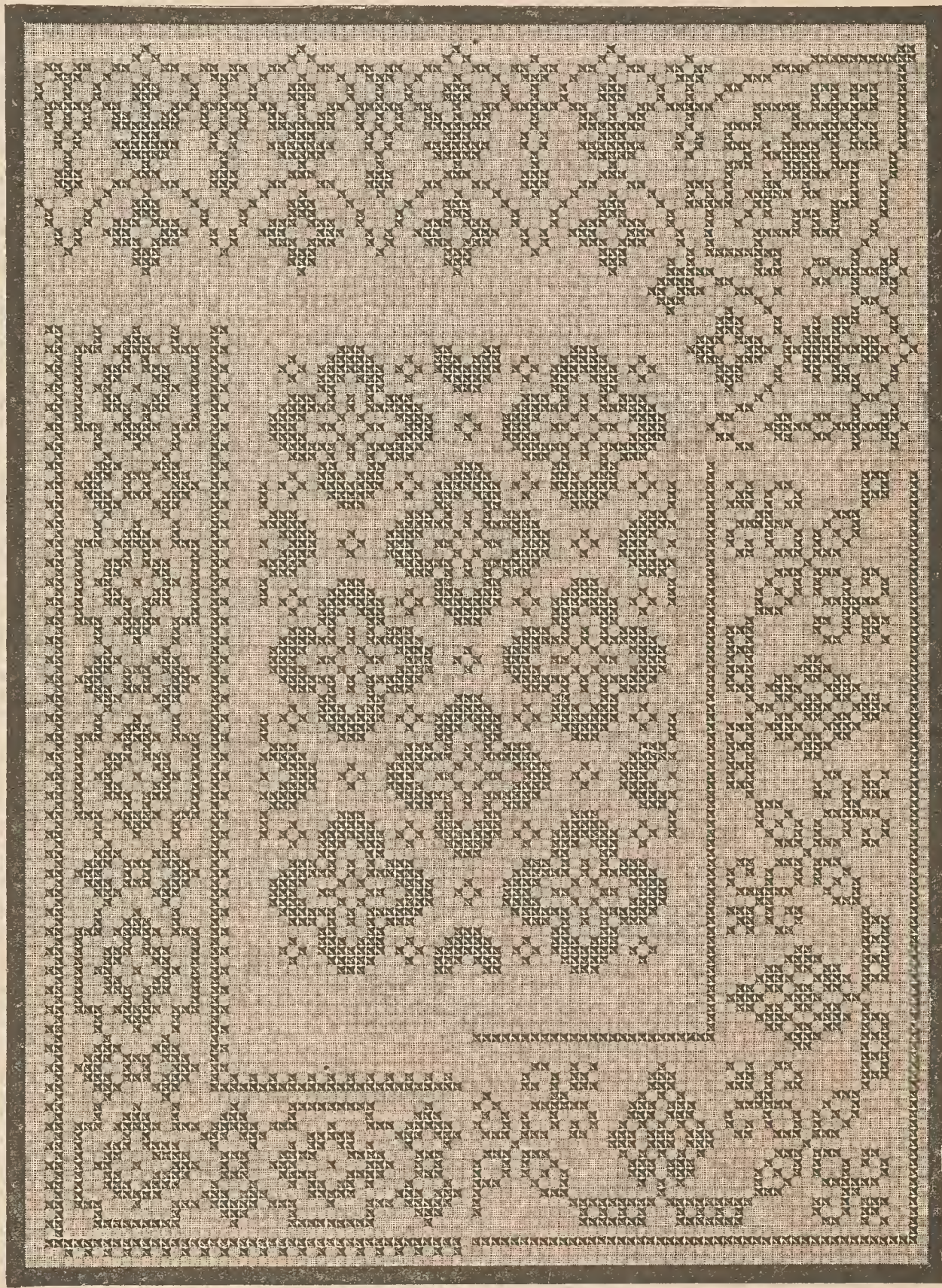
The leaves of the Pond-lily and blossoms come in the same fashion in various tasteful designs. The following is clipped from an excellent description of the prevailing styles, which may suggest some ideas to the readers of the CABINET in furnishing the table:

"There are large *plateaux* in majolica, bordered with a pattern of cherubs' heads, eagles' heads, and serpents in brightest colors, upon a *Roi bleu* ground. A large fruit-plate has a representation of the "Gathering of the Manna," and others whereon are depicted interlaced serpents, musical trophies, dragons, sphinxes, and leaves. The brilliancy and durability of the colors on majolica ware are esteemed more highly than the drawing of the designs; but the graceful shape of the ware is a distinct quality, and

comes this season with even more than usual grace and taste. There are no two objects made alike. The *plateaux*, ewers, lipped jugs, bowls, sauce-boats, salt-cellars, cups, vases, tozzas, are each worthy of a study. A lofty centre-piece is made of black Wedgwood, with jewelled reliefs raised on a stand of pearl-white; over this wanders the purple grape-antique, where in all colors, such as delicate pink, gray, cream,

gray-black, and a fine maize, and is highly glazed."

The same ideas may be carried out in cheaper ware, and yet with very pretty effect. The great thing is to have a brilliant contrast of color, and at the same time to have them harmonized well in contrast to the white damask.



PATTERNS FOR JAVA CANVASS WORK.

the richest purples flash upon half-hidden leaves of green. This is one of Wedgwood's choicest designs, and on the table is surrounded by platters of the same shape, forming a circle made of the new Martigny ware in cream-colored ground, beautifully decorated in Oriental fashion. The novelty of the season is the Cien ware, in three-cornered dishes. It comes

about one quart to a carpet of a good-sized room, wet it just enough so it will not be sticky, sprinkle your carpet with it, then take a broom and give it a good scrubbing, then sweep off and it will be almost as bright as new. Mine is green and oak color, and when I do this, although it is quite old, it comes out quite bright.

WALLS.

A HANDSOME paper is made in close imitation of leather for halls and libraries; the colors are greens and drabs, interspersed with gold. Another style is in imitation of tiles; the dado, of rich Oriental colors, is in such elaborate designs as might be copied from the ornamental portions of Gothic architecture. Some of the designs look like jewelled pottery. The Eastlake Gothic work is seen in dados, used instead of wainscoting. The wall-papers are generally dusky, with deep rich coloring, here and there glittering with dead gold. The figures are small and are taken from Saxon, Mediaeval, and Oriental sources, corresponding with bric-à-brac. Messrs. Gilman Collamore, R. H. Macy & Co., and B. L. Solomon & Sons will please accept our thanks for information furnished.

TO BRIGHTEN OLD CARPETS.

I WILL tell you how to make your carpets bright that are getting old. Take some corn-meal, about one quart to a carpet of a good-sized room, wet it just enough so it will not be sticky, sprinkle your carpet with it, then take a broom and give it a good scrubbing, then sweep off and it will be almost as bright as new. Mine is green and oak color, and when I do this, although it is quite old, it comes out quite bright.

ROSAMOND.

Family Reading.

READY WIT.

A PRETTY long list might be made of men who have owed their advancement in life to a smart answer given at the right moment. One of Napoleon's veterans, who survived his master many years, was wont to recount with great glee how he had once picked up the emperor's cocked hat at a review, when the latter, not noticing that he was a private, said carelessly, "Thank you, captain." "In what regiment, sire?" instantly asked the ready-witted soldier. Napoleon, perceiving his mistake, answered with a smile: "In my guard, for I see you know how to be prompt." The newly-made officer received his commission next morning.

A somewhat similar anecdote is related of Marshal Suvaroff, who, when receiving a despatch from the hands of a Russian sergeant who had greatly distinguished himself on the Danube, attempted to confuse the messenger by a series of whimsical questions, but found him fully equal to the occasion. "How many fish are there in the sea?" asked Suvaroff. "All that are not caught yet," was the answer. "How far is it to the moon?" "Two of your Excellency's forced marches." "What would you do if you saw your men giving way in battle?" "I'd tell them that there was a wagon load of whiskey just behind the enemy's line." Baffled at all points, the marshal ended with "What's the difference between your colonel and myself?" "My colonel cannot make me a lieutenant, but your Excellency has only to say the word." "I say it now, then," said Suvaroff, "and a right good officer you'll be."

HE LIKED HIS MOTHER-TONGUE.

A BLUFF, hearty, well-dressed party in spectacles had just banged his valise upon the counter and registered his name.

"Want some rooms. Wife and babies meet me here to-morrow. Stop a week. How are you fixed?"

"That will be *au fait*," remarks the clerk. "Give you a nice suite—just vacated by Count Salamagundi, and—"

"Eh?"

"I remarked that it would be *au fait*, and that we could give you a *suite*."

"*Orfay—sweet!* Young man, what sort of things are those? This is Boston, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir, that is—I—"

"Well, won't you be kind enough to talk English? It is good enough for me here."

"Well," said the clerk, flushing red in the face, "anything to please you, sir."

The bluff, hearty party turns away, and strides in the direction of the reading-room, but the word "boor" which reaches him causes him to look back and remark:

"My friend, I am no boor. I can speak and write nine languages well enough to teach them in ——— University. I like my mother-tongue best of

married three times, but had been unfortunate in each of his matrimonial ventures. His first wife was an extremely gay, fashionable, worldly woman; the second was very fleshy, and too fond of good living, and the third was a perfect virago. The old gentleman once thus expressed his opinion of his three better-halves: "I am afraid," said he, "that my chance of salvation is very slim, for although I solemnly promised and vowed in baptism that I would renounce *the world, the flesh, and the devil*, yet I have embraced them all in the persons of my three wives."

On one occasion the old gentleman was sitting by the fire with his wife (No. 3), and the cat and dog were sleeping comfortably together on the hearth-rug, to which the old lady called her husband's attention, saying: "My dear, why cannot you and I get along together as quietly and peaceably as they do?" "Humph!" said he, "tie them together, and see what they will do then."

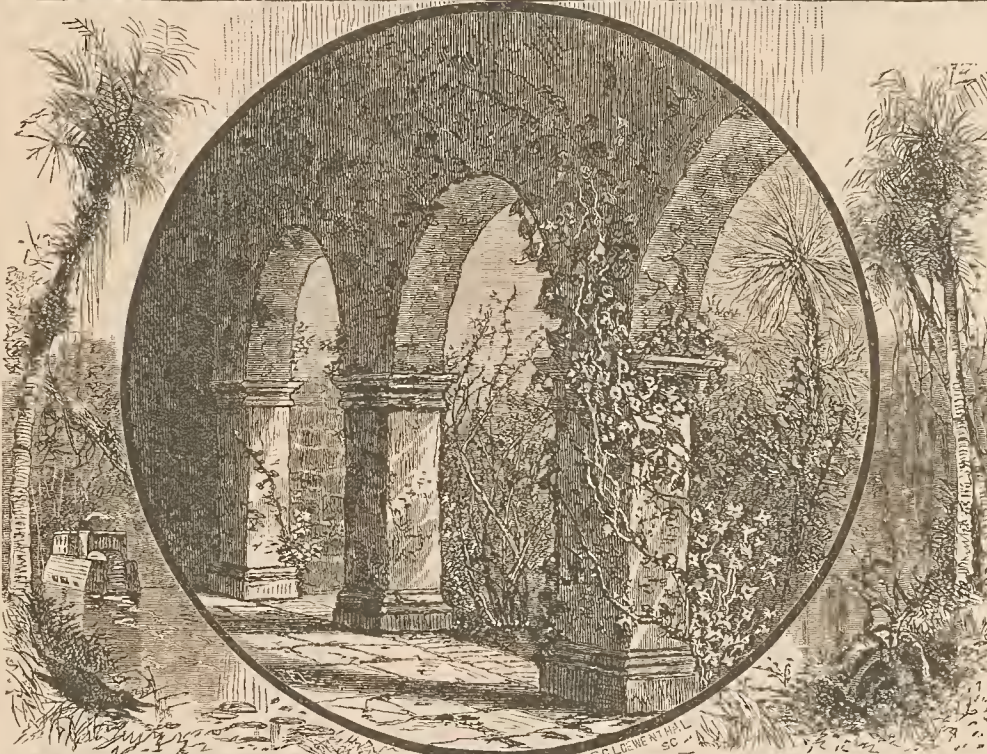
CURIOSITIES OF WOOING.

IN olden times it was the fashion for a suitor to go down on his knees to a lady when he asked her to become his wife, which with very stout gentlemen was an uncomfortable proceeding. The way in which Daniel Webster proposed to Miss Fletcher was more modern, being at the same time neat and poetic. Like many another lover, he was once holding a skein of thread or wool which the lady had been unravelling. "Gracie," said he, "we have been untying knots; let us see if we cannot tie one which will not untie in a lifetime." With a piece of tape he fashioned the half of a true-lover's knot; Miss Fletcher perfected it, and a kiss put the seal to the symbolical bargain.

SUNLIGHT.

It is not a little remarkable that intelligent men and women, knowing by their own observation and experience how absolutely necessary to the growth and perfection of plants and animals light from the

sun is, should fail to draw the inference as to its needs to human beings. No man would expect grass, grain, or vegetables to grow thriftily in darkness, nor even in shade. A little observation shows that shaded light keeps back growth and perfection. Under dense foliage of trees nothing grows as outside in the broad light. House-plants, flowers, and shrubs are trained and educated to bear light, yet children are kept from the direct rays of the sun, as for the most part women are, and in a measure men also.—*Laws of Life.*



SCENES AT ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA.

all, and believe that it answers all practical purposes in this country. In your intercourse with me be kind enough to use it, and you will do me a particular favor."

AN ECCENTRIC MINISTER.

ABOUT the time that Queen Victoria ascended the throne there resided in the town of Stafford an eccentric old minister of the Church of England, of whom many amusing anecdotes are related. He had been

The Home.

A GLIMPSE OF A PASTRY WHERE
THE BREAD IS MADE.

As a dear friend has kindly loaned me several FLORAL CABINETS, which I have read with exceeding interest and from which I have gotten several new ideas for the future, I will venture the lifting of my pantry curtain, and give you a pen-picture of it. Our kitchen is rather small, and we are obliged to utilize all the space we have. A dough-tray fills one corner of the pantry, leaving just space enough at the end to hold the flour-barrel. At the side of it and in the opposite corner stands a large stone jar for corn-meal; over the barrel and jar are a series of shelves, whereon are spice, soda, and tartar boxes, nicely labelled. Tapioca, oatmeal, macaroni, etc., stand in large square tin boxes, together with salt—fine and coarse—and my receipt-books, both bought and pasted. There are many other like materials all ready and within reach for baking. A few strips of painted wood are nailed to the wall opposite the shelving, where spoons, sieves, flour-box, pans, etc., are hung. Right in front is a window, which in summer is shaded with Morning-glories. I have just room and nothing more to stand at the door-opening while preparing the baking, and when my poor back gives out, can strengthen myself by leaning against the wall. At the end of the dough-tray my cake-board stands, a Christmas gift years ago from one now gone out from among us to a hearth of his own. Inside the tray is my rolling-pin, cake-cutters, etc., and under it my bread-baskets—for I still cling to them. Fitting nicely into my flour-barrel is a large baking-bowl, and over it a cover with handle. I think you can easily place everything, and follow me in making a batch of bread, and I venture to say it is the best and easiest way it can be done.

The day before baking I generally have mashed potatoes for dinner, and manage to save from dinner near a bowlful. Sift into the large wooden bowl flour enough for your baking. Just before going to bed I heat in winter three pints of sweet milk; in summer use new milk, if it is warm weather seldom heat it; then I stir the mashed potatoes in the milk until well mixed. I pour this slowly into the bowl, using a large iron spoon with wooden handle, keeping the flour well around the sides of the bowl, so that the mixture is free from the wood. I add salt, and stir it until it is the consistency of pretty thick batter-cakes. Then, I have a penny's-worth of baker's yeast standing some time, and from this I pour the water, and add not much more than half what I get for that coin, and again stir. I then put the cover on the bowl, and in warm weather set it back in the barrel and say "good-night" to it. In the morning I slip the bread-board from the end, and place on the dough-chest, which saves the turning of the lid, and arm myself with a sieveful of flour. I take out my bowl of dough, and again stir, adding flour all the time. When it is too thick to use the spoon, my hands, well floured, turn in and knead until I can turn it from the bowl to the well-floured board. I work it over and over again until it is smooth and

somewhat like putty. Just here is the secret of good bread, for it must be worked and pressed until you tire; but even then you must not give up. I then cut this sponge into three portions—this, after I am sure I cannot knead it any longer. Then I work each piece nicely and have my bread-basket warm, and, with a napkin slightly dusted with flour, put my loaf in. I have my bread-napkins numbered one, two, and three, so I can tell which loaf should show first it's getting lighter. Now, having gone this far, I must not stop. When the loaf is light, I have sheet-iron pans, and they being dusted with flour, the loaf is gently placed upon them, and they in the stove, watching it to have the heat the right grade. When the lower crust is slightly hardened, I slip the loaves on to the floor of the oven and draw the dampers. In less than an hour I have three loaves of a delicate brown, with a very nutty-tasted crust.

MRS. H. M. P. WALTERS.

PREPARATIONS NEEDFUL FOR THE
CARE OF THE SICK.

LET the dress be loose and easy, the shoes light, and such as may be removed in a moment if perfect silence is required. Aprons are not desirable to be worn when much lifting of the patient is to be done; it is well to keep the face and hands constantly bathed in pure water, as a mode of refreshment, and every opportunity should be embraced to go to the window and inhale the fresh air, that the system may not become speedily exhausted. The meals should be taken at regular hours, and the laws of health as strictly regarded as circumstances will admit. I insist the more upon this, because the best nurses are usually the most self-forgetful, and apt to be so much interested for the patient as to neglect the care needful for their own health. They must be reminded that if suitable precautions are not taken their strength may give way at the critical moment, and the good of the patient be sacrificed as well as their own. In regard to the arrangement of the room: if possible, let the bed be a single one, on rollers, and let it stand so that one may pass entirely around it. Have a stand, light but firm, set near the bedside, with a clean, white cloth upon it, several clean napkins, spoons, and a glass with cool drink; no vials or food, unless it be some tempting fruit, the scent of which is sometimes enjoyed by the sick, particularly that of fresh lemons. The addition of a few fresh flowers is generally agreeable, and gives a cheerful air to the room. In the adjoining chamber keep a small tub of water and towel, to wash everything that is used the moment it is no longer needed, and let a sufficient supply of cups, glasses, etc., be placed there. Have ready plenty of clean linen, well aired, a large roll of old linen, and another of old flannel, the latter being best to use for fomentations; a sponge, syringe, an oil-silk bag, or prepared bladder, for ice. The supply of ice should also be kept here; this is easily managed by filling a small tub with cracked ice, packed in sawdust, and placing beside it a large bowl, in which to rinse off what is needed; in this way it may be obtained when wanted without a

moment's delay. If medicine be administered by the minute or hour, make out from the doctor's direction a list of the times at which it is to be administered, putting down every time; let the physician read and know that you have made no mistake, before leaving the house, and every time the medicine is given, cross the figure off, thus:

9 o'clock, drops.
9½ o'clock, powders.
10 o'clock, if no sleep, give drops.

In this way you will avoid mistakes and ensure punctuality, and if you are forced to leave the room, any one else may administer the draught at the moment. I have seen many cases where the observance of the above simple rules, might, I have not the slightest doubt, have saved lives sacrificed through ignorance.

MRS. C. S. NOURSE.

To Cook Potatoes.—To make old potatoes mealy and palatable it is only necessary to wash and pare them, then boil in water in which you have put a little salt, and when done pour the water off, cover the kettle closely and shake gently for two or three minutes; your potatoes will then come out white and mealy as the nicest new ones. Another nice way of preparing them is, after boiling, throw in a coarse sieve, break them up a little, add a little butter, a little salt, and enough milk to enable you to rub them easily through the sieve, place a vegetable dish under the sieve, and so let the potatoes fall into it as you rub it through. Then serve on the table without stirring.

How to Keep Vegetables.—It is best to place all vegetables in a cool place as soon as gathered; leaving corn in the husk, peas and beans in the pod, till ready for cooking. A nice way to prepare corn is to take a sharp knife and cut it from the cob, then boil till nearly done, strain off the water and add a cup of milk to every quart of corn, and a piece of butter the size of a walnut. Let it boil, stirring all the time that it may not burn, and pour into a hot dish and send to the table. It is very nice. Pour cold water over pea-pods to remove all dust and bugs from them; shell and boil the pods fifteen minutes, salt this water and pour it boiling hot over the peas, then boil them twenty minutes in it.

A Handy Relish.—In the spring, when your store of pickles has given out or is getting low, chopped cabbage makes a nice change. I have eaten this in many places, but usually it was merely cabbage with vinegar poured over it. This is much nicer if you add a little salt and a spoonful of sugar to a quart of the finely-chopped cabbage.

A Pretty Bracket.—This is a combination of cardboard perforated, silver card-board, and scarlet velvet cut in the shape of maple-leaves, and button-holed around its margin with black zephyr. Upon it rests a lovely white shell brought from the coast of Africa by a sailor uncle. Its outer part is deeply indented, but its inner surface, which lies uppermost, is of a smooth, silvery nature.



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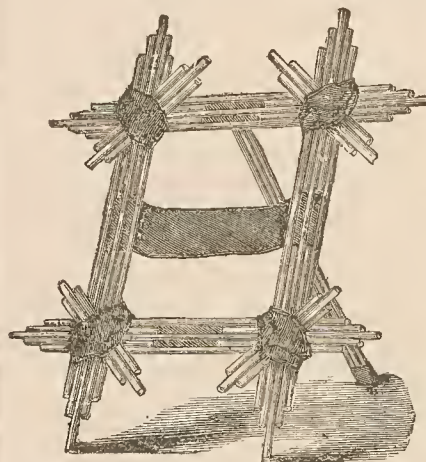
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THE OLD KITCHEN CLOCK.

Words and Music by J. W. TURNER.

ANDANTE. *p*

1. The old, old clock, I gaze on now, To
 2. The old, old clock, I love to see, It
 3. The old, old clock, The kitch - en clock, Of

me is ev - er dear, It's bu - sy hands have told the time For ma - ny long, long year. In
 looks like old - en time, In this old kitch - en of my sire, When he was in his prime; It
 thee I love to sing, Thou art a rel - ic of the past, Well worth re - mem - ber - ing: Tick

boy - hood days, those mo - ments gone, I saw the wel - come face, And lis - tened to its
 brings to me some hap - py thoughts That I would still re - - tain: There let it stand— O
 on, tick on, the self - same way, Though scat - tered are the flock That loved to hear thy

cres.

CHORUS.

gen - - tle tick While stand - ing in this place. 'Twas tick - ing, tick - ing, tick - ing, tick - ing,
 may it e're A treas - ure long re - - main. 'Twas tick - ing, tick - ing, tick - ing, tick - ing,
 tick - - ing once, Thou dear old kitch - en clock.

Rall. e dim.

TENOR.
 'Twas tick - ing, tick - ing, tick - ing, tick - ing,
 BASS.
 'Twas tick - ing, tick - ing, tick - ing, tick - ing,

Tick - ing night and day; I love to hear it as of old, When it ticked the time a - way.
 Tick - ing night and day; I love to hear it as of old, When it ticked the time a - way.

rall.

THE LADIES' DOMESTIC GAZETTE

BY HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1879.

No. 92. PRICE 12 CENTS.

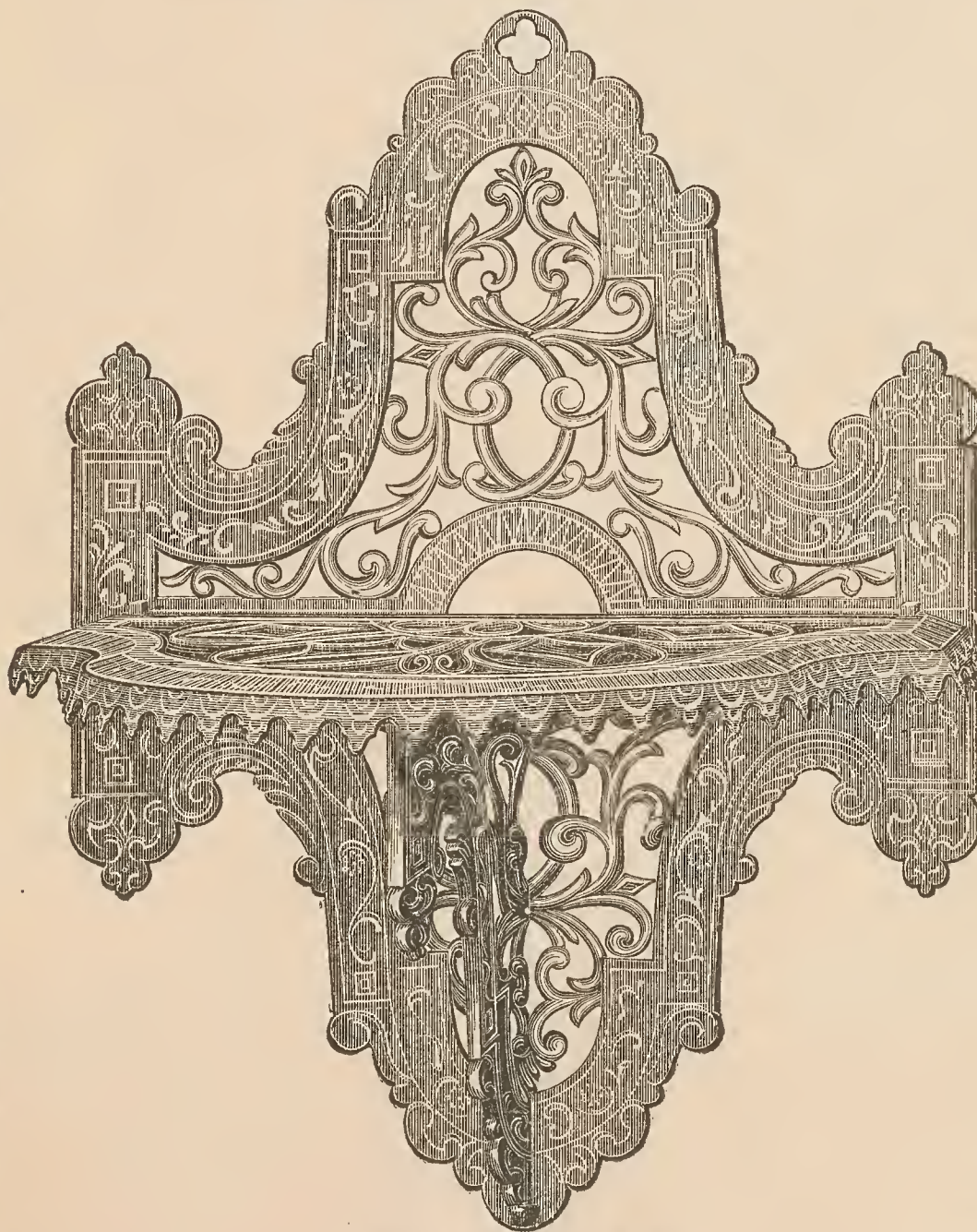
OUR CONSERVATORY.

Our conservatory is small, only thirteen by eight feet, and last year we were enabled to sell enough plants to pay for the coal and to buy a few new choice plants.

Through the summer I gather sod and place it in a pile, mixed with a quantity of cow-manure, and leave it to rot till fall. Then I take garden soil, sand and the compost described, mix well together and use for planting my flowers. Water them whenever they need it, some plants requiring more water than others. This year I have quite a collection of plants, consisting of Calla Lilies, Poinsettias, Geraniums, Heliotrope, Bouvardia, Hibiscus, Amaryllis, Cyclamen, Album, Chinese Primrose, Verbenas, Abutilons, Begonias, Roses, Santa Annas, Petunias, Sedum Farfugium, Othonna, Cissus Discolor, Cape Jessamine, Passiflora, Cobea Scandens, Lophospermum, Smilax, Kenilworth, Parlor Ivy, Strawberry Vine, Ferns, Sweet Alyssum, Maurandia, Euphorbia, Carnations, Cineraria, Fuchsia, Cacti, Oxalis Vervinalia, Wax-plant, etc., all of which are doing well, and I can safely recommend them for window-gardening.

Never let your plants become too dry, else they will be injured. Wash them at least once a week with lukewarm water. And never water with cold water, else it stops the bloom.

EMMA A. REFSNYDER.



DESIGN FOR HOUSEHOLD BRACKET.

Aster-Bugs.—Plaster sprinkled over the plants while wet with the dew will put them to flight. It is also an efficacious remedy for the rose-slug.

THE BONNET GOURD.

This plant was originally placed in the genus *Cucumis*, and is thus placed in Loudon's "Encyclopædia of Plants," published in 1836. He says: "Its fruit is very insipid, but in India it is eaten boiled and pickled." It is described in De Candolle's "Prodromus," vol. iii, p. 302, under the name of *Luffa acutangula*. He says it is a native of China and India, and is also cultivated in European gardens. The name given by De Candolle is also given by Endlicher in his "Genera of Plants," and Lindley in his "Vegetable Kingdom." Lindley remarks that it is a favorite pot-herb of the natives of India, and esteemed very wholesome. The name *Luffa* is the one adopted by the best modern botanists. It is often called Bonnet Gourd at the South. Not long since I saw some bonnets made of it worn by small girls of one of my neighbors.

S. B. B., Austin, Tex.

Mildew on Roses.—This is manifested by a whitish-looking mould or dust on the plants. If plants are growing out-of-doors, stir the soil frequently. If plants are growing in-doors, sprinkle a fine dusting of flour of sulphur over the whole plant. In general,

sulphur will prove a good antidote to mildew.

Hot Water will destroy aphids instantly, without injury to the plant, if not too hot.

The Garden.

A FEAST OF ROSES.

CALIFORNIA is setting an example to the Eastern States in its rapid progress in Floriculture. The luxuriant growth of plants in that part of the State in which Santa Barbara is situated is enough to awaken enthusiasm in the most indifferent, and to the lovers of flowers such a garden of nature must be an inspiration.

A letter from Santa Barbara describes a Rose Festival, held there at the studio of an artist. Every one was invited to bring their pets, and display their beauty to the best advantage. So many responded to the call that a complete procession was formed of persons laden with roses, reaching nearly two miles. The object was to collect together all the named varieties, and to identify and verify their nomenclature. The writer describing the scene says: "The work of assorting and decorating went bravely on—Ferns, hanging-baskets, Palms, and Callas, to which the most aspiring individuals must look up, graced the walls, centre-pieces, and mantles, contrasting rarely with the fine collection in conchology and scenes from many lands portrayed by the brush of our gifted host, Mr. Ford. Presently out of apparently hopeless chaos came order, and beauty, and infinite loveliness: Roses dyed in carmine and old-gold and tints of the sea-shell; Roses with great creamy hearts and royal in hues of the sunset; a world of buds and blooms, and swinging censers of perfume. All else gave way to the Queen of Flowers; apologetically cleft in a few rare things, some of the newer sorts of Amaryllis, Arundo donax, Ozothamnus, Diosmifolia, Bougainvillia, Pawlonia Imperialis—that fine addition to our flowering trees. A new evergreen to us was the Fruella, from the grounds of Mr. Sexton, a stray seedling, whose graceful thread-like sprays aroused the desire of every beholder to know the whereabouts of a nursery of this beautiful addition to our evergreen collections. *Durania variegata*, as a foliage plant, found many admirers, though it required singularly fine floral specimens to attract any attention, the avowed purpose of the exhibition being Roses. Visitors were seen, after their first exclamations of delight, passing around from table to table, note-book in hand, adding notes for more intelligent guidance in their future rose culture, and settling questions of identity as to names with the deepest apparent interest. An informal committee of rose culturists gave their time on Saturday to the examination of each named collection as to numbers, and the correction of wrongly-labelled varieties. Many interrogation points are found in questionable cases, as labels are notoriously evanescent property. Some questions were left over until next year. A first-class Rose, of the color of *Gloire de Dijon*, habit of *Reine du Portugal*, with a distinct thread-like margin of maroon, was one so adjourned. Two samples came from different gardens, one labelled "*Adelaide Ristori*," which is evidently a mistake, as that variety is not so described. If any of your readers can give the true name it will be a favor. The nearest to the descrip-

tion is "*Engenia*," which I have not seen. The six Roses which attracted the most attention were: "*Marie van Houtte*," yellow with a tinge of rose deepening with age, indescribably beautiful; "*Nephotos*," pure white, whose long pointed buds brought the note-books into play at once; a full-blown one measured eighteen inches around; "*Perle de Jardin*," in golden beauty, was scarcely less attractive; while a new sensation was found in the color of "*La Nankin*," a true novelty and a decided improvement on "*La Jonquil*," unique though somewhat the same color, but not nearly so double. "*Mme. Pernet*," in a deep, pink cup form, is a decided advance on the deep pink Roses, while a centre-piece on Dr. Dimmick's table of the Archduke Charles—or more fully named "*Mutabuis*"—attracted much attention, running over the gamut of color, as it does, from palest pink to dark crimson. Between these six ranged more than two hundred others. One collection exhibited one hundred and eight varieties, with one hundred more to hear from. The committee decided that it was safe to call our collection in cultivation here something over three hundred, mostly Teas, Chinas, Noisettes, and Burbons, with a few Hybrid Perpetuals. Of these, Paul Neron in pink, Charles Lefevre in crimson, *Reine Notting* in deep velvet maroon, and Vulcan in blackish purple, gave most satisfaction.

LETTER FROM A GENTLEMAN.

HOME OUTSIDE THE HOUSE.

I HAVE just laid aside the CABINET, which I had been perusing with the greatest delight, because I was seized with a desire to contribute a mite to the general store of information which has proved so beneficial to myself. I am sure that I should never have attempted such a thing had it not been that my subject admits so much being said upon it; and had I not thought that what I wished to say had not been said.

I am not a little surprised to find that gentlemen exhibit so little interest in this matter as that they offer no suggestions as to how their portion of making home a paradise can be accomplished; although I realize that generally they are only too willing to cast this additional care upon willing, but I must say incompetent, hands.

As I laid aside my magazine my glance fell through my sitting-room window upon a rustic seat which I constructed last summer, literally out of nothing. And as it is admired by many I will tell you how I managed it. Description will enable any man who is clever with a saw and hammer to construct a similar one in a short time. First, I found a broad, stout board, fourteen inches wide, two thick, and nine feet long. Then going into a grove I procured several burr-oak poles about two and a half inches in diameter. These were for legs, back, arms, etc.; and I took burr-oak because of its rough bark. Next I made a common bench out of my material and placed it under a fine young oak where it is always shady, and just where a gravel serpentine path makes a curve. Taking four pieces of my poles, each four feet long, I drove them into the ground, two at each end, so that they crossed in the middle of the board, the

slender pieces being outside and inclining backward. Then I took a pole nine and a half feet in length and nailed it firmly to the tree, and at each end to the slender stakes at the ends near the top. Next I crossed two similar pieces at the tree, nailing each end firmly, one at the top, and one at the bottom, thus forming an X in the back, and my frame is complete, strong, and durable. Lastly, I took a long wild-grape-vine and, setting the larger end in the ground at one end of the seat as though growing, bent it gracefully over the end, forming an arm-rest; across the back according to fancy, over the other end to the ground again, and my seat was finished. All made without money, with but little trouble, yet being neat, tasty, and, above all, delightfully comfortable.

I have constructed nearly a dozen such "rests," placing them near objects of interest or in some shady nook where they invite one to a moment's quiet repose.

You cannot conjecture the charm which these simple affairs lend to my "country yard" and the air of cheerfulness, and I might almost say luxury, they convey to the surroundings.

I hope that this sketch may prove of some benefit to some one who, like myself, is anxious to become an exemplary "John." R. HOWARD.

GERANIUMS.

So many people in looking at my Geraniums ask: "How is it that you have so many trusses and such large flowers in a truss?" In purchasing a new Geranium, I always examine the flowers closely. In order to give you perfect satisfaction, it should have a large bunch, all the flowers opening nearly at the same time, and each separate flower large. Don't take it for granted, as a good many of my neighbors do, that so long as you see the color of the flowers, the bunches will be pretty much of a size. Rest assured that in the greenhouse the flowers are more or less forced, and that they will not do quite as well for you. So buy the best.

And here is a peculiar vine, very nice for hanging baskets. It is called here a strawberry vine, although I do not think that is its proper name. It grows like the garden strawberry, several yards in length, and at each joint throws out a white blossom which turns to a large red berry.

EMMA A. REFSNYDER.

SMILAX.

My Smilax is in a five-inch pot and is throwing up one tendril after another, some of them between three and four yards in length, twining around the top of the window and over to the hanging-basket handle. Last year it was full of flowers, which were much more fragrant than the *Mignonette*. Each of these flowers turned to a bright red berry. We set it away in the garden, where the berries dropped after they were ripe, and the wind strewed the seed all over the garden. In the fall we saw large quantities of small stalks coming up, which we distributed to our friends.

EMMA A. REFSNYDER.

Floral Experiences.

MY EXPERIENCE.

I MUST tell you of my double Petunias, which can be kept through the winter, and in spring they will send forth an amount of large purple and white flowers. I had a cutting of a double pink Petunia given me by a friend in March, and now it has three stocks a foot high with a dozen and a half buds and five beautiful, delicate pink blossoms. I think if I had room for only one house plant, that one should be a double pink Petunia, they are such fast growers and free bloomers; they remind me of a blush Rose, which I think is the "queen of Roses."

The Calla should be immersed in a butter-firkin of water until the warm weather is over and then repotted for the house. I have tried putting them in the ground and allowing them to stay uncared for, only by Dame Nature; but when time to pot, they have gained such a strong hold upon the soil that the transplanting is too severe; so I think on the whole it is a better way to immerse in water; you will have earlier blossoms and a larger quantity.

One year I had a Tuberose which was perfectly beautiful; it shot up nearly *six feet* and had thirty-six blossoms, and their fragrance filled my sleeping-room so that I was obliged to carry it to a room where there was more air.

The Sweet Pea I also plant, and this year I intend to bush them like garden Peas, as I think it a much better way than to make a trellis of cords.

I was very much pleased with the way to cultivate Candytuft for the house which I have been reading in THE CABINET, and this autumn I shall make an attempt.

In making up gardens I hope, mothers, you will not forget the children, but allow them a little spot they may call their own, where they may plant Sun-flowers, Marigolds, or Holyhocks, at their own free will, and thus early in life they may learn to love Nature's children, and in after years you will feel amply repaid for all the trouble they may have caused you, as they help to refine and educate the mind in the great goodness which God has bestowed upon us mortals of earth.

C. B. H.

HUDSON, N. H.

THE CALLA AND THE CACTUS.

"O NEIGHBOR!" said the Calla to a Cactus standing near, "I am so thirsty, the life seems nearly all gone out of me; if I don't soon have a good drink and a refreshing bath I shall surely die. Even the lovely young bud I put out, almost at the expense of my life, in hope of attracting pity and attention, was cruelly allowed to perish of thirst. For many weeks I have been trying to struggle through the dry, hot atmosphere of this room and keep up appearances on one short ration of water a day. But see my poor, scant, faded dress, all dusty and full of vermin. Once I was a handsome, stately young plant, well dressed in a superb suit of fine, large green leaves. Now I have but three poor, faded, ragged ones, on weakly stems. Oh! me, and how they slander me. I am compelled to listen to such

conversation as, 'Did you ever see such a looking thing as the Calla is? It does no good at all, grows less instead of larger. I have always been told the Calla was a fine plant for window-culture, so easy to manage. I give mine the same treatment that I give my Geraniums, Begonias, and others, and they do well; but I cannot succeed in making the Calla bloom—never had one to bloom in my life—and this contrary one is four years old.'

"Yes, I am getting old; but what a life for me. No rest in all those years; no change; only to be dumped from one pot to another about every six months—not that I need more room so often, but by way of medicine no doubt. If I might suggest a remedy for my failing health, it would be—let me alone where I am—instead of a new pot to set me in, set me in a pan of good warm water every morning, and let me take all I want; give me plenty of light and sunshine; do not crowd me so badly to make room for others, and I will surely do all that any reasonable mortal would ask.

"And, friend Cactus, it strikes me that you too are looking poorly. What is wrong with you?"

"Yes, I also have cause for complaint. But I am surprised to hear you say that want of water is killing you, while it is too much of it that is killing me. Why, I get a good drenching every few days, when I would be much better without any; my poor roots are drowned and decaying. And I, as well as you, am getting on in years—nearly five years old—and never bore a flower. Behold me now in a pot or box that would hold soil and roots enough for a good sized oak-tree. I have been stifled every fall and spring since I was torn from the parent stem. I have managed to grow some, but it has kept me busy and I had no time to bloom.

"Last summer I was set out in the hot sun and left to shift for myself; the weather was dry for weeks, and I hoped my troubles were over, when I was beginning to feel so strong and well I took courage and put forth buds. But alas! I was discovered too soon; my keeper was delighted to find almost a hundred tiny buds on me; so I was taken in to be nursed, and set in a cold, shady room, where the evening sun would only shine on me about an hour, and the cruel drenchings resorted to with renewed vigor. Do you wonder that I was so shocked at the change that I dropped every bud?"

"How strange that those who love us will not try to understand our wants, that we might repay their care."

MOLLIE S. MERRYMAN.

—From Park's Floral Magazine.

HOW GRASSES BREED.

GRASSES require to be crossed quite as much as the largest and most attractive of true flowers. Singularly enough, we find that the distinction between the showy insect-fertilized flowers and the unattractive wind-fertilized grasses is carried out even to the sizes and shapes of their pollen grains. Those of the former are roughened over with surface projections, so as to cause them to adhere all the better to the hairy bodies of insects. Those of the latter are lighter in weight, smoother, and often flatter, so as to expose as much of their surface as possible, and

thus help the wind all the better to blow the pollen about. The *anthers* or pollen-bags of grasses are usually more pendulous than those of large flowers. More pollen is also produced—considerably more than can be utilized; but as its manufacture is of the easiest, that does not exhaust the plants. In this manner the possibility of some of the discharged and blown-about pollen taking effect is rendered certain. The amount of pollen thus poured into the atmosphere during June, by the grasses in our meadows, is such as literally to surcharge it. This it is which produces on sensitive nostrils the annoying complaint known as "hay fever." People suffering from it hurry to the sea-side or the mountains, somewhere where grasses do not grow, and where the atmosphere is freed from their pollen. We may notice in the flowers of grasses, also, how admirably the filaments which bear the anthers or pollen-bags dangle outside the glumes, ready for the slightest breeze to blow them about. The filaments have the power of suddenly growing very rapidly while the pollen is ripening, so that the pollen-bags are thus lifted outside the chaffy scales of the flower where they have hitherto been protected. Not less admirably adapted to wind-crossing is the pistil in the flowers of all grasses. Sometimes it is a living forked net, feathered to its base, and everywhere covered with an exceedingly sticky fluid. Any stray pollen grain blown by the wind must inevitably be arrested by this subtle contrivance. Once made prisoner, the pollen begins to put forth a tube which ultimately reaches the base of the pistil. Fertilization is then effected, the seed grain begins to develop, and after this manner the world gets its "daily bread."

THE AUTUMN CROCUS.

FOR those unfortunate people who cannot make plants grow, no matter how much care they take, we recommend the autumn Crocus as a plant that has such an unconquerable desire to do its duty that no amount of ill-treatment can suppress its flowers. It will bloom anywhere and under almost any circumstances, only it prefers to wait until its pretty congeners, the young Crocuses, have had their day, and during the spring it grows only leaves; but when autumn comes each bulb sends up not one but many flower-buds, generally six or eight, which open brightly when the spring bulbs are sleeping quietly in the cellar, but do not perfect their seed until the following midsummer.

They bloom well in a comfortable bed in the garden, but do not object to being tucked into a basket of damp moss and being hung in the veranda, or brought into the house; indeed, if they are laid away on a shelf they sustain that last in lignity with perfect equanimity and continue to flower, though not quite so brilliantly as if kindly treated. If any one fails to have flowers in abundance from the autumn Crocus, it would be as well to bow to the decrees of fate, and abandon the cultivation of plants altogether.

Those who do not possess this pretty and curious plant already, may plant it the latter part of this month and in a short time it will send up buds and be ready for removal to the house before frost.

Floral Hints.

CULTIVATION OF THE LILAC.

IN an admirable paper on the Lilac, read by George Ellwanger, before the recent meeting of the Western New York Horticultural Society, the following directions are given for its culture and management:

It is adapted to almost any soil and climate. In park or garden, lawn or hedge, it lays claim to distinction for effectiveness and beauty. In city gardens, where there is only limited space, it is one of the cleanest and most satisfactory of shrubs, either as well-shaped bush or a low tree with neatly balanced head.

But it is in large places that its charms can be displayed to the best advantage. In lawns, where large clumps of the snowy-colored varieties can be planted, it has few superiors in point of brilliancy and fragrance. Clumps of Lilae Josikæa are introduced with fine effect in the Central Park, and, when in flower, are among its finest attractions.

In this climate it takes the place of the Rhododendron, so much prized in England. Besides being very hardy, it has the additional advantage of its fragrance, which the hardy Rhododendrons do not possess.

In grounds sufficiently large it can be used for ornamental hedges. Its dark green foliage is not affected by atmospheric changes, nor has it any insect enemies. It, therefore, always forms a clean and handsome background, and, when in flower, is a feature of the park or garden.

Where privet hedges are already grown, the Lilac can be grafted with no little effectiveness, at intervals of about ten to fifteen feet. The Lilae grafts, when grown, project over the privet, and form round or pyramidal heads varying the monotony of the ordinary formal hedge.

By many the Lilac and other highly fragrant flower-shrubs are considered invigorating and healthy as atmospheric purifiers and dispellers of noxious vapors. I well recollect when the cholera was raging throughout Europe in, I think, 1830, the *savants* of the city of Stuttgart, where I was then residing, ordered the burning of fragrant herbs in the market-place, to prevent infection. Whether owing to this means or not, the city escaped the dreadful scourge.

Although it will thrive and flower in any soil, an annual top-dressing of stable manure will well repay the trouble and expense, in the fuller development and beauty of both flowers and foliage.

Half standards for single specimens can be grown either on their own roots, or grafted on the common sorts, as well as on the ash or privet. In order to render them attractive they must have well-balanced, bushy heads, and be kept in form by regular thinning and pruning. After the flowers have faded they should be removed, in order to cause new growth that will ensure profuse blooming the following season. By this means the flowers may also be very much enlarged.

In all large Continental cities, and particularly in Paris, the Lilac is in great request for winter flower-

ing. The common purple is generally used for forcing, and when kept in houses darkened by mats or otherwise, produces pure white flowers. In order to produce the best results, the plants should be carefully selected in the spring, and planted in pots; then plunged in the ground during the summer, and kept well watered. In September they should be repotted into rich compost, and in succession according as required; be placed in an atmosphere of 60 to 70 degrees Fahrenheit, which should gradually be increased to 80 degrees, and even as high as 100 degrees. The roots should be well supplied with water, and the plants should receive frequent syringing with tepid water. They may also be taken up carefully with balls in the fall, to be forced the following winter, but we recommend the former method. When no forcing house is accessible, a warm room answers very well in its stead.

HINTS ON BOUQUET-MAKING.

A BOUQUET seems an easy thing to make when all the flowers are so beautiful separately. Surely just to pick them and put them in a vase is simple enough, but alas! Nature possesses a subtle secret for blending colors which we poor mortals cannot wrest from her. The moment we transfer them from their garden home to our drawing-room the charm is gone. Then experience comes to our aid and gives us the following hints:

Don't Crowd your Flowers.—Flowers have their individualities and affinities which we must recognize and respect. For example: A spike of brilliant scarlet Gladiolus, with a feathery bunch of Asparagus, and a gleam of white Feverfew here and there, will light a shady corner like a torch, but smother your stately blossoms with Phlox, Verbenas, and a host of floral beauties, you will see at a glance how the effect is weakened. Again, Petunias, with their stiff, sprangly stems and delicate blossoms, are very difficult to combine with any other flower; but give them a wide-mouthed vase, with no rivals, and they are positively graceful, while their delicate perfume fills the room with its fragrance.

Mass your Colors.—This is of great importance. Put your scarlets and crimsons and purples in separate bunches, use white to blend them, and you cannot fail of a good effect. Yellow is the sunshine of a bouquet, but it must be used sparingly or it will produce a glare. A wise choice of this color always lends cheerfulness.

Saucer Bouquets.—In making these you can use flowers too choice to pick in quantities, and those not adapted to other bouquets, like the Balsam, Stock, etc. A Fern-bed in some shady corner is a great help in giving lightness and relief to the solid flowers in this mode of arrangement. Rose-Geranium leaves alternating with Fern-tips make a beautiful edge about any shallow dish; next lay some stiff stems criss-cross on the water to prevent the blossoms sinking, then lay in Balsams, Pansies, a Tea-Rose, or any dainty blossom you have, being careful to have plenty of sweet Alyssum or some fine white flower to blend.

MRS. J. B. ROOT.

FLOWERS FOR THE TABLE.

Now during the summer a pretty ornament may be secured for every meal by merely running into the yard or garden and gathering a few buds and flowers and sprays of green for a bouquet. This habit if once commenced will so grow upon the taste that the spoons and napkins will hardly be more indispensable. It is well to let the children furnish the table bouquets from their own flower-beds. One day our Willie gathered a cluster of apple-buds and blossoms for the dinner table; a friend who sat at table said to him "Those blossoms if left on the tree would have grown to be apples." "I would just as soon have the blossoms," was the answer. A pretty ornament for the table is made by placing a goblet in a shallow glass fruit-dish and filling both with flowers. If the scarlet radishes are laid on the green lettuce in the salad bowl it makes almost a bouquet of it. In serving place a radish on each saucer of salad.

ANIMATED OATS.

THESE animated or cricket oats, as they are called by many, because of their active properties, are queer little oddities. I presume many of your readers have seen them advertised, and have thought no more about them. But they are well worth a place on your list of curiosities.

There is no trouble in raising them. Put them in a little corner by themselves, and then watch them as they ripen, or you will find them buried, head down in the ground, with their little heels sticking up, looking so funny.

When you gather them have a little box or envelope in which to put them, as they cannot be held in the hand, but will crawl out of a very small place. A friend put some in an open envelope in the drawer; when wanted they were gone. On looking further, he found them all fastened in her tatting work.

When your friends spend the evening with you, it is amusing to watch their faces as they start on seeing the antics of the little fellows. Lay a large paper on the table, then dip some in a dish of water and spread them around. Then look out for the twisting, turning, and big jumps they will make; they will astonish you. One old gentleman watched them intently for a while; then said: "I give it up; they are alive."—*Selected.*

Exercise for Children.—Often we hear mothers say to their little girls, "Sit down now and be little ladies; don't run and romp so." As if a healthy child could sit down and keep still with nothing to do! Children, girls as well as boys, need exercise; they need fresh air and sunshine. Suppose they do tan their faces; isn't it better they should be brown as a berry, and healthy and happy, than to be white as a lily, with cold hands and feet, headaches and feverishness? What if they do tear their apron; mending it is much pleasanter work than nursing a sick child. I prefer my girl to be a healthy little romp with her heart full of the beauties of nature, the birds and flowers, rather than a pale-faced little lady with her thoughts on her dress and her personal appearance. MAIDA McL.

Floral Mistaking.

SEASONABLE ADVICE.

THIS is the season when everybody tells everybody else what he knows about gardening. The papers, daily and weekly, abound with directions and suggestions. The moral, mental, and physical good effects of amateur floriculture and horticulture are set forth in glowing terms, and so direct has been the transmission of our first parents' bias that nine readers out of every ten feel their hearts stir within them at the mere thought of becoming "tillers of the soil." Unfortunately for many who go at it "tooth and nail," the writers of these are generally successful enthusiasts, who have arrived at the full enjoyment of horticultural delights after a patient, persistent, and practical apprenticeship, the hardships and discouragements of which are lost sight of in the soft radiance of its reward. So used are they to the many phases of nature that all are beautiful, and all are met with precautions and supplements which render them harmless. Woe to the unlucky novice who thinks to find things as they are represented, in his or her first season of gardening! Rather will they wish Adam had been placed in a good-sized town, and Eve created in a first-class market-house from which to bring the early vegetables and cut flowers in time for Adam's breakfast, if by that means all their descendants could have escaped the toils and miseries of defeated horticultural aims. Still, gardening is delightful—a little of it. Following directions and accepting suggestions is easy, pleasant, and profitable—if everything suits. The pith of these statements lies in the last clause of each sentence. Writers see from their standpoint; readers must reflect that circumstances hedge in each life from every other. In spite of all the physicians, health-officers, and visionaries, there are some persons who *cannot* garden, there are others who *must not* garden, and there are many who *ought not* to garden. If one belongs to either of the three classes, let him say so without fear. Flowers are lovely, indeed, but their price is too high when aching bones, strained sinews, neglected duties, and a general sense of too much to do, and so much left undone, is paid for them. Fresh and juicy vegetables are delicacies all appreciate, but they hardly cost more bought at a hothouse out of season than they cost a poor man who has everything else to do, and must overtax his strength or hire help to cultivate them. No need to sit down in dust and ashes, however. If one has a ten foot square of ground or a sweeping lawn, he has just that much velvet carpet at his command—lovely in color, in texture, in pile as no woven triumph of the loom has ever been. Smooth, weedless grass, a neat walk, a tree or two, a standard rose or so, and perhaps a few hardy perennials, are just as full of real comfort as the most ornate grounds, and any one can find time to care for them, even the grass. Lawn-mowers are expensive, but grass-hooks are cheap, and so are scythes. A woman can use either of the two last named, for a short time, as easily as she can a lawn-mower. I know she can, for I have seen it tried. "Lone, lorn women," who

like things beautiful around them, develop many unsuspected powers, and one of these has taken up the scythe under competent direction, and quite enjoys a short swing at the nodding clover. It is infinitely "nicer" than sweeping a dusty, musty, crowded room, and no more difficult or trying. If any person takes the trouble to read this, and sorrowfully thinks he may be classed among the incapables, while he loves gardening, just let him take "heart of grace," and refrain this year at least. What is may not *always* be, and strength or opportunity may come if he is patient; *never*, if he tries to do too much.

SARA T. SMITH.

THE HARDY PITCHER PLANTS.

MR. GEO. SUCH, of South Amboy, has formed a full collection of the singular and, we may add, world-renowned Sarracenias, and thus describes them:

"Nothing in our houses proves more attractive than these beautiful and interesting Pitcher-plants, and consequently we cannot too strongly recommend them to the attention of our customers. Half a dozen, of the same variety, put into a ten or twelve inch pan, constitute one of the most remarkable objects that can be exhibited at a horticultural show. For florists these are valuable plants, and one, if no more, of each sort should be in the hands of all who have a greenhouse.

"*Sarracenia Drummondii alba*. The pitchers of this are two feet high, slender at the base and widening towards the top—being shaped much like a tin fish-horn. They are mostly a fine green color, but towards the top are pure white, netted with crimson. The flowers are crimson.

"*Sarracenia flava*. The pitchers in this are erect, and two or three feet long, narrow at the base, widening upwards, and forming a large open throat with a broad lid. The color is a fine bright green. A light yellow flower is produced on a tall stem; but even without this the plant attracts great attention.

"*Sarracenia psittacina*. The most compact in its growth, and one of the finest of the Sarracenias. The pitchers are beautifully tinted, and mottled with white and rose color, and are very oddly shaped, being crooked like a parrot's beak.

"*Sarracenia purpurea*. Our hardy Northern Pitcher-plant, which for quaintness of shape and fine markings is second to none of the family. We have made a selection of some fine plants of varied and distinct character.

"*Sarracenia rubra*. These pitchers are slender, varying from one to two feet in length. The color is bright green, profusely marked with crimson veins. The purplish-red flowers have the odor of violets.

"*Sarracenia variolaris*. This throws up pitchers eighteen inches long, which are green, finely mottled with white. The flowers are yellow."—*The Gardener's Monthly*.

GIVE FLOWERS AWAY.

THIS is the month, in all our bay gardens, for an overflowing abundance, somewhat sobered down, it may be, from the untempered luxuriance of June

and the earlier enthusiastic outpourings of hoydenish May. But now the gardens have settled down to exactly thirty-one days of continuous bloom. Each lovable and treasured little garden is now a sort of blessed opportunity for gift-making. Suppose you have Pansies, at this season apt to blossom too much, go to seed, and become comparatively small. Pick them daily, give them away, mail them to every one you can think of—to tired teachers in dusty ravines, and to weary toilers in stores and factories. Even the censorious and often-quoted Mrs. Grundy might, we imagine, be mollified into a forgiveness of other people's peccadilloes if she were sufficiently overwhelmed with gifts of flowers from all sorts of quaint and stilly gardens. Golden-hearted lilies there should be, and slender, creamy rosebuds, and clustered, drooping fuchsias. But the list is too long; let the brotherhood and sisterhood of flower-lovers finish it for us.—*California Horticulturist*.

CACTI ON ROCKS.

ONE day, not long ago, as we rode slowly up a winding mountain road, we passed a cottage surrounded by vineyards which covered a rounded hill near the house, and crept far up the mountain slopes until the soil became too scanty, and chaparral and rocks thereafter possessed the ridges. Pink wild roses covered the rude fence of slowly decaying logs, and close beside the cottage was a rugged pile of weather-beaten rocks, in whose crevices vines clung and tangled, while on its sunnier side a dozen brilliant scarlet-blossomed Cacti had been planted. That was all; this was no home of wealth and of carefully considered effects. But a royal landscape-gardener, fresh from costly labors, could not have surpassed the simplicity of the effect. That one flash of Cacti color, which, as our readers know, is indescribably velvety and glorious, was the central point in the landscape, and yet found a sufficient relief in the waves of soft green on the summer hillsides, and in the deep masses of entangled vines about the base of the rocks, which even half hid the scarlet flashes. Is there no suggestion here for our own wild gardens? Let us try something similar, if there is any rocky point or southern slope intensely hot during summer.—*California Horticulturist*.

Obtaining Impressions of Leaves.—Several methods are known, but most of them are somewhat intricate and not always satisfactory in the results. A simple plan, but one that requires a little practice to perform it efficiently, is the following: Lightly coat the surface of the leaf of which a copy is desired with ordinary printer's ink, and then place the leaf between two sheets of white paper and press heavily and evenly, and, provided too much ink was not applied, a very fair representation will be produced. Another mode is to cover one side of a sheet of white paper with olive-oil, then fold the paper in four, placing the leaf between the second foldings. After pressing remove the leaf and place it between two clean sheets of paper, the impression thus obtained being dusted with black lead or charcoal, a little resin being added to fix the color.

Floral Correspondence.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IGNORANCE.—How shall I plant Crown Imperial?
CROWN IMPERIAL.

ANSWER.—The bulb of Crown Imperial should be planted four or five inches deep and a foot apart. They do not flower until the second year. They are very hardy and persistent, and require scarcely any nursing. No bulb gives so much satisfaction, as its flowers are stately and elegant, and appear among the first in the spring.

We have taken THE CABINET for a number of months and are much pleased with it. We missed one number, for which we were very sorry, as we find in each one something interesting or instructive. Please tell us whether Amaryllis needs peculiar treatment.
H. M. MOULTON,
Cohocton, Steuben Co., N. Y.

ANSWER.—The bulb should be planted in rich soil about up to the neck. It is not difficult to grow. A small fragment of the root will sometimes grow.

PLEASE give the treatment of Candidum Lily. Mine do not bloom, though they have good soil; some were reset two years ago, and some have not been disturbed for years; neither bloom. Can you tell me what is the matter? Also how to manage Crown Imperial.

MRS. W. B. GLENN.

ANSWER.—As you give no data from which to judge, we cannot tell why your plants do not do well. The plant is a free bloomer under proper conditions. It forms its leaves in the fall, and, if healthy, puts up the flower-stem in the spring. Perhaps you cover it too heavily in winter. Put only a very little straw over the leaves. Let the air come to the leaves, or they will be destroyed. When a plant seems languishing in summer take it up, see if the root is in good condition, and plant in another place. This should be done in August.

WHAT is the best Moss Rose?

AMATEUR.

ANSWER.—We think the Gloire des Mousseuses. It is a pale rose, rather large, very thickly covered with moss.

ARE the small black flies around our house-plants injurious? If so, what remedy? Also cure for red spider.
E. E. H. GILUM, N. H.

ANSWER.—Yes. Cleanliness and careful watching are the best protection against insects, but they will sometimes attack plants in spite of care. The larvæ of the black fly will be found in the earth, in the pots, like minute white grains near the surface. Sprinkle the soil lightly with cayenne pepper.

One way is to pour on a good supply of warm water, and when white, wriggling specks are seen on the surface, pour off the water; repeat the process until they are destroyed. Wood-ashes are thought to be

good. For red spider wash the plants in a decoction of quassia, and rinse well with clear water. Keep the air moist.

How old must the Wisteria be before it blooms?
MRS. BLANCHE DITTO, Delphos, Ohio.

ANSWER.—That depends upon the health of the vine. Sometimes it grows slowly at first and then takes a sudden start and makes twenty feet or more in a summer, but generally it does not bear flowers until it is quite a strong plant and pretty well established. It means business, and can afford to take its own time. For freedom of growth, elegance of flower-foilage and foliage, and hardy persistent endurance, we have no climber to compare with it.

Please tell me when to cut off the flower-stalk of my Calla Lily?

ANSWER.—As soon as it has done blooming. What makes the leaves of Glorina curl?

ANSWER.—The leaves of thrifty plants curling is generally caused by the puncture made by insects. See if there are not marks of their presence. Often a magnifying-glass is required to discover them.

I enclose leaf of Begonia I have. It has never bloomed, but about nine months ago it sent up from the root a new stalk, which is now five feet high, with many side-shoots. It has a jointed appearance. Please tell me what kind it is, and if it blooms. I have a Shell Begonia, which has leaves measuring thirteen and a half inches in length and nine in width. Thanks to the CABINET for its kindly answers and most valuable instruction. I am a constant reader.
MRS. A. B. MACKIE.

ANSWER.—The leaf is Begonia Veitchii. The late growth is probably a flower-stalk, and you will be gratified by seeing it flower.

Please tell me proper name of enclosed shrub. I send bean, bloom, and leaf. Some call it Bird of Paradise, some Texas Locust. It is hardy here, needing no protection.
J. C. D.

MARSHALL, MO.

ANSWER.—This plant is not recognized by any florist. It is undoubtedly an Acacia of some kind, but the species is not known. It is certainly very beautiful. The leaves closely resemble the Mimosa; the flower is yellow, five-petalled, with innumerable stamens the thickness of a hair, more than twice the length of the flower, and dark crimson in color. The pod is pale green mottled with specks of dark red. The one sent about two and a half inches in length.

Please name enclosed leaf.
J. B. EDSALL.
COLUMBIA CROSS-ROADS, PA.

ANSWER.—It is a variegated Day Lily, or Funkia.

ROSES ON THE PACIFIC SLOPES.

CALIFORNIA bids fair to vie with the vale of Cashmere in the production of roses. On page 114 of this number we quote the account of the "Feast of Roses" held in Santa Barbara, and we think that it is evident that that display of beauty has roused the

greatest interest among the lovers of roses, and it will no doubt excite a healthful and honorable emulation between different parts of the State. A letter in the California *Horticulturist* for June gives an account of the rose-gardens of Fresno, a town not yet six years old. The names of five or six persons are mentioned as having fine collections. One lady is said to grow more than a hundred kinds. The following account of another garden will strike Eastern readers as singular in its arrangement as it is tasteful: "The garden of Mrs. O. F. is unique and very characteristic. In a real grove of Italian Cypress and Acacias in front of the dwelling-house Mrs. F. cultivates some of the most beautiful and perfect roses to be met with anywhere.

"The number of her varieties is very limited, but those she has grow to the greatest perfection. Her Maréchal Niel is unsurpassed in size, and numerous bushes of General Jacqueminot, covered with dark bluish flowers, are unequalled in beauty. Here, if anywhere, we can see what can be effected with taste and care."

The writer adds:

"Lastly, in my own garden, I grow about one hundred and forty varieties of roses, several of which, however, are young and have not yet blossomed. The following twelve roses I consider the finest I have. Hybrid perpetuals: Antoine Monton, La France, both unsurpassed in form and color. Chestnut hybrid (hybrid tea): Reine des Violettes, Empress of India, and François Michelon, all as near perfection as I can wish. Among teas the finest are Perle des Jardines, Rubens (splendid), Aline Sisley, Souvenir de Madame Pernet, Marie Von Houtte, and Regalia. But I suppose as my roses are coming into bloom I will have to change my views and give the place of honor to some other varieties.

Some varieties stand the heat of the sun better than others. Among these I consider Appoline, Pink Daily, Clare Carnot, and Reine des Massifs, perhaps also Niphetos, to be the best. When we had it 116° Fahrenheit in the shade they stood it splendidly in the full blaze of the sun, when at the same time other varieties, such as Mine. Margottin, Bon Silene, and Marie Guillot were burnt to crisps. But my letter is getting too long and I must end it short. A few words of how I treat the plants. I flood my garden every ten days during the hottest months of the year, and sprinkle the leaves two or three times a week. When some roses do not open well I give them plenty of wood-ashes, and sometimes a little lime. When the ground is sandy a shovelful of pulverized clay will in a short time produce a wonderful growth. Such a treatment is especially recommended for Maréchal Niel, which rose in sandy soil will hardly grow at all. In the middle of April our roses are in full blossom, but even now, in the beginning of June, I can pick a few hundred rosebuds every day."

If the new States advance with such rapidity in flower culture the East will have to look out for her laurels.

Surely all has not been done that might be done in the cultivation of the Queen of Flowers. To have "hundreds" of rose-buds to gather daily is worth no little exertion.

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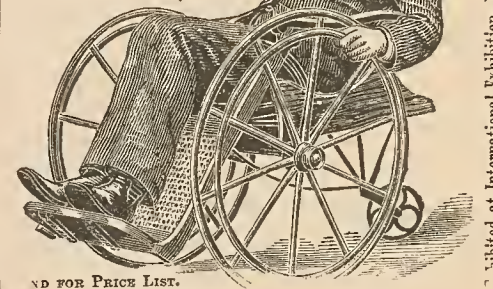
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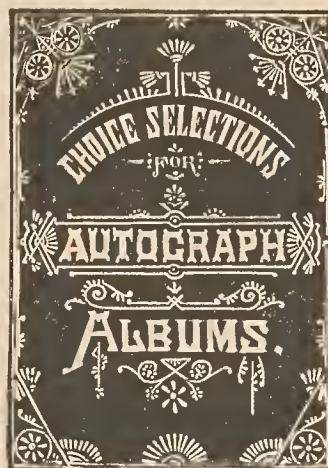
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NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1879.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE MONTH.

UPON page 113 is a sketch of a very handsome stand or bracket for holding fish-globes. It is 13 inches high, 10 inches wide, and is finished in nickel and blue at the very modest cost of about \$1.50. It is something very new and beautiful just manufactured by G. Hennecke & Co., of Milwaukee, Wis.

Upon page 121 are familiar rural scenes, reminders of country life—the young folks and the birds, in spring and summer pleasures.

On page 124 are sketches of rustic flower-stands, which almost any one can make from a glance at the engraving. Collecting rustic bark, roots, and branches from the woods, they can be cut apart, and fastened upon the frame-work, and in a short time a very desirable ornament is made for the lawn, garden, or piazza.

The other illustrations give home-like suggestions needing no description.

LILIES.

As August is the month when many beautiful varieties of Lilies are fully in bloom, I would suggest to those whose purses are limited to make a selection of bulbs while they can compare the flowers of each variety, and not trust the wonderful description of perfection which the floral catalogues would lead you to suppose each plant had attained.

The *Lilium auratum* is styled the "Queen of the Japanese Lilies," and is deliciously fragrant, but there are some varieties to which I would

give the preference, were I making a selection of bulbs.

The *Lilium lancifolium punctatum* has flowers of a flesh color, with spots of delicate rose. The *Lilium speciosum*, which is also found in the collection of Dr. Siebold, who introduced them from Japan, would, in my opinion, both rank higher than the *Auratum*, but the common garden Lily (*Lilium candidum*) is unequalled for purity, beauty, or ease of culture.

In *The Country*, a journal of rural pursuits published in England, I read not long since a piece on Lilies which gives many facts of interest concerning the white Lily and the scarlet Martagon.

This article states that Mr. Shirley Hibberd, editor of a serial work descriptive of garden flowers, issued by Messrs. Cassell, says that the *Lilium candidum* is a native of the Levant, and as that country includes Palestine, it is by no means improper to consider this as the "Lily of the field" referred to by our Lord in the Sermon on the Mount (Matt. vi. 28). If, however, we seek for a distinct flower as the Lily of the Holy Land, we must take note of Canticles vi. 2, where the Lily is associated with spices; and this Lily has a powerful and spicy odor that exactly answers to the suggestion of the text.

Thus the white Lily may be the Lily of Solomon, because of its powerful fragrance, but the Gospel Lily need not be scented, but must be glorious in apparel, comparable with this splendid monarch.

It happens, then, that the Martagon Lily (*L. Chalcedonicum*), which is almost odorless, but produces flowers of a brilliant scarlet, like the robes of Solomon, grows in profusion in the Levant, and is especially abundant about the Lake of Gennesareth, on the plains of Galilee, and the pastures on the borders of the desert.

But it must also be borne in mind that the Shushan, or Lily of Scripture, may be rendered "Rose" or "Violet" with propriety, and probably had a very broad meaning, so that we might read, "Behold the flowers of the field, how they grow," without in the slightest degree misrepresenting the purpose of our Lord.

The word "Lily" is of unknown origin, and in all its older forms is of general application, and, therefore, we cannot hope to identify with certainty any flower so called in ancient, and especially Eastern, documents.

It is none the less interesting, however, to note how admirably these two Lilies answer to the two references cited, so that we may, without resorting to invention, regard the scarlet Martagon and the common white as *par excellence* the "Lilies of Scripture."

In conclusion, I will add that in color this Lily is a reddish orange, its strongly revolute sepals are thickly covered with dark purple spots, the leaves are a glossy dark green and grow up the entire length of the stem, which is a rich brown, about two feet high. It may be found in the swamps of tide-water Virginia, in full flower, the end of July or early in August.

THE FLORAL CABINET comes to hand with its usual bright array of illustrations and interesting articles on floriculture.—*From Republican Star.*

HOUSEHOLD ELEGANCIES.

ONE of the best reasons for doing fancy work is to get rid of all unsightly articles. This can only be done by making them ornamental, and modern ingenuity seems determined to effect such a change even in a clothes-basket. The *Domestic Monthly* gives a very pretty illustration of how this may be done. We copy the description, hoping our readers will be glad to avail themselves of the suggestion. The large basket is an article of necessity in a household, and in limited quarters it is not always possible to keep such an article out of sight. The next best thing the housekeeper's taste suggests is to ornament it so that it need not be barely practical and nothing more. The decorations of the basket here seen are the upholstery canvas bands which come already stamped, as previously described. Coarse wools of the brightest colors are used for this work; and if the basket is open and not very fine, cross-stitch proves more satisfactory than single stitch for working. A linen or jute fringe trims each band, and a square worked in colors to match the borders is placed upon the cover. The spaces intervening between the decorated bands on the basket are filled in with cross-stitch, executed in black or any color that accords well with the general shadings employed. A great deal of fancy-work and filling-in is done at present by the Gobelin stitch, which is perpendicular, taking up as many threads as may be required for making the work finer or coarser. Where canvas is ten stitches to the inch, a showy design is worked with shaded wools, each stitch over four canvas threads.

WHAT PEOPLE THINK.

I MUST tell you a little compliment. The gentleman to whom I carried my CABINETS for binding said when I called for them: "I never saw so handsome a book as they make. I carried them home to my wife to look at."

MRS. ANABEL C. ANDREWS.

HUDSON, N. H.

I have enjoyed your paper for two years and hope to enjoy it many more.

MRS. JOSIE M. SIMON.

SWAN, NOBLE Co., Ind.

THE CABINET is a most charming paper. I could not do without it. It is always interesting and never fails to please. I enjoy reading over back numbers; they always seem new, and furnish rich food for busy brains.

LONA S—.

MT. PULASKI, Ill.

SIR: Since August last I have been a most grateful recipient of your excellent journal, THE FLORAL CABINET. The more I know of it the more I am convinced that it must be doing a blessed work. Beginning at the home, which is the basis of the state, its influence for good upon the latter cannot fail to be appreciated. All to whom I have shown it are pleased with it, and I trust that some, if they have not already, will send in their names as subscribers.

HARRIETTE W. SHERRILL.

LE ROY, N. Y.

EFFECTS OF PERFUME ON HEALTH.

WE learn that an Italian professor has recently made some very agreeable medicinal researches, re-

increasing its oxidizing influence. The essences found to develop the largest quantity of ozone are those of cherry, laurel, clover, lavender, mint, juniper, lemon, fennel, and bergamot; those that give it

closed vessels. Flowers destitute of perfume do not develop it, and those which have but slight perfume develop it in small quantities. Reasoning from these facts, the professor recommends the cultivation of



WILD FLOWERS AND FOREST VERDURE.



SUMMER PLEASURES.

sulting in the discovery that vegetable perfumes exercise a positively healthy influence on the atmosphere, converting its oxygen into ozone, and thus

in smaller quantity are anise, nutmeg, and thyme. flowers in marshy districts, and in all places infested The flowers of the narcissus, hyacinth, mignonette, with animal emanations, on account of the powerful heliotrope, and lily of the valley develop ozone in oxidizing influence of ozone.

Household Elegancies.

FANCY-WORK IN PODUNK.

OUR sewing-circle met one afternoon last summer with Mrs. Deacon Potts, and when Lyddy Plumb came she brought several FLORAL CABINETS, thinking that perhaps she might persuade some one to subscribe. After the papers had been thoroughly examined, and we were sewing again, the talk ran on doing fancy-work, making all such things as were illustrated in the CABINET, "fixing up" furniture at home, etc.

"Well," said Mrs. Potts, "if any one has got time to spend on such nonsense, they are welcome to it; I haven't."

"Neither have I," said Mrs. Pincher, "and I think it's just wicked to spend time fussing things up so. I wouldn't have little fancy things around anyway, to litter up the house; and I reckon Mrs. Prince thinks as I do, too, for she hasn't got any such trash in her house, any more'n I have in mine."

Mrs. Prince smiled in her grand way, and answered:

"Really, Sister Pincher, I can't say that I think it is wicked. If one wants to do it, I suppose they have the right; but I think it is in extremely bad taste 'to litter up' a room as you say with little fancy articles. They detract so much from the elegant effect which a well-furnished room produces. Now, when I began housekeeping I made cotton-flannel doves and rabbits, and grass bouquets, and bead baskets, and had bird's nests on forked sticks, and butterflies hung by threads; but I soon tired of them all, and at last swept them out. I do not believe, though, that I ever could have made one of the barrel-chairs that those papers say so much about. The idea of sitting on an old barrel! How can a lady have such a thing in her parlor! My idea of good taste in furnishing is to buy good honest things, as handsome as one can afford. If I could not get nice pictures I would go without any, rather than cover my walls with little trashy things in home-made frames."

I saw several of the ladies exchanging glances, but no one seemed willing to oppose their opinions to Mrs. Prince's, until Aunt Keziah Prindle spoke up in her own blunt way:

"Land sakes now, Mrs. Prince! It'll do for you to talk so, for you can get all the handsome furniture you want; but s'pose you couldn't! Land sakes! I don't know nothin' about these fancy things, 'cept that they do fix up a house mighty pretty and pleasant when folks can't get nice furniture and big ile-paintin's."

"Well," said the deacon's wife, "if one can't afford to get good plain furniture, they certainly can't afford to spend time in doing fancy-work."

"But one can do a great deal of such work, Sister Potts, without 'spending time' as you say," said Becky Prim, a pretty little matron. "I keep a bit of crochet-work, or something of the kind, in my basket all the time, and when I sit down to rest a minute, or when a caller comes in, or I have baby on my lap, I can pick it up and do a few stitches. I

have made a good many things in odd minutes when very likely I should not have done anything if it had not been that, and, as Aunt Keziah says, they do fix up the house, so that it would look plain and dull enough if they were all taken out, for I have got nothing really nice."

"Well," said Mrs. Pincher, "you young folks all seem to be going in for such things nowadays. I agree with Mrs. Prince. Now, I've just got a new parlor set, best of hair-cloth, and springs so stiff that Jerushy can hardly bear 'em down; and that's the kind of things to have in a house I say. But, if you'll believe it, the girls, and Nathan too, wanted me to take that money and get muslin curtains, and some pictures and brackets and vases, house-plants too, and new wall-paper, and even a new carpet, if 'twas 'nothing but the cheapest ingrain," Jerushy said; and that beat me. Why, my parlor carpet was the best piece of body Brussels that I could get at the Centre, and it's most as good as new, if it has been worn nigh on to twelve years, but they don't like the pattern; sunflowers and pumpkin-vines, Nathan says 'tis; and the wall-paper too is satin finish and good as new, but Nathan, he asked what I wanted cab-bages on the wall for, if they were satin? And the girls, they wanted to cover the old chairs with their old green empress-cloth dresses and have Nathan help 'em fix up a lounge out of old stuff. Dear me! I never was so taken down. Why, I said to Jerushy how was she a-going to get time for all that work, when she couldn't finish the 'rising-sun' quilt that she begun years ago; and I do want it to put on the spare bed, for 'twill be mighty pretty and there's a dreadful sight of work on it already."

Aunt Keziah broke in here:

"Land sakes! how you talk, Sister Pincher! Why, I should think you'd 'nough sight rather fix the house to suit your children, secin' as they're young men and women grown most; and 'll be wantin' to hev nice company and sech. And house-plants too! Land sakes! I s'posed every one believed in havin' them. It makes children like their home a sight better if they hev flowers to take kere of. Now, if you'd let the girls do as they wanted to, they'd hev thought the world of it; and you say Nathan would hev liked it too! Dear me! mebbe he wouldn't sit in the grocery so much evenin's if there was a real nice, cheery place to home, where he could hev some of his mates come in and hev a good time with the girls. It does young fellers sech a sight of good, arter workin' all day, to dress up and put on their company manners. Ye see young folks an't as they used to be, any more'n anything else is; an' they an't a-goin' to sit in the kitchen evenin's, with nothin' pretty around and nothin' lively goin' on. And as to picein' quilts, I don't see why it an't 'fancy-work' as much as embroiderin' footstools and curtains; and now, when everybody has to cover up their quilts with a spread, seems to me it's a sight more sensible to put the extra work in the parlor where 'twill show."

Aunt Keziah is the one privileged person in the village, who says just what she pleases to every one; else, of course, Mrs. Pincher had been mortally offended at such plain speaking. As it was, she only said sarcastically:

"Oh! well, Aunt Keziah, we all know you always stand up for the young folks, as if they were so much wiser than their elders; but I guess if you had a house and children of your own to take care of, you'd do about like the rest of us."

"Mebbe I should; but I'd thank the Lord that I haven't got 'em, if I could believe that I'd ever hev put the house before the children."

"Really now, Sister Pincher," said the deacon's wife, "you might let Jerushy keep a few plants; I could give her some slips. They don't make so much work as most folks think, and then you can see them grow and blossom. I don't believe in fancy trash any more than you do, but flowers are different."

"Oh! she did have some Geraniums once, but she always spattered the floor when she watered them; and kept the blinds open—let the flies in—because they must have the sun; and I was glad enough that they died off while she was up to her grandmother's."

Then Mrs. Peters took up the ball:

"Sister Potts, I quite agree with you that it is a great waste of time for a sensible woman to do fancy-work; but I do not call all ornamental things 'trash' by any means. I have always liked to have pretty things in the house, and my girls like to have nice toilet-sets and trees in their own rooms, as well as pictures and brackets and vases in the parlor; and I have always thought that one showed a refined taste in wanting to have everything around them pretty as well as neat. I use a large part of the money I earn with my sewing-machine in buying such things, and I always encourage the children in spending their pocket-money so; but I think it much better to have a book at hand to employ a few minutes' leisure than a piece of fancy-work. Then, too, one can buy such things so much cheaper than they can make them. Now, one of my nieces spent the best part of two days last week in making a bracket like one that I bought for fifty cents."

We had a new member at this meeting of the society. The Pinkertons had moved here the week before; and when Mrs. Peters had finished her say Becky Pym said: "I wish Sister Pinkerton would say something. She believes in fancy-work I know; I've seen her house." And after some urging she gave us some of her experience:

"When we were married, three years ago, John put all of his savings into the house and I was going to furnish it nicely with mine. I had my piano, a good many flowers, and plenty of house-linen; then his mother gave me her cooking-stove, when she broke up housekeeping, and her best bed, with mattresses and quilts; and all her common crockery and kitchen-ware. But before I had spent a cent John had a dreadful accident, and, with paying for board and nurse's and doctor's bills, my money barely lasted until he was earning again; so we went to housekeeping with only the things I have mentioned, and a kitchen table and four chairs. Oh! wasn't I homesick in that bare house. I could not get any music-scholarz there, and after baby was born I was not strong enough to take in sewing, and there was nothing else I could do to earn money myself. We could spare just one dollar a week from John's pay,

and I went to work with all my might to make those dollars tell. Of course with my housework and sewing to do, besides taking care of baby, I was pretty busy, and had to slip in other work edgewise, a bit at a time as I could, and we always kept the best part of our evenings for reading and music. But with a good deal of help from John I managed to make several barrel-chairs, and packing-box lounges, and toilet-tables, and ottomans. Then I got some old things at an auction for nothing almost, a tête-à-tête and great easy rocking-chair, which had lost every vestige of varnish and haircloth. I restained and varnished the frames, and stuffed and covered them with pretty bright stuff that I bought as remnants. I got a table too at the same time, that looked really nice revarnished, with a cover that I made of an old blanket, colored dark gray, with border of scarlet spattered in a fern-leaf pattern. John put up a mantel, and whatnot shelves, and brackets, and I made lambrequin covers for them all, and lamp-chimney vases, and tidies of scarlet and white yarn (worsted costs so much), and picture-frames of all kinds, for the most of our money went for pictures. I have several music-scholars here, and shall be able to get some things in Mrs. Peters's way; but my sitting-room is pretty and cheery now, though there has not been more than enough to get a good carpet spent on it. I have never made any ornaments just because they were pretty, if they were not going to be of use too. I need pretty things to make my home pleasant, and everything that adds to its beauty and cheerfulness I think is useful, and worth the making though it does take considerable time. I try to make things that will fit into the room, and have a nice effect on everything else. If I had rich, handsome furniture, I think I should like a great many elegant little fancy things too; and some of them I should like to make myself, just for the pleasure of it, as I would like to paint a pretty picture if I could, though I were able to buy one a thousand times better."

Here Mrs. Potts announced supper, and Mrs. Pinkerton promised to show us girls everything she had if we would come and see her.

As Lyddy and I were walking home Jack Park joined us, and Lyddy at once put the question to him: "Jack, we're discussing fancy-work; to do or not to do; give us your opinion, pro or con."

"Je-n-piter! Beg pardon, Lyddy, but, con. for ever, for conscience' sake."

"Jack! I don't believe you know anything about it."

"Don't I? Haven't I three precious old aunts—bless 'em, they deserve a better navy—and if it wasn't for their everlasting fancy-work I'd stay with 'em, as they want me to; but a fellow gets tired of being called up two or three or a dozen times every evening to hold a skein; and of having a bit of worsted, that he must match, tied around his little finger every time he goes down street. Then the plague of the things when they're done! There are all sorts of birds and beasts and flowers everywhere, and if a fellow touches 'em its scream here and scream there. If I put my feet on a stool, Aunt Em brings a towel and spreads over it; Aunt Jane jumps up and turns back the tidy as quick as I sit down,

and if I lie on the sofa Aunt Di jerks out the nice soft pillow, and brings an old bunchy, scratchy one. There are dozens of chairs and things all pinned up in white cloth for my benefit. I steer clear of them though. Damaging to a fellow's temper—very—pins are."

"Jack, be still! Don't you say another word. I'll tell you this, though. There shall never be any such work in any house that I have anything to do with. But wouldn't you like handsome tidies and pillows that you could put your head on, and a room full of pretty things that make it bright and pleasant and sweet-homey; and that don't bother you a bit?"

"Why, to be sure. That is like Mrs. Pinkerton's house."

"What do you know about Mrs. Pinkerton's house?"

"I was there yesterday. John is putting up our shop. Prettiest house I ever saw; sweet-homey all through; made one feel like a pitiful old bach, more than ever. Didn't he look comfortable though. They're poor enough too. He isn't able to work all the time. But I didn't suppose that you called such things as her's fancy-work, though I'm sure I don't know what kind of things they are; only there isn't any carpet, and there are quantities of pictures; but the house is prime, and I say, Lyddy, if you like it too, why can't my 'good time coming' be like Pinkerton's?"

"Jack! do behave yourself."

"Yes, by and by. I want Evie to hear, and help me perhaps. You see, I asked Mrs. Pinkerton if three hundred would make a home anything like that, and she said 'Yes, and a good deal nicer, except the piano and flowers'; and there's the little brown house, the old ladies are all ready to give it to me any day, you know."

"I'll think about it."

"Well, think here then."

And I left them on the porch, and went into the house alone, as it was so evident that Jack needed no help from me. They were married at Thanksgiving, and the little brown house is the sweetest home in the village. Mrs. Pinkerton helped us plan and make for it; indeed we all worked under her direction, and Jack told me yesterday that he had not dared rub his eyes yet, for fear that he should wake himself up; and Lyddy's only grief is that they ever could have thought it necessary to wait until they had five hundred dollars, at least, to begin housekeeping with. "O Evie! if it hadn't been for Mrs. Pinkerton's 'fancy-work.'" EVA MAY.

A BRUSH FOR WASHING DISHES.

A HOUSEWIFE in Coleman's Rural gives her mode of washing dishes with a broom-corn brush: "This brush is of easy construction. Take from four to a dozen stalks. I usually keep three or more sizes, as they constantly extend their sphere of usefulness. Tie firmly with wire and twine, and sew the brush after the fashion of a broom, leaving but a few inches of brush. Leave the smallest brush round, as they drop into cups and cans more readily. The largest I use for scrubbing benches, washing out tubs, etc."

SMALL FRUITS FOR FAMILY USE.

No farmer should be without small fruits for family use, though many of them are satisfied to live along on regular coarse farm diet rather than expend a few dollars for plants and the time to attend to a small plantation of small fruits. A half-acre devoted to small fruit would abundantly supply a large family, and if well cared for would furnish a surplus for market enough to pay for the cultivation, while the many cans and jars of them which could be put up for winter use would give an assurance that there would be something more palatable than mere bread and meat to subsist on during the cold weather. Four or five rows of strawberry plants with about a hundred plants in each row would furnish a fine lot of fruit for table use; the Jersey scarlet, the Kentucky (a late variety), or the Charles Downing being better ones than the Wilson's Albany seedling, which is a better market berry. A couple of hundred plants of raspberries such as the Brandywine, and the same number of blackberries, the Wilson being a most excellent sort, soon produce enough to fully supply any family; then a row or two of Gooseberries and two or three of currants could be put in, while the plantation could be regularly dotted over with dwarf or standard pear-trees to fill up the place. The Bartlett (as a standard) and the Duchesse (as a dwarf) are the most popular as well as the surest croppers. They bear regularly and heavily, and are large and of good flavor.

IMPROVED CURRANT CAKE.

"HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENTS" are very good adjuncts to a newspaper in their way when edited by a woman, but the male journalist who dabbles with the inspired mysteries of cooking runs a frightful risk. The editor of the *Weekly Petaluma Pearine*, started a column of that kind recently, and a few days afterward a fierce-looking female came into the office, carefully concealing some object behind her apron. "Are you the man that published that new and improved way to make currant cake?" He said he was. "You said to mix washing-soda with the flour, and stir in a little corn-meal and a little sweet-oil to give it consistency?" "I—I—believe so." "And to add 15 eggs and some molasses, and two ounces of gum-arabic, and set it in a cool place to bake?" "I think that was it." "Well, take that then!" And the indignant housewife floored him with a weapon that felt like a sand-club, but which he felt in his heart must have been a half-baked hunk of cake constructed on the *Pearine* pattern.—*San Francisco News-Letter*.

CLEANSING.

DON'T let scratches on paint worry you any longer. Cut a sour orange or lemon in half; apply the cut half to the marks, rubbing for a moment quite hard; then wash them off with a clean rag, dipped first in water to moisten it, and then in whiting. Rub well with this rag, dry thoroughly, and nine times out of ten the ugly marks will vanish. Of course, sometimes they are burned in so deeply that they cannot be eradicated.

The Young Housekeeper.

A WORD TO YOUNG MOTHERS ABOUT
BABY-CLOTHES.

If there is ever a time when sewing becomes a luxury it is in preparing the *layette* outfit, as it is now generally termed, of the first baby. Every tiny garment is a study of beauty, and we do not envy the mother who does not find the fashioning of the dainty garments a positive delight which could not be given up to hireling hands.

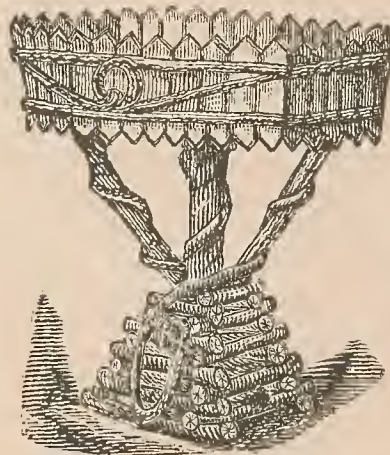
Everything that is for a baby's use should be delicate in fabric and in color, where color is introduced at all, and above all should be well made. Some persons will not have anything made upon the machine; but this is an extreme of fastidiousness. Machine-sewing, when really well done, is as elegant and even more so than hand-sewing; the idea that it is less so originated, we think, in its being carelessly executed; but of course on fine work all the finishing, hemming down, etc., should be done by hand. Embroidery, now so much in vogue, is never more appropriate than upon infants' clothing, but it should be upon wash materials, as the garment can then be preserved a long time with reasonable care, and when baby assumes short dresses, as is now the



DINNER-TABLE FLOWER-HOLDER.

fashion at six months, be laid away uninjured. Baby-robos are made with French yokes and long sleeves, made of fine material, with delicate rather than profuse embroidery. Cloaks are made of white cashmere, for summer simply lined with silk, and corded

and piped with white satin; and these are very elegant. Very fine piqué cloaks are elaborately embroidered, and are trimmed with hand-crocheted lace. Caps are made of real Valenciennes or Italian lace insertings or edgings. The baby's dress should



GARDEN STAND.

always be white and soft mulls; India muslin, and fine undressed cambrics are pretty. No thick material should be used, and the trimming should never be of heavy or thick embroidery.

In sacques, hoods, and shawls bright colors are admissible, and as much variety as is desired, but keep to the tints of spring flowers. It will be time enough by and by for rich colors. Scarlet looks well in coral, but turquoise clasps are much prettier and turquoise blue for ribbons.

Shoes are made of fine cashmere embroidered in forget-me-nots or tiny rosebuds. The christening robe is of linen cambric, and should be simply made to be in good taste; shoulder-knots tied without bows and with long ends, and a sash of white ribbon, complete the dress. At the ceremony a card with the baby's name is presented to the clergyman.

Baby-baskets are now a delight to the eyes; they are either square or circular, wide but not deep, lined with sheer muslin over pink or blue. The cover is elaborately embroidered either in white or in color corresponding to the colored lining. White is, we think, decidedly the prettiest, and for those who have not time or skill to embroider transferred work cut from some old-fashioned collar, and neatly laid down, makes often quite as handsome a finish. The edge of the basket may be finished either with a quilling of satin ribbon, a fall of lace, or more simply by a deep-plaited ruffle. There should be nooks in the basket for every article of the toilet, not forgetting a bag lined with oil silk for soap, and one for sponge, and a case for small scissors, needles, and thread, should any accident make a stitch necessary. The finest sponge should be selected, and one well rounded. Safety-pins should be provided in abundance, and the smallest sized English pins. Combs and brushes fit for fairies may be had in all styles and plain wood to carved ivory and pearl.

A gentleman was disturbed from his rest in the middle of the night by some one knocking on the street door. "Who's there?" he asked. "A friend," was the answer. "What do you want?" "I want to stay here all night." "Queer taste; stay there by all means," was the benevolent reply.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PLEASE tell how to make a rustic cross for wax flowers, and how to color wax black?

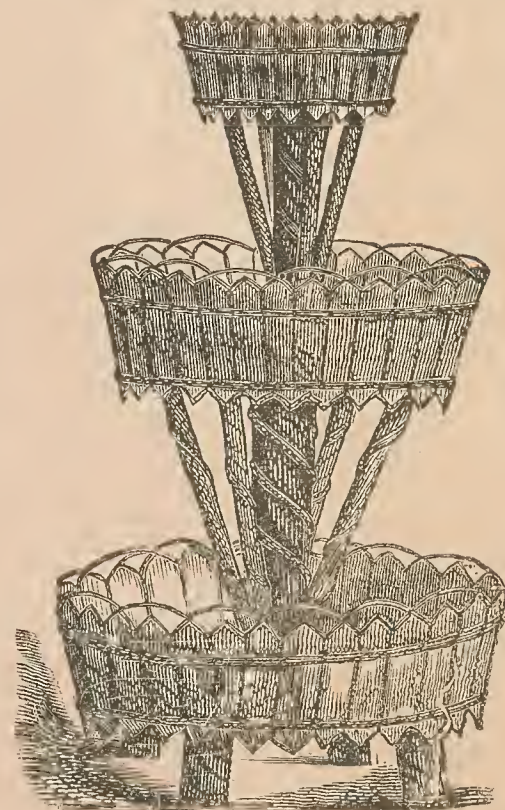
ANSWER.—Take small, straight branches of grapevine, the size and length you desire, and strip entirely of bark; form the cross, smooth a little with knife, and varnish with only one coat of thin varnish. Let the cross lean a little to one side. Color wax black by melting it with ivory-black, and a little balsam of fir. If you wish it in sheets, pour it quickly over a sheet of window-glass.

Mrs. L. T. LYON.

How should Scrap-Books be arranged?

M. H. O., Victoria, Texas.

ANSWER.—Differently, according to the object in making them. If merely to preserve occasional clippings the easiest way is to paste in as they are made; it saves time; but if you wish to preserve many really valuable things, as it is possible to do from the admirable papers now published, classify according to subjects with a running title, thus: Poems, Literary Notes, Household Matters, Fun. Mark Twain's Scrap Books require no paste or gum. They are very convenient. Simply wet the gummed lines with a brush dipped in clear water, and press the paper upon it. Picture scrap-books are best quite large, as you then have room for a wide margin, which gives a handsome appearance to the volume. For use merely, an old ledger with eight or ten leaves cut out here and there at intervals makes an excellent and serviceable scrap-book. Every one should keep several such books, they are of the greatest use, if made systematically, as books of reference for those who cannot afford large libraries.



RUSTIC WOOD GARDEN VASE.

Paraffine Solution.—W. H. B. asks: Can you inform me what will keep a solution of paraffine with linseed oil in a liquid state, and not destroy its drying qualities?—ANSWER. Turpentine spirits, since in it paraffine is soluble.

Fireside Reading.

SLANDER.

A WHISPER woke the air—
A soft, light tone, and low—
Yet barbed with shame and woe;
Now, might it only perish there—
No farther go.

Ah, me! a quick and eager ear
Caught up the little moaning sound;
Another voice hath breathed it clear,
And so it wandered round

From ear to lip, from lip to ear,
Until it reached a gentle heart,
And that—it broke!
It was the only heart it found,
The only heart 'twas meant to find,
When first its accents woke;
It reached that tender heart at last,
And that it broke.

Low as it seemed to other ears,
It came a thunder crash to hers—
That fragile girl, so fair and gay,
That guileless girl, so pure and true.
'Tis said a lovely humming-bird,
That in a fragrant lily lay,
And dreamed the summer morn away,
Was killed by but a gun's report
Some idle boy had fired in sport!
The very sound was death!

And thus her happy heart, that beat
With love and hope, so fast and sweet
(Shrined in its lily, too;
For who the maid that knew
But owned the delicate, flower-like
grace
Of her young form and face?)
When first that word her light heart
heard,
It fluttered like a frightened bird,
Then shut its wings and sighed,
And with a silent shudder—died!

GUARD WELL YOUR DAUGHTERS.

YOUR daughters should have rooms of their own. We know it is difficult in our cities, where every additional room in a house costs three or four dollars a month; but a mother, writing on this subject, forcibly says:

It often arises from want of thought on the subject, and the wish to save the care of an extra room, that girls are put to sleep in the room with others, occasionally with hired help; but if a mother could realize, as I do, the impure influence thus thrown about her child, she would endure any amount of toil and inconvenience rather than allow it. Of course there are exceptions—girls, pure-minded girls, who will be as careful of their words as the mother herself—but in too many cases every new hired girl brings a new lot of coarse stories and information, with which she is only too willing to

enlighten the ignorant and innocent child. The child is under a vow to "Never, never tell any one, especially mother," and feels that she is growing extremely wise; but she is really receiving false impressions which it will take years to eradicate, and losing an innocence of mind, a purity of thought, which can never be regained. She may live to see the wrong and curse it; she may never see the wrong and let it curse her. We all know how easily some natures are balanced either to the right or wrong, and how slight an influence at a certain time will prove "the pebble in the streamlet scant" which turns the course of a whole life.

I wish I had the power to rouse the attention of

rattle, the child grieves over her broken doll, the school girl has her pet sorrows that everybody laughs at, and farther on come the love troubles which are certainly heart-breaking. Through them all it is a comfort to have the privacy of one's own room, where, secure from intrusion, we can fight our mental battles or seek our needed quiet. Mothers, give your daughters a room to keep, to decorate, and to cry in.

A SENSIBLE COLLEGE.

GIRLS are admitted to the Iowa Agricultural College and taught all sorts of queer and absurd things. For instance, the authorities there have the funny notion that girls ought to know how to cook! Every girl in the junior class has learned how to make good bread; weighing and measuring her ingredients, mixing and kneading and baking, and regulating her fire. Each has also been taught to make yeast and bake biscuit, pudding, pie, and cake of various kinds; how to cook a roast, to broil a steak, and make a fragrant cup of coffee; how to stuff a turkey, make oyster soup, prepare stock for other soups, steam and mash potatoes so that they will melt in the mouth, and, in short, to get up a first-class meal, combining both substantial and fancy dishes, in good style. Theory and manual skill have gone hand-in-hand. Vast stores of learning have been accumulated in the arts of canning, preserving, and pickling fruit, and they have taken practical lessons in all the details of household management, such as house-furnishing, care of beds and bedding, washing and ironing, care of the sick, and numerous other things. It is not stated whether girls are taught how to get up in the morning and build fires, but no doubt such a useful branch of information receives the attention its importance demands.

A fanciful theory is broached by an Englishman with regard to the effect of sound on the growth of plants. It is stated by the writer that, having built a small conserva-

tory in a barren locality, he attempted the cultivation of roses and other plants under shelter. They did not thrive well, however, until he happened to remove an harmonium into the greenhouse, and, practising on it steadily for some months, was surprised to see a gradual but rapid recovery of health on the part of his plants. From this circumstance he has elaborated the hypothesis that music is conducive to vegetable health and life.

Rose-Grubs.—If there are any grubs in stems of roses run a fine wire into their holes and kill them.



SLY PUSS.

every woman who has a girl entrusted to her care, and make her see, as I have seen, the great evil of the slight and apparently unimportant habit. I have mentioned the main reason why the intimacy arising from the sharing of a room should be avoided, but there are other reasons why a young girl should have a room of her own. She will learn to keep it in order, to arrange it tastefully, and take pride in collecting within it her little treasures. Then, too, we are apt to think that no season of life except our own present one contains any real trials; but they are scattered all along. The infant cries for its lost

Housekeeping.

FUTURE HOUSEKEEPERS.

WE sometimes catch ourselves wondering how many of the young ladies whom we meet with are to perform the part of housekeepers, when the young men who now eye them so admiringly have persuaded them to become their wives. We listen to those young ladies of whom we speak, and hear them not only acknowledging, but boasting, of their ignorance of all household duties, as if nothing would so lower them in the estimation of their friends as the confession of an ability to make bread and pies, or cook a piece of meat, or a disposition to engage in any useful employment. Speaking from our own youthful recollections, we are free to say that taper fingers and lily hands are very pretty to look at with a young man's eyes, and sometimes we have known the artless innocence of practical knowledge displayed by a young miss to appear rather interesting than otherwise. But we have lived long enough to learn that life is full of rugged experiences, and that the most loving, romantic, and delicate people must live on well-cooked food, and the house be kept clean and tidy by industrious hands. And for all the practical purposes of married life it is generally found that for a husband to sit and gaze at a wife's taper fingers and lily hands, or for a wife to sit and be looked at and admired, does not make the pot boil or put the smallest piece of food therein.

SUMMER DRINKS.

ALL know the torment of drinking warm, brackish water. I have used the following plan, which came under my notice a year or two since: I bought half a dozen tin milk-cans holding four gallons each, and covered them with coarse, thick canvas, of a kind that absorbs water easily, drawing the cloths tightly around the cans and sewing them so that they could not get off. At night the cloths are dipped in a tub of water until they are thoroughly saturated; the cans are then filled with water and set where the breeze will blow upon them, and in the morning the water is quite cold, and remains so during the day if the cloths are wet occasionally and the cans placed in the shade where they are exposed to a current of air. The men on going out to work take as many cans of water as they will need, and so have the luxury of cool water to drink during the heat of the day. Any kind of coarse cloth will do to cover the cans—the thicker the better—as they won't need wetting so often, but the cans must be kept closed and the cloths wet to ensure success.

The above is from an exchange, and is an excellent plan, but for keeping water cool in small quantities and where the weight of the vessel containing it is of no importance, we believe the following will be found better, as earthenware is better than tin. The water-bottles of Oriental lands are composed of porous clay.

Water can be kept cool for drinking in warm weather by the following method: Get fresh water, let it be kept in an unglazed earthenware pitcher

wrapped around with two or three folds of coarse cotton cloth kept constantly wet. The theory of cooling water in this manner is the absorption of heat from it by the evaporation of the moisture in the cotton cloth. Expansion produces cold, compression heat.

The same idea is applied to keeping butter cool without ice. In this case the cloths are not used, and perhaps the simpler plan would work quite as well.

Firm Butter without Ice.—In families where the dairy is small, a good plan to have the butter cool and firm without ice is by the process of evaporation, as practised in India and other warm countries. A cheap plan is to get a very large-sized, porous earthen flower-pot, with an extra large saucer. Half fill the saucer with water, set in it a trivet or light stand—such as is used for holding hot irons will do—upon this set your butter; over the whole invert the flower-pot, letting the top rim of it rest in and be covered by the water; then close the hole in the bottom of the flower-pot with a cork; then dash water over the flower-pot, and repeat the process several times a day, or whenever it looks dry. If set in a cool place, or where the wind can blow on it, it will readily evaporate the water from the pot, and the butter will be as firm and cool as if from an ice-house.

HOW TO CAN FRUIT.

GLASS and stone jars are the only kinds to use (for the acids of fruits will not be healthful if preserved in tin) and they can be purchased very cheaply. Nearly all the fruits retain their flavor better if they are steamed instead of stewed, as they are not so much broken up. To four pounds of the fruit take one pound of lump-sugar, as it is less subject to adulteration. Fill the jars within two inches of the top with the fruit; melt the sugar in very little water and turn it boiling hot upon the fruit; place the jars in a pan of boiling water and let them steam about ten minutes, or until the fruit, by the expulsion of the cold air, has been forced to the top of the jar; put the cover on at once, with a cloth, so as not to burn your hands, and screw it down tightly while in the boiling water; set the jars on the table to cool, and if any bubbles appear in them take off the covers and boil again until the fruit is again forced.

COOL CELLARS.

WHAT is more refreshing, satisfactory, and pleasing than, when the mercury is up among the nineties, to have the privilege of eating butter, berries, cream, vegetables, etc., that are cool, fresh, and inviting? Many do this, but it is at the expense of an ice-house or an ice-fed refrigerator. But this desirable acquisition may be obtained and enjoyed without the expense and trouble of either one or the other, providing you have a cellar. It is done by keeping the sun's rays and heated air out of the cellar. The former you accomplish by shading it, the latter by the proper use of hinged windows. So arrange your window-sash that they may be either swung up, or to the right or left on the cellar side, or so place the

hinges that they may be let down, which will be quite as convenient. During the days of hot, sultry weather, keep them tightly closed; but on cool, still nights open them, and the cool, fresh, outside air will rush in and displace the warmer air of the cellar. In the morning again close the sash, and should the cellar be a common one the window need be opened only two or three times a week, and then only on cool, still nights. To prevent cats or other animals from taking possession of the cellar during the night, nail a fine wire netting over each window on the outside. Those who leave their cellar-windows open night and day will find the air to conform quite well with that outside, as the wind forces the warm air in and thus displaces the cooler current that is always found nearest the bottom or floor. Let the closing and opening of the windows, as stated, be one of the duties of servant or milkmaid. L. D. S.

BARRINGTON, N. Y.

HINTS ON DRESS.

REAL lace is much worn, though not to the exclusion of other delicate fabrics. Lace is worth buying because it is enduring and a thing of real beauty, like a gem. Extravagant, or what seem extravagant, prices are paid for it, but it must be remembered it will last a lifetime.

Square necks, with fichu above and short sleeves with net gloves nearly to the elbow, have become general for dress occasions. Breakfast caps trimmed in a very tasteful way, with a roll round the crown of the same material in a pale shade of color.

The new material *mousseline de soie* is used for stylish dress; simpler kinds of fine swiss, or any sheer fabric, are less expensive, and often quite as pretty. Mousseline is made of silk and beautifully woven.

Bonnets may be said to be of all possible shapes, for people are beginning to learn that to look well is better than to look like every one else. Some are large, some are small, some are wide flaring and some close, but after all there is a general style prevailing among the different kinds. For walking costumes the colors are rather grave, but pale for full dress; lemon, straw color, and bright rose are much worn.

Chip hats come in various delicate tints, and they are generally trimmed with plumes of the same hue, or in very slight difference of shade. Strong contrasts are reserved for flowers, which is excellent taste. Wreaths extending nearly round the hat are very popular.

The Wellesley College students have established a flower mission, each one contributing a penny a week for purchasing flowers, which are sent to hospitals and other institutions about Boston, two students being chosen weekly to carry the offerings to them.

The oldest Woman in New Hampshire who accepted the privilege of voting at the recent town elections was Mrs. Lovey Wentworth, aged ninety years, of Rollinsford, who walked to the ballot-box in that town with a firm step and deposited the first vote of her life.



DISEASES,

Like rivers, spring from small causes The roaring river may not be easily diverted from its course, nor the neglected disease from its destructive work. Taken in time, disease, which is merely an interrupted function, may be averted by the use of Nature's remedy, TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT. It combines the medicinal properties of the best mineral waters in the world.

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The fruit will keep without sugar, or any quantity of sugar may be added as desired.

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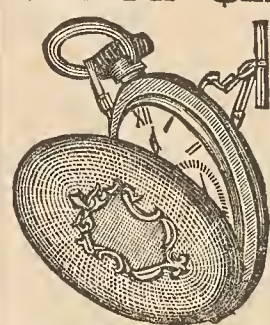
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Sempre Ped.

FINE.

1st TIME. *2d TIME.*

TRIO.

1st TIME. *2d TIME.* *D. C.*

FINE.

THE LADIES' *Domestic* Calendar

By HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1879.

No. 93. PRICE 12 CENTS.

WALKS IN GARDENS AND YARDS.

MANY persons are exercised in deciding of what material to make their garden-walks. Those who have been in Europe decide finally on gravel; but when the hot suns of summer come they learn that this country is not Europe, and that what is the best for one country may not be altogether the thing for another. The heat of our climate is so opposed to garden-ing enjoyment that we have always in the first place to study how to modify it before we can take much pleasure in summer horticulture. Gravel-walks make that which is hot hotter. Grass-walks are the coolest of all walks; but they require constant mowing and rolling if we wish to keep them neat and trim, and then if there be much travel over the course a "sheep track" is the unsightly result. Besides this, there are dampness from the dews, wet from the rains, and "soggings" from the thaws, until on the whole there is very little except the cool surface on a hot summer day to recommend them.

As for all preparations from tar, there is nothing to recommend them over gravel, except they do not require so much looking after, while the gloom which they cast around harmonizes badly with the pleasure of a garden.

In many of our old Germantown gardens tan-bark is largely used, and always gives satisfaction when properly employed. The proper way is to have a hard, solid walk first, and then put on a very thin layer of the



DESIGN FOR BIRD-CAGE AND STAND FOR FLOWERS AND ORNAMENTAL PLANTS.

bark. If there be much of a thickness it takes up so much water at the rains that it is worse to walk on than the soggy grass-ground referred to. It is decidedly unpleasant to walk on a thick mass of tan in wet-weather. Of course a tan-walk can only be made where the road-bed is rather level, as on an incline it will easily wash away in heavy rains. No one who has experienced it can have any idea of the pleasure of a tanned walk through a half-shaded ground on a warm summer's day.

But there is no walk in our judgment equal to that made from coal-ashes. The ashes should be riddled, and all the coarse pieces laid down first and covered by the fine ashes to the depth of about two inches and rolled hard. If well done it will last for years by topping-off with an additional inch of ashes every spring or two. It is always dry, even within a few minutes after a heavy shower, is pleasant to the tread, looks well, and seldom allows grass and weeds to appear.—*Germantown Telegraph*.

PHOSPHORUS SOAP FOR PLANTS.

A CORRESPONDENT of *Vick's Monthly* says that for the destruction of insects on plants he has found nothing equal to phosphorus soap.

A tablespoonful dissolved in a gallon of water, applied with a watering-pot or syringe, he asserts will completely clean the plant of insects, and prove also a valuable fertilizer to the soil. Many of our readers, we are sure, would be glad to find this prove true in their own experience.

Window Gardening.

CHOICE PLANTS FOR SUCCESSFUL WINDOW-GARDENS.

IN choosing plants for window-gardens the greatest success often comes from having an eye to *beautiful foliage* rather than flowers. Of this subject the *American Garden* says:

"Amateurs are always too anxious for flowering plants, not seeming fully to appreciate handsome foliage. If the Calla does not bloom, the Calla is of no account. Now, this is an elegant plant and well worth growing if it never bloomed. In the whole catalogue of ornamental foliaged plants scarcely anything is comparable to the silver-margined, golden tricolor, and bronze-leaved Geraniums, and those should never be allowed to bloom, that the opportunity for leafage be unimpaired. Begonia rex and some of its varieties are worth a score of ordinary blooming plants. There are many choice exotics that may be made available. For decorative vines I know of nothing equal to English Ivy, Madeira Vine, and Smilax. The Ivy Geranium (*peltatum elegans*), grown on a trellis, makes a very fine display in winter. So also do some of the Coleus and other foliage plants. The selection will ever remain a matter of taste. One likes what another dislikes, and this is another of the reasons why we are so often disappointed in our purchases.

Holland Bulbs.—Nothing meets the want for flowers in the winter so fully as the Holland Bulbs. Our windows may be made gorgeous with them the latter part of the season. Not sweet like hyacinths, that are indispensable, but far more strong, are the early Tulips, the Duc Van Thols. Plant several in one pot in autumn and fill many pots. Set them away to grow roots, according to the florist's directions. Then in mid-winter bring them into bloom in your sitting-room. I have had the best flowers, especially from Hyacinths, by planting three, five, or nine bulbs in a box just large enough to hold them, and plunging the box in autumn into a warm border or somewhat sheltered place. In the winter, in a February thaw, I dug up the box or boxes, and when they were sufficiently drained gave them light and moderate heat, and the finest spikes of flowers made their appearance immediately. Pots would be broken by freezing; hence boxes must be used. And if they are unsightly in the window, cover them with Lichens, Cup-moss, and Baby-cones, an abundance of which may be gathered in the autumn rambles.

Plants for Forcing.—A long list of good garden plants for forcing has been given us, and I can speak with confidence of a few that I have tried, among which are *Dicentra spectabilis*, *Deutzia gracilis*, *Spirea arneus*, *Lilium longiflorum*, not forgetting *Sedum spectabile*, already mentioned. Of herbaceous *Spireas*, *Dicentra*, etc., crowd the pot full of roots. The more shoots the more bloom. Give the potted plants entire repose and no water, or only a trifle, after they are placed in the cellar—which may be done any time before the ground freezes. I never think it worth while to disturb this kind of

stock before mid-winter. Then bring to the living room such as you desire to bloom at once, reserving some for a succession of flowers. This kind of gardening has great advantages. You give place to the plants only while the growth is very rapid and the bloom abundant. Then they may be taken to the cellar with impunity, to await the spring planting. Any of our shrubs that form their buds in autumn might be taken and thus forced, if they were not too large for window-gardening. I have seen branches of white lilac placed in water producing very good bloom.

NEW AND CHOICE FUCHSIAS.

THE following new varieties have been tested this year by George W. Park, of Mount Vernon, O., and his report is as follows:

Charming.—This Fuchsia is well named, as it is one of the finest we have ever seen. It is a free grower, with thrifty green foliage and red stems and petioles. The flowers are *very* large, rather slender in form. Corolla violet, sepals crimson, about half reflexed; they are borne profusely. This Fuchsia was imported last spring by Mr. John Dick, of Philadelphia, who favored us with the beautiful plant now in our possession. We would place it at the head of the list of choice Fuchsias.

Lord Beaconsfield.—This is a superb variety, very thrifty in growth, with massive foliage and flowers of immense size, often three inches or more in length; color, deep pink corolla, with like tube and sepals. The flowers are of great substance, and consequently not as graceful in form as those of some other varieties.

Gem.—This is one of the finest, a good grower, with very large *double* flowers. Corolla very full, royal purple; sepals broad, about half recurved, and of a bright crimson color.

Lucy Finis.—A very slow grower, delicate, and, so far as our experience goes, could not be recommended for general cultivation. Perhaps some of our readers have a better opinion of it; if so, they can report.

Polyhymnia.—This, too, is rather delicate in growth, and the foliage will not endure the hot sun very well. The flowers are of ordinary size, with pink corolla and light-colored sepals.

Lord Byron.—This promises to be a desirable Fuchsia. It is a slow grower, with stubby branches, dark, reddish foliage, and medium-sized flowers, which are borne upright on the stem. The corolla is purple, sepals deep red.

Golden Eagle.—A beautiful variety with golden foliage, and quite thrifty. Flowers a trifle larger than those of Lord Byron, with purple corolla and bright red sepals, well recurved.

Meteor.—This is a rare variety, but one of the finest for a trellis. The growth is vigorous, and the foliage of a bright red color and very showy. The flowers are double, corolla reddish purple, sepals crimson. But a plant with such showy and beautiful foliage does not need to bloom to make it attractive or desirable. We have often wondered why this variety is not more popular.

Sunray.—This is also a fancy foliage variety.

The colors, yellow, red, and green, are nicely blended, making the plant attractive as well as beautiful. Flowers rather small, with sepals well recurved, colors purple and pink. If this Fuchsia was of more rapid growth it would be quite popular.

Joan de Arc.—A fine Fuchsia, free grower and bloomer, flowers medium, corolla white, sepals red. One of the best of the white varieties.

AMARYLLIS FROM SEED.

SHORTLY after blooming this summer a white Amaryllis gave indications of seed-pods; curious to know if the plant would perfect seed, they were allowed to grow and soon became so large that the stalk was unable to support their weight. One after another was taken off until but one pod remained.

This continued to grow until it was as large as a pear and about the same shape. The stalk was carefully staked up, that it might not break under the weight, and every one waited with interest to see what would come of this curious growth. One morning after a heavy rain the pod was found to be broken open and two seeds lay upon the ground and several others remained in their places. The following day all had fallen, greatly to the disappointment of the owner.

The seeds were as large as a horse-chestnut and of the same shape. In color they were of a pale green, which faded to a grayish tint. Supposing the pod to have been broken by the storm before the seeds had ripened, they were taken into the house as curiosities and laid away; for several days they remained unnoticed, when one morning one of the seeds was discovered to have sprouted, greatly to the surprise of my friend, who immediately conceived hopes of the rest. She distributed the seeds at once among her friends, and two of them were given to me.

When I received them one had a sprout two inches long, while the other one was beginning to swell.

I planted them at once in rich soil, leaving the seed about half exposed to the sun. That was two weeks ago, and there is a tiny green leaf about an inch long growing from each seed.

The bulb which produced these seeds threw up a flower-stalk with seven buds. The blossoms were very large and pure white, with a line of pink upon each one.

Buckwheat as a Window-Plant.—A window-gardener has tried the experiment of using Buckwheat Plants in his window-boxes. Growing two and a half feet high, it produces a handsome and odd appearance amid the other window-plants, of Coleus, Geraniums, and Cannas.

Cure for the Mealy-Bug on Plants.—An English gardener desiring to preserve his plants and destroy the mealy-bug, thought of a trial of a dose of *strong Scotch whiskey*. Applying it, he found it to be most effectual. He worked it in among the leaves, fruits, and flowers with a brush made of a few feathers. It killed the vermin at once.

Floral Correspondence.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

You are so kind in replying to questions that I have made up my mind to ask you several. You can reply through the CABINET, that most charming paper, for I must have it next year. I can't do without it.

Just eighteen months ago I began to collect a few house-plants. I had had a great sorrow, and found my before happy home so sad and desolate that I thought a few plants would give me something to do, and brighten our home in the coming winter. I was as ignorant as any child, and I think almost all persons make mistakes when they begin to cultivate flowers. Some of my mistakes were of the most common kind. I began by putting cuttings in the largest jars I could find. My Geraniums did very well all summer, if simply growing had been all, but I had no bloom. I read an account of killing green lice and mealy-bugs with tobacco-smoke, by throwing a paper over the plant, and holding the burning tobacco under it. I lost several fine plants by trying this—the heat to produce enough smoke killing my foliage each time. I think it better to follow the advice of one of your correspondents, and put them in a closet or small room, where the heat will not be so near the plant. I have found that diluted alcohol will kill mealy-bugs, and aloes-water will rid you of both green lice and mealy-bugs. Lime-water kills all angle-worms, and there is no danger to roots of the plants.

I see in a book recently published, by Rev. Edwin A. Johnson, he says he would never think of attempting to have a Poinsettia. I can't see why; they grow tall and are out of the way of other plants, and they are beautifully bright all winter. I have two of my own propagation, and I never saw more brilliant or larger bracts. But I owe their beauty to the CABINET. The first number I ever saw was the November number of 1877, and in that there was a short article in which a lady complained of failure, but said a florist had kindly told her that the use of liquid manure would produce large and brilliant bracts; so all last summer I gave mine just what liquid manure they would take, every other day, and the result is more than satisfactory.

My window-garden is very bright now, the Poinsettia at the top; then I have two Justicia superba just covered with the beautiful velvety purple blooms; then come Geraniums on each side, all in full bloom now, and my Browallias are little gems. I wish every one would try Browallia for winter. It will not do to send to a florist in the fall for it. Sow the seed next spring, and take cuttings in August. Keep all the buds pinched off (for it will want to bloom at an inch high), and it will give you hundreds of blooms in winter. My Lantanas bloom beautifully, but some object to the perfume. Bouvardias are generally considered too much of a hot-house plant for amateurs, but, after getting them started, they bloom beautifully for me. I have one now in bloom with ten large clusters of buds in different stages of development. I put it as near the top of

the window as possible. Give it warm water in the saucer, and liquid manure twice each week.

Now for my questions. How must I treat Fuchsias, after receiving them by mail? I lose almost all. I have used small pots, covered them with a sash in a large box, and still they die. Please tell me how to treat Japonicas—I mean Camellias? Mine bud well, but drop the buds. What book on floriculture gives directions for their treatment? How can I make a fine Eucharis Amazonica bloom? At what time in the year should they bloom? Mine is in perfect health, and is a splendid-looking plant, but it will not bloom.

Do Pelargoniums, like Geraniums, require to be root-bound to bloom well? I have a very large one growing in a jar, made in imitation of a stump; it will hold four or five gallons. Last spring it did not bloom at all. It is now five feet high and very large around. Should I repot it, or cut it back now, or is it too late to do this? I am afraid it will not bloom next spring. Does Mignonette require a very strong sunlight to bloom? Will you please to get some of the wise ones to tell us what plants can do without sun, what do best with east, south, and west exposure? If some one would tell us just what to put on the top shelf, then on the next, and next, to the bottom; and what plants can sit a little way from the window, and behave well and bloom. I am sure I would treasure such a list among my valuables. The arrangement of my plants gives me much trouble. Please tell me why it is that I can have no Heliotropes to bloom? Is there any particular food or treatment necessary?

Please reply to my questions as early as possible, and greatly oblige,
Very respectfully,
MRS. M. M. COOKE.

PRATTVILLE, ALA.

ANSWER.—Fuchsias require a good deal of care and a knowledge of their peculiar needs. They are rich feeders and grow vigorously, wanting abundant room for their roots. The best soil for them is leaf-mould, with a little sand added. Yours have been probably kept too warm and close. They need plenty of air and light, but not too much direct sunlight. Tie up the main branch to a standard and train the plant in good shape by pinching off the tip of the branches when inclined to grow too much to one side. If in small pots see that they do not become root bound. Set them upon your lower shelves, and shade a little with the foliage of other plants.

Your complaint of your Camellia is a common one. The buds drop easily if they have too much or too little water, or are subjected to sudden changes of temperature. A northeastern exposure is good, as it gives only the morning sun. Soil, peat and leaf-mould, temperature 40° to 50°, with frequent washing of the leaves with dewy spray every morning; it does not require frequent watering except when in bloom. Give warm water.

Pelargoniums require repotting every spring.

Mignonette does not require very strong sunlight; but it will bear it well in open ground, but not in pots.

Give your Heliotropes plenty of sunlight, and in winter let them occupy a high shelf in your window,

as they stand 50° very well. In this month trim off many of its branches, and the new growth will push up rapidly and give you plenty of winter flowers. Sponge the leaves frequently and give it rich soil with a little sand. The information you need is found in *Window Gardening*, a book published by the editor of the CABINET.

SCHOOL-GARDENS.

Vick's Illustrated Magazine for August has a very interesting article on School-Gardens. We have always been advocates of gardens for children; not gardens which they might call theirs, and from which they could gather the flowers and fruit only by permission, but such as they could tend and cultivate with their own hands, and the produce of which should be their "very own," so that they might do what they pleased with it. It is in this way that the child will learn to love the work for its own sake, and to teach a child to love nature is to bestow upon him an inestimable gift which nothing can take away, the cheer of which no calamity can darken, and which will grow more precious as the years go by.

The plan of school-gardens commends itself in every respect to the approval of thinking minds. The cultivation of the soil is the most healthful occupation for children in the world. The open air, the sunshine, in itself the best of medicines, the scent of the upturned earth, are all life-giving, and when to these is added moderate but active exercise we have the very best prescription for the establishment of a strong constitution.

Doubtless there would be some difficulties about the first establishment of school-gardens, but none that could not speedily be overcome, for "where there is a will there is a way." In our Western towns the experiment might be fairly tried, where ground is plenty and new ideas take root as easily as vegetation.

The plat for the garden should be, of course, first thoroughly prepared and laid out before the children are allowed to take part in the work; but they can be taught to plant and to work the ground in a very short time, and it would be easy to excite a spirit of emulation by a system of marks or prizes. The garden might be made of assistance in the study of botany, of chemistry, while the practical knowledge of the work itself would be invaluable.

It is not necessary that the expense should at first be great for plants. Wild-flowers could be sought and transplanted, seeds could often be gathered from the home gardens, and parents would readily contribute to the general stock, while no small benefit of the arrangement would be the turning of the small streams of pocket-money into a safe and healthful channel. The children would soon learn to prefer, if their interest were fully aroused, the sweets of the florist to those of the confectioner, greatly to the benefit of their health.

Wherever school-farms have been established in Europe, on quite a large scale, they have been found a success, and why should not gardens be in this country? We hope that the matter will be pushed with vigor, and that before many years have passed every school-house in America will have its school-garden.

Floral Hints.

OUR NATIVE ORCHIDS.

In calling attention to the beauty of our native orchids and their ease of culture you do worthy service, as we seldom see their culture tried, although their beauty excels many of the much-praised exotics. As I have been fairly successful in the culture of some the species, I give my mode of treatment, hoping it may induce others to try them and succeed with some of the following.

POGONIA OPHIOGLOSSOIDES.—This is generally found growing in moist locations, the thick fibrous roots being most luxuriant when growing in good live sphagnum, situated so that it is neither too wet nor too dry. In growing this beautiful plant I found it to succeed best in half-decayed sphagnum, mixed with charcoal to keep it sweet. When in flower they should not have any approach to dryness, and the atmosphere of the house should not be very dry, or else red spider is sure to attack the foliage, which greatly mars the following year's growth and flower.

ARETHUSA BULBOSA.—The flowers of this fine orchid appear before the leaves. They are of a bright rose-purple, varying in the shade of color according to the position and location in which the plant is growing. It is much rarer than the Pogonia, but I have met with it in some particular localities in considerable quantities. In cultivation it requires the same treatment as the Pogonia. Care must be taken to get the leaf as well matured as possible. Coming as it does after the flower, the leaf is apt to be neglected. A good out-door position for growing these orchids is a shady, moist spot, having a northern exposure—using for soil a mixture of muck and sphagnum. During winter, the bed in which they are growing is better to be protected with some rough mulch, for it appears that when taken from their moist home and placed in higher ground they lose their extremely hardy nature. Upon no consideration, however, treat them as being tender plants, or failure is sure to result in their culture.

LADY'S SLIPPER.—The different kinds of *Cypripedium* found wild throughout the country are remarkably pretty. *C. spectabile* has scarcely a rival in the long list of species in this family. It is found wild in bogs throughout the Northern States, and succeeds well in cultivation. It requires a soil composed of good fibrous peat, and, when sending up its flower-spike, plenty of moisture. I have found it do well when treated as a greenhouse plant by withholding water

when at rest, but giving sufficient to keep the roots in a healthy condition. *C. acaule* requires a rather shady position, and succeeds in a soil composed of fibrous loam and good fresh leaf-mould.

All our different kinds of native orchids, as well as many more of our native plants, are too much neglected; for beautiful as they are in a wild state, how much more so are they when well cared for under cultivation!—M. MILTON, in *Country Gentleman*.

Celosia superba plumosa is one of the most graceful varieties in cultivation. I first saw it in a collection of James Vick's, and was struck with the graceful habit and bright color which it possessed. It is equally adapted for out-door and pot-culture, being suitable for cutting for bouquets, either mixed with other flowers or in a vase alone. *C. cristata* is the Cockscomb, of which there are several varieties, some of which are tall, some dwarf, and of bright crimson, yellow, violet, and variegated colors. These dwarf kinds make excellent edges for beds.



To Utilize old Fruit-Cans.—

The *Scientific American* publishes a plan which looks as though it might reduce the chances that the earth's surface will shortly be covered with old tin cans in a battered but not useless condition. The can is pierced with one or more pin-holes, and then sunk in the earth near the roots of the strawberry or tomato or other plants. The pin-holes are to be of such size that when the can is filled with water the fluid can only escape into the ground very slowly. Thus, a quart can, properly arranged, will extend its irrigation to the plant through a period of several days; the can is then refilled. Practical trials of this method of irrigation leave no doubt of its success. Plants thus watered flourish and yield the most bounteous returns through the longest droughts. In all warm localities, where water is scarce, the planting of old fruit-cans, as here indicated, will be found profitable as a regular gardening operation.

Euphorbia Marginata.—This is a beautiful-leafed, half-hardy annual, very showy for the herbaceous border, or for edging a bed containing large growing plants, such as Cannas. It grows about two feet high.—M. Milton, in *Cultivator and Country Gentleman*.

Soot for Roses.—Collect some soot from a chimney or stove where wood is used for fuel, put into an old pitcher, and pour hot water upon it. When cool, use it to water your plants every few days. The effect upon plants is wonderful in producing a rapid growth of thrifty shoots, with large thick leaves and numbers of richly-tinted roses.

Lygodium Scandens.—This pretty climbing fern is hardy under somewhat sheltered circumstances. This and the American climbing Fern, *Lygodium palmatum*, are the most beautiful under culture. There are few things more interesting than a fern garden. Any one who has a partially shady place, or a small piece of woods, even a group of half-dozen trees, may have one.

Celosia.—For pot-culture, as well as for planting out-doors, the feathery *Celosia* and the crested or cockscomb are magnificent plants. The seeds being very small, care should be taken in sowing them, that they are not too deeply buried or watered too much when the plants are small, as they are apt to damp off. As soon as large enough to handle, transplant them into other pots. Keep shaded for a few days and give air when convenient, to prevent damping. They require a light, rich soil to insure a quick growth, and, although impatient in a stagnant soil, they require an abundance of water. I think

The Flower-Garden.

RURAL HINTS.

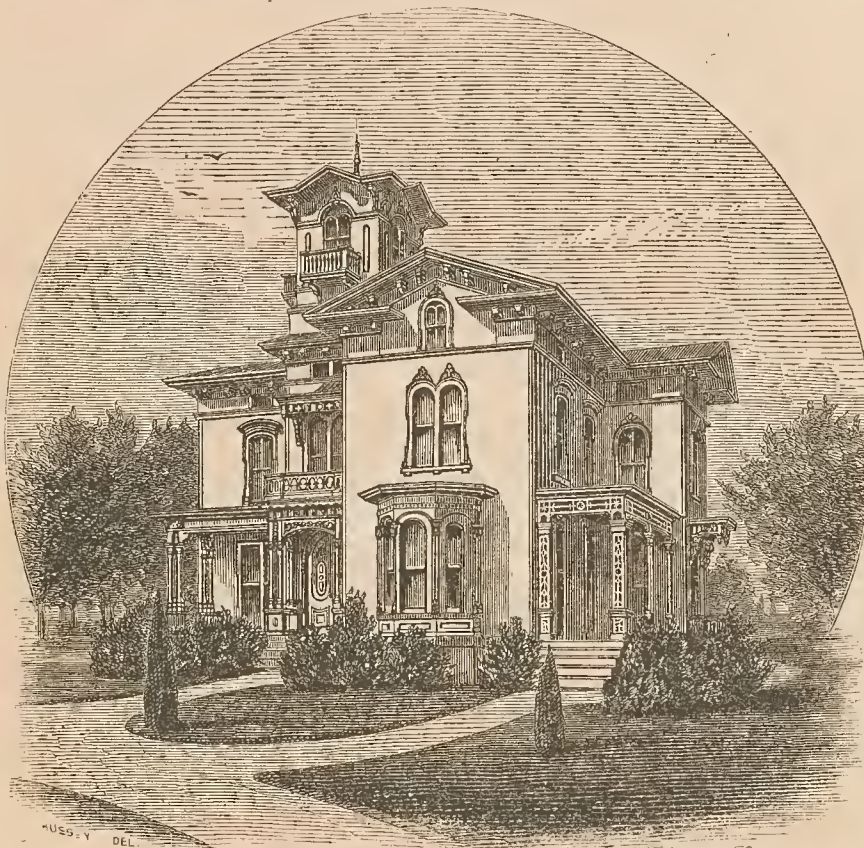
Two Neglected Annuals.—We noticed a garden where a good display had been obtained this season at little expense. The flowers grown last year grew up again from self-sown seeds, as they often will in this climate, and the owners merely cut out the surplus, leaving clumps at convenient spaces to increase and bloom. There were many gorgeous masses of Snapdragons (*Antirrhinums*), *Phloxes*, *Petunias*, and other flowers. We noticed *Phacelia congesta*, which is one of our common wild flowers in the bay counties, and which in masses produces a good effect with its lilac and hairy clusters, which uncoil as they bloom. We also saw the so-called shell-flower, a native of the Molucca Islands, each brown flower being set in the middle of a shield-like cup of veined green, which gives the plant its name. This was, if we remember rightly, distributed by the *Rural New Yorker* as a premium some years ago. Its culture is extremely easy.

Sweet Williams.—A writer to Mr. Vick says that his favorite flower is the *Sweet William*. "No one who has not tried it knows the perfection to which the *Sweet William* can be grown. I have had heads of flowers this season more than *seven inches* across—perfect masses of almost perfectly globular flowers. I sow the seeds as soon as they become ripe, selecting only a few from the very choicest flowers. As these seeds must be sown late, it is necessary to shade and water them until the plants appear above ground and, in fact, get strong. Then I transplant them into the bed and furnish a little protection during the winter, a little straw or cedar boughs. I have some fine double kinds, but like the single best, because the markings are so beautiful, while those contrasts of color are lost in the double kinds."

Deutzia Gracilis.—This beautiful little shrub, says the *Country Gentleman*, has now become widely cultivated, but there is one use to which it may be applied where it will produce a fine effect, namely, as an edging for large beds of low shrubbery. Plant the *Deutzia* in a compact line, and when well established cut it back to within six or eight inches of the ground, so that it may present an even surface at the top, and after it has made some growth pinch off the tips of any shoots pushing above the

rest. This treatment will not only keep it in good shape, but increase the abundance of its snow-white flowers. At other times of the year, when not in bloom, it will still present a neat appearance.

A Brilliant Rhododendron.—The *Irish Gardeners' Record* describes a plant of *R. altaclerense*



DESIGN FOR SUBURBAN VILLA.

twenty feet high, and the mass twenty-five feet in diameter at the base where the branches rest on the grass, and larger above. It was stated to be "a mass



DESIGN FOR STONE MANSION.

of flowers from bottom to top on all sides." Another, standing near it, about two-thirds its size, appeared at a short distance to be an unbroken mass of crimson, and bore at least one thousand trusses of bloom.

Moss in Lawns.—The best and most economical method to get rid of moss in lawns is to rake whenever the ground is bare in winter. Even when the ground is frozen the moss is readily torn up. After the moss is removed give a topdressing of finely-rotted barnyard manure, and early in spring sow on a liberal quantity of blue-grass seed and a little white clover. Then roll with a heavy roller and not mow in spring until the young grass has become well established. One drop of sulphuric acid in the heart of a plantain or other weed will destroy it completely. Care must be exercised in its use.

A Pretty Garden.—A lady in Columbus, Ohio, has a garden this summer with over four thousand plants in bloom. Last year she received seventy-two dollars in premiums for her flowers, all grown from seed. Among her successes are the following: Balsam Plants two inches in diameter near the ground, and nearly three feet high, one mass of bloom; Hollyhocks, every plant double flowers, the largest and most double ever seen, all white, and "perfect beauties." Zinnias as large as Dahlias.

Androstephium Violaceum.—When preparing the chapter to accompany the plate of this rare species for "The Flowers and Ferns of the United States" it was supposed this beautiful Southwestern bulb was not yet under culture. It may not be to any great extent; but we see it offered among others in the spring bulb catalogue of Messrs. J. M. Thorburn & Co. It is pleasant to note that it is no longer necessary for those who desire to get American plants to have to go to Europe for them.

Tuberose.—"This is a good way to start tuberose. I plant them," says a correspondent of *Vick's Floral Guide*, "in old tomato-cans, without punching any holes for drainage, set them on the mantel over the kitchen range, and keep warm and wet. When well started I move them to a cooler place, and, at the proper time, set them out in the garden. In this way I have raised during the past two years vigorous plants, yielding from twenty to thirty-five blossoms each."

To Kill Burdocks and other Weeds.—Pour kerosene or coal-oil upon them. First cut off the tops close to the ground, and then pour a few drops of the coal-oil immediately on the crown. Do so to every weed in your lawn and you will be surprised at the success of your new weed remedy.

The Garden.

NEWEST AND BEST GERANIUMS.

MR. GEORGE W. PARK, of Mount Vernon, O., reports his success as follows with the new Geraniums, and gives his choice of the best:

Dr. Denny.—This variety was advertised the past spring as a blue geranium. It has bloomed with us, and is a magnificent variety, though the best we could say of the color is that it is *bluish crimson*. The flowers are as large as those of any geranium we have ever seen, while they are borne in immense heads and open beautifully. The plant is thrifty and of rapid growth, a free bloomer, and we believe will be able to withstand the sun's rays, and thus prove a most valuable bedding plant. So far as our experience goes, we would pronounce this a first-class geranium in every respect.

New Life.—This Geranium, which was so loudly praised in the spring, and which met with such an immense sale, has not proved as satisfactory with us as we expected. It is dwarf in habit, a very slow grower, with rather small, brownish leaves when exposed to the sun, and producing its flowers sparingly. The flowers are single, of medium size, rather full, cup-shaped, and variegated crimson and white, very much resembling the *Radowitzii* Phlox. It is valuable as a novelty in variegation, but for a showy pot-plant or for bedding purposes we do not think it will become popular. If the plant was even a free bloomer it would not make an attractive bed, on account of the variegation of its foliage. For bedding we prefer a geranium with plain green foliage, as the flowers contrast nicer and the beds appear to better advantage.

Bishop Wood.—This is a double scarlet geranium, and a most profuse bloomer. The heads are large, the flowers brilliant, and the plant a free grower, with large, bright green foliage. We believe this is destined to become a popular bedding variety.

Bishop Simpson.—A variety with large, single, brick-colored flowers in handsome clusters. Foliage very large and fine, and promises well as a bedding plant.

Mme. Amelia Ballet.—The best double white Geranium, retaining its pure white color and fine shape, while other white varieties are white on opening but soon become suffused with pink. A free grower, and very pretty. The flowers are particularly valuable for cutting.

Sir Robert Napier.—After a trial of all, or nearly all, the tricolor Geraniums, we unhesitatingly pronounce this the finest and most desirable variety in cultivation. The colors are very distinct, the scarlet, which constitutes a large part of the color in the zone, being of the most brilliant hue and delicate texture. Like all other tricolors, it is a very slow grower, and should have an occasional watering with some good liquid fertilizer to promote a more rapid growth. The flowers of this Geranium are of no particular value, the foliage being so pretty that the flower only detracts from its beauty; it is therefore best to remove the buds as soon as they appear. The plants appear best when subjected to the sun's

rays for at least half the day—the forenoon being the best. Mrs. Pollock, Lady Cullum, Sophia Dumasque, and others do not begin to compare with this variety for brilliancy and beauty.

THE BITTER-SWEET.

NATURE has denied the Bitter-sweet the bloom and fragrance which are the ruling charm of so many of its fellow-climbers. But she has made it their equal as a decorative plant, by the rich, green shelter of its leafy mantle and its sturdy stretch of vine. With naught else, it is fit to deck and shield alike the humblest and the most ambitious home. Flowers and perfume are fleeting, but the rich foliage of the Bitter-sweet holds against the scorching sun a dense and spreading growth of brightest green, outlasting the breath and tinge of flowers.

But the signal glory of the plant, compassing the year, is the clusters of its berries. From the size and tinge of tiny grapes till the early frost strips the wrap of white and gold from its coral fruitage, the plant at every step puts on new and changeful features; each gain toward ripeness brings a dainty store for tasteful decoration.

First, following its modest bloom, come little globes of lively green. These soon swell and change their tint to a greenish bronze. A little further toward the chilly nights of early frost slender gaps in those tawny globes reveal the white wrap, hiding the flashing glint of its ripening seeds. Those opening slowly, widening more and more, unmask the glorious store within of a fiery fruitage. By and by, as the early frost thins and brightens its foliage to a tenderer tint, the Bitter-sweet bears to Autumn a blazing crown of clustering coral clasped in cups of gold.

This fruitage of our climber, plucked and stored at each stage of this advance, yields a wondrous harvest for adornment. For every place and posture becoming winter bouquets and unfading garlands it furnishes unrivalled aptness and grace; and its little green clusters, laid by to dry while they still hide and tightly clasp their treasure, or when first the fiery glint of gold and scarlet flash from their opening screen, or garnered after the frosts from its still unfallen and tender-tinted leaves, uncovers its blazing store to the full sunlight, the Bitter-sweet, at each phase, offers no end of help to decorative taste. No outcome of the seasons in fruit, leaf, or blossom so brightens the home, so helps out the dearth of flowers or faces the wintry gloom with such blazing fireside tint and cheer. Wreathed into evergreen festoons, tufted amongst them and other bright seed-pods and berries, or with them and autumnal leaves, dried ferns, grasses, and the feathery seed-whorls of the wild white Clematis, fringing and crowning the mirror, gaily bordering the paintings on the wall, or grouped with them and living plants in vase or hanging basket, the Bitter-sweet beyond any bloom or growth of the year helps in the welcome of the holidays, and keeps up brightness and cheer in the household till the longed-for coming of the flowers.

One of the loveliest lessons I have ever seen in Nature's handling of color and tasteful planting was our climber, belting the wealth of its glowing harvest

over a group of New England cedars. On a bright, dewy morning of early Autumn, beside a little rest in the climb of a hilly country road, I came upon a group of some half-dozen well-grown, thrifty, young cedars. They stood in easy distinctness around one of stouter form and taller spire. Every branch drooped with rich, full verdure, and a store of berries for the winter-tarrying birds. Around this group thus arranged, circling from one to another, and up the central pinnacle, wound and festooned a vigorous Bitter-sweet vine. Its tender, frost-tinged foliage, with the bright clusters of blazing berries drooping from every tendril, hung out distinctly from the dark background of those cedars.

To emphasize this tasteful array of color the frost-tinged crimson drapery of a climbing Sumach threaded and girt a couple of the furthest cedars, and stretched its gay streamers up that central spire. So perfect was the grace and coloring of this group that it seemed the result of art rather than nature.

This woodland picture teaches to the heedful new uses for the Bitter-sweet and its like. For example, imagine added to the pencilling of this group the golden foliage of the Japanese Honeysuckle, delicately robing one of the cedars and threading its way among the crimson garlands of that central spire. These are but hints. The chances for like effects are in finite.—W. H. NOBLE, in *Gardener's Monthly*.

THE CALIFORNIA LILIES.

THE California *Horticulturist* thus speaks of the native Lilies: "The mountain children whom one meets on their way to school these July mornings load themselves down with what they call 'Tiger Lilies,' or, in other words, *Lilium Humboldtii*, whose spires flash out with wonderful brilliancy around the bases of volcanic rocks, or near shattered lodges, or on the hard red clay of the hillsides. One of our authors, who studies with loving and analytic mind the colors and sounds and meanings of the Sierra woods, has called it 'caruelian-hued,' with its orange and amber ground, veined with black. In favorable places we have found lily-stems as tall as a man. The bulbs are deep down, and not easily dug out. Some insect bores into and ruins many a choice bud. This Lily loves company, being always found in groups. Where you see one yellow flash you may be sure there are others near. After blossoming time is over the stalks disappear very quickly. By following up the long ridges blossoms may be found in perfection for several months. The same is true of the lovely white Lily, *L. Washingtonianum*. Both species are in perfection in Nevada County."

TWO SUCCESSFUL GIRLS.

A COUPLE of good, smart girls at Farwell, Michigan, are apiarists engaged in bee-keeping. They have *fifty swarms of bees*, and have sent recently to market *eleven thousand pounds* of honey, worth \$3,000. Here is a new employment for many girls, who could make a good living in this business.

THE ROBBINS FAMILY WASHER AND BLEACHER AGENTS WANTED.

In bringing this article before the public it becomes necessary to take into consideration

THE ART OF CLEANSING FABRICS, which is yet so imperfectly understood. Having had a lifelong experience in the laundry business, in connection with first-class hotels, public laundries, asylums, hospitals, etc., we know whereof we speak. The numerous devices of friction-rollers, pounders, squeezers, mashers, agitators, steam wash-boilers, etc., have all failed in one or more of the three essential points—namely, the saving of labor, wear and tear of clothes, or in perfectly extracting the dirt and discoloration—all of which are accomplished by the **ROBBINS FAMILY WASHER AND BLEACHER.**

WHAT IS IT? REMOVES THE DIRT? You may ask washerwomen and housekeepers, and your answer from nine out of ten will be, "Plenty of elbow-grease," or, in other words, laborious rubbing upon the washboard. And such is the case, for you first rub soap upon the cloth and then you have to rub it in to make the dirt soluble. But does that remove it? No; to do that you must dip it in the water and rub repeatedly to force water through the fabric again and again. That is what removes dirt after having been softened by the chemical action of the soap.

The way in which this could be most economically accomplished has been developed in the **FAMILY WASHER AND BLEACHER**, which embodies all the above points.

It is harder work to operate these mechanical devices than to use the common washboard. They are constantly getting out of order, and wear out in a short time. They wear out clothes faster than the rubbing-board, because the friction is a hundred per cent. greater.

Mechanical devices take the entire time of a person during the whole wash, and will not remove streaks from the clothes. With the Washer and Bleacher, washing, baking, and housework are contemporaneous operations, the fire doing the washing and baking while the housewife does her housework.

All who have tried steam wash-boilers will unite with us in saying they do not give satisfaction.

WE WILL EXPLAIN WHY. As stated, water-force is what removes dirt from the fibres of the cloth. A large body of water is required to hold in solution a comparatively small amount of dirt. Steam wash-boilers cannot accomplish the desired result. They do not contain enough water to hold the dirt in solution. While steam will not remove dirt, it is a powerful agent to assist in cleansing because it expands the fabric and causes the discharge of dirt and impurities from the cloth that cannot be forced out in any other way unless by the application of heat and force of water combined.

In order to remove the dirt from steamed clothes they must be washed out in water at nearly boiling heat; for if you use water at a lower temperature it causes the fabric to contract, which "sets the dirt," thus causing the clothes to turn yellow. An essential thing to be mentioned is the rotting of clothes by steam wash-boilers, because of the small quantity of water used.

Everybody knows that a large quantity of soap dissolved in a small body of water must necessarily form an exceedingly strong alkali, which, after the clothes are packed in the steam wash-boiler, is converted into steam, every moment becoming more concentrated until the clothes are removed. A few such washings, and what is the result? Simply this: Your clothes fall to pieces of their own weight, and you pronounce steam wash-boilers, as they are, a failure.

THE PRINCIPLE OF THE WASHER AND BLEACHER

embodies all the essential points. First, we have the desired heat, which expands the fabric and causes it to discharge the dirt. Second, we obtain a powerful suction beneath the clothes, which produces a rapid downward current or water-course through and through them, thereby removing the dirt. Third, we use a large body of water, which holds the dirt in solution. Fourth, we use but a small quantity of soap. Fifth, the washing is done by water, and not by steam. This process cannot injure fabrics. It cleanses

thoroughly, rinsing the clothes being all that is required to complete the operation.

THE CAPACITY OF THE WASHER AND BLEACHER.

There are three sizes: No. 1, the family size; No. 2, suitable for small hotels, restaurants, barber-shops, boarding-houses, etc.; No. 3, or steam-power washer, into which is conducted, through a 3/4-inch pipe, live steam from the steam-boiler from which is obtained the power for driving the water. This washer takes the place of machinery in places where steam-power is used in the laundries.

The washer is composed of metal, and cannot get out of order.

The family size weighs about five pounds, and is only 8 inches long by 5 inches wide, and 1 1/2 inches deep.

The discharge-pipe is 13 inches high over that, and is 1 1/2 inches in diameter. It throws water in a solid, unbroken stream at the rate of ten to twelve gallons per minute. It will work in any family boiler. It takes only three or four ounces of soap to ten or twelve gallons of water, and will wash bed and table linen, a boiler-full in ten to fifteen minutes; wearing apparel in from twenty to thirty minutes; and will remove streaks without rubbing; requires no previous preparation of the clothes, such as soaking over-night. We take the clothes dry, and when the washer gets thoroughly at work we fill the boiler as full as it will hold by gently pressing them down with a stick. We use no chemicals, only good soap and soft water. If the water is hard it may be softened by a small piece of borax, which is harmless.

For LACE CURTAINS this Washer is invaluable. It cleanses them as no other process can, and without the slightest danger of injury.

The No. 2, or small hotel size, will do the work in a boiler four times the size of a common family boiler, and wash of average pieces from 1,500 to 2,000 per day; or it may be used in any smaller boiler. They will work in anything that has a flat bottom large enough for them to rest upon.

For hospitals this Washer is pronounced by the medical faculty invaluable, being the most powerful disinfectant known, leaving the fabric as pure as when new. By engineers, mechanics, and scientific men generally it is pronounced one of the most wonderful discoveries in the principle of hydraulics or water-force ever brought to light. By bleachers and chemists it is said to be the most powerful method of removing dirt and vegetable matter from fabrics ever known. It is the greatest bleacher extant, and for that alone is worth ten times the price.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE WASHER AND BLEACHER is this: We have five pounds of metal, which attains a much greater degree of heat than the water surrounding it; consequently the water underneath the Washer becomes hotter and more expansive than in any other part of the boiler, and is thereby thrown to the surface through the tube, thus tending to produce a vacuum underneath the Washer at the bottom of the boiler, into which the water is rapidly drawn. As it passes along the channels of the Washer the curved and contracted throats of the same prevent its flowing backward, and, being held in contact with the hot metal, it becomes hotter and hotter, consequently more expansive and more forcible, until thrown to the surface, thus producing a powerful suction beneath the clothes, through which the water must pass in a rapid downward current, thereby obtaining a water force which cannot be obtained by any other method known in cleaning fabrics. Thus we get a combination: first, we have the desired heat; second, perfect chemical action of the soap; third, force of water—all of which are required to thoroughly cleanse and purify any fabric.

THE IMPROVED WASHER. The improved Washer has a perfect-fitting pipe, and is a combination of metals which does not become sticky or dirty. It comes out of the boiler as bright as new.

A WORD ABOUT BLEACHING. There are few professional bleachers in the United States. The word "bleaching" implies the art of extracting vegetable or animal matter or discoloration from the various fibres which constitute all our different fabrics. This is done by a regular chemical process, consisting, first,

of alkaline boilings; second, immersions in solutions of chloride of lime; third, solutions of acids. After each process the goods receive a thorough rinsing in clear water; then, last of all processes, to thoroughly extract all injurious matter, comes that of boiling in good soap and water. This leaves the goods pure and white as snow, ready to finish for the market. Now the question arises, Can those fabrics again absorb and fix all their natural discoloration? We answer, No; impossible. Then, why is it (asks the housewife) my clothes become yellow and discolored? There are many reasons—poor soap, hard water, careless servants, not having strength to rub out the dirt yourselves, and not being able to use water by hand hot enough to keep the fabric expanded to the extent which is absolutely requisite to thoroughly extract the dirt or "bleach the clothes." Clothes should never be bleached but once, but thoroughly washed, and they will always be white. **THE FAMILY WASHER AND BLEACHER** will do it for you every time.

THE INDUCEMENTS WE OFFER.

We want a Local Agent in every town in the United States. We know from experience that reliable, energetic men can make money selling the Washer and Bleacher in any community.

We want first-class men as **GENERAL AGENTS**—men capable of managing one or more counties.

To such men we give a duly-executed **LICENSE**.

We furnish descriptive circulars for distribution among families. Also large posters for advertising in public places.

The retail price of **NO. 1 WASHER** is \$3 50; **NO. 2 WASHER**, \$5; **NO. 3, or POWER WASHER**, \$50. Special terms to agents for No. 3 Washer.

TERMS TO GENERAL AGENTS. No. 1, \$34 per dozen; No. 2, \$36 per dozen.

SAMPLE WASHERS.

In States east of the Missouri and Mississippi rivers, also in Kansas and Nebraska, we will deliver at your nearest railway express office, **CHARGES PREPAID**: Sample No. 1 Washer, \$3 50; Sample No. 2 Washer, \$5. We will deliver, prepaid, a No. 1 Washer in Dakota, at Bismarck or Yankton, for \$3 50; in Wyoming, at Cheyenne, for \$3 50; in Idaho, at Franklin City, for \$4 50; in Colorado, at Denver or Pueblo, for \$4; in New Mexico, at Santa Fe, for \$5; in Arizona, at Prescott, for \$3 50; in Utah, at Ogden, for \$4; in Nevada, at Virginia City, for \$5; in Louisiana, at New Orleans, for \$3 50; in Arkansas, at Little Rock, for \$3 50; in Texas, at Corsicana, for \$4 50; at Texarkana, Denison, or Sherman, for \$3 50. For the Pacific Coast, we will deliver No. 1 at San Francisco, Sacramento, Marysville, or San Jose, for \$4. Our reason for so doing is to induce people to investigate this matter, feeling assured that a trial will secure an agent for us.

The great saving in time, labor, and material, and the extremely low price of the Washer, bring it within the reach of all. It cannot get out of order; it does the work rapidly and well. These points commend it to every one. Send for a sample; try it; show it to your friends; get their orders, and if you wish to secure a county or town, don't delay, but let us hear from you at once. Remember the old maxim, "First come first served."

In territory where there are no agencies established, to persons desiring a Washer for their own use, we will deliver the same, **CHARGES PREPAID**, on receipt of price as stated above. You can readily determine when there is an agency established, as posters will be put up in conspicuous places and circulars distributed.

SPECIAL NOTICE. As to the reliability of this company, we refer you to the editor of this paper; also to the **MERCANTILE NATIONAL BANK** of this city, or to any express company in New York.

In ordering, write plainly your name, post-office, county, and State; also the name of the express office to which you wish the Washer forwarded.

Cash must accompany all orders. Remit by post-office order or registered letter, at our risk. We ensure the safe delivery of all washers ordered as above. Money may also be sent by draft on New York.

WINTER FLOWERS

We will send, free by mail, and guarantee arrival in good condition,

8 Fine Hyacinth Bulbs for\$1
or 20 Fine Tulip Bulbs for\$1
or 10 Fine Tulip and 4 Hyacinths\$1
or 8 Roses, Fine Winter-Blooming\$1
or 4 Roses and 4 Carnations for\$1
or 8 Fine Geraniums, 8 sorts, for\$1
or 2 Camellias and 2 Azaleas for\$1
or 8 Carnations, 8 sorts, for\$1

25th Year, 400 Acres, 15 Greenhouses.
Everything in the Nursery line.
10 Grape Vines, 5 sorts, for.....\$1
25 Raspberry, 5 sorts, for.....\$1
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80 Strawberry Plants, 4 sorts, for.....\$1
20 Sharpless Strawberry for.....\$1
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Remit by P.-O. order, draft on New York, or in registered letter. Send your address for Catalogue free.
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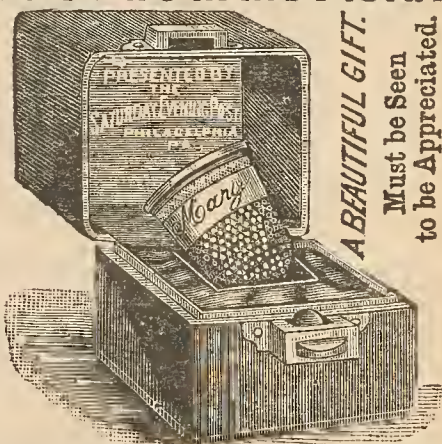
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TRIFET'S MONTHLY,

61 Court St., Boston, Mass.

59 Years in the Field!



The **Saturday Evening Post**, published in Philadelphia, Pa., is the **OLDEST LITERARY AND FAMILY PAPER** in the United States, now in its **59th YEAR**; its publishers have determined to introduce it into households in every City and Town in the U. S. and Canada. In order to do this we have concluded to present to each lady reader of this magazine an **ELEGANTLY AND HIGHLY FINISHED ROLLED GOLD THIMBLE**. The regular retail price for this Thimble is \$5, and you will find by inquiry many jewelers will charge you more for the same goods.

The Post is a large 16 page weekly paper, elegantly printed, folded, cut and bound; regular subscription price only \$3 a year. With each Thimble we will mail a copy of the Post, and give you our **special club rates, with a chance for other handsome premiums**. We pay for all charges, engraving your name, and securely pack the Thimble in a beautiful, morocco covered, silk velvet lined case. **This is an unprecedented offer, from a responsible paper.** Out out the attached Premium Thimble Coupon, it costs you nothing!

PREMIUM THIMBLE COUPON.

Know all Men by these Presents, that the **Saturday Evening Post** hereby agrees, on receipt of this **Premium Thimble Coupon**, together with **One Dollar**, to pay for case, shipping charges, and engraving name, to forward, all express or mail charges prepaid, and guarantee to reach its destination in perfect order, one of our \$5.00 Thimbles with your name elegantly engraved thereon, and securely packed in one of our morocco covered, silk velvet lined Thimble Cases. We further agree to send a copy of the Post with our **Special Club Rates**. In ordering give number of Thimble desired, enclose this **Premium Thimble Coupon**, with one dollar, and send to

SATURDAY EVENING POST,
726 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

In no case can we send more than one Thimble to any **ONE FAMILY**, or above agreed, or more than one with each **PREMIUM COUPON**, and all orders must be accompanied by the **PREMIUM COUPON**, that we may know you are entitled to the benefit of this offer. We have taken this **NOVEL AND LIBERAL** manner of introducing the Post in new homes, expecting to soon increase our circulation **TEN-FOLD**, as already many who have received the Thimble have shown their appreciation of a **BEAUTIFUL A GIFT** by sending us **LARGE CLUBS FOR THE "POST"**.

As to our reliability, it is sufficient to say that the Post has been published for the past **59 YEARS, AND NEVER MISSED AN ISSUE.**

When you order, give instructions how you wish your name engraved; we will engrave name in full, initials or Christian name, as desired; also give number of Thimble you want. (Almost all Thimbles are numbered on the side—and one that fits you, and order the same number you find on it). Write your name plainly. All orders must be addressed to the

SATURDAY EVENING POST,
No. 726 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Address **BISSELL MFG CO., 50 Barclay St., New York.**
(AT ALL TIMES WHEN YOU ORDER OR WRITE MENTION THIS PAPER.)

It is impossible to remain long sick when Hop Bitters are used, so perfect are they in their operation. For weakness and general debility, and as a preventive and cure for fever and ague, nothing equals them.

USE

Balmy sleep, good digestion, rich blood, and perfect health in Hop Bitters.

HOP

A little Hop Bitters saves big doctors' bills and long sickness. Cures drowsiness, biliousness, pains, and aches.

BITTERS.



NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1879.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE MONTH.

ON page 129 is an elegant design for a Parlor Bird-cage and Stand of Plants; on page 133 several designs of cottages and villas, of which the cost of construction at the present time will be for the upper design about \$8,000, and the lower design about \$12,000. Upon page 137 is a sketch of a pretty white temple on the shores of a lake in a German park, which indicates beauty of scenery and rustic quietness. On page 141 is a sketch of the wild, rugged mountain scenery of the Sierra Nevadas in California, near the Pacific Coast.

LETTER FROM A SUBSCRIBER.

I AM delighted with the FLORAL CABINET. Think it the most charming paper I have ever taken, and like it much better than any other of its kind. I have tried some of the experiments on my flowers that have been recommended by it, and have been delighted with my success. Our plants look lovely. We have a Tea-rose in bud, a Bouvardia, Lantanas, Geraniums, Abutilons, Begonias, and Fuchsias, all in bloom. Besides, we have about a dozen Coleuses and Begonias on a shelf in the dining-room, where they do not get a ray of sunshine, and they do splendidly. We have a very pretty bracket in the dining-room that my brother constructed of three cedar boxes, one inside of the other; the top box is six inches square and six inches deep, the others larger, all nailed on a piece of board the size of the largest box, and has supports under it the same as any other bracket, and, having a filigree back, I filled all the boxes with soil and planted vines in them—Tradescantia and other vines. They grow well, and form a

pretty object to relieve the plain wall. I have also a very pretty hanging-basket that I read of in the *Agriculturist*. Make a pan five inches deep, paint inside and out, then make three holes near the top (for the handle to go through); put the holes at equal distances apart, and make two holes in the bottom for drainage; then cover the pan with putty, being careful not to cover the holes; then take peach-pits, split them in two, clean them, and press them evenly into the putty until you have completely covered the pan on the outside; let them dry; give three coats of asphaltum varnish. The effect is very good. Just before Christmas my father brought home from the woods a remarkably handsome circular piece of moss. I determined it must be preserved, so we hunted up an old cracked basin, mended and painted, filled it with rich leaf-mould, and set the moss well upon it so as to completely cover the soil. I then planted it here and there with roots of delicate vines, making small cuts through the moss to plant them, and placed a Coleus in the centre. They flourished well, and in the summer the whole made a lovely ornament for the sitting-room, with cut flowers inserted in the moss.

H. H.

EFFECTS OF THE PERFUME OF FLOWERS ON HEALTH.

"CONTRARY to a popular belief," says a writer in *Cassell's Magazine*, "it has been found by an Italian professor that fine vegetable perfumes exercise a positively beneficial influence on the atmosphere by converting the oxygen of the air into that powerful oxidizing and, therefore, purifying agent, ozone. The essences found by him to produce the most ozone are precisely those which usage has selected as the most invigorating, such as cherry, laurel, cloves, lavender, juniper, mint, lemon, fennel, and bergamot, several of which are ingredients in the refreshing eau de cologne. Anise, nutmeg, thyme, narcissus and hyacinth flowers, mignonette, heliotrope, and lilies of the valley, also develop ozone; in fact, all flowers possessing a perfume appear to do so, whereas those having none do not. This interesting intelligence will be gratifying to all lovers of flowers, and the cultivation of these lovely disinfectants of nature should be promoted in all marshy or foul places."

Every one who has a garden of flowers should endeavor to avail themselves even through the winter months of the benefits mentioned above as well as the luxury of their perfume. All who have not yet done so should be careful now to preserve the petals of the lingering roses as soon as they have passed their perfect maturity. Having done this, have ready a wide-mouthed stone china jar with a close cover. Cover the bottom of the jar thickly with rose-petals, and sprinkle with a layer of fine salt and the addition of a few drops of alcohol. Continue to add fresh layers of salt and rose-leaves alternately until the jar is very tightly packed; lay a circle of writing-paper over the mouth, and press down the cover quite tightly and tie over it a piece of prepared bladder; set it away in a cool place until the snows have buried the rose-bushes out of sight. If

you open it then some winter evening when the storm is beating fiercely outside, you will be surprised beside your glowing grate with an idyl of June.

Other flowers may be added, but it must be the blossoms only; the calyx should be carefully separated. The French mix all kinds of perfumes and add spices, but we think the scent of single flowers the most pleasant.

Heliotrope or mignonette blossoms should be thrown into melted lard, which should be kept milk-warm and closely covered for some weeks. It will then be found impregnated with the odor of the flowers, and can be strained through fine lawn into a small jar or bottle, a little proof alcohol added, and corked tightly. This process will be found worth the trouble.

IVY IN FERNERIES.

AN English journal remarks: "It is a common thing to see in the houses of persons who do not give their minds to the matter fern-cases without ferns, or with a few deplorable bits that, we are assured, will be very fine some day, but which too evidently will become smaller and soon disappear. That the planting and managing of fern-cases is a very simple matter need not now be insisted on. It is a fact that thousands of persons start fern-cases and aquariums, only to fail in some way or other; and it is more of a moral than a scientific question as to why and how it all happens. I wish to point out to all who possess fern-cases, and can make nothing of them, that they make capital ivy-gardens, and ivies will generally live in them without any management at all, provided they have light always and water occasionally. As a matter of course, the smallest-leaved ivies should be planted, and they should be nicely trained on wires. When a case filled with small-leaved ivies is doing well it is a charming object, and much to be preferred to one occupied by two or three dying ferns."

Worms on Honeysuckle Vines.—Try dusting with fresh lime or hellebore powder; otherwise hand-picking is the only remedy.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The Robbins Family Washer and Bleacher, advertised in this issue, is an article of genuine merit, and should be in every household in the land. The Bissell Manufacturing Co., 50 Barclay Street, New York, are the sole manufacturers. They are well known, and our readers can rely upon fair and honest treatment from them.

THE *Saturday Evening Post* of Philadelphia is the oldest literary paper in the United States, now in its fifty-ninth year, and they are making beautiful gifts to the ladies in order to increase their circulation.

SEE page 2 of cover for Premiums to Subscribers and for Clubs. These premiums are the finest of any ever made. You will receive by them not only your paper, but in addition the full worth of the paper in flower-seeds also. Every one should accept the offers.

SUPPORTS FOR PLANTS.

EVERY ONE does not know how to make a plant-stick or how to use it. There is a great difference in the kind of wood which may be chosen. Straight-grained wood must be used. Cedar or redwood is preferable. A very sharp knife is needed. The most suitable stake for ordinary use is tapered towards both ends, but not equally. The largest part should be distant from one end one-fourth or one-fifth of the whole length of the stick. When the stick is thrust into the ground this largest part will be on the surface. In tying the plant to the stick do not pass the string about both at once, but tie it to the stick first, then tie the plant on. This will, to some extent, lessen the motion and wearing of the plant.

To make and nail together light trellises is simple and pleasant work. The possible forms vary so much that one's ingenuity may find endless exercise, and fancy of the constructive sort, which leaves visible tokens everywhere, is a very desirable thing to possess. Long, thin brads are much better than nails, and both plant-sticks and trellises need a coating of paint, which adds to their appearance and makes them last much longer. At one place we lately saw the long sprouts of fruit-trees had been woven into cheap and effective frames to support plants and trellises for vines. This was very much better than nothing.—*Cal. Horticulturist*.

[The above hints are good. Neatness is very de-

sirable, indeed it is essential, in successful gardening, and plants grow generally much better for being properly supported; but in the matter of trellises great taste is needed not to make them obtrusive, as

with the green of the leaves. Such set figures as harps, lyres, etc., made of heavy strips of wood and painted white, are an outrage upon good taste, and when the leaves have fallen their clumsy forms stand bare and staring all winter like the monuments in a country graveyard. A simple ladder trellis or lattice is much more appropriate, though sometimes grace of outline may be attained by an arch or an oval. One of the prettiest garden screens I have ever seen was a latticed one, with oval spaces at intervals the height of a door. It formed the background for a fine display of brilliant flowers, and separated the front yard from the back, being entirely covered with luxuriant climbers, the ovals presenting the appearance of elegant wreaths.

For small climbing plants in a garden bed switches of swamp willow make quite a graceful support, as they can be bent into almost any desired shape. If thrifty wood is selected, and they are well watered, the ends embedded in the earth will soon take root and the switches will sprout freely; in this case the buds must be pinched off as fast as they grow large, and in this way a frame of living green will be had which looks very pretty. It is best used for some light vine like the cypress or the Lobelia gracilis.—ED. CABINET.



WATER SCENERY IN GERMAN PARK.

if they were placed for ornament rather than use. To look well they require to be constructed as lightly and simply as possible, and to contrast in color

As a general rule, moisture is death to insects which infest conservatory and window plants.

The House.

MOTHER'S ROOM

WAS ever a haven of rest and comfort to her children. Her constant effort was to make it cozy, fresh, and bright; feeling amply repaid when she knew that it was the "dearest spot on earth" to us. During the absence of any of us from home, she would take such an interest in having a surprise awaiting us in some new ornament. And what a bustle every one would be in on the day of our return, trying to make home as attractive as possible. And she had her reward; for as long they lived—even after they had pleasant homes of their own—the hearts of my brothers would turn toward home and "mother's room," feeling when they got there perfect content.

Since I had a family of my own my highest aim has been to follow in her footsteps; and I thank you, dear CABINET, and all other papers published for the same purpose, for the good influence you have exerted in helping us to utilize the beautiful things so bountifully scattered around us by a loving Father, in making our homes attractive, and thereby adding to our happiness.

But to my subject. In my efforts to render "my room" attractive to my children I always have used a few flowers; would take such out of my pit as looked prettiest, or were blooming, and set the pots on some shelves I had made across the south windows; but the heated and dry air would injure them so that in a short time they would cease to give pleasure. So a few winters ago I concluded to try the effect of glass doors in shutting them off from such hurtful influences. I set an old bookcase, with the back taken off, against a window; took out some of the shelves, filled the remaining ones with flowers, kept the front doors closed. My plants flourished beautifully, and were such a source of delight to my husband that he declared we must have a permanent arrangement, that we would feel was a part of the room itself. So for my next winter's "Christmas gift" he had the south windows made into inside bay-windows, which was an easy matter, as the chimney is built inside the house, and all that was required was to run a facing or partition across from each side of the chimney to the wall, making a kind of closet furnished with shelves and glass doors. But I assure you no closet ever gave half the pleasure that our "window conservatory" (as we call it) gives us. It had been our habit to have our blinds closed the first thing after supper; both to secure us from prying eyes outside, and because we felt a greater sense of comfort and snugness within. But we soon decided those blinds must not be closed, for we could not bear to miss the dear pleasure and delight of seeing the first morning light shining through the beautiful green, and the flowers, which seem friends and inmates of our home, in their smiling greeting serve to lift our thoughts above the cares of life.

The children hurry to get in early so they can see the beautiful tracery of the vines photographed upon the outside window-panes by the mist or frost, and each new bud is the occasion of a family party being formed to discuss its beauties and wonders. I firmly

believe that my husband, children, and myself would be willing to give up half of the house rather than be without "our windows."

Another expedient for making home attractive is to light up early and well. I do not close my blinds until after dark, and always feel that the bright glow within cheers my husband and boys who are compelled to be out of doors at that hour. An old lady friend, who has no daughters, said to me not long ago, "When dark approaches I always go to the door and look up toward your house; your light looks so bright and cheerful." I felt pleased that I could add some cheer to her heart, let it be ever so little.

HOUSEHOLD DECORATIONS.

We clip the following suggestions from the pages of the *Art Interchange*, as valuable hints from an authority which cannot be doubted in matters of this nature:

SILK RAG CURTAINS.

A curtain can be made of scraps of silk which will be very effective if woven in with a proper regard for the color effect. It is necessary to cut the silk into strips about half an inch wide (a little more or less makes no difference), either straight or on the bias. Sew the pieces together strongly, and roll into balls, keeping each color and shade in a ball by itself. Pieces of narrow ribbon, old cravats and sashes, old waists of dresses, in fact, every scrap of silk can be made of use, whether soiled or fresh. After making a number of balls, send them to a rag-carpet weaver, who will weave them for about twenty-five cents a yard. It will take one and a half pounds of silk to make a yard of material three-quarters of a yard wide, which is the width of almost all looms. If the balls of silk are given to the weaver with directions how to place the colors, and the width the stripes are desired, the stuff when finished will have a very handsome effect, and is very heavy and suitable for portières, curtains, rugs, or table-cloths.

MANTEL LAMBREQUIN.

Indian embroidery may be transferred to a background of deep maroon plush, or sage-green velvet, and embroidered down with point-russe in colored fillole. A mantel lambrequin, done in this way, makes a superb piece of color in the room, and transforms the commonplace marble chimney-piece into a thing of beauty, especially when shelves of ebonized wood, backed by the same plush, are added to the chimney-breast, and serve to contain all one's choicest bits of Venice glass, Dresden china, miniatures, and old Satsuma.

CURTAIN BORDERS.

Curtain borders may be worked upon greenish blue serge, with an appliqué vine of oranges and leaves, or sunflowers, and stiff, conventional foliage. The curtains should be of a deeper tone of the same green blue. The patterns used are cut out of mandarin yellow cloth on serge, with two shades of green for the leaves, all buttonholed on with crewels. The stems may be worked with several strands of coarse crewels. Such blooms as poinset-

tias and amaryllis look well adapted to the border of a curtain. Bold designs in outline work are satisfactory for this purpose.

There is no direction in which the active energies of women need guidance and assistance more than in their efforts in decorating their homes. The present wild rage for decorating everything and anything, which has been so keenly satirized in *Scribner's Monthly* in the illustration of the week's wash, geometrically arranged upon the clothes-line, has led to most ludicrous and lamentable results. Flat-irons have been pressed into service as easels, and horse-shoes promoted to ornaments for the drawing-room, while the latest freak has transformed huge dinner-pots, swung upon three poles after the manner of the gipsies, into a lawn vase for rare plants. These frightful affairs are painted bright scarlet, and suggest no other idea than that of boiling the beautiful flowers they contain.

That such things should ever obtain sufficiently to become fashionable, is sad evidence that the zeal exhibited in the cause is not according to knowledge.

The society draws a sharp line of distinction between decorative art and fancy-work, a distinction of which many ladies seem to be wholly ignorant. It is this ignorance which has given rise to so many absurd and useless fancies. The sense of fitness is one of the first elements of beauty, and there is such an apparent incongruity between the associations of such homely things as flat-irons, and dinner-pots, and the ornaments of a boudoir, that it would seem impossible any one should be insensible to it. Decorative art ought to be confined to such articles of use or luxury as are of serviceable character, and can never be worthily bestowed upon what is in its very nature of such fragile texture as must inevitably be speedily destroyed. Nothing which can be done mechanically, without thought or appreciative purpose, comes under the title of art at all. There must be scope for original talent and taste, and to be true art there must be adaptedness to its purpose. Ornament in excess, improperly placed, or of inferior merit is always offensive to good taste, for the reason that it seems an impertinence, it is not necessary, and therefore, as our French cousins would say, no *raison d'être*.

Hanging-Basket.—To make a pretty hanging-basket take a wooden bowl, bore it full of half inch holes about two inches apart, fill it with soil, lay a board over it, and turn it upside down. Plant in each hole what is called "old hen and chickens" reverse the bowl, suspend it by three chains, plant German and Kenilworth Ivy with a Geranium for centre. Each old hen will soon be surrounded with little ones till the bowl will be a solid mat, and the vines will do their part, too, if you give it a dip in the rain-barrel every evening. Try it, ladies, and you will be surprised. 'Tis prettier than rustic or moss baskets.

J. MARION S.

To Destroy the Cabbage-Worm.—Mix pepper and coal-ashes together, and sprinkle the mixture over the plants in the morning while the dew is on. This has been tried and found very successful.

Household Decorations.

FEATHER-WORK.

LADIES who live in the country and raise poultry would find it a source of amusement if they would save the feathers of hens, roosters, peafowls, etc., and form them into feather dusters or flowers for winter bouquets. For the latter, begin by making a card box with many divisions; then with sharp scissors trim away all the superfluous parts, and shape the feather into an oval leaf, leaving only a short stem. Prepare a good many in this way, carefully cutting away a part of the midrib to render it flexible. Have some fine wire cut into short pieces and some strands of floss silk, and taking a piece of wire attach firmly to one end several stiff fibres or a few bits of down; next take one of the leaves and, bending it gently outward, fix it close to the tuft by winding the silk tightly round the wire; repeat until you have six or eight leaves around the stem, and finish your flower by winding the whole stem with green or brown floss. Short goose feathers form lovely white roses by arranging several rows of petals and using yellow centres, while rich green leaves are made from the beautiful tail-feathers of the rooster and the wing of the common duck. The breasts of peafowls give us exquisite blue flowers, and the different shades of gray and wood color found in the plumage of the common hen will surprise those who have not made a study of the art of feather-flower making. For those who can see no beauty in quiet shades there are the "family dyes," which will color feathers prettily, by first wetting well in hot water, then dipping into a solution of red or blue, with the addition of a small bit of alum to set the color.

The plumage of birds of all kinds (and of the wild duck in particular) will vary your collection, and form objects worthy of admiration and study for all.

TO MAKE A LAMBREQUIN FOR A SHELF.

TAKE a smooth board the exact length and width of your shelf, and make a case for it in manner following. Out of a piece of cloth, of a color to match or contrast with the furniture of your room, cut a strip eight inches longer and four inches wider than the piece of board. Cut a second piece, the same shape and size, out of some kind of lining, and tack the two together. Sew one side with over-and-over stitches, and decorate the other side and the ends in any way you like. The one I first made was of green cloth, worked around the edge with gold-colored fillosette, and a tiny vine and leaves of the same color above. After the edge is finished to your liking, cut a slit in the lining of your work large enough to admit the board, and bind this opening with braid. Then slip in the board and lay it flat on the shelf, and if you have followed directions you will have a smoothly-covered shelf, with a drapery four inches in depth in front and at the ends.

VENETIAN BAR-STITCH.

THIS is simple button-hole stitch worked in lines to form a pattern. It is often used in working the edges of collars, caps, etc., upon muslin or lace, but the handsomest application of it is in embroidery or saddler's silk upon rich material, such as satin, corded silk, or even velvet. The pattern should be entirely in line, of a graceful and intricate pattern, and worked with perfect uniformity of stitch—gold-colored silk upon green, white upon blue, scarlet upon black. The pattern should be marked as for embroidery, in very light lines, and great care should be taken not to let the marking soil the stuff by rubbing.

The effect of a Persian pattern may be given by using a variety of colors intermingled, bright contrasts being harmonized by neutral tints running between. This kind of embroidery is rare, and when done with taste is very beautiful.

SUGGESTIONS ABOUT SEWING.

Should you have a rent in a dress to repair, use ravelings of the same material; they are easily to be obtained from the top of the skirt, if you have no pieces; but generally some are left by the dress-maker, and should be kept for such accidents.

To remove grease which has come off the sewing-machine from new fabrics, before washing them rub the spots thoroughly with hard soap, dip in cold water, and rub again. If not removed, apply more soap and repeat the operation.

Imitation Ivory Inlaying.—We clip the following from an exchange as a suggestion of beautiful work for home decoration. The lines of the pattern can be made with a very sharp steel point, and polished and smoothed with a blunt one of wood.

"A quantity of best plaster of Paris, dried in an oven, should be kept in a well-corked bottle. To fill lines of any pattern, mix up a small quantity of the plaster of Paris with weak, clear glue; fill in, and smooth over. When dry it may be sand-papered down to the level of the surrounding wood. If wanted colored, mix with plaster of Paris any of the powder colors, such as ultramarine, amber, vermilion, or yellow ochre. For cheapness, use the various colored ochres. The chief secret is to have the powders, plaster of Paris, etc., quite dry. In polishing but little extra care is required. Merely take a brush, dip it in the white polish, if for light goods, and brush two or three coats over the plaster—this fills up the pores or grain; then polish in the usual manner. The finished wood is not easily distinguished from ivory inlaying."

We have not seen the work tried, but feel sure that it is capable of being used in the finishing of stands, table-tops, etc., to great advantage. But of course, like all home-work, it is liable to be ill-done for want of proper tools, but still more for want of exact and careful work. The patterns should be well chosen, and the lines filed on both sides and cut clean, the edges showing no roughness or unevenness in the width of the line.

An Enterprising Woman.—When I visited an old friend two years before, her great eyesore was a parlor twelve by eighteen feet, without plastering, which had to serve the double purpose of parlor and guest-chamber.

Her economical husband intended to build in three years, and would not expend money to partition or plaster it. But Jennie, determined to remedy it, set her brain to work; a good angel came in the shape of a ten-dollar bill as a present from papa. Jennie was happy, and with the aid of it and a determined will, she went to work.

She took some lath, one by two, and nailed them on the floor where she wanted her partition. She then set some up for studding, and fastened them to the joist above and to the strip below, tacked cheap muslin over it, papered it, and the walls with wall-paper. She ceiled her rooms above with heavy buff paper, (such as architects use for drawing), tacking it to the joist with carpet tacks, she then put a border to make it complete.

How to Make Tassels.—Very pretty tassels may be made at home by the following directions, and if the work is carefully done they avoid the irregular, unfinished look that is apt to mark home-made articles:

They are expensive adjuncts to purchase and are easily soiled, particularly on window-shades, so that it is well to know how to replace them. Cover two large button-moulds, after the usual manner, with cloth or silk. Sew on a thick fringe round the edge of one; either yarn may be used or ready-made fringe. Join the upper button-mould to the lower round the edge with a few blind stitches, and sew the cord which is to suspend it in the centre of the top button. If a more elaborate head is desired, insert a twist-spool, or a larger one, covered with silk between the buttons.

To make very large and heavy tassels you can use very large button-moulds and spools; put embroidered ribbon or upholsterer's braid or gimp round the spool, join neatly, and substitute cord for yarn or worsted fringe.

Pretty Frames.—A very pretty frame for heavy vines and bushes is made by driving two stakes into the ground and nailing barrel-hoops about six inches apart. Paint any color preferred.

Algernon under her window in the cold, white moonlight, with a tender expression, sings:

"'Tis the la-hast rose o-hof summer,
Le-heft bloo-hooming alo-hone;
All its lo-huv-lee companions
Ah-ha fa-deh-hed and go-hone—"

Voice of pa from next window, strained and cracked like, as though the old gentleman didn't have time to look for his store teeth: "All right, young man, all right; just pin a newspaper over it and save it from the frost, and we'll take it in with the rest of the plants in the morning."

Household Elegancies.

HYACINTHS OF TISSUE-PAPER.

THE materials used are colored tissue-paper, green flower-paper, covered hat-wire. They are unfading flowers when made, equal to the pure originals. The blue, pink, yellow, purple, and white tissue-paper requisite for their construction may be procured in any good stationery store.

In order to make speckled hyacinths pencil and brush must be resorted to.

Cut strips of tissue-paper seven and one-fifth inches long, some one and one-half, some two inches wide, and then cut fringes to a depth of about three-quarters of an inch along one side, after which curl them with scissors or knife. Then lightly roll the strip together, and, pressing together at the bottom, give the calyx a shape as nearly that of the natural hyacinth as possible.

In our model the number of such blossoms for each flower varies from twelve to fifteen.

These blossoms are tied with stout cotton to a stem of covered wire eight and a half inches long, beginning with the smallest blossoms at the top and continuing downwards in transposed rows. The best model for doing this is a natural hyacinth. Care must be taken not to place the blossoms too close to each other, so that each one remains distinct from the other. When the last blossom has been affixed, fasten the threads and cover the stems with a strip of brown tissue-paper. The leaves, six or seven of which enclose each flower, are cut in strips four-fifths of an inch wide and from five and one-half to seven and one-half inches long. They are pinched along the middle and rounded off at the top. Three or four of the smaller ones are first affixed to the bottom of the flower, reaching to its top; then several of the longer ones, which, as may be seen in the engraving, tower over the first.

PANSY MATS.

THESE mats imitate the shape and brilliant shaded purple and yellow tints of the Pansies, and are really beautiful.

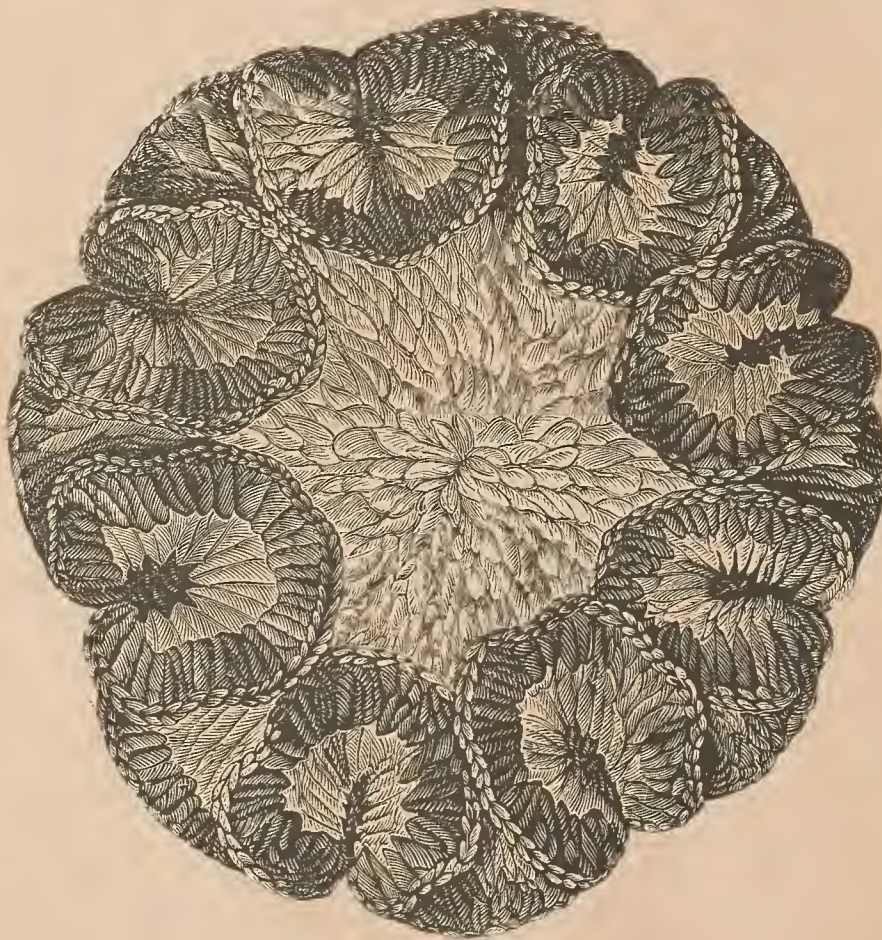
The materials required for a pair of them are—of single zephyr, one-quarter ounce of white, one-quarter ounce of black, half an ounce of the brightest yellow, and one ounce of richly-shaded purple. They are easily made. Commence with the white; make a chain of six, and join it; into that crochet twelve long crochet-stitches, with one chain-stitch between each; fasten it, and make three chain-stitches for the next row. Do this at every row. Third row, make two long crochet-stitches into every loop of the second row. Fourth row, two long crochet-stitches, with one chain between, and alternate with one long, into every loop, not stitch. Fifth row, two long crochet, alternated with two separ-

ate stitches of long crochet, with one chain between each. Sixth row, two long crochet-stitches, with three separate stitches of long crochet-chain between

each. Seventh row, two long crochet-stitches into every loop of the white. Eighth row, commence with the yellow, and crochet two long crochet into every loop of the white. Ninth and last row, commence with the shaded purple, and crochet the same as the last two rows. Thread a long needle with fine black thread, and catch down the fulness, so as to give the effect of Pansies. (See illustration.)



STAND OF PAPER FLOWERS AND HYACINTHS.



PANSY MATS.

WOODLAND TREASURES.

THIS is a group of leaves and other rough woods material arranged ornamentally.

The basket may be of any desired size and shape, from six to fifteen inches in diameter of the round style, and three by four to seven by eleven inches of the oval Swiss basket.

Make the recess of suitable depth and width, and lined with white cardboard.

Cut the basket in half lengthwise, and, touching the cut edge of body and handle with white glue, fasten it in the centre of the back of recess; below it place a pretty mossy branch imitating a log, selecting one with little branches at one end.

If this should not be sufficiently mossy, fasten pieces upon it with glue. Place a few stones below the log upon a foundation of card covered with moss; add a few grasses and ferns, grouped among the stones. Fill the basket with grasses, small ferns, berries, sprigs of evergreen, a few small cones and acorns; also clusters of bright-colored flowers and leaves which have been preserved in sand or carefully dried. Secure each piece by touching the stems, etc., with glue, commencing at the back part and placing flat pieces, such as pressed leaves, grasses, etc., against the back; then filling in toward the front, finishing at the front with fine delicate sprays placed in such a manner that they may fall gracefully over the edge, with a long tendril twined around the handle.

The other half of this basket may be made into a suitable companion-piece by placing it in a similar recess, and filling with shells, pebbles, sea-weeds, etc., and placing it upon a single large shell of great beauty, resting it upon a strip of mirror. Finish upon the outer edge with a narrow margin of sand, moss, and tiny shells. Touch all parts of the contents of the basket with white clear mucilage, and dust with diamond-powder. Appropriate frames for these are made of coral.

TO CLEAN MICA IN STOVES.

LAST winter a lady enquired how to clean mica in stoves, which I never saw answered. Take equal parts of vinegar and water; wash when a little warm; wipe with a dry cloth. It will look as good as new.

L. M. E.

Family Reading.

THE SONG OF THE MYSTIC VALLEY.

FATHER RYAN, the author of this exquisite poem, is styled the Poet Priest of the South, and resided in Mobile, Ala.

I WALK down the Valley of Silence,
Down the dim voiceless valley alone,
And I hear not the sound of a footstep
Around me but God's and my own;
And the hush of my heart is as holy
As hovers where angels have flown.

Long ago I was weary of voices
Whose music my soul could not
win,
Long ago was I weary of noises
That fretted my soul with their din,
Long ago was I weary of places
Where I met but the human and
sin.

I walked in the world with the
worldly,
Yet I craved what the world never
gave;
And I said, in the world each ideal
That shines like a star on life's
wave,

Is toned on the shores of the real
And sleeps like a dream in the
grave.

And still did I pine for the perfect,
And still found the false with the
true;

I sought 'mid the human a heaven,
And I caught a mere glimpse of its
blue;

And I sighed when the clouds of the
mortal
Veiled even the glimpse from my
view.

And I toiled on, heart-tired of the
Human,
And groaned 'mid the masses of
men;

Till I knelt long ago at an altar,
And heard a voice call me; since
then

I walk down the Valley of Silence
That lies far beyond human ken.

Do you ask what I found in the Valley?
'Tis my trysting-place with the Di-
vine:

And I fell at the feet of the Holy,
And around me a voice said, "Be mine."
And then rose from the depths of my soul
An echo, "My heart shall be thine."

Do you ask how I live in the Valley?
I weep and I dream and I pray,
But my tears are as sweet as the dew-drops
That fall on the roses in May,
And my prayer, like a perfume from censer,
Ascendeth to God, night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence
I hear all the songs that I sing:

And the music floats down the dim Valley
Till each finds a word for a wing,
That to men like the doves of the deluge
The message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach,
And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall float into speech,
And I have had dreams in the Valley
Too lofty for language to reach.



SCENERY OF THE SIERRA NEVADAS.

And angels I've seen in the Valley:
Ah, me! how my spirit was stirred!
They wear holy veils on their faces,
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;
They pass down the Valley like virgins,
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of this Valley?
To hearts that are harrowed by care
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and his angels are there;
And one is the dark mount of sorrow,
And one the bright mountain of
prayer.

THE LITTLE COUNT.

ONE of the most remarkable dwarfs the world ever saw was a nobleman of Polish descent, born in Chailez, A.D. 1739. His name was Joseph Bornwalski, always known as Count Bornwalski, and he was aptly termed "a perfect copy of nature's finest works in duodecimo." His intellect was remarkable, and was early developed. He spoke several languages, and spent much time in travel, visiting the different nations of Europe, seeing and being seen in the leading courts of Europe.

He reached Vienna at the age of fifteen, and at that time was but twenty-five inches in height. He was presented to Maria Theresa, who became much attached to him. The great princess was at the time at war with the King of Prussia. The queen asked the dwarf about his opinion of the Prussian monarch.

"Madam," replied he, "I have not the honor to know him; were I in his place, instead of waging a useless war against you, I would come to Vienna to pay my respects, thinking it more honor to gain your esteem than to gain a victory from you."

The queen took him in her lap and kissed him. He laughed. The queen asked him what he was laughing at. His quick reply was—

"To see so small a man on the lap of so great a woman."

This answer procured him fresh caresses. He gazed at a ring on the hand of the queen once when sitting on her lap, and she asked him if he thought it pretty. Bornwalski replied:

"It is not the ring that I was looking at, but the hand I beseech your majesty's leave to kiss."

This was granted, and the queen took from her daughter a diamond ring and gave it to Bornwalski.

The young lady from whose finger the ring was taken was the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, afterwards Queen of France.

When in Paris, Count Olinski gave an entertainment to some ladies of high distinction, and to please them he placed Bornwalski in an urn. The urn was placed on the table, and a funny noise proceeded from it. The count refused to uncover the urn, and the curiosity of the ladies was raised to the highest pitch. At length the cover was removed, and out sprang Bornwalski, who ran about the table, to the no small astonishment and diversion of the ladies.

He visited various courts of Europe, his reputation preceding him, and everywhere was he caressed by the ladies, who universally took him on their laps and kissed him. He lived to the extreme age of ninety-eight.

Housekeeping.

FLOORS AND CARPETS.

THERE is a strong protest offered, in different ways and from various sources, against our long-established practice of making poor floors, with the design of keeping them covered with carpets stretched and fitted to every part and carefully tacked down. Carpets in daily use cannot be kept clean except by very frequent shaking and beating, and they do much toward corrupting the air by retaining impure gases, hiding the finest, most penetrating dust in their meshes and underneath them, and by giving off particles of fine wool into the atmosphere, with other dust, as they are swept or walked upon. There is a demand for better floors, not necessarily inlaid or mosaics of different kinds of precious wood, but made double, of strong seasoned wood, that will not shrink or warp (spruce, however well seasoned, is almost sure to warp), and then carefully finished so as to be durable and easily cleaned. Carpeted floors seem a relief to the housekeeper, when once the carpets are procured and fitted to the rooms and tacked down, because they do not show the dirt as the bare floors do. But oh! when they do get full of dust! And when house-cleaning time comes and they must be taken up and shaken and whipped, as they well deserve! With warmly-made floors and large, warm rugs, couldn't we do without these abominations even in winter. Certainly our rooms would be cooler and sweeter without them in summer. But in that case we must take more pains with our floors, and we must have something better than the common unpainted ones.—*American Agriculturist*.

PATENT BRILLIANT GELATINE.

AMONG "things not generally known," but that every prudent house-wife ought to know, is how to make good jelly. It is a compound in constant request in the house, as a luxury and necessary, both. No dinner or supper-table is considered complete without the brilliantly transparent lemon or orange jelly, and few sick rooms but—during the tedious days of the invalid's convalescence—are found supplied with the same palatable and nutritious luxury. It is a matter, then, of some consideration to know how to produce these delicious compounds with facility and economy. A preparation known as "Patent Brilliant Gelatine," made by Nelson, Dale & Co., of London, secures both these advantages in the making of jellies, which in regard to purity and nutritious qualities equal those made from calves' feet or the best Russian isinglass. This "Brilliant Gelatine" has been admitted by high scientific authority to be far superior to the best French gelatine, and equal to the finest Russian isinglass in nutritive value, more economical in use, and adapted to every purpose for which isinglass is used. Moreover, it is entirely free from those acids usually found in similar French preparations. One packet of an ounce and a half will make three pints of excellent blanc-mange or jelly, which, flavored

with the juice of three or four lemons, or the same number of oranges, makes a highly nutritious and delicious compound.

THE VIRTUES OF BORAX.

THE washerwomen of Holland and Belgium, so proverbially clean, and who get up their linen so beautifully white, use refined borax as washing powder instead of soda, in the proportion of one large handful of borax powder to about ten gallons of boiling water; they save in soap nearly half. All of the large washing establishments adopt the same mode. For laces, cambrics, etc., an extra quantity of the powder is used, and for crinolines (requiring to be made stiff), a strong solution is necessary. Borax being a neutral salt, does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of the linen; its effect is to soften the hardest water, and therefore it should be kept on every toilet-table. To the taste it is rather sweet, is used for cleaning the hair, is an excellent dentrifice, and in hot countries is used in combination with tartaric acid and bicarbonate of soda as a cooling beverage. Good tea cannot be made with hard water; all water may be made soft by adding a teaspoonful of borax powder to an ordinary-sized kettle of water, in which it should boil. The saving in the quantity of tea used will be at least one-fifth.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

LEAVES IN COOKERY.

AN English writer, speaking of the culinary uses for leaves, says that one of the most useful and harmless of all leaves for flavoring is that of the common syringa. When cucumbers are scarce these are a perfect substitute in salads where that flavor is desired. Again, the young leaves of the cucumber itself have a wonderful similarity in taste to that fruit. Carrot-tops may be used, and a prodigious waste is suffered in not using the external leaves and blanched footstalks of the celery plant. The young leaves of the gooseberry added to bottled fruit give a fresher flavor and a greener color to pies and tarts. The leaves of the flowering currant give a sort of intermediate flavor between black currants and red. Orange, citron, and lemon leaves impart a flavoring equal to that of the fruit and rind combined, and somewhat different from both. A few leaves added to pies, or boiled in the milk used to bake with rice, or formed into crusts or paste, impart an admirable "bouquet." An infusion can be made of either the green or dry leaves, and a tea or table-spoonful used.

BEEF-TEA FOR INVALIDS.

Miss Dods, of the Edinburgh school, recommends the following as useful in the treatment of those who are invalids. She seems so well able to take care of the healthy that we have some confidence that her recommendations for those who are not may be of value:

Quick Beef-Tea.—Beef taken from the round is best for beef-tea, because it is almost free from fat, and it contains more juice than any other part of the meat. After removing every particle of fat cut the steak into small pieces, across the grain. This breaks the fibre and allows the juice to escape.

Place the heated meat in a dry, closed sauce-pan and sweat for five minutes. Sweating is simply heating the meat, not too hot, and stirring it occasionally to prevent its sticking. At the end of five minutes the pan will be found to contain a gravy, or the essence of the meat, which of itself is good for very feeble patients. At this stage pour over the meat its weight in solid water (the gauge being a pint of water to each pound of meat); stir until the water boils, and then simmer for five minutes. Do not add salt, unless the doctor permits it. In many diseases salt cannot be used without doing much harm. Strain the tea while hot, then skim the fat from the surface, and it is ready for use.

HOW TO MAKE COLOGNE-WATER.

With no trouble at all (says the *Chemist*) any one can make in her own store-room a better article of cologne than that which is usually bought, by thoroughly dissolving a fluid drachm of the oils of bergamot, orange, and rosemary, each with half a drachm of neroli and a pint of rectified spirits. As good as can be made out of cologne itself, however, is also prepared simply by mixing with one pint of rectified spirits two fluid drachms each of the oils of bergamot and lemon, one of the oil of orange, and half as much as that of rosemary, together with three-quarters of a drachm of neroli and four drops each of the essences of ambergris and musk.

If this is subsequently distilled it makes what may be called a perfect cologne, but it becomes exceedingly fine by being kept tightly stoppered for two or three months to ripen and mellow before use.

THE LOVE OF FLOWERS.

Of the many touching tributes paid flowers there is one associated with the closing hours of Henry Heine, the poet, which appears to us very beautiful. He was dying in Paris. The doctor was paying his usual visit when Heine pressed his hand and said: "Doctor, you are my friend—I ask a last favor. Tell me the truth—the end is approaching, is it not?"

The doctor was silent.

"Thank you," said Heine calmly.

"Have you any request to make?" asked the doctor, moved to tears.

"Yes," replied the poet; "my wife sleeps—do not disturb her. Take from the table the fragrant flowers she brought me this morning. I love flowers so dearly! Thanks; place them upon my breast." He panted as he inhaled their perfume. His eyes closed, and he murmured: "Flowers, flowers! How beautiful is nature!" These were his last words as his spirit took its flight into eternity.

ICE IN THE SICK-ROOM.

Mention is made in a foreign paper of a plan pursued by an ingenious physician for ensuring a supply of ice for use in sick-rooms during the hottest nights, and without disturbing the patient. This plan is to cut a piece of flannel about nine inches square, and secure it by a ligature round the mouth of an ordinary tumbler, so as to leave a cup-shaped depression of flannel within the tumbler to about half its depth. In the flannel cup so formed pieces of ice may be preserved many hours—all the longer if a piece of flannel from four to five inches square be used as a loose cover to the ice-cup.



Invented by E. N. Horsford, late Professor in Harvard University.

It is better and healthier than ordinary Baking Powder, Cream Tartar, or Yeast.

The cost of raising Bread, Biscuit, etc., with it is only about half as much as by ordinary Baking Powder, and the result is much better.

It restores the nutritious elements which are taken from the flour in bolting. No ordinary Baking Powder or anything else used for raising bread does this.

Universally used and recommended by prominent physicians.

Put up in packages containing 11 ounces, just enough for 25 pounds of flour.

If your grocer has not got it send a 3-cent stamp to the manufacturers for a sample.

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20 New Styles Chromo Cards, 10 cents; or 25 new styles unixed, 10 cents, post-paid.
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CARD MILLS, Northford, Conn.

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AN EXCELLENT 2 BLADE KNIFE, post-paid, and 1 year's subscription to Farm and Fireside, is One Dollar.
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PRICE OF AMERICAN 2 BLADE KNIFE, post-paid, and 1 year's subscription to Farm and Fireside is 75 cents.

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Is the Most Delicious Article for the Table. Prepared in a few minutes, with or without milk. It is nourishing and satisfying. The Cheapest Article of the Kind on the Market.

Recipe without Milk.

Take 4 tablespoonfuls of Ridge's Food, mix with a little cold water and a little salt, add one pint hot water, boil for 2 minutes, pour into moulds, and place on ice; serve with cream and a little sugar.

Recipe with Milk.

Take 5 tablespoonfuls of Ridge's Food; first mix the food with a little cold milk and a little salt and two well-beaten eggs, then add one quart of hot (not boiling) milk, then return the whole mixture to the fire and stir briskly till it boils; flavor to suit the taste. Pour into mould, eat cold with sugar and cream.

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To headache who might be cured by using TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT. The stomach, overburdened until its recuperative power is weakened, revenges itself upon the poor head, which it makes to ache and torture the offender. The use of this aperient will carry off naturally, and almost imperceptibly, the offending cause. The disease is removed and the head ceases to ache.

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20 LOVELY ROSEBUD CHROMO CARDS or 20 Motto Chromos, with name, 10 cts.
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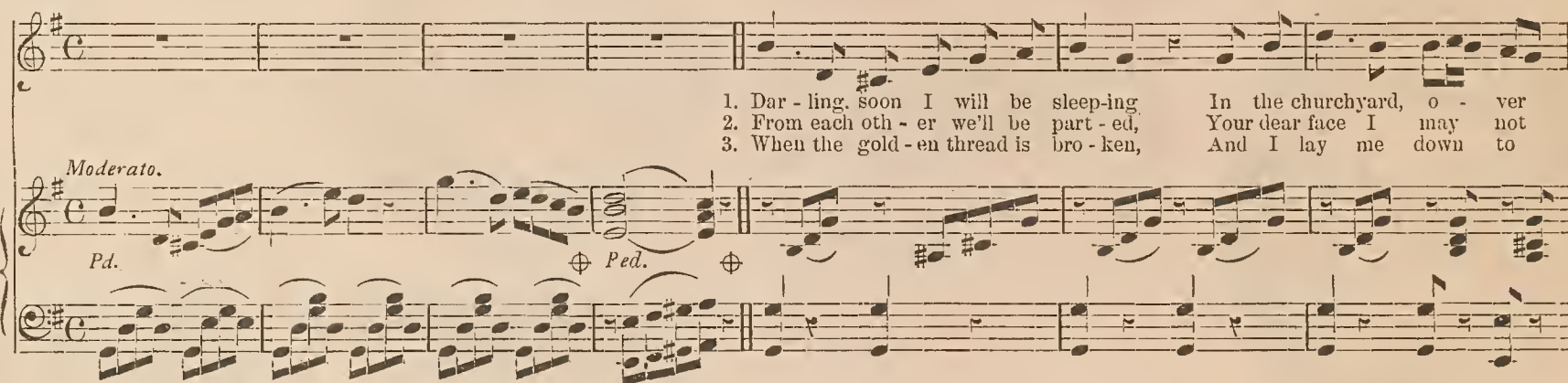
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Music by H. W. F.

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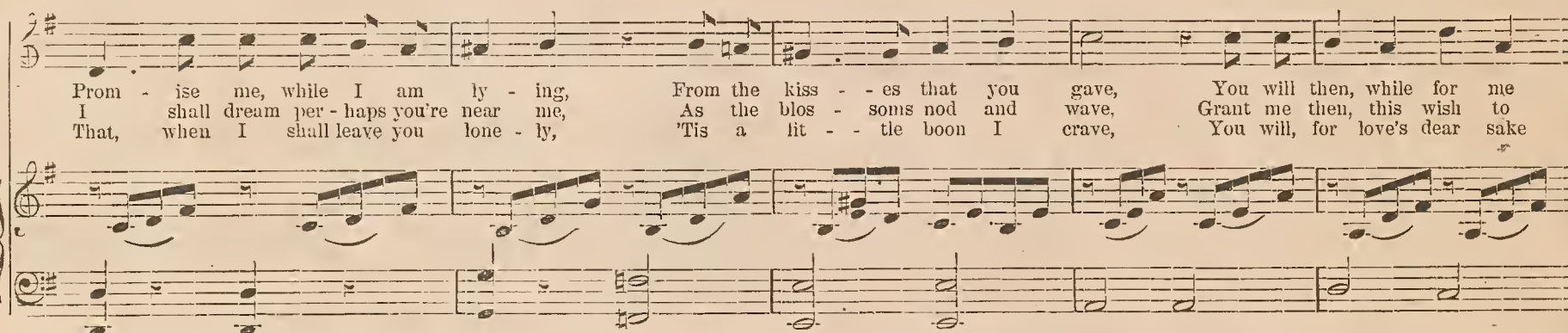


1. Dar - ling, soon I will be sleep - ing In the churchyard, o - ver
2. From each oth - er we'll be part - ed, Your dear face I may not
3. When the gold - en thread is bro - ken, And I lay me down to

Moderato.
Pd. *Ped.*

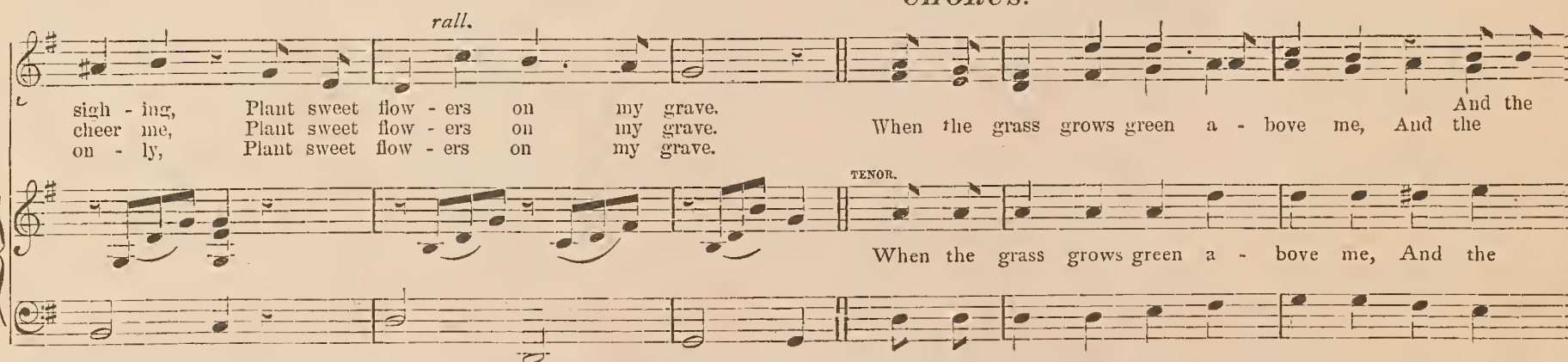


there, see, sleep, Where the vines and grass are creep - ing, And the birds sing eve - ry - where.
Dear - est, do not be sad - heart - ed, For the flowers will speak of thee.
This shall be the on - ly tok - en Of your love I wish to keep,



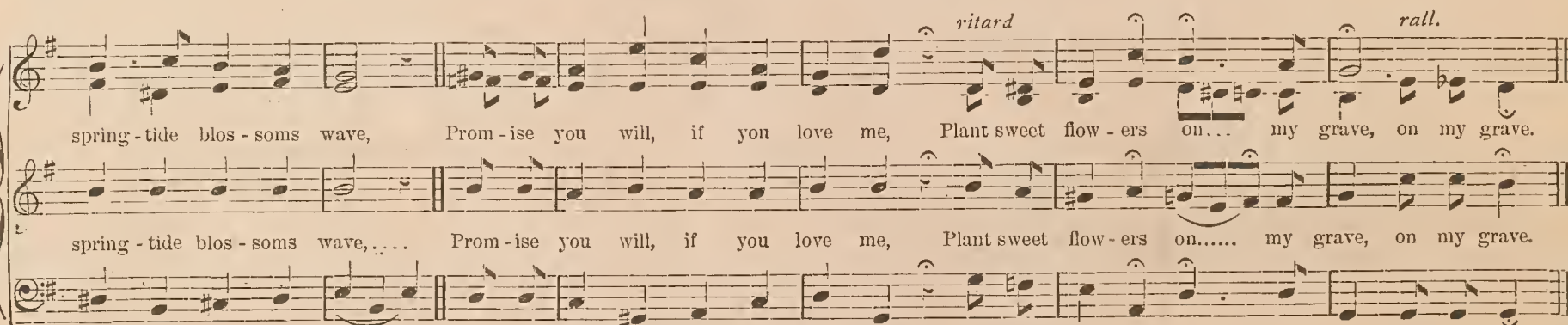
Prom - ise me, while I am ly - ing, From the kiss - es that you gave, You will then, while for me
I shall dream per - haps you're near me, As the blos - soms nod and wave, Grant me then, this wish to
That, when I shall leave you lone - ly, 'Tis a lit - tle boon I crave, You will, for love's dear sake

CHORUS.



sigh - ing, Plant sweet flow - ers on my grave. And the
cheer me, Plant sweet flow - ers on my grave. When the grass grows green a - bove me, And the
on - ly, Plant sweet flow - ers on my grave.

TENOR.
When the grass grows green a - bove me, And the



spring - tide blos - soms wave, Prom - ise you will, if you love me, Plant sweet flow - ers on... my grave, on my grave.
spring - tide blos - soms wave, ... Prom - ise you will, if you love me, Plant sweet flow - ers on..... my grave, on my grave.

ritard *rall.*

THE LADIES' HOME GAZETTE

BY HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1879.

No. 94. PRICE 12 CENTS.

THE NATURAL EASTER CROSS.

THIS cross is in imitation of rough granite, supposed to be placed in the open ground, which at the Easter season is adorned with those lovely spring blossoms that would naturally be found blooming around and upon it in the early spring, while the ice and snow still cover the earth during some of those cold days which visit us after the early flowers have commenced to bloom. The cross should, if possible, be quite large; eighteen inches high, perhaps, or even larger than that. The form should be what is called square; that is, with the ends of the top and arms forming a perfect square. Instead of steps at the bottom, as in the Latin cross before described, a number of rugged stones are placed around the base, upon which the cross is fastened; or a better way is to make the body of the cross four or five inches longer, and, screwing it firmly to a solid block of wood, arrange the stones around it up to the point where the bottom of the cross should be. The wood is then painted with three coats of granite-colored paint, varnished and heavily sanded, and cut into irregular rough stones. In order to have the stones round the base of the same color as the cross, they are dipped in melted wax, in which paint-powder of the same shade has been mixed; and if stones themselves are considered too heavy, they may be formed of clay, plaster, or some lighter material, and color as described.

The ice and snow are formed of



NATURAL EASTER CROSS.

wax, thus: Take a quantity of cake-wax of the purest white and finest quality, which melt slowly in an earthen vessel, placed in water. When entirely melted, stir into it one table-spoonful of fir-balsam to every tea-cupful of melted wax. Stir this mixture after removing from the stove until it grows just thick enough to barely pour from the spoon. Then with a small dipper take up some of the wax and proceed to imitate the ice, which has frozen upon the cross and dripped down in long pendent icicles; this is done by pouring the wax over the arms and allowing it to drip slowly, one coat upon another, until the proper length and thickness is given to each icicle. The form will be best seen by examining the illustration in Fig. 1. The wax must not become too cool, or it will form in lumps, though in some places the rippled appearance, natural to ice, looks well. A portion is also poured upon the top, and a little upon the stones. When cold, this work is varnished with a very thin coat of Demar, and before this is dry is thickly sprinkled with diamond-powder. A solution of alum is then made, and in it a selection of pretty, graceful grasses are placed, until crystallized; also a few pieces of raw cotton are wet with it and laid before the fire, which will give them when dry the appearance of snow crusted with ice. This work requires great care and neatness, but when well done is truly lovely; and, if successful, a perfect imitation. When this is accomplished

(Continued on page 152.)

Floral Correspondence.

A CORRESPONDENT'S EXPERIENCE.

DEAR FLORAL CABINET: I will give you some of my "dear-bought" experience in keeping flowers. When I first began I had only a common sitting-room, with an open-front coal-stove, and a family of twelve. So broken leaves and overturned pots were my daily trials; and then the dust—I must take each one and wash them every week, as no sprinkling would keep them in order, and then they would not bear all the hard usage and look fresh, which was a great disappointment, and I lost some fine plants. But I persevered; trying many ways and searching every book and paper for information in regard to their native habits and the experience of others.

Now my husband has built me a greenery—I call it—or a large bay-window, shut off from our common sitting-room by glass doors. So, of course, I have, and ought to have, a perfect bower of beauty. I have over one hundred varieties, besides what I have in a light, dry cellar for the winter. You may wonder how I find room for so many, and I will tell you of my green trees that came into use in my sitting-room at the first, by my trying every way I could think of to keep my pets from being in the way. I now have two of them, one in each angle of my window, to hold a part, while I have a bench around below the windows for large plants, then some very tall ones sit on the floor, and some that need to be very cool. In this way you can keep your plants in a common room before a common window safely, and vary the temperature to suit each set of plants. Get a stick of timber about three inches through—if from the woods, leave the bark on, this is not bad; but if from the lumber-yard, make it octagonal in shape, the height of your room; make a round tenon on each end by sawing and splitting off so as to leave a shoulder to fit smoothly into an inch piece in the form of a circle of three inches in diameter, so it will turn easily. Set upright and tack the circle pieces to the ceiling and floor, two nails in each, so they can be drawn out if you should wish to take down and lay away when your plants are out for the summer. Get some stiff wire (or nail rods for large pots), cut into lengths of about fourteen inches for the top row; bend in a circle the size of your pot, bend them the shape of the support for a lamp-bracket; bore a hole the size of your wire, slanting inward a little, about eighteen inches from the top of your standard, and insert your wire, bending it so the weight of the pot will hold it firm. In every space put a wire, making eight in the circle of pots; eighteen inches below put another row, making them enough longer to reach outside of the first, so your plants will not be in each other's way or drip on the leaves, and so on, as low down as you wish; from three to four rows is enough. Now remove your curtains, giving them all the light and sun, turning them any time you wish without taking down the pots. Set a large pan or tub on the floor under them, and you can sprinkle them as you turn so as not to wet your carpet. You should put Cacti in the top row, as they like hot air and dry soil; Begonia, hot, but

moist; Wax Plant, Dew and Ice Plant; then Coleus and the Silver and Tricolor Geraniums, Centaureas, Cineraria, Roses, and Abutilons last, as they should be cool. Put a slip of Madeira, Lobelia, Tradescantia, or Moneyworth vines in some of your pots with other plants, and set a pot of Parlor Ivy on the floor each side of your window if you wish. Those in your pots will run up the wires and standard, which should be painted green, all turning together. It will be very little care to tend these, and if you will step outside after your lamps are lit for the evening, when your plants are growing well, you will see a picture of beauty that will greet every one passing.

To protect from dust get a piece of blue fly-screen, make it in two widths, reaching from ceiling to the floor and wide enough to fall easily and completely around outside your plants; fasten to a wire bent in a circle large enough not to have the curtain rest on the plants, and secure the wire to the ceiling with a staple (such as they use on a wire fence) in the centre of the window, and then again opposite beyond the plants. You can draw this from each way around them when sweeping, or in the evening, when by sprinkling or wetting the net you can have a moist atmosphere inside. If you wish to protect from cold at night paste papers together and wrap round the whole, pinning to your curtain. Be sure they come close to the floor, where you should also lay a paper, as paper is the best material to keep out frost.

When not in use draw your curtain towards the window and loop up high; you can have a hanging basket each side of your window to fill up, if you choose. I fear I have made this too long already, and if I have not made it plain I will explain more fully if you will send to "Recluse," Box 251, Morris, Ill.

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

WILLOW SPRINGS, OREGON.

ENCLOSED please find yellow spotted leaf for name; also large leaf.

ANSWER.—Japanese Honeysuckle. The large leaf belongs to the Maples, but from specimen cannot determine what species.

WHEATON, ILL.

Please tell me the name of enclosed plant. How many kinds of Ivy are there? DORA SPROUT.

ANS.—1. Commonly called Flowering Gooseberry, *ribes grossularia*. 2. There are fifty different species of Ivy; the most easily grown is the Giant or Irish Ivy; but all are thrifty growers.

ONEONTA, N. Y.

Please inform me what is the best scarlet perennial Phlox; whether white Feverfew will bloom in winter. What is a suitable frame for Wax Plant?

MRS. R. WICKSOIRE.

ANS.—1. *P. grandiflora*, scarlet, is the handsomest, but not so free a bloomer as the commoner varieties. 2. It is a summer-blooming plant, but if cut back after blooming early in the summer will bloom in winter. 3. A square or circular frame, light but strong, is best for Wax Plant in winter, as they do not grow at all until near spring, and need only to be wrapped carefully round the frame, taking care

not to entangle the different branches. In the early summer, after all danger of frost is over, the vine may be taken down from the frame and trained over the front of a piazza with fine effect, remaining until it has done blooming. We had one spread out in this way which reached the top of the piazza and extended over a space more than twelve feet long, being covered with blossoms. It was an old and remarkably thrifty vine.

MRS. Q.—How shall I treat my Camellia? It droops its leaves and does not thrive.

ANS.—The Camellia is a difficult plant to cultivate outside the greenhouse. They need light (but not direct sunshine), moisture and warmth, and a steady temperature. They are sensitive, and if left too dry or made too wet they drop their buds, as if in resentment at such mismanagement. In this month the flower-buds should begin to form. Bring the plant into the house, keep in a cool room about 40°, and give an hour or two of fresh air daily. When growing rapidly water freely, but do not shower, and drain well.

MRS. E. A. WARNER.—Please give treatment for Hydrangea.

ANS.—There are several varieties of this plant—some are hardy and others tender. They require partial shade, abundant watering through the growing season, and liquid manure now and then. Hydrangea *Paniculata grandiflora* is a hardy kind, and the most abundant bloomer of all this beautiful family. It will repay thorough cultivation and rich feeding. Plants sometimes bloom when six inches high. W. C. Hart, of Walden, N. Y., gives in *Vick's Magazine* an account of a plant three years old which bore ninety-two heads of beautiful flowers. When done blooming, or just before frost, remove to the cellar for the winter. It will then require very little water—just enough to sustain life and prevent contraction of the wood.

WAKEFIELD, R. I.

I saw a notice in THE CABINET by W. C. L. Drew on the *Amaryllis Johnsonii* Lily, and now I wish to know what time of year to procure a dry bulb, and about what price, and where to get it.

MISS C. D.

ANS.—The time of year is not material, as these lovely plants may be made to bloom almost every month in the year. They are invaluable for window culture. They may be planted now for winter bloom. A successful treatment allows two months for growth, two for flowering, two for rest. Prices vary; they may be had at any good florist's. For full instructions for treatment see "Window Gardening," Williams's Household Series.

AKRON, OHIO.

DEAR CABINET: Will you not, when you have time, give a lecture in your paper upon the treatment (heat, moisture, soil, etc.) required by the Cactus? You will confer a favor on, yours, JOHN W.

ANS.—Our correspondent has marked out a wide field for a "lecture," but we adopt his text, and try and give our readers such information as may be useful with regard to this strange and interesting family of plants.

The Garden.

BEDDING PLANTS.

THE following methods of arranging bedding and sub-tropical plants are suggested by the *Journal of Horticulture*

"A few simple modes of arrangement may here be noted; for instance, a bed of any shape having yellow *Calceolaria* for a centre surrounded with Scarlet *Geranium* Tom Thumb, and edged with *Cineraria maritima* or *Cerastium*, would look well. As another example take the Scarlet *Geranium* for a centre, and put the *Calceolaria* next, and edge the whole with Purple King *Verbena* or *Lobelia speciosa*. In either of the above, if *Calceolarias* are not grown, the yellow *Tagetes* will answer well. Another arrangement is to plant *Amaranthus melancholicus*, *Coleus Verschaffeltii*, or *Perilla* for a centre, surrounding these with *Geranium Christine* (pink), with an edging of Golden *Pyrethrum*, and there will not be much wrong. Among silver-variegated *Geraniums* we may take *Bijou* or *Flower of Spring* as a type; place either of these in the centre of a bed surrounded by a band of any dark-foliage plant, such as *Perilla* or *Beet*, and then edged with Golden Chain. The above are all contrasting colors, and if the beds are large enough so as to admit of a good quantity of each being planted they will be particularly gay. But it may be that there is not space for these colors; then two must be used, taking care that the bed is properly divided for each color to be shown off to advantage. The centre color ought to occupy fully two-thirds of the bed; arranged thus they would look well: Scarlet *Geranium*, such as *Cybister* or *Stella*, edged with *Calceolaria* or Golden Chain; *Coleus Verschaffeltii*, edged with *Cineraria maritima*; or make *Centaurea candidissima* a centre, and edge with Mrs. Pollock *Geranium*; or take either of the last-named and plant in the centre, and they will be pleasing with an edging of blue *Lobelia*. Again, I admire a bed planted with silver-leaved *Geranium Manglesii* and edged with *Verbena pulchellum*, or yellow *Calceolaria* edged with Purple King *Verbena* or *Viola cornuta*.

"Now, if we come to a more harmonious arrangement we may place a pink in the centre, such as *Christine*, and edge with scarlet; or a pale yellow in the centre, such as *Calceolaria angustifolia*, and edge with the deep yellow *Gazania splendens*; or a blue *Lobelia* edged with the light-flowered *Lobelia Paxtoni*. Such arrangements are very necessary at times in a design to bring out the principal features in an arrangement of a more complicated nature.

"Speaking generally, the plainer the shape of the bed the easier it is to plant, and the better will its arrangement be seen. For my part, though I like strong contrasts which can be seen at once, I have also a special liking for soft combinations of color. There seems to be in these something to study, and which the more one examines the more does their beauty come to light.

"The amateur, who must at times be sorely puzzled to know what is best to grow in his small place, will find some consolation in knowing that there are

now many plants used for bedding of a dwarf habit, such as Golden *Pyrethrum*, Golden Chickweed, *Mesembryanthemums* both variegated and green, Lavender Cotton, the golden and silver variegated Thyme, and several others which occupy but little space during winter, and some of which are comparatively hardy. I ought also to mention *Sedum elegans* and the Variegated Grass, *Dactylis glomerata variegata*.

"Now, if an arrangement totally different from that named above be wanted, by the addition to the above list of *Alternantheras spathulata* and *magnifica*, the amateur may work out almost any design his taste may lead him to in what is called carpet bedding, and thereby add an extra charm to his place, giving also a kind of relief to the blaze of color produced by the ordinary flowering plants."

A REMARKABLE FLOWER GARDEN.

THE gardens of H. H. Hunnewell, Wellesley, Mass., near Boston, have long been famous, as they are the most costly in New England.

As the visitor enters the ground he passes by a Druidical arch of rude stone with rock-work connected, over which the new vines *Ampelopsis Veitchii* and *Clematis Jackmanii* are profusely creeping, while scattered around are variegated *Hydrangeas*. Not far away is a bed of yellow *Azaleas*, then on the other side are multitudes of the most brilliant and fairy-like *Rhododendrons*. They fill a large area, no less than one hundred and eighty varieties. Near the *Rhododendrons* is the rose garden, a narrow parallelogram three hundred feet long, replete with choice varieties, and surrounded by a solid hedge or wall of *Evergreen Arbor-vitæ* four or five yards high, cut with immaculate precision. Admission is had through a nicely-arched aperture at the end of the central walk dividing the roses.

In the flower garden proper are elegant beds and plants of every clime. On one side of the wide pathway is a long, straight ribbon of broad stripes, with large plants of uniform size, the outer edge being of Golden *Pyrethrum*, and then successive rows of *Coleus Verschaffeltii*, five *Duchess Pelargoniums*, *Iresine Lindenii* and *Centaurea candidissima* for a centre.

Circles and beds of various forms, many feet wide, outside the walk, are planted with a profusion of rich and rare semi-tropical plants. One large bed, circular, surrounded by a perfect border of Earl of Roslyn *Pelargoniums*, was greatly admired. There were *Lantanas* trained on a single stem six feet high, *Abutilons* eight feet high.

The chief attraction and marked feature of the garden, however, was the great bed of *Echeverias* and other succulents, which for richness, novelty, and arrangement have never been equalled. The bed was eight yards long and four yards wide, raised about a foot above the surrounding grass. Its edges were at an angle of forty-five degrees, and framed around by three successive rows of *Echeveria secunda glauca*, touching each other, the largest being the lowest. The four sloping sides thus planted resembled a picture-frame of shells, on a large scale. Back of these, on the level surface, three rows of

Echeveria metallica glauca, a stronger and more striking variety, were set. In the centre a large *Agave Americana* presided, surrounded by a patch, eight feet in diameter, of large *Echeveria metallica*, planted on a carpet of *Alternanthera amœna*; the metallic lustre of the *Echeverias* contrasting finely with the bright foliage beneath. A belt of the *Alternanthera*, a yard wide, extended lengthwise through the middle of the bed, and at equal distances therein were two large plants of *Yucca quadricolor*, and two of *Yucca aloefolia*, adding much to the effect. All other spaces were filled with *Echeveria sanguinea*, *E. agavoides*, *Agave filifera*, *A. schidigera*, *A. media-picta*, *A. Mexicana*, and other kinds, in pairs. Two elegant plants of *Aloe arborescens*, three feet high, with their thick drooping leaves overreaching several of the larger *Echeverias*, gave a charm to the whole. It was estimated that more than two thousand succulents rest in this single bed.

THE GROTTTO.

A rustic, vine-clad seat and an elaborate, airy foot-bridge close by, mark the crossing of a small inlet which forms the base of a jagged cavity or dell in the high bank, where ponderous boulder stones are rudely interlocked and heaped upon the sides far up into the wood. These are all moist and mossy from the spray of an artificial jet, and their crevices are filled with hardy ferns, sedums, saxifrages, and Alpine plants; embellished by *Dracenas*, *Marantas*, *Begonias*, *Opuntias*, *Funkias*, *Alocasias*, *Colocasias*, *Callas*, *Cacti*, *Hermerocallis*, *Panicums*, *Mesembryanthemums*, *Sempervivums*, and dwarf *Musas*, promiscuously thrown together, half covering the rocks with their varied flowers and foliage, extending to the water's edge, thus constituting a rockery, fernery, and grotto of wonderful grace and luxuriant growth.

PLANS FOR FLOWER-BEDS.

At the City Hospital, Boston, a large area, 120 by 180 feet, between some of the buildings was formed into an oval by putting walks around it.

The borders were planted in ribbon fashion with *Lobelias*, Golden *Pyrethrums*, *Carnations*, *Heliotropes*, *Roses*, *Pelargoniums*, *Achyranthus*, and *Coleus*—a somewhat peculiar arrangement.

Near the centre of the oval, on either side of the path, a bed was formed, having a centre of *Cannas*, with rings, first of *Ageratums* and *Carnations* mixed, and then successively *Pelargoniums*, *Centaureas*, *Verbenas*, and Golden *Pyrethrum*, the whole making a very neat appearance.

Three other flower-beds were also arranged in the turf near the broad sweep of a drive-way, one being circular, one diamond-form, and the third a small crescent.

The circles were planted with a centre of *Maize*, an outer border of fine *Verbenas*, and rings of *Coleus*, *Centaureas*, and *Palace Gem Geraniums*.

The diamonds had a centre of blue *Salvias*, an outer border of Blue *Verbenas*, and filled in with *Abutilon Thompsonii* and white-edged *Pelargoniums*.

The little crescents were filled with *Ageratum*, *Alternanthera*, variegated Thyme, and *Echeverias*.

Floral Miscellany.

VEGETABLE SAP.

THE proper sap of plants undoubtedly corresponds to the blood of animals. By proper sap, however, we are to understand not the ascending but the descending sap—that which after its ascent from the roots has undergone an elaboration in the leaves, so as to be prepared to afford to the several tissues a new supply of their proper substance.

The crude or ascending sap is totally different from the elaborated sap. For example, the crude sap of a plant, when flowing upwards in abundance, may afford a refreshing drink, though after elaboration in the leaves it may become poisonous. The *Euphorbia canariensis* is the plant which affords the resin euphorbium of the shops, once employed as a blistering substance. This plant the inhabitants of the Canary Islands are said to tap and draw off the ascending current for the purpose of refreshment, notwithstanding the acrid character of the sap after elaboration.

What, then, is the foundation of the difference between the elaborated or descending sap and the ascending or crude sap? In the first place, it is evident that crude sap does not contain all the materials which, by a certain transformation, may be converted into the constituents of the perfect sap. Whence, then, are those new materials obtained which, being added to the crude sap, explain the development of the perfect sap? It is plainly the office of the leaves to add those new materials.

Although carbonic acid is continually given off by

source becomes fixed in the plant, while free oxygen is given off. Thus the leaves correspond to the digestive organs in animals, since, though nourishment is derived from other sources, yet a most important part enters by this channel, and it even appears that some other parts of the food of plants enter by the

is no more ornamental plant for the parlor, greenhouse, or conservatory than the fuchsia, and the manner of propagating it should be known to every lover of flowers. A florist writing to the *Cottage Gardener* says the berries should be left on the plant until they are quite black and part readily from it. When gathered, the seeds should be squeezed in a basin of water until they become separated from the pulp. Drain off the water and pulp and set the basin on its side, in a dry place, for the purpose of drying the seeds. When dry, wrap them in paper and keep them until spring. Sow in February or March, in pots or pans, well drained, and filled to within a quarter of an inch of the rim with a compost of two-thirds sandy, fibrous loam, one-third leaf-mould, and about one-sixth of silver sand. The compost should be sifted. Place unsifted compost from the sieve to the depth of an inch over the soil already in the pots, and over this sifted soil. Then press down the bottom of a flower-pot. Scatter the seeds thinly and evenly, and cover them lightly to the depth of about the thickness of the seed. Give a gentle watering, and place the pots in a house where there is a temperature of from 55° to 60° at night, and 70° to 80° by day, keeping the soil moist. When the plants appear give plenty of light and air.—*Exchange.*



FLOWER-POT FRAME FOR VINES.

leaves besides the carbon. The food of plants consists of water, carbonic acid gas, ammonia, and some saline matters, and these enter partly by the spongioles of the radicles, and partly by the leaves. The ascending sap is that derived from the spongioles,

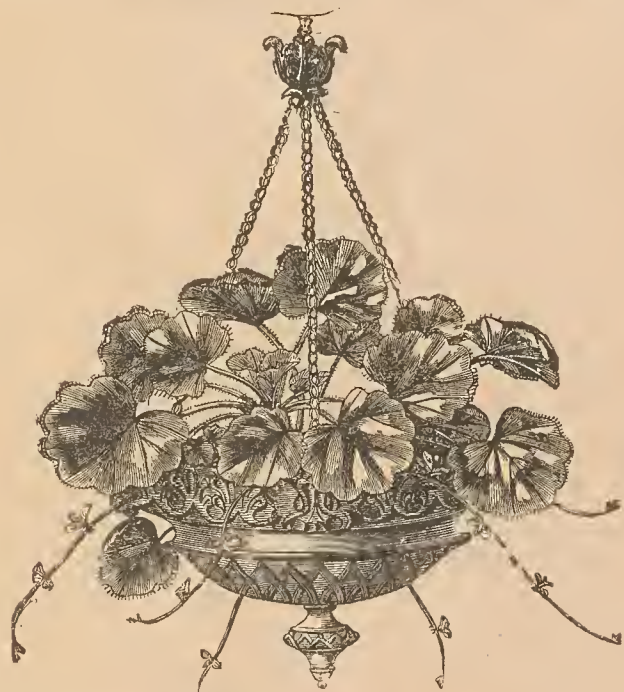
and doubtless contains all the saline and earthy matters, some of the watery part of the ammonia. By additions made to this crude sap it becomes matured and prepared for the general nutrition of the tissues and the supply of the secretions. It comes now to contain fecula, gum, sugar, lignin, and also albumen, fibrine, caseine, etc., or substances readily convertible into these, by which annual additions to the stem are made, the fruit developed, and the several peculiar secretions, such as oil, resin, balsam, camphor, and the like, are supplied. After the sap has served these uses there is a surplus

of nutritive matter left, which is laid up for the supply of the wants of the vegetable economy in the subsequent year.

L. S. H.

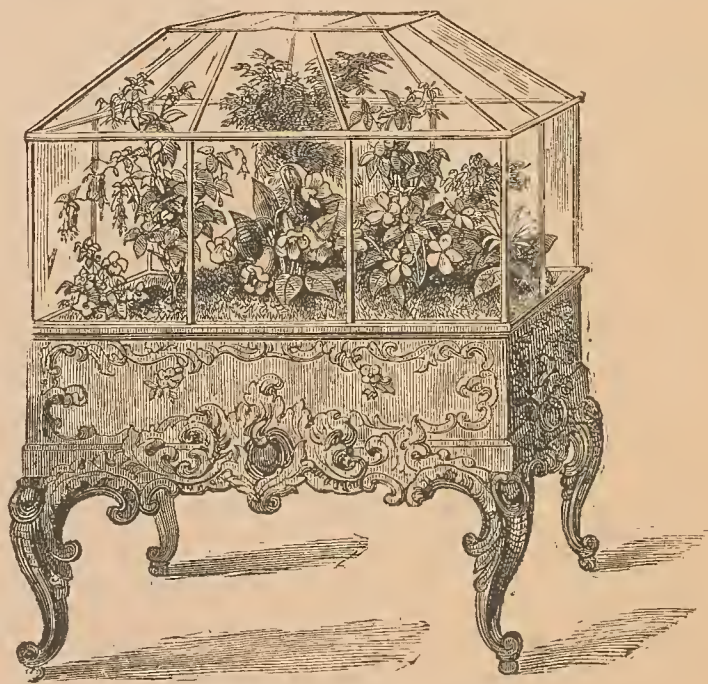
Saving and Sowing Fuchsia Seed.—There

Of all Water Lilies the most beautiful and attractive, probably, is a crimson variety growing in the vicinity of False River in Louisiana, near the Mississippi levee, which in their season of bloom may be seen from the deck of a vessel in the glow-



EARTHEN HANGING BASKET WITH GERANIUM.

certain parts of plants, it is proved beyond all doubt that this amounts to but a small deduction to be made from the far more extensive decomposition of that gas which takes place in the leaves under the influence of light. The carbon derived from this



WARDIAN CASE AND FERNERY.

ing gorgeousness of beauty and color, lending an additional charm to the beautiful landscape of the favored clime of the stately Palm, the grand flowering Magnolia, the Orange, Myrtle, and Jessamine.

Household Art.

THE AQUATIC BOUQUET.

THIS recent novelty is an exceedingly pretty and popular elegance, which is specially adapted to table decoration, though it is perhaps equally beautiful for the parlor, and for the sick-room or bed-chamber is very appropriate, inasmuch as, being covered, no odor can escape and render the air of the room unhealthful. Now, any one who imagines that this exquisite floral arrangement is simply what it appears in our illustration, a collection of flowers, leaves, and grasses gracefully grouped under a glass shade, will be wonder-struck upon seeing one for the first time; for instead of this they will see a collection of almost ethereal-looking blossoms, so white and frosty, and altogether fairy-like in appearance, and growing apparently beneath the waters of a miniature crystal lake—that is, held suspended by some hidden hand; producing an effect so singular and wonderfully charming that it appears like some fairy-work.

But to explain this lovely and wonderful-looking bouquet: It consists of flowers, leaves, buds, grasses, moss, or any beauty of the floral world immersed in water; held beneath a glass shade, which it fills by the power of atmospheric pressure, or that scientific problem that two bodies cannot occupy the same place at the same time; and the air being expelled from the shade, the water rushes into and completely fills it; the atmospheric pressure upon the top keeping it constantly in its place. The peculiarly sparkling and frost-like appearance is caused by the water surrounding the flowers: vegetable productions always assuming such peculiar beauty under these circumstances, caused by the refraction of the light and the magnifying power of the globe of water; the glass in this form and the water combined producing the illusive and fairy-like effects. Glass shades of any size, such as are used to cover wax-flowers, clocks, etc., and the aquarium-globes, are the best covers for these bouquets; but for small pieces crystal finger-glasses, bell-glasses, clear-glass gas-globes, or indeed any article of plain glass will answer the purpose, though the shades and globes of which we have spoken are far superior.

In addition to the shade a deep plate or dish is required, that will fit beneath the shade, the base resting in the bowl of the dish, which should be two or three inches deep; soup-plates or a fruit-dish with a broad rim will answer well, and this may be very ornamental, if desired; some persons use silver dishes, others elegant French china beautifully painted; but we prefer a rustic bowl, such as are used for fern cases, or a plain white soup-plate, with rock, shells, coral, moss, etc., arranged on the rim, against the shade.

In the centre of this dish or bowl the flowers, leaves, moss, and sprays are placed, first tying them to a piece of stone to prevent their rising up to the top of the shade; and care must be taken that no leaves or fragments of any kind are left unfastened,

as they will float off into the water and spoil the effect.

In arranging the various flowers taste and skill must be exercised in order so to place each one that, by contrast and pleasing combinations, the most artistic and satisfactory results may be obtained; and the stone holding the bouquet in place must be wholly concealed, as also the stems of the flowers, and the entire pyramid of flowers must appear to rise from a bed of moss with tiny tufts of ferns around it. The manner of tying the stems to the stone is shown in the engraving below.

After tying them thus take some natural green moss, if possible, with little tufts of wild-wood plants here and there among it; wash it perfectly clean, separating all the parts and brushing out any pieces of dirt or soil from the roots; then with green thread, passed down through the leaves, tie it in small pieces around the stone, arranging small fern-fronds, pretty leaves, etc., among the pieces. This part of the arrangement requires great care and taste, for



AQUATIC BOUQUET.

the whole mass of verdure must appear to be growing naturally beneath the water.

This arrangement all completed, a tub full of clear water must be provided, sufficiently large and deep to admit of the dish, shade, etc., being plunged into it. In the bottom of this vessel place the dish with the bouquet all arranged on the bottom, fixing all the parts that may have become disarranged, and so make such slight alterations as will suggest themselves by the effect when seen through the water; and care must be taken that nothing projects so far towards the shade as to touch its sides or top.

Having all arranged in a satisfactory manner, take the glass shade and turn it on the water sidewise, so as to leave no air within it; press it on down until filled with water and the entire shade is under the water, then turn it over carefully on the plate or dish, when it will remain filled with water; for, as there was a vacuum within the shade filled with

water, it will remain there so long as the shade is kept firmly upon the plate; but should any substance become inserted beneath the base of the shade and the surface of the dish, the air will be admitted and the water will at once rush out.

The shade thus fixed in position upon the plate, the whole may be lifted from the tub, leaving the water that is around the shade between it and the sides of the dish undisturbed, as this will have a tendency to keep it perfectly air-tight; and should it dry out by evaporation, it might better be at once refilled. Around this rim of the plate place pretty fragments of rock with *Tradescantia aquatica*, and ferns, mosses, etc., tastefully arranged.

The magnifying powers of the circular shade are so powerful that it will be a matter of surprise how small a number of flowers, etc., it requires to form an aquatic bouquet, a small selection appearing to fill the entire case.

In selecting flowers use those of small dimensions and rather common habit; the *Abronia*, *Verbena*, *Sweet William*, *Scarlet Lichen*, and others of like form appearing the best. For foliage, the leaves of the *Coleus*, *Achyranthus*, variegated *Geraniums*, will present a charming appearance, and should be placed around the stone and stems at the bottom. In winter, the leaves of evergreens appear well; the leaves and scarlet berries of the *Holly*, *Partridge Vine*, etc., present a charming appearance.

The beauty of the water bouquet is not at its height on the first day of its formation; but on the second day when hundreds of minute air-bubbles settle on every leaf, flower, and tiny frond or spear of grass, coating them with starlike incrustations of gems, and edgings of minute sparkling diamonds; they impart a brilliant, frosty appearance, like some fairy-work.

Always, if possible, form these bouquets the day previous to using them, in order to have them thus covered with this frost-work. As a dinner-table arrangement, a large one should be raised upon a platform of some kind, covered with moss, around which may be placed several smaller ones made under finger-glasses or other small vessels. We have seen a pyramid of these, formed with four tiers of glasses, the central one a large shade, about eighteen inches high and twelve inches in diameter, around which were four fish-globes of the one-dollar size, below which was a circle of finger-glasses—eight of them—and around these a circle of beautiful cut-glass tumblers, perfectly plain glass. Each dish—they were all of glass—was covered on the rim with green moss, with shells, stones, and trailing vines. It was constructed during the day previous, and by six o'clock the following evening presented the exquisite frosty appearance we have described.

To say it was greatly admired by all who surrounded the large table it graced is to speak tamely, for it called forth enthusiastic admiration. A more chaste and altogether charming mode of ornamenting a handsome table cannot be conceived.

Floral Hints.

LILIES OF JAPAN.

WE condense from the *California Horticulturist* the following list of these popular Lilies, which are constantly found to be more and more desirable as their qualities become better known. *Lilium auratum*, sometimes called Golden Lily, grows wild abundantly on the hillsides, stems averaging from three to twelve feet high, flowers numbering from three to one hundred and seventy-five on a single stem. Stem starts round at the base, and then spreads thin and flat, often being six inches wide at the top, where it flowers.

To preserve the bulbs in good condition, take them up in the fall, place in a flower-pot, and keep in cold place for the winter. The fragrance is like Mignonette, but much stronger.

Lilium auratum pictum.—A seedling from the last; has a red band, instead of a yellow, about half-way down the flower.

Lilium rubro-vittatum.—Also from *Lilium auratum*; flower as large, and same growth; has glossy red band, sometimes with spots, sometimes not.

Lilium auratum, var. *virginale*.—Also a seedling from the same parent. Flowers pure white, with brilliant yellow rays and lemon-colored spots.

Lilium black.—Flowers very dark purple with small yellow stamens. Grow in light, peaty mould mixed with a little sand. Do not let them have too much water or they will die.

Lilium concolor.—Small, star-shaped flowers, light scarlet, with dark red spots. Two feet high. Erect flowers.

Lilium coridium.—Seedling from the last flowers; yellow.

Lilium cordifolium, *giganteum* (or *Japonicum*).—Care needed in selecting the bulbs. Plant under shade in a shrubbery. Does not like the sun; grows well in moist, stiff soil. The bulb planted last spring, as soon as the flower-stem was out of the ground, had formed its own roots, and the bulb decayed altogether; and if taken up about the time of flowering new bulbs will be found just forming at the base of the stem. Flower-stems average from five to seven feet. Flower has four petals, and is very long; creamy white, with a dash of purple.

Lilium Japonicum.—A distinct variety; foliage thick and stumpy; dark, glossy green flowers, trumpet-shaped, about six inches in length, and creamy white, and sun-painted on the outside of a rich chocolate brown.

Lilium Krameri.—A fine variety; flowers delicate pink, some pure white. It thrives in a light, peaty soil, rots easily.

Lilium Lichtlinii.—One of the best varieties. Flower golden yellow, dotted with purple. Grows from three to five feet.

Lilium longiflorum eximium.—The common long white trumpet-shaped Lily, two to four feet high.

Lilium longiflorum folius alba marginatis.—Seedling from the above, precisely like it, except a narrow white border round the leaf.

Lilium Martagon.—Leaves and flowers smaller

than any of the others. Yellow, with dark spots. Two to five feet.

Lilium medeoloides.—Orange red, with dark spots. Requires careful treatment, as the bulb falls easily to pieces. Grows in light, peaty mould.

Lilium speciosum rubrum.—A fine, hardy Lily. Flowers red, with pea-green stripe, spotted with red and a white margin.

Lilium thunbergianum flore pleno.—Dwarf, hardy, double. Flowers fiery red, with dark spots. Early. About eighteen inches high.

Lilium thun. marmoratum.—A single variety of the above. Flowers deep orange-red, with tawny stains at tips of petals.

Lilium thun. tatzla.—Another of the above variety, a little larger in growth. Flowers light yellow tinged with pink.

Lilium thun. bemy.—Of the same family as above, but distinct in color and foliage. Flowers erect, dark chocolate.

Lilium thun. Alici Wilson.—A new variety of the above. Flowers erect, light orange.

Lilium tigrinum flore pleno.—A double variety, very late. Flowers fiery red, marked with purple.

Lilium splendens.—A single variety of the above. These two, like *Lilium speciosum rubrum*, throw out small bulblets in the apex of the leaf.

CALOCHORTUS, OR MARIPOSA TULIP.

THE *California Horticulturist* for August has as its frontispiece an engraving of this handsome flower, which, it remarks, "succeeds admirably in the garden, and deserves the attention of bulb-planters."

This tulip has been generally considered very difficult of growth out of its native habitat. Even so high an authority as *Vick's Monthly* has pronounced it so. Mr. Vick says that he has tried it many times, and has not been successful in raising perfect specimens; but a correspondent of the same journal, E. Huztelen, writing from Le Roy, New York, gives a most encouraging experience, which will surprise those who are acquainted with the previous history of its culture. The plant is a native of California, and grows in dry and stony soil, where it is exposed to excessive heat; but, strange to say, the success noted has been attained in a climate more severe than that where it has very generally failed. We give below an extract from the letter to the magazine:

"I have a fine bed of *Calochortus* containing all the varieties in *Album von Eeden* excepting one. The soil in which they grow is a coarse quicksand enriched with a very little swamp muck. They are planted six inches deep. I never disturb them nor cover them in winter, and they come thicker every year, most of them growing two feet high and going to seed. They are less trouble than Tulips. Plenty of sand, with a dry bottom and full sunshine for three parts of the day, seems to be all they need. I have also found that manure from the barnyard will do them harm instead of good. With the exception of pulling the weeds, the treatment by which I succeed is to let them alone. E. HUZTELEN."

All admirers of this handsome flower will be glad,

we are sure, to find that it can be cultivated with so little care as this, for it is a plant whose attractions well merit painstaking effort. The *Album von Eeden* is a journal published in Holland. It has lately reported favorably on the possibilities of success with the *Calochortus*, but we cannot but agree with Mr. Vick that, if the plant would prosper in that country, the thrifty Hollanders would have found it out long before this. No Holland gardener would, we feel sure, fail to secure any specimen of the Tulip family.

The singular form and rare brilliancy of this blossom should induce all lovers of the beautiful to add it to their collection, if possible; and as all Tulips are natives of a warm climate, having been brought originally from Persia, we do not see why this, like the others, should not become acclimated here.

FLOWERS IN FLORENCE, ITALY.

EVERY morning at breakfast time a wiry little old man with twinkling black eyes came creeping up our staircase with a huge market-basket full of flowers on his arms. It makes me sigh with pleasure now to think of those flowers. They were mostly wild ones, but they did not seem so to us, for they were of the kinds which we had been used to see growing in gardens, Jonquils, Lilies-of-the-Valley, Tulips, Narcissus, Field-Lilies, Ranunculuses, splendid in every shade of yellow and orange and deep red; clusters of roses, torn from the walls where they bloom all winter long; Ivy sprays, *Lanristinas*, Irises, Myrtle, and that oddly-tinted purple-black Lily which is the emblem of Florence. Later he brought Lilacs, fruit-blossoms, Anemones, purple, pink, and scarlet, long drooping boughs of Wisteria flowers, and the delicious little Banksia rose. All these delightful creatures would he pour out on the table, and then would begin the most comical process of bargaining! The old man would name a price. We would name a price. The old man would shriek, shrug, dance about, and protest that to abate in the least from his price would be equivalent to condemning his wife, children, and aged parents to penury. Then Maria, our maid, would emerge from the kitchen and join the fray, snapping her fingers and crying, "*Che! Che!*" declaring that never was there such a wicked old man, the worst in all Florence, a thief, a veritable robber; never should her ladies pay such unheard-of sums for a few miserable flowers—it was picking their pockets; *Gia! gia!* go along with you. Then suddenly in the midst of a storm a lull would ensue. The old man would change his expression, become all smiles, push the flowers he had chosen towards us with his lean forefinger, seize the sum he had so decried, bow, and vanish, leaving us with the lovely heap of glad, sweet-swelling things and the comfortable sense that we had made a *buon mercato*. But alas! there would be the giantess down upon us, upbraiding us for always giving iniquitous people their own way; and always there was a glint in the old man's eye; a suppressed frisk and joyfulness, as he turned away, which convinced us that, however little we might have paid, the "bargain" was on the other side, and, as usual, we had been "done in the transaction."—*Sunday Afternoon.*

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NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1879.

Ambrosia.—Most persons would agree that the rose has enough in its perfume and beauty to sustain its pretensions to be queen of flowers, but it seems that the rose can be made exquisite also to a third sense. Not long ago a confection of rose-petals was served to Emperor William. It was the gift of an English lady, and came from Alexandria, where the rose thus prepared is considered a strengthening as well as a delicate dish; but Egyptian cooks are said to be the only ones who understand the art of preparing it, and the right species of rose for this purpose grows only in that region. A Smyrna house, however, exports jelly of roses. Perhaps research might find a way of converting other flowers besides Eastern roses into delicate food. In that case, cookery and floriculture would strike up a closer alliance than now seems possible for them to have.—*Cal. Horticulturist.*

The Shades of Color in a Flower vary remarkably, even in the course of the same day, according as it is lighted by the direct sunshine of midday or by a north light from a bright blue sky, and it is known that flowers themselves seek by preference the warm orange rays of sunlight. M. L. Hugo has been making some experiments at the Horticultural Exhibition on the modifications induced by electric light, the results of which he communicated lately to the Paris Academy of Sciences. He finds that under this influence the *Nidularium* exhibits a beautiful red portion in the centre of its clump of lanceolated foliage, the electric light appearing to him to intensify its red lustre. The *Caladium* exhibits red particles dispersed among the white or green leafage, the brilliancy of this red appearing sensibly "tarnished," and approaching a reddish brown.—*Exchange.*

A CHAPTER ON HARDY BULBS.

In purchasing hardy bulbs for spring flowering this query forces itself upon one irresistibly: "How can I make the finest display for the least money?" This is really an important question, and one we have often asked ourself—did not less than an hour ago, as we turned the pages of a catalogue before us and glanced with greedy eyes over the tempting contents. Let us endeavor to frame a reply to this practical question.

In the first place, no one need expect a bed of flowers, no matter how rare, to represent money value. If you expect a visitor to glance at your tulip-bed, for instance, and calmly point out variety after variety, enquiring the name and price, you are greatly mistaken. Named bulbs, in particular, are a snare and a delusion, because they are invariably from three to five times as expensive, and give you not a whit better flowers; while nine times out of ten, those who purchase named sorts do not label them after the first season, and consequently have a lot of unnamed bulbs the next spring after all. Our advice on this score is, candidly, to buy mixed varieties of hardy bulbs, leaving the named sorts to cheapen in the hands of amateurs and professional florists.

Hyacinths are the most expensive bulb we have—that is, the imported. Those grown in our own soils degenerate and do not produce as fine spikes of flowers as those fresh from Holland; but still, for an out-of-door show, these degenerate ones are the best after all. The coloring is brilliant, and the spikes are strong enough to stand erect in spite of the severest storm. Mixed hyacinths can be bought for one dollar and a half per dozen, and will give general satisfaction.

Tulips are showy and cheap. Many named varieties of great beauty can be bought for a nickel each.

AN EXCELLENT BASKET PLANT.

The improved kind of tuberous-rooted Begonias, now everywhere so abundant, make excellent basket plants. In this way their large, brilliantly-colored leaves, which are naturally of a drooping character, can be seen to advantage, and if grown in good soil and kept well supplied with water in a moderately cool, dry house, they will produce a charming display for months in succession. On rockwork, too, in any corner of a conservatory or greenhouse, or even out of doors in a warm corner, they grow and flower freely, and are exceedingly effective. To tall, light-leaved, sub-tropical plants, in a warm, sheltered situation, they would add variety of color and be much more satisfactory than plants of other kinds often used for such purposes.

A Dozen Kinds of Roses on one Bush.—Flower-growers can have a dozen kinds of roses on one bush, by selecting a plant of the "*Prairie Queen*" or any other strong grower, and budding thereon a dozen different kinds of roses each of a different color. These may be selected to all bloom at the same time, and become a great curiosity and pleasurable display of beauty.

THE NATURAL EASTER CROSS.

(Continued from page 145.)

ed the flowers must be made or these may be formed first and laid away, secure from the dust, until all are done, and the cross finished. The flowers suitable for this cross are two clumps of Violets, a few Snowdrops, and the ever-lovely trailing Arbutus; which furnish the chief adornment. These may all be made according to directions previously given, and arranged in proper positions about the cross. They must be touched with varnish and dusted with diamond powder. The trailing Arbutus is clustered thickly about the base, peeping out from the snow and ice about the stones, and fastened up round the body with long sprays, falling over the arms in long, graceful garlands.

THE AMARYLLIS.

An excellent plant for the house is the Amaryllis; it never fails to send up its flower-stalk crowned with three or four beautiful lily-like blossoms. It requires very little care; give it plenty of water while in bloom, and keep very dry for at least three months after it has done flowering. I would keep the bulb growing for some little time after blooming, to develop it for future flowering, but it should be dried off for some time before blooming. Do not take the bulb out of the pot; simply let the earth get dry.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Change of Business.—All correspondence relating to THE LADIES' FLORAL CABINET, and the publication of books heretofore published by me, should hereafter be addressed to

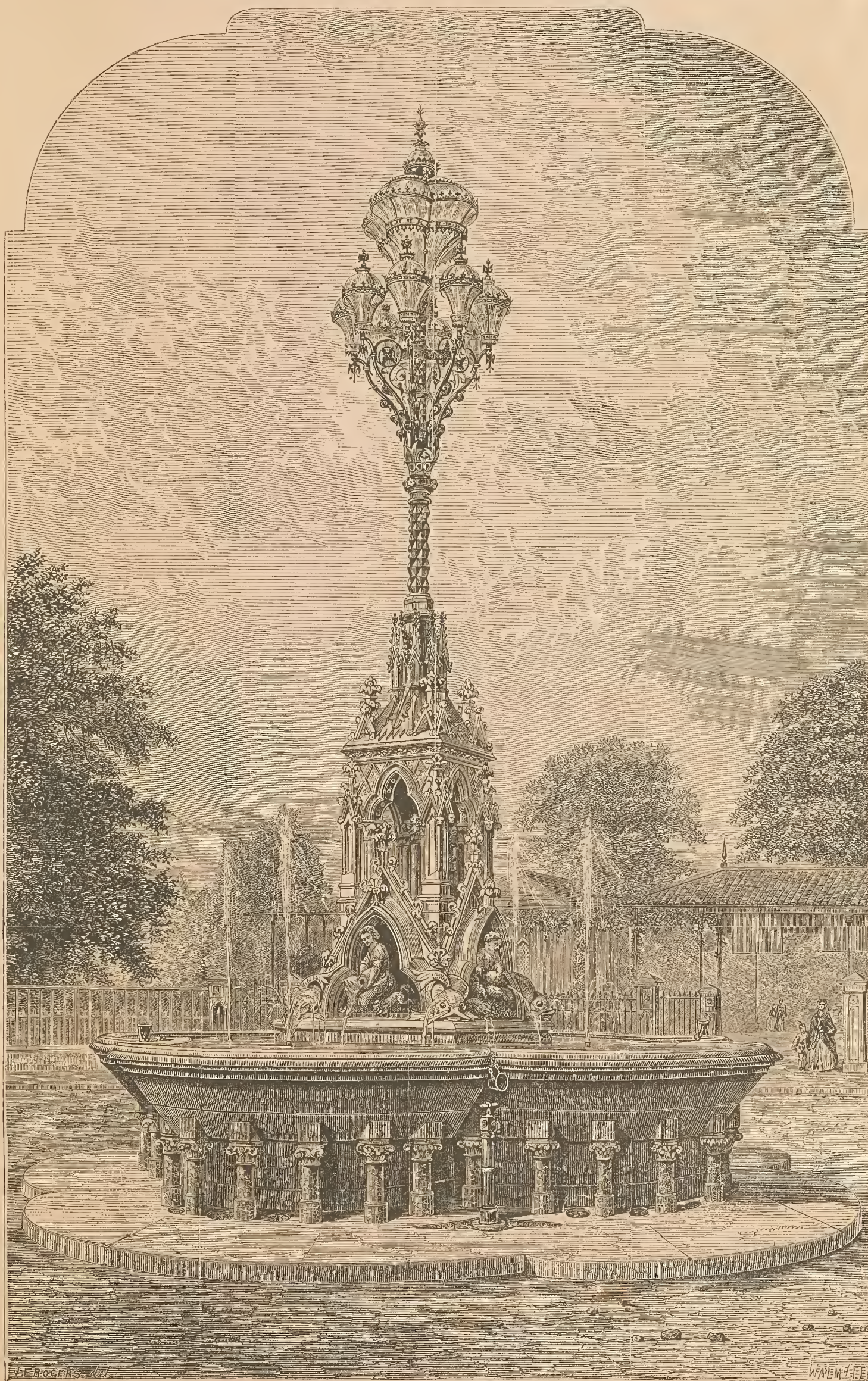
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Numerous changes in my business which were occasioned by the hard times, and in consequence thereof subjected me to inconveniences and delays which I could not avoid or adequately explain, have made it necessary for me now to retire from my present business. The publishing interests heretofore conducted by me are now in the possession of the above firm of Adams & Bishop, who will conduct the same successfully. Having ample capital, ability, and experience, all subscribers and customers will find abundant satisfaction in dealing with them. And I recommend to every one a liberal patronage of their efforts. With thanks for the kind regards and favors from my subscribers of the past, I am, gratefully,

HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

Delays Remedied.—The delays of the past few months, which have been beyond explanation or apology—the business situation being of a peculiar nature—will now be remedied, and subscribers may depend hereafter upon prompt publishing and mailing of papers to them.



ELEGANT FOUNTAIN

The Household.

SELECTING PICTURES FOR THE HOME.

THE choice of pictures with which to decorate the walls of a home is a matter of no slight importance, in whatever light we may view the matter, either as one of purely ornamental character or as having a real moral bearing upon the life of the family. No home should be without pictures, if it is possible to procure them without the sacrifice of more important considerations than are usually allowed to exclude them.

Few persons who have not had a thoroughly artistic education are able to judge of the merits of an oil-painting as a work of art, and those who are not conversant with the subject should be extremely cautious in selecting pictures which may, although purchased at heavy cost, give little real or lasting pleasure. In cases where the outlay of large sums of money is intended, it is well to take counsel with artists of repute, whose judgment may be relied upon as to the artistic merit of a picture which may have captivated the fancy by its idea, while the execution is faulty, or even wretched. But while we avoid one danger it is well to beware of running into another—that of selecting a picture because it is well painted, when the subject does not attract. A painting lasts through generations, and if it is worthy its charm increases rather than diminishes by familiarity. It is, then, most desirable that its subject should be one likely at once to interest the mind and charm the eye. In regarding a picture as the decoration of an apartment, its appropriateness to the purpose for which the room is intended should be among the first considerations—one too often, we might almost say generally, forgotten, so that we see the grossest incongruity in this respect extremely common.

Mrs. Brown hangs a Battle Scene in her guest-chamber, where her visitors must needs see it when first awake or when just about going to sleep, and Mr. Brown places a fine engraving of the Martyrdom of St. Cecilia over the mantel of the family dining-room, both with serene unconsciousness of having committed an outrage upon good taste; but the taste which is outraged is sensitive, and the educated eye perceives the want of fitness at a glance.

Good pictures may now be had so cheap that there is no excuse for disfiguring a house with tawdry chromos, unmeaning and commonplace engravings, or vast stretches of canvas covered with daubing in oil.

The most beautiful objects in the world may now all be seen in photograph, and one really good photograph of a splendid statue is worth twenty inferior paintings in oil.

Choose, then, pictures good of their kind, and frame them in a manner correspondent to their value and style. Elaborate and costly frames should never enclose simple, inexpensive pictures, and the color and material of the frames should be such as to display the picture to the best advantage by judicious contrast. There is an endless variety in frames, and the scale of prices ranges from twenty-five cents

to hundreds of dollars. The new styles in passe-partout are beautiful for engravings and crayon drawings; simple cross-piece frames suit small photographs; plain bars of gilt moulding should always have colored mats of a tint to harmonize the frame with the picture. This is a great improvement in framing engravings either light or dark, as they appear richer with an intermediate tint between the picture and the gold band. In wood frames the root of the black-walnut is perhaps the handsomest, but they are also costly. Maple is good for some subjects, and for small and highly-colored water-color drawings velvet in dark rich tints looks extremely well. In arranging upon a wall the character of the frames used should harmonize with each other. By this we mean not that they be all of one style, but such as contrast well together.

As to choice of subjects, it must be to a great degree a matter of personal choice, but some general rules may always be applied.

Let those for the bed-chamber be simple, tender, and full of repose. A quiet morning or evening landscape, an interior domestic scene, a Madonna and Child, would be appropriate.

In rooms for the general use of the family there may be wider range in subjects. Flowers, fruit, game, harvest-scenes, in the field, the vineyard, or the orchard, feasting and merry-making, are especially suited to the dining-room, while grave, sombre subjects seem at home in the library, though, of course, here the greatest variety may be admitted, illustrative of history, poetry, and science. Here, too, portraits of distinguished personages are most appropriate.

Family portraits belong to the family living-room, among those who love them, for they cannot be supposed greatly to interest strangers.

In hanging pictures use cords of one color, and nails of a uniform kind. Place the largest pictures about midway between the height of a table and the ceiling, smaller in the centre of the wall-space, with smaller ones at the sides, and the smallest below as pendants. Nearly all pictures look best inclining out at the top from the wall, and paintings require either an upper or side light; it should never come from the directly opposite side of the room. If arranged with taste, a wall may be almost filled with pictures without any appearance of crowding.

If chromos are used they should be selected with great care, for a crude chromo is a disgrace to the name of art; but there are those that are excellent copies of valuable paintings which are far beyond the reach of ordinary purses, and these are most desirable possessions.

Whatever is selected, let it be good of its kind and chosen for its merit as a picture, not as an article of furniture.

LEAVES FROM MY SCRAP-BOOK.

IN these days which try men's souls, and women's too, every effort to economize should merit applause; and this is why the beautiful CABINET should be welcomed and supported in every refined household. Its lessons of economy are useful, beautiful, and fascinating. So I turn over the leaves of my scrap-

book, and find the following. A very small amount of meat can be made into a rich dish for a large family, if the following directions are observed. Take cheap bits of meat—always perfectly sweet, of course—but that which is not fit to roast or fry will answer perfectly well—neck pieces, trimmings from roast, tough edges unfit for broiling—two pounds, or a little more, at the cost of ten cents or so; cut into small pieces, put into a porcelain-lined kettle, if convenient, or a common stew-pan will do, and place it on the back of the stove to stew slowly for hours or until perfectly tender; and any meat will boil tender if kept covered with water and allowed to cook long enough. Just before your potatoes are ready to be taken up for dinner beat smoothly together two heaping tablespoonfuls of sifted flour in a half-pint of milk with a piece of butter half as large as a hen's egg, and pepper if you like; stir this in with your meat-broth, which should be simmered down to about a pint, and salt to taste. Meat will stew tender in less time if salt is not added until it is nearly done, as salt hardens the meat, and vegetables also, if put in at first. Now stir your thickening, and stew together for two minutes until it is thoroughly cooked, then turn into the tureen. Our folks think nearly as much of this broth as of an oyster-stew.

Still a cheaper relish for your potatoes is to tear up salt fish into small shreds, the smaller the better—dry bits lying around, unfit for hash or hardly anything else, will do. Wash thoroughly, then put it in the stew-pot with a quart of water. Let it freshen thus for fifteen minutes; then pour off this water, and add a pint of fresh hot water, in which the bits of fish must simmer until soft. Prepare a thickening precisely like that for the meat relish, and serve with newly boiled potatoes. Such dishes as these help out the noon-meals wonderfully well when we live some distance from the butcher and the fish-market.

The Wax-wing (*Ampelis Carolinensis*).—The wax-wing, cedar-bird, or chatterer, for it is known by all of these names, is found in all parts of America from Canada to Mexico, and is called wax-wing from the curious appendages at the extremities of some of the secondary quills, resembling small pieces of brilliant red sealing-wax. It is a handsome bird, about six inches long, of a soft gray color, with a large dark patch on the throat and a black band upon the head. The back is a dark blue mixed with cinnamon brown. It feeds upon the berries of the red cedar, of which it is excessively fond, and is commonly found in orchards in the month of June, devouring the choicest of the cherries, and chattering with his mates in the most lively manner. It makes its nest of grass, and the eggs, four in number, are of a dingy bluish-white variously spotted with black. When berries are abundant, as in the autumn, he becomes very fat, and is then in considerable esteem for the table. The wax-wings abound in Southern Kentucky, the home of so much beauty in the domain of nature, and where the distinguished Audubon found such rich material for his magnificent work on the birds of America.

Home Decorations.

A LABORER'S MODEL HOME.

A COTTAGE in a New England village, standing amid its flowers, vines, fruit-trees, and garden—tasteful and attractive without and within. Though the abode of laboring people, there are many spare moments found in which to make home pleasant.

Health being a paramount consideration, every apartment is light, sunny, and well ventilated. Each room is inviting and homelike, and the family enjoy the freedom of the whole house except in the bitter cold of winter. Our little lady objects even to the name "parlor," and hers is always "our sitting-room," not in name only, but in reality also—a place of cosy comfort and rest.

Window-blinds being only in anticipation for them, the windows have only shades, in order that the room may be partially darkened in the bright summer days. The woodwork is white, the paper a gray. A light, cheerful carpet covers the floor—roses and leaves strewn on a light ground-work of rustic branches. The furniture is not a parlor set, but consists of light, movable articles, selected for comfort and convenience. A walnut book-case is filled almost from floor to ceiling with works of the best authors—poems, histories, books of travel and reference, stories from the pen of Dickens, Irving, Hawthorne, Miss Mulock, Miss Alcott, and many others. On the walls are several fine steel engravings, lithographs, and paintings—pleasant scenes and faces we love to study and remember. The beauties of each are seen, not in contrast with inferior ones beside it, but in harmony with proper surroundings.

The mantel holds a few select articles of decoration, and has a beautiful picture above it. On a walnut bracket is a large bouquet of dried grasses, pressed ferns, and immortelles, renewed every fall. Above the pictures are autumn wreaths in winter, and in summer twining vines of living green. A portfolio contains a collection of chromos and lithographs; while the children are selecting pretty woodcuts to arrange in a similar manner.

In the dining-room is a large base-burner, which heats the adjoining lodging-rooms, and, through a register in the ceiling, a large chamber above. One window of this room is devoted to plants, and is a veritable bit of fairy-land. Here are three hanging-baskets, a four-pot bracket at each side, and below the window-sill a shelf one foot wide, covered with marbled oil-cloth closely tacked to the sill and falling a foot below the shelf in front and at the ends. A piece of oil matting protects the carpet beneath. Then, after placing a shallow tub in front and holding up the ends of the cover, all the plants may be showered and the water let into the tub. This is done every night after sunset, keeping the plants clean and healthy. There are many vines and drooping plants, and by tasteful twining and looping every ray of sunlight is utilized and the window becomes a bower of beauty. None but thrifty specimens are found here; when one grows sickly or obstinate it is removed to the hospital shelf at one of the kitchen windows. The pictures and book-shelves are twined about with vines growing in water.

In the children's room a cabinet contains specimens of minerals, sea-shells and mosses, stuffed birds, butterflies, etc. Many of their toys and keepsakes find a place here instead of occupying the mantels. The children always wash and dress in their own room, take a pride in keeping it tidy, and many are the sacrifices they make to purchase articles of necessity and comfort for their little domain. They are dressed plainly, in warm, durable, sensible garments, and if they ever wish to have nicer or more fashionable clothing, they are sure to change their minds after a pleasant talk with mother, in which their thoughts are gently led to better things. In their school life they have the daily help and encouragement of their parents; are taught that learning should not end with school days, that a hurried acquirement of many branches would result in a mere smattering of each, with, perhaps, loss of health and an early grave; while a thorough knowledge of the common studies will furnish a firm foundation upon which to build in after-life. Not being hurried with their school duties, they have time at home to practise needlework and many housekeeping arts. They love their home and its duties, and if they are sometimes impatient or fractious the discipline they receive is always quiet and secluded. The mother's ready tact prevents the obtrusion of family annoyances upon her visitors, and they are never entertained with cross or unruly children, and made to feel that their coming is untimely by hearing fretful words, witnessing punishments, or listening to a recital of petty trials.

Many little methods of saving work are practised. The food is plain and wholesome, the apparel neat and unpretending, and all practise the rule of leaving things in their proper places, thereby knowing where to find them. The washings are made as small as possible, and many articles, if well aired and folded, need no ironing, such as woollen underwear, colored shirts, brown towels, etc. This saves hours of time for the mother to spend with her children, her books, and her flowers. Time is a blessing we would all do well to economize; all that we spend foolishly is so much lost for ever. "I shall not pass this way again," the Quaker said who did not wish to neglect any kindness to his fellow-men.

Some may wonder how this laborer's family can afford so many comforts. But in economizing time, living simply, and dressing plainly they save money with which to purchase enduring pleasures. These parents began their married life with a very few of the most necessary articles, to which they have added from time to time whenever their means would allow, always suiting their own taste and necessities. In having a certain independence and following their own ideas they have an individual home—one all their own, and not a mere counterpart of their neighbors'.

D. W. M.

HOME LIFE.

THERE is an increasing love in the hearts of the American people for tasteful homes, not always grand, but made easy and artistic by little rustic adornments and quaint devices. There is certainly something very delightful in building up one's own

home and yearly adding to its beauty and attractiveness. I have in my mind at this moment the home of a young couple who started in life with only a hundred dollars, but with hearts full of love and courage. Do not be shocked when I tell you that they commenced housekeeping with only two chairs, and when a third person was present one gracefully took a seat upon the bed. Yet, with womanly tact, the fair young hostess entertained her visitors in such a way that they departed impressed with the fact that love and happiness may exist in spite of very adverse circumstances. Years have passed, and, with added means and cultivated taste, that home is a paradise of beauty. The yard is tastefully arranged with grass-plats, flower-beds, and ever-blooming Roses of various kinds. Beautiful Japan Honeysuckle, with its white flowers, filled the air with fragrance, and the Jessamine's orange-like blooms peeped in at the windows.

There were shady nooks bright with the upturned faces of Pansies; beds of Verbenas, Geraniums, Abutilons, and Fuchsias with their drooping bells; and over all the humming-birds daintily hovering, made a picture so charming that each little human flower of that household daily felt the refining influence of its beauty. Let us in mid-winter take a peep within. We find the cosy parlor, with its organ; for music is one of the home enjoyments. There are shelves prettily arranged with books; there are shells, vases, and statuary. Upon the walls are paintings in oil and water-colors. But the most charming spot is the family sitting-room; here the children gather and friends love to linger. Shall I describe it? Very little money has been expended; the furniture is plain, and yet the room is wonderfully attractive. It is large, with two south and two west windows. Between the two west windows is a table covered with books and prints. There are also a few plants requiring but little sun, ornamental Begonias and foliage plants, and a silver basket filled with red and golden fruit. Above the table is a small shelf which supports a picture, and from which a coconut-shell is suspended filled with the Dew Plant. On each side of the picture is a vase of Ivy. Over the mantel hangs a rustic cross richly wreathed with Kenilworth Ivy and the delicate Smilax. In one of the south windows is a stand of plants. Above it is suspended a hanging-basket with a handsome Coleus in the centre, Oxans, English and variegated ivies. The other south window delights in a window-garden. It is filled with Roses, Geraniums, Crossula perfoliata, and vines of different kinds. Above is another basket with a coral Begonia, the lovely pink Christine Geranium Vincas, and other suitable plants, all making such a bower of beauty as delights the eye and cheers the heart. Flowers lend a charm to the humblest home. Let us cultivate flowers for a twofold purpose: our own pleasure and recreation, and as part of the training of our children, instilling into their hearts a love for the beautiful. The time will hardly be missed from our more important duties, and great will be the compensation. Above all let us cultivate the sweet flowers of love and gentleness, which will adorn them more than all the appliances of wealth or art.

IVY.

Art Recreations.

SWISS HAMLET.

A WINTER scene under glass shade, for bracket. The shade and stand for this can be of home make, or obtained from a fancy store. Those made by hand consist of a square piece of board set on four feet, ornamented around the edge with a wooden beading obtained at a furniture store, of leather leaves, or rustic work, of cones, acorns, and little branches of oak or grape-vine. Pretty feet can be made of spools, with a long screw passed through them and into the stand, then ornamenting with acorns or any other article corresponding with the edging of the stand, or the common curved clothes-hooks make really beautiful feet for these, and various other articles, as they look precisely like the feet upon sofas, bureaus, etc., in miniature. Having finished the stand with a coat of copal varnish, the shade is made of a sash of desired size, filled with four panes of glass for sides, and a square one for top. Pass a piece of chenille around the base after the shade is placed over the picture. In the centre of the base-board place a piece of mirror to imitate a lake; place stones, moss, groups of waving grasses, ferns, etc., around the edge at the sides; on the front, sand and flat pieces of moss to imitate grass. At the back form rocks of stones piled upon each other, with pieces of evergreen cut and formed into little trees; low evergreen bushes upon the summits of the mountains, with a few trees sparsely covered with autumn leaves. All the foliage and grass of this picture should be of the dun and brown colors usual in winter. Make a number of little houses, of the Swiss style, also a little church with spire. The house may be made of card-board, wet with thick glue and sanded, and then marked out in form of stones; or of thin pieces of wood rubbed with brown paint-powders of different hues. Tiny windows and doors, porches, etc., may be formed of stiff card and glued on. Chimneys must be sanded, and smoke formed of white and lead-colored cotton batting. Little figures may be formed by hand or of wax, and dressed in Swiss costume, or purchased at a toy-shop. The beautiful little piano dolls are admirable for this purpose, but care must be taken to have them and all portions of the houses, etc., in perfect proportion. Boys skating upon the lake, and a tiny bridge across the rocks in the distance, will add to the beauty of the scene. Very much depends upon the taste and designing qualifications of the artist. Ice upon the sides of the lake is made by touching with clear mu-

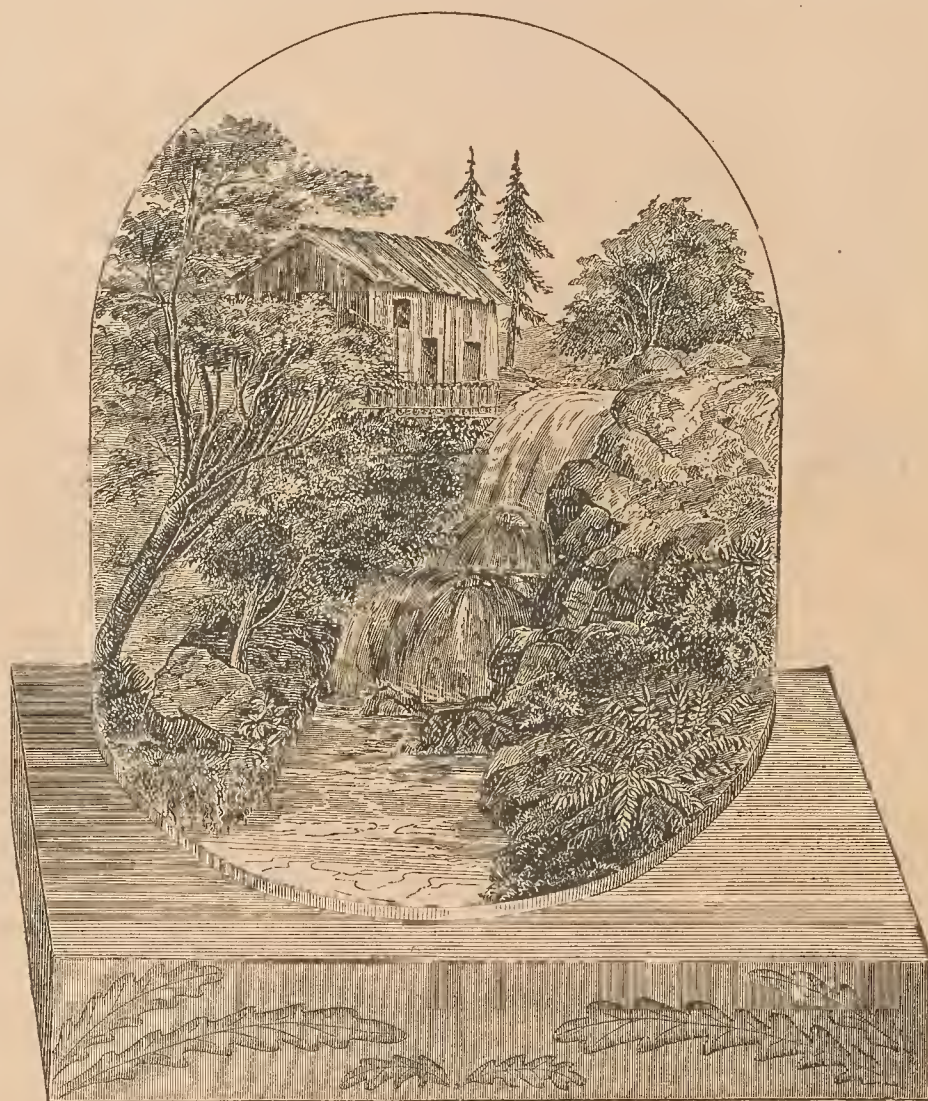
cilage, and putting large pieces of frosting upon it. After all is finished touch various parts with mucilage, and dust with arrow-root mixed with fine frosting.

SCARF IN KNITTING.

MATERIALS.—8-ply Berlin wool or 4-ply fleecy, selecting any two colors that contrast prettily for the ends, the centre being made of one of the colors only; two needles, No. 8 Bell gauge. Cast on with the wool seventy-four stitches—that is, three stitches for each pattern and two over for the edge stitches. First row: Bring the wool in front of the needle in the right hand, then turn the wool quite round the needle, so as to bring it in the front again, and purl two stitches together; * the wool will now be in the

for about one quarter of a yard; then, working the same stitch but only one of the wools, knit about one yard, and make the other ends to correspond with the beginning. Cast off. The ends are further decorated with a narrow strip of crochet and a fringe. Use wool like that in the centre of the scarf, and a crochet needle of medium size. Crochet on the edge of the knitting a row of 5 chain and 1 plain, then two rows more the same, working the plain stitch in the 5 chain of the preceding row. This, of course, makes three rows of the ordinary looped crochet. For the fringe cut the wool in length of about eight inches, and loop them into the last row of crochet.

Drying Ferns.—The dried fronds of ferns are frequently employed in forming screens under blinds, etc., and as they are easily obtainable, collections of ferns being generally grown, some hints as to the preservation of them cannot fail to be acceptable. Get a carpenter to plane two deal boards, about half an inch thick, a foot wide, and a foot and a half long. Between these place one or two quires of common blotting-paper. Round the boards put two narrow but strong leather straps. These must be drawn as tightly as possible and will secure a great amount of pressure on the fronds inside; and the whole may be strapped on the top of a box in travelling, so as not to take up much room. In gathering the ferns cut them as low down in the stem as possible; and in small specimens get up the root, if you can. In putting them to dry in the blotting-paper, have respect to the natural position of the fern, and also to the size of the sheet of paper on which they are to be finally placed. When the fronds are long and the specimens large, they may be bent so as to lie in a smaller space than they otherwise could, and if dried in a certain position will retain the form easily. It is best at first to make the pressure lightly, so as to alter the form of the plant, if needful, before it is completely dried. Then



SWISS HAMLET.

front; turn it round the needle so as to bring it in the front again; pass the needle down the next stitch, and take it off without knitting it; then purl the next two stitches together, and repeat from * to the end of the row. Second row: Bring the wool in front of the needle and turn round as before, then purl two stitches together; turn the wool round the needle, bringing it in the front; then slip the next stitch thus—; put the needle down at the back of the stitch, and, bringing the needle in the front, take off the front part of the stitch without knitting it—this stitch slipped is a long loop; then purl the next two stitches together, and repeat from * to the end of the row. All the rows are the same as the second. Knit six rows of each color alternately

increase the pressure day by day until the specimens are ready to remove. Ferns dry quickly and easily, and may without injury be kept in drying paper some time. When, however, they are removed for final use, they should be secured, if necessary, by little strips of gummed paper, which is best prepared beforehand by covering a sheet of note-paper with a strong solution of gum, which, when dry, may be kept for a long time ready for use. The thinner the strips are cut the better, so as to hold the parts of the plant in their right position. This plan is preferable to gumming the whole plant or portions of it, as the little strips can at any time be removed with a penknife, without injuring the paper or book in which they are fixed.—*Exchange*.

Family Reading.

SUNBEAM.

THROUGH bending boughs it flickering falls,
It glinteth on the garden walls ;
Then through yon green arcade askanee
It darteth with a lightning glance ;
And then its forked arrows break
In golden shivers o'er the lake,
Sending a shower of brightness down
Amid the elinging weeds and fern.

It tarries not a moment there,
But o'er the distant meadow fair
It glides, and tints yon ruined mill
Under the bosom of the hill,
Touching the old wheel from its quiver
Until the waters laugh and shiver.
O angel with a golden plume,
Awakening earth to life and bloom,

Thou comest from those
fields above
Where God is life, and life
is love!
HANS HATHAWAY.

A GLIMPSE AT JENNY LIND.

AND, before I quit the theme of song and singers, let me mention a glimpse that I caught before leaving London of one of the celebrities of the past. On leaving the home of Mme. Albani, I crossed the street to look at the dwelling of Jenny Lind. The house stands back from the street, and a garden that must in summer be a very bouquet of flowers and verdure extends in front of it. A bust of the great singer, life-size and in marble, stands in the large bay-window that fronts the garden. And beside the bust sat an elderly lady in a white mob-cap and white cashmere shawl, engaged in partaking of the afternoon cup of tea that forms so prominent a feature in English social life. She was talking to some one in the room, and as she turned to the window I saw again the face that I had last looked upon crowned with roses and lighted with inspiration, on the stage of Tripler Hall, twenty-eight long years ago. Under the disfiguring cap the fair hair, now plentifully streaked with gray, was seen rolled back in precisely the same fashion as that which set all the girls in America to twisting back their tresses in those bygone years. In other respects Jenny Lind has greatly changed. Few could have recognized in the pale, worn lineaments of the elderly lady the well-nigh angelic countenance of the greatest singer of our day and generation. I permitted myself but one glance, not wishing to violate, even by

a look, the sanctity of that tranquil home. I am told that Mme. Lind-Goldschmidt, as she styles herself, is very eccentric and peculiar. She still interests herself in music, being the leader of the Bach Choir, a private association, to which some of the first ladies in London belong ; and so severe is she in her requirements, and so strict in demanding their fulfilment, that her high-born pupils are often tempted to rebel.—*Philadelphia Telephone.*

THE AUTOPHONE.

PROF. GALBY, of New York, has just completed a very curious and wonderful musical invention, which enables those totally unacquainted with music to execute, either on the organ or piano, the most difficult piece with the precision and expression of skillful performers. In this device, called the autophone, the keys of the ordinary organ or piano are furnished with a very sensitive apparatus for moving them by



YOUNG FOLKS' SOCIABLE—PRESENTING FLOWERS.

means of a puff of air furnished by the bellows. The music, instead of being printed in the usual manner, is prepared by puncturing in a strip of paper a series of holes which correspond to the desired notes. This strip of paper is coiled on a roller, placed inside of the instrument, and slowly unwound by clockwork. As long as the paper is unpunctured no sound is heard, but the moment one of the holes makes its appearance it allows a little puff of air to pass through which, striking on the moving apparatus, causes the note to sound. The autophone is said to be especially adapted to the organ, as the paper can be made to work the stops as well as the keys.—*Christian Union.*

A Good Word for her Last Place.—Young person (applying for housemaid's help): "A young lady as lived with you as cook, mum, told me as you was a very nice woman to get on with."

THE BUSY BEE.

VERILY the insect deserves the name when we consider how much work it has to do in storing up a pound of honey. Mr. A. S. Wilson, in the *London Chemical News*, gives the following as the amount of sugar in nectar of

Fuchsia per flower,	. . .	7.59	milligrams.
Everlasting pea,413	"
Red clover per head,	. . .	7.93	"
" " floret,132	"

Thus 100 heads of clover will yield about 0.8 of a gram of sugar ; 125,000 will yield 1 kilogram, or a trifle over two pounds. As each head contains about 60 florets, 7,500,000 distinct flower-tubes must be sucked to obtain this amount. Honey contains, roughly, 75 per cent. of sugar ; thus we have 1 kilogram of honey equivalent to 5,600,000 flowers, or say 2,500,000 visits for one pound of honey.

A PRINCE IN THE KITCHEN.

THEY are telling a good story in court circles of Prince Peter of Oldenburg, Chief of the Russian College for Girls. At the Smoling Convent, which is under his jurisdiction, eight hundred girls are educated, and he had received anonymously and otherwise several complaints about the food, which was pronounced execrable. "I will see to this myself," said the prince, and one day, a few minutes before the dinner hour, he presented himself at the end of the passage leading from the kitchen to the dining saloon. Here he

met two soldiers carrying a caldron steaming hot. "Halt!" The men obeyed. "Put down that kettle." The kettle was at once deposited on the floor. "Fetch a spoon." Here Russian discipline wavered. One of the men had the audacity to begin a protest. "S'death!" exclaimed the prince ; "hold your tongue—fetch me a spoon." "But," stammered the soldier. "Another word and I place you under arrest." The spoon was brought. The prince dipped it into the caldron and swallowed a quantity of the liquid. "I thought so," he said. "Do you call this soup? Why it is dirty water." "It is, your highness," answered the soldier who had been threatened with arrest ; "we have been cleaning out the laundry."

A Beautiful Custom.—In Germany there is a beautiful custom, whenever a person is confirmed in his church to present a young tree, and these are planted as memorials. At one service lately over one hundred trees were planted.

Household Topics.

PAINTING WALLS—SEASONABLE HINTS.

OF course, says the *American Builder*, everybody knows, or ought to know, that walls and ceilings are finished with plaster. But everybody may not be aware that plaster has the property of absorbing moisture. This, perhaps, will not take place in rooms where a fire is kept steadily; but in rooms left, as is often the case, for weeks without a fire, the walls will take up a considerable quantity of damp. The effect will be injurious to the health of the inmates. There are few persons who have not suffered from a mysterious cold, caught they know not how, though, perhaps, damp in the plaster had something to do with it.

The extent to which damp is absorbed in a plastered wall may be discovered by noticing what so often takes place in rooms where the walls are painted and have become chilled by a season of cold weather. As soon as the temperature becomes warmer the atmosphere is condensed on the walls, and at times in such quantities as to run off in streams. Now, had it not been for the paint, the greater portion of this moisture would have been absorbed by the plastered walls, and as a consequence the quality of the plaster would have been impaired and the room made unwholesome. In view of this defect in plastered walls, it becomes a question well worth considering whether, in finishing a house, the walls should be papered or painted. If paint is decided on, it is highly necessary that the painting be properly done and good materials employed. White lead, which is the chief ingredient of all paint used, is of late years heavily adulterated—a reason why some painters can do work so much cheaper than others. There are also dishonest painters who will lay on nothing but “whiting” and size for the first coat, and finish off with one coat of oil paint. It is not easy to detect the fraud at the time, but as such paint soon wears off the wall, and attaches itself to the garments of those who rub against it, the customer speedily finds out that he has been cheated. It takes three or four coats of good oil paint honestly laid on to make good work of painting plastered walls.

In painting walls there is ample scope for taste, and such colors may be chosen as are most suitable for each apartment and in harmony with the furniture. Apartments lighted from the south and west, particularly in a summer residence, should be cool in their coloring; but the apartments of a town house ought all to approach toward a warm tone. In a drawing-room the coloring should be characterized by vivacity, gayety, and light cheerfulness, by light tints of brilliant colors with a considerable degree of contrast and gilding; the walls being kept in due subordination to the furniture, though partaking of the general liveliness. The characteristic coloring of dining-rooms should be warm, rich, and substantial, without vivid contrasts, and gilding should be avoided, unless in small quantities for the sake of relief. Parlors ought to be in a medium

style, between that of a drawing-room and dining-room. Libraries should be solemn, grave, and quiet in color and finish, while bed-chambers should be light, cleanly, and exceedingly cheerful. A greater degree of contrast between the room and its furniture may be admitted in a bed-chamber than in any other apartment. Stairways, halls, and vestibules should be of a cool tone and simple in their style of coloring, being in that what they are in utility—a link between the exterior simplicity of a house and its interior richness and comfort.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S KITCHEN.

“THE old kitchen,” she says, “was such a busy work-shop! It was a large room with a huge fireplace on the east end; on one side of it the great oven, on the other a sink. The old-fashioned fireplace—oh! how cheery it did make the old kitchen seem. Great-grandfather and the boys would roll in a great back-log, and first put that in the back of the fireplace. The andirons, or firedogs, were placed up against it, then a fore-stick put on them, then other sticks were put on and piled up to make a good business fire. Fastened to the jamb on one side was the crane, which swung out and back. It was a long arm of iron, on which hooks were suspended—often strings of them—on which to hang pots and kettles for domestic use. In front was a hearth of brick or stone to protect the floor from snapping fire or coals. What a sputtering, crackling, roaring noise the fire used to make as it went rollicking up the wide-mouthed chimney, taking with it chains of bright sparks, up and out into the darkness of a cold night in winter! Then the wonderful things we could see in the coals, as we sat and looked at them by their own light or that of a tallow candle—such castles, and ships, and animals, and birds, and things never thought of, would come and go like magic.” “No stoves?” I said. “Why, child,” says grandmother, “such a thing as a cook-stove was never heard of. Great-grandmother had a *foot-stove* made of tin—a little square box of tin full of holes, and a door to it through which to put in a small iron basin of coals, which she took to church Sundays in cold weather for her feet; for churches never had fires in them, you know, then. How did we cook? Well, it did seem as if our brains would get cooked, and we roasted over such hot fires in order to cook the victuals and do the other work! Why, for breakfast we had pork, either fried in an iron spider set on coals, or a frying-pan with a long handle to hold over the fire, with brown bread and sometimes eggs. Tea was rare and seldom used. The Boston tea-party spoiled the use of it for many years after. Sage tea was a common drink for morning meals. Cider for dinner, with boiled victuals—sometimes bean-porridge and brown bread alone for dinner. Baked pork and beans, with bread and milk or mush and milk, for supper. Potatoes were scarce, but were a rare treat roasted in the ashes, of a Sunday eve, to the youngsters, and eaten with salt. When wheat flour came more into use *white bread* with pies and cakes added to the variety of food. Great-grandmother’s big bread-tray had white-bread dough set to sponge in one end, and nut-cakes sweetened

with maple sugar set to rise in the other end. These, when light, were cooked in a large iron pot of boiling fat hung over the fire. When she did not want to heat up the big oven an iron bake-kettle was found very convenient, which was round and flat on the bottom, with an iron cover. To bake things it was set on coals on the hearth, and the cover had hot coals placed on it, when almost anything could be had fresh by baking it separately. Short-cakes were baked in the iron spider turned up before the fire. Griddle-cakes were cooked on a round iron griddle, with a bail to hang over the fire on the crane-hook. Spare-ribs, turkeys, and fowls for Thanksgiving were hung up by a cord in front of the fire, and turned and basted often with the drippings, which fell into a spider below. Soda or saleratus were not known in the culinary art.

MUFF FOR A YOUNG LADY.

HERE is a pretty style of knitting which may be used for a variety of articles, such as hoods, mats, etc. For a nice muff for a little girl use two needles, No. 6, and two kinds of double zephyr wool, say scarlet and chinchilla. The needles must be pointed at both ends. Cast on 35 stitches with the chinchilla, then begin at the last cast-on stitch with the scarlet and work as follows: First row (scarlet): knit the edge stitch plain, but from the back part of the loop; then * make one, slip one, knit two together; repeat from *. Slip the last or edge stitch. Second row (chinchilla): purl the first or edge stitch; then * slip one, purl two; repeat from *. This slip stitch is a long scarlet one, and must be taken off as in purling; the last or edge stitch must be slipped in the same way. Third row (scarlet): purl the first or edge stitch; then * slip one (this is a short chinchilla loop), make one, purl two together; repeat from *. Slip the last stitch, the slip stitches all through the row to be done as in purling. Fourth row (chinchilla): knit the first stitch plain, but from the back part of the loop; then * knit one (this is a small chinchilla stitch almost covered by a long scarlet one), slip one, knit one; repeat from *. Slip the last stitch.

These four rows are to be repeated. Work about half a yard in length, cast off, sew or knit the sides together, line with wadding covered with silk, draw in the ends with cords, add tassels, and the muff is complete. The effect of this pattern is to produce an open net-work of scarlet upon a background of chinchilla. Neither of the wools is to be broken off during the progress of the knitting, and the row begins at whichever side of the work the wool to be used happens to be. There is no difficulty in doing this with double-pointed needles.

Lace Curtains should never be ironed. Wash and starch them, using in the rinsing-water a table-spoonful of powdered borax. This makes them very stiff. When wet spread on a sheet, either on the floor or bed, and pin down every two or three inches. Let them dry for several days and they will look very nice.



Invented by E. N. Horsford, late Professor in Harvard University.

It is better and healthier than ordinary Baking Powder, Cream Tartar, or Yeast.

The cost of raising Bread, Biscuit, etc., with it is only about half as much as by ordinary Baking Powder, and the result is much better.

It restores the nutritious elements which are taken from the flour in bolting. No ordinary Baking Powder or anything else used for raising bread does this.

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\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free.
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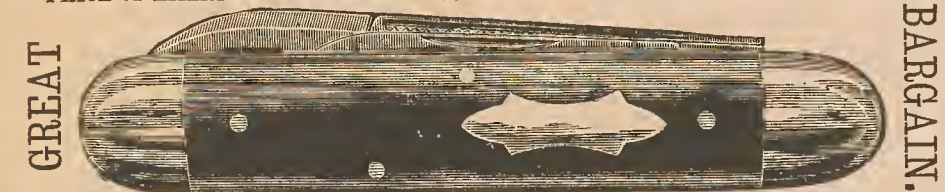
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HANDSOME 2 BLADE KNIVES FREE

by mail, post-paid, as a premium to any one who will send 4 subscribers to Farm and Fireside at 50 cts. a year. **PRICE OF IMPORTED 2 BLADE KNIFE,** post-paid, and 1 year's subscription to Farm and Fireside, is One Dollar. **AN EXCELLENT 2 BLADE KNIFE** (made in this country) but not quite so large as the cut, will be given as a premium to any one who sends 2 subscribers to Farm and Fireside, at 50 cts. a year. **PRICE OF AMERICAN 2 BLADE KNIFE,** post-paid, and 1 year's subscription to Farm and Fireside is 75 cents.



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Recipe without Milk.

Take 4 tablespoonfuls of Ridge's Food, mix with a little cold water and a little salt, add one pint hot water, boil for 2 minutes, pour into moulds, and place on ice; serve with cream and a little sugar.

Recipe with Milk.

Take 5 tablespoonfuls of Ridge's Food; first mix the food with a little cold milk and a little salt and two well-beaten eggs, then add one quart of hot (not boiling) milk, then return the whole mixture to the fire and stir briskly till it boils; flavor to suit the taste. Pour into mould, eat cold with sugar and cream.

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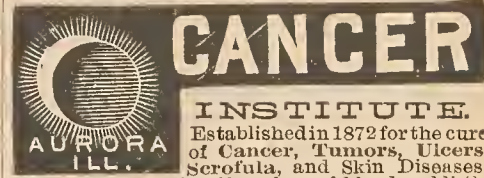
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To headache who might be cured by using **TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT.** The stomach, overburdened until its recuperative power is weakened, revenges itself upon the poor head, which it makes to ache and torture the offender. The use of this aperient will carry off naturally, and almost imperceptibly, the offending cause. The disease is removed and the head ceases to ache.

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52 Perfumed, Ocean Gems, and Gilt Edge assorted Cards, name in gold, 10c. **ELLA RAY, E. Wallingford, Conn.**

SOUNDS OF CHILDHOOD.

NOCTURNE FOR PIANO.

By LOUIS C. ELSON.

ANDANTE. *divotamente.* *mp* *rit.*

8: Semplice e legato. *a tempo.*

leggero. *sf*

1st time. *lusingando.* *p f* *con desiderio.*

lusingando. *dim.* *molto.*

D. S. 2d time. *ppp* *divotamente.*

rall. *f* *con ped.* *tranquillo.* *dim*

in - u - en - do. *pp* *ppp* *pppp*

THE LADIES' *Home* Cabinet

By ADAMS & BISHOP.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1879.

No. 95. PRICE 12 CENTS.

FLOWER AND AQUARIUM STAND.

THIS elegant stand is suitable for a bay-window, though it is so highly ornamental that it will appear as a rich and beautiful elegance wherever it may be placed. The stand itself may be formed of a table, circular in form, and with top supported on a pedestal; or, if preferred, one may be purchased of any other form desired. Upon the top of this stand is placed a deep wooden bowl, or small tub lined with zinc, and furnished with a drain-hole which will allow any over-abundance of water to be drawn off by removing the stopple each day.

The lambrequins are formed of scarlet or green cloth. If of scarlet, the figures must be cut from gray silk and worked upon the edge with saddler's silk of a gold color; the wheat is worked in half polka-stitch with various-colored silk. If green cloth is preferred, the figures are cut from golden-brown satin, and stitched on with button-hole stitch on the edge. The flowers, wheat-ears, etc., are in chain-stitch, with violet silk, and leaves, stems, tendrils, etc., in green of lighter shades than the ground, with shades of brown in certain parts, such as stems, leaves, and grasses. The edges are pinked out in long scalloped points.

If the appropriate fish-pattern, seen in the illustration, is used, let the cloth be of a fine blue or sea-green; work the fish in shades of gold and brown, the leaves at the top in bright shades of crimson, purple, and green, the holder below of gold thread. Make the tassels between of bright shades of silk or wool. The fish-globe is placed



FLOWER AND AQUARIUM STAND.

on stand cut from walnut and bronzed, and is in shape of a dolphin. A beautiful ornament of this kind may be made by purchasing a pair of the "fish pieces" that are intended to ornament sideboards, etc., in dining rooms, of the "artificial wood-carvings," and fastening them upon each side of a round stem of wood, two inches in diameter, which is to be securely fastened in the centre of the bowl, the fish being upon the upper part above the edge of the bowl, and on it screw a round plate of walnut ornamented with shells of the same—imitations—around the entire edge. Upon this the globe or aquarium is placed. The entire wood-work may be bronzed, if desired. These carvings bronze well. We took this stand for a pattern, and formed a most elegant one by proceeding as described above; the entire cost of stand, ornaments, materials, etc., was less than five dollars. In appearance it was even more ornamental than the pattern of the costly stand shown in the illustration.

Evergreen Tree Grub.—A fly deposits its eggs in the main leaders of evergreen trees; grubs are hatched and eat into the heart and live upon the pith—eating upwards. When the leaders wither or look sickly, cut them off and split them up and kill Mr. Grub. It can be seen where such grubs are in the shoots, as there are small holes with cut wood—like sawdust—around them and upon the shoots a great distance off. It is difficult to prevent the attacks of such flies, but watch for their effects and kill them.

Correspondence.

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

WILL you please inform me if there is such a tree as the "Weeping-flower Tree" in existence? Is it very fine, hardy, and what is its height and usual price?

MRS. M. W. YOUNG,
Dallas, Texas.

ANS.—We know of no tree by this name. It is possible the shrub you mean may be an Abutilon, often called the Flowering Maple. The leaf bears a strong resemblance to the Sugar Maple, and the plant has something the appearance of a dwarf Maple. The flowers are bells, and fall very gracefully.

What size pot, what kind of earth, and what treatment is best to mature the Cactus and produce the largest amount of bloom?

JAS. E. MASTERS,
St. John, N. B., July 4, 1879.

ANS.—The number of varieties of Cactus is so great that it is impossible to give anything but general directions. All Cacti are natives of warm climates, and generally require dry and light, sandy soil; they grow rapidly during three months of the year, and then rest entirely. When the buds begin to appear they require frequent watering with warm water, so as to keep the soil moist, but not wet. After they have done blooming they need scarcely any water at all, and will survive without any. Some cultivators mix one part sand and one garden earth to one part brick-dust and debris from the brick-kiln. No Cactus thrives as well in a rich soil as in a poor one.

I would like to ask what is the difference between the Cacti belonging to the Cereus family and the other varieties of Cactus, and how are we to tell which are the Cereus when we meet with the unnamed varieties. I have been a great admirer of the Cactus, but since coming to this country have seen so little of it, and the florists seem to have so few varieties, that I had almost given them up, till of late THE CABINET readers are bringing them to light. I would like to ask if any of the readers have slips of the Cactus that they would like to exchange for wild flowers of Oregon.

M. G., a reader of THE CABINET,
Salem, Oregon.

ANS.—The genus Cereus has many species; some authors name a hundred. They are distinguished by botanists from all others by several peculiarities, which one must be a botanist to understand; from each other by the number of their angles. The names of the leading species we give below. The most beautiful is *C. grandiflora*, five or six angles; the largest is *C. giganteus*, which attains the size of a tree—it presents the strange appearance of a tree with a green succulent trunk, with huge arms, and bearing fruit out of the side of the trunk, but entirely without leaves; the flowers rise from the angles of the trunk—*C. genilis*, *C. flageliformis* or creeping Cereus, *C. speciosissimus*. A genus very

near Cereus is Echino; differs from it in having its sepals and petals distinct from each other, not united into a tube as they are in Cereus. We do not undertake exchanges.

As I read in THE CABINET that all subscribers are entitled to ask questions, and as I much value its instructions, I wish to ask how to cultivate Pelargoniums, when to pot them., etc.

ANN C. TEED,
Kansas City.

ANS.—Pelargoniums require repotting every spring and autumn. A very rich soil suits them, as they are great feeders. Put old plants in the cellar, if you wish, through the winter, but see that they do not suffer for water; they should have enough to keep them from wilting, though not enough for growth.

I have been for years an ardent friend and reader of the delightful CABINET, and I now take the privilege of asking some help about my roses. Why can I not get them to grow after the slips are nicely rooted? I always have good success with everything else, but almost invariably fail with young rose plants, even when I buy them already started.

MRS. ALICE M. GREGORY,
Bedford, Ind.

ANS.—It is impossible to say what is the reason of your want of success, as you do not give your method of treatment. Roses are subject to many enemies among insects; perhaps some of these have attacked your plants. The green fly is an insidious and dangerous foe. Constant vigilance is the price of success with roses. Do not let them suffer from sudden changes of temperature. Water regularly with tepid water. Apply liquid manure carefully, not too strong, and now and then dissolve a tablespoonful of soot in two quarts of warm water, and give it as a stimulant. If the plant is weak and slow of growth after this treatment, cut back and let it make a fresh start.

Please tell something of management of Fuchsia.
E. B. STRATHMEY,
Ayletes, Va.

ANS.—We refer you to a late number of THE CABINET in which full directions were given.

Will THE CABINET please tell exactly how to make a pit to keep my plants in over winter?—if plants will live in one in this climate over winter?

M. D. MITCHELL,
Lewisburg, Pa., Sept. 4, 1879.

ANS.—Plants that are not hardy enough to stand out of doors, but not delicate enough for a greenhouse, can be kept in a pit very successfully. A very simple affair will often give great satisfaction, if carefully managed. A correspondent of *Vick's Magazine* gives an experience with one of the simplest construction which is very encouraging indeed. He says: "I dig a pit, say two feet deep, looking well to drainage, so that water will not settle into it during the winter thaws or in spring. In the bottom of this I plant such things as will bear a good deal

of frost, but are not quite able to stand our severe northern winters. As soon as planted I cover the pit with boards loosely, leaving space between each for air; throw over them some straw or corn-stalks, and when there come a few fine days I remove a good part of the covering for the sake of air, always taking advantage of a January thaw for this purpose. If I have an old sash or two I use them instead of boards for the sake of light. I have no trouble in keeping plants in such a pit, and can pick Pansy flowers half the winter, and sometimes Tritoma blossoms."

Of course it would be much better to have a pit properly walled with brick and covered by neatly-fitting sliding sashes. Such a pit, if properly aired and placed in a sheltered southern exposure, will often afford many flowers through the coldest weather, and keep the plants in fine condition. In extreme weather additional protection should be given.

Are Sweet Violets as hardy as Pansies?
ANSWER.—Yes.

Will Hedera Helix live over winter out of doors in Northern Indiana?
J. M. SIMON,
Swan, Ind.

ANSWER.—Yes, in sheltered places, but not entirely without protection. The danger is not so much from extreme cold, but from the sudden changes of temperature. Cover with a little straw about the roots if it is planted in a protected situation, but if in a north exposure it is well to screen it with boards. Hedera Helix is the hardiest variety of Ivy.

EVERGREENS AND BIRDS.

FEW persons who are not in a position to notice it are aware of what an interesting harbor, for a great many varieties of birds, is a cluster of evergreens near a house. They are objects of interest for several reasons, and are frequented by birds at one time of the year for one purpose, and at another time for another; so that they are visited at all times by a number of different birds. In the winter the thick green boughs of balsam fir, Norway spruce, and pines afford an excellent shelter to such birds as stay with us during that inclement season. Among these are the common sparrow, song sparrow, ground and tree chippers, snowbirds, and sometimes the lesser red-pole of the far North will, during extreme cold, visit us as far south as the northern part of New Jersey, and eat the seeds from the cones of such trees. During the breeding season most birds that build a hanging or bag nest, besides many others, visit those trees to get the gum for sticking the threads of their houses together. While thus engaged gathering the gum they are so busy that they allow one to approach very close to them. The trees are also a great resort for birds that make their domicile in the branches, particularly robins and cat-birds. Such trees are kept clear from insects, and afford a fine shade in summer, and are very beautiful also in snowy weather, affording a pleasing contrast in color to the pure white snow.

The Garden.

GARDENING.

THE flowers have almost all gone now, but a few still linger in the garden, and many are to be found in the field and wood, in sheltered situations, and by the banks of lowly brooks where nature teaches beautiful lessons on the harmonies of colors which we would all do well to heed. What purples, what flashes of scarlet and orange relieved with fringes of gold, and gleams of silver white between! Why can we not learn from nature how to garden, and have done with squares and diamonds, and circular ribbon-beds, and learn to dispose of the wealth she gives us with better heed to her own example? I think this was just what Eve did. Paradise was not a wilderness; it was a garden, and the wise gardeners found doubtless abundant employment; but the bower where Eve entertained the angels was lovely with natural, not with artificial, beauty.

Gardening, at its best, is gathering the beauty of flower and tree and green sward into harmonious grouping, so as to produce a picture which shall delight the eye with charming contrasts of form, of color, and of light and shade. It is not to crowd as many kinds of flowers together as can be got into a prescribed space, or to arrange them in spots of color like a patchwork quilt. Nothing but the impossibility of making flowers appear anything but lovely could ever have reconciled people so long to endure geometrically-arranged gardens. It is true that we are now progressing toward a better standard of taste, and have gained much from the introduction of landscape gardening; but there is great danger that when persons of limited means, and having limited space, attempt to imitate the style of scientific landscape gardening, they will err in the matter of being too artificial. Rockeries that are merely a pile of white stones, bridges that cross streams over which one can easily step, grottoes that look like play-houses, are worse, much worse, than octagonal beds and red and blue patches of color. They are pretensions. A row of Hollyhocks and Sunflowers is respectably honest in its ugliness, but a grotto of cement and conch-shells is simply an abomination. Why not follow nature and only seek to serve where she must rule? Here is a little cottage in the midst of a group of fine old apple-trees. It stands on the slope of ground, which falls in front gently toward the road, the lower part of the enclosure being a meadow, through which runs a stream about three feet wide, but clear and bright and rippling over colored pebbles. The lady to whom the place fell determined to make it beautiful by simply improving its natural features. The meadow was mown and cleared of weeds—for the whole had long been neglected—the banks of the little stream were fringed thickly with violets and ferns and cardinal flowers from the woods, and one or two young willows were set upon the edge, and here and there a clump of water-flags made music by impeding the constant flow of the water. The rather steep ascent in front of the house was made easy by three or four steps about seven inches high, and three feet from front to back, cut into the

earth and made firm by bricking the front line of each step, the whole flight being about six feet wide. On each side the bank remained just as nature made it, with the slope unaltered; but it was covered with a tangled mass of low, delicate but brilliant plants—Verbenas, dwarf Convolvulus, Sweet Alyssum, Petunias, Daisies. A broad gravel-path swept up from the gate to the steps, and crossed a low foot-bridge made of logs and covered deeply with gravel, made picturesque by great clumps of ferns which grew at each side.

The house was draped the first year with garlands of Morning-glories, Cypress Vine, Hyacinth Beans, Madeira Vine, and such ephemeral vines as could be obtained while she waited the slower growth of Roses and Honeysuckle. The same plan was followed with the flower-garden. Annuals made the place glow with color and fragrance long before the richer and more aristocratic shrubs could be brought to bloom. The unsightly fence was covered in the same way, while a hedge of Syringa, Honeysuckle, Roses, Lilacs, and every pretty shrub within her reach was being coaxed into a growth which should prove a permanent delight. In one corner of the meadow was a large rock, and huge fragments which had been broken off lay all around in picturesque confusion. This was her rockery. A large oak spread its arms above it, so there was too much shade for many garden plants; but she did not want these here. Soil was brought from the woods, and vines and flowers that grew there. Blood-root and spring beauties bloomed in great masses among the ferns, and the rock mosses were soon covered with the pretty partridge-berry, while Ground Ivy and wild Convolvulus disputed every inch of space between. A flat stone made a good seat, and the rockery looked as though it might have been there since the Indians held undisputed sway.

If you had visited the place three years after you would hardly have recognized in the beautifully-embowered cottage and blooming grounds the poor, deserted-looking spot it had been when its owner took possession of it. Yet the transformation was effected altogether by taste and labor. No money was expended except for a few seeds. Almost all the work was done by her own hands. The shrubs were slips or small roots, given from neighboring gardens by kind friends, or brought from wood and prairie by herself and her children. The house was a plain low frame without any outward attraction. Yet there was scarcely a stranger passed that road that did not stop to admire that home with its graceful surroundings. Are there not many places which a woman's hands could make equally attractive? The time that wrought this change was taken from the leisure which remained from the care of a large family and a thriving kitchen garden which formed no inconsiderable share of its support. Let no one think such labor could be aught but a pleasure which would bring health to the cheek and joy to the heart. I have preached this little sermon now, because this is the best time for preparing and laying out plans for gardens to be made in the spring. Trees can be transplanted, the ground broken and cleared, many seeds and roots planted, so as to have everything in readiness for the spring.

MRS. C. S. NOURSE.

IVY-LEAF GERANIUMS.

THE Ivy-leaf Geraniums make very attractive specimens, and, as they do not occasion much difficulty either in the preparation or after management, they well deserve to be grown more generally in this form. My method of procedure is simplicity itself, and any amateur may adopt it. A certain number of pots eight inches in diameter are prepared as follows: A layer of crocks is placed in the bottom, over these a layer of flaky leaf-mould, or the roughest part of the compost. The pots are then filled to within about four inches of the rim with a compost consisting of turfy loam three parts, and well decayed hotbed manure one part. Partly-decayed horse-droppings, or even leaf-mould, may be used instead of hotbed manure if more readily procurable. Then for each pot take three plants in three-inch pots, turn them out of the pots, and arrange them regularly and fill in between the balls of the soil with the compost. Sufficient soil should be put in the larger pots to allow of about an inch of soil being put on the top after the plants are arranged in their proper places. After the potting is complete put a trellis to each, and train the growth regularly over it. A rather small balloon trellis is the best for plants to be kept in the conservatory, but if required for the window-sill a flat trellis will be found the most suitable. Until the trellis is tolerably well covered remove the flower-trusses as fast as they make their appearance, and to assist them to make a vigorous growth, and continue in bloom until the end of the season supply them about twice a week with rather weak liquid manure from the time of their filling the pots with roots. The best varieties of this class for specimens are: Argus, rosy salmon; Favonia, carmine-purple; Elegans, light mauve tinted; Innocence, white; Flower of the Day, salmon. A prettily-variegated variety, L'Elegante, also makes a good specimen, but it does not make such rapid progress as the green-leaved varieties. Only one variety should be put in each pot.—*T. L. in Gardener's Magazine.*

The Flamingo Plant, a plant which is not yet familiar to many of our readers, is called by the name of the Flamingo on account of its picturesque resemblance to that bird, both in color and figure—a resemblance which does not require any great exertion of the imagination to perceive. The plant is a very striking and beautiful one, and though formerly sold for fabulous prices, may be had at quite reasonable rates. It requires the temperature of the hot-house and a moist atmosphere. It is dwarf in habit, and the flowers remain in bloom for months. Nothing could be more desirable for the conservatory. Its botanical name is Anthurium Scherzerianum.

Forcing Lilacs in the Dark.—The florists of Europe, in the autumn, take up roots of Lilacs from the open ground, and remove them to a dark house which is kept very warm, almost up to 100°. In these heated, dark houses flowers are produced from the common pink Lilac of pearly whiteness, and in great abundance.—*Moore's Rural Life.*

Floral Elegancies.

SPRUCE-WORK.

BESIDES the beautiful ornamental value of the Norway spruce in the decoration of our yards and lawns, or the grand feeling of admiration with which our minds are filled at their impressive appearance in forest majesty, there are other ways in which they can, in their younger growth, be made to subserve admirable household ornaments, and add to indoor luxuries and comforts. A lady friend, equally in love with both phases of spruce beauty, says, in a pleasant little description of her achievements in household art:

"There are two ways of considering a Norway spruce: One way is to stand off and admire its noble outline, as it rears itself, a pagoda of living green, against the sky, with its story upon story of fringed branches, its beautiful, long, pendent cones and its delicate hue seeming dark because of the rich masses of foliage. The other way is to approach with a knife in one hand, the corners of an upheld apron or the handle of a basket in the other, the head inclined a little on one side, and a resolute, pursed-up, I'm-going-to-cut expression on the face. Alice and I often regard our Norway spruces in this last practical fashion, and when we do so it is because, in our mind's eye, we see something hanging there besides the beautiful long, brown cones. We see lovely casels and picture-frames, and a host of pretty objects which will be just the thing for Christmas presents. So, as resolutely as the sculptor begins to chip from his marble the fragments that are hiding his imprisoned statue, we plunge into the tree, intent upon freeing our brackets, casels, and what-nots from the concealing embrace of its long, sweeping branches."

Fortunately we have several specimens of this noblest of all the firs within a few yards of our door. Some rear their grand old heads (that's a figure of speech, of course, for the top is always the newest part) to a height of one hundred and twenty feet, and some are not much taller than ourselves. Our great care, at the outset, is to cut our wood in such a way as not to injure the tree, but rather to serve the purpose of judicious pruning. The pieces must be from three to twelve or eighteen inches long, and should be taken from the leaders of the branches or their latest growths. By doing this, we induce them to throw out more side-shoots, and so increase the richness of the tree. Of course we often manage to get a few little branches from the hidden recesses of the foliage, giving the preference, when prudence permits, to the shoots which have the finest clusters of wood-buds, for these will aid us very materially in beautifying our work. The wood obtained, we carry our bristling treasure to the house, and pro-

ceed to free it of its leaves—not feathery now, or fringe-like, that was a "general-effect" quality; but each branch a very fretful little porcupine in its own right. The best method is to heat the pieces quickly, a few at a time, so as to dry and loosen the leaves, and then to scrape them with a dull knife in the direction of the foliage, taking care not to destroy the wood-buds. The pretty, rough wood will soon appear with a sort of Chaldaic writing on its surface, which, being interpreted, saith: "Use me at once, or I will grow rigid and unmanageable."*

Everything is ready. The glue-pot is on the fire. On a tray upon the bared table lie papers of pins (very small ones and others of medium size), a small, flat varnishing brush, a little coil of copper wire, a penknife, a tack-hammer, and scissors which do not shrink from the duty of pin-cutting. There

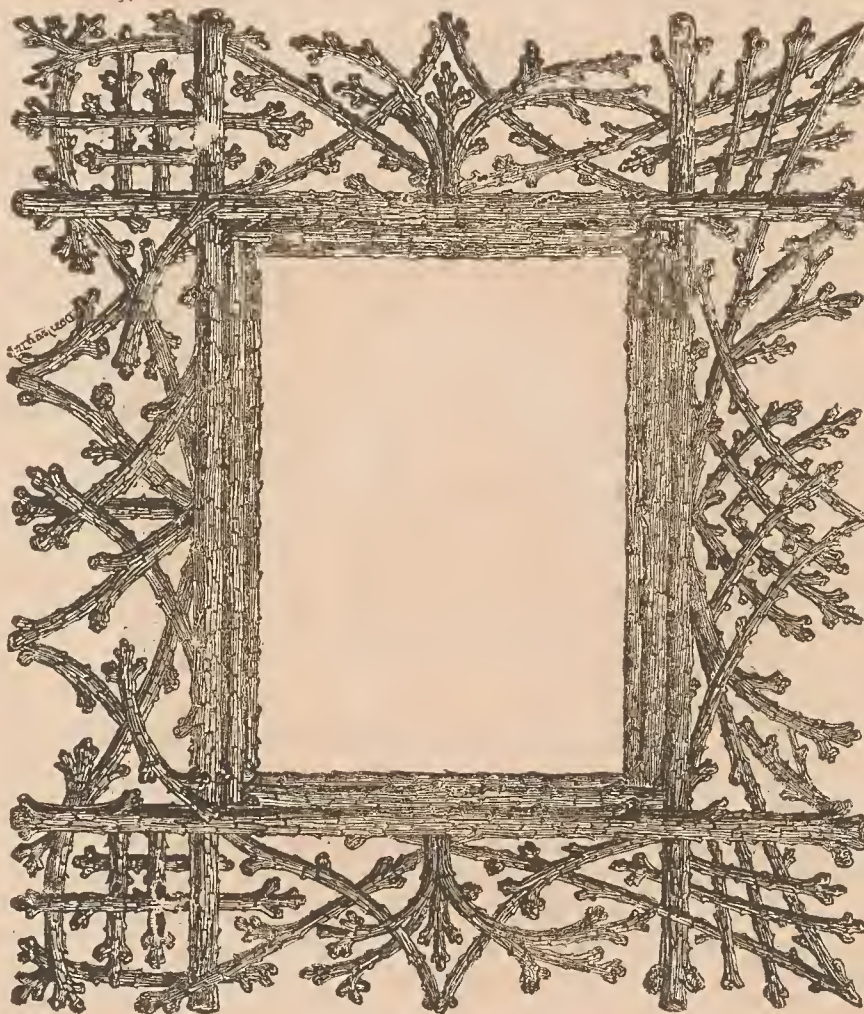
or its strength will pull the older portion to pieces; for this reason it is better to use material which has been worn than that which is quite new. Again, see that you make the patch large enough, that it covers all the thin part, and will be sewed on to that which is strong, otherwise there will soon be a rent by the side of the seam of the patch. Once more, be very particular that the patch is cut straight and sewed on straight. This should be done by the line of the thread. Nothing offends the eye more than a crooked patch or one crookedly set on; and not only is it an ugly sight, but it fails to do all it was intended to do; for if the threads in the material are not allowed to run straight, but are pulled crooked, this way and that, they will break much sooner than they would were they arranged in the straight lines in which they are

woven. First get the four corners even, and the spaces between will be more readily arranged. In sewing long seams it is best to work from each end to meet in the middle. In this way it does not happen that one end becomes shorter than the other, as is sometimes the case when we go on and on from one end to the other. Patches are always fixed on the right side, and seamed to the material. When this part is done, the old portion which the patch is to replace is cut away; but mind you leave an even piece all around, enough to turn under and sew down.

DRINKING IMPURE WATER.

SET a pitcher of ice-water in a room inhabited, and in a few hours it will have absorbed from the room much of the respired and perspired gases of the room, the air of which will have become purer, but the water utterly filthy. This depends on the fact that the water has the faculty of condensing and thereby absorbing all the gases, which it does without increasing its own bulk. The colder the water is, the greater its capacity to contain these gases. At ordinary temperature a pint of water will contain a pint of carbonic acid gas and several pints of ammonia. This capacity is nearly doubled by reducing the temperature to that of ice. Hence water kept in the room awhile is always unfit for use, and should be often renewed whether it has become warm or not. And for the same reason the water in a pump-stock should all be pumped out in the morning before any is used. That which has stood in the pitcher over night is not fit for cooking purposes in the morning. Impure water is quite as injurious to the health as impure air, and every person should provide the means of obtaining fresh, pure water for all domestic uses.—*Ex.*

Bouquets.—Put scarlet, crimson, and purple in bunches and use white to blend. Yellow should be used sparingly; ferns help in giving lightness and relief to a bouquet.



SPRUCE FRAME.

are also flat, square pieces of soft pine board, on which we may arrange our work and pin it into shape, by gently driving the pin through as we would a tack; also pine bracket-frames, formed like a T, with a shelf-top, made of half a salt-box lid, which we can cover with spruce-sticks, adding a front and back of fanciful lattice-work, meeting in a cluster of wood-buds at the bottom of the T.

THE SCIENCE OF PATCHING.

THE patch should not be of much stronger substance than the cotton or linen on which it is laid,

*It is practicable, however, to use spruce-wood that has been scraped and laid by. It should then be steamed slightly, so as to render it pliable.

Floral Decorations.

WOOD-MOSSES.

WOOD-MOSSES and lichens can be used to beautiful advantage; and a friend, writing, thus describes some charming and inexpensive ornaments constructed out of the natural moss found in the forest:

"Mosses can be advantageously gathered in the woods at almost any season of the year. I found beautiful specimens the other day deep under the snow, but I generally succeed best in preserving the beauty of those collected in early summer or in November. You scarcely can have too great a variety either of lichens or mosses in this kind of fancy-work. Gather such as are to be found on old rail fences, decaying logs, or the bodies of trees in moist, shady woods and in patches under fallen forest-leaves. Let them dry in a dark, cool place. The body of your frame should be of wood, cut either square or oval, or it may be rectangular at its outer and oval at its inner edge; or, better still, formed as found in our illustration. (About Christmas times I generally have half a dozen at once cut out at the wood-turner's, at an expense of about fifteen cents each.) Next make a paste by stirring flour in cold water and cooking it very slightly, stirring all the time; leave it as thick as it can be to work well; apply it to the frame; select and paste on the moss according to your fancy, gradually covering the entire frame, and taking care not to press the moss down any more than is necessary. In putting on the moss and lichens let them overlap each other as they do when growing, with various shades of green blending together, and cool grays and pearly shell-forms creeping close upon the bright, emerald tips. Use mainly the low, flat varieties, and ornament with little groups of the taller sorts, introducing here and there a fern-like spray with its livelier green. With taste and delicate handling, an exquisite picture-frame may thus be produced at little trouble and almost no expense. For illuminated texts, paintings of flowers or autumnal leaves, these frames are peculiarly effective, though they look well on an engraving, or almost any style of small picture.

RAG-CARPETS.

NOTICING a short time since the remarks of several housekeepers about rag-carpet as published in the *World*, I thought I would set down my experience upon the subject. All admit that carpets manufactured from cast-off garments are both useful and comfortable. I cannot see much beauty in them myself, but I discovered long ago that comfort is of more importance than beauty. I am always making rag-carpet, and I presume I shall do it as long as life and strength permit. When a garment is laid aside for good, my practice is to rip it to pieces, wash thoroughly, and cut, sew, and wind it into balls. I

have a tight barrel, with a paper spread over the bottom and a sprinkling of fine tobacco scattered over it. I put my balls in the barrel, and every spring cut the rags at my leisure; the children can sew and wind them just as well as any one. I sprinkle fine tobacco over the balls and tuck an old sheet over them; cover the barrel up tight, and it is all right till I get ready to add another contribution. In this way I get my rags ready and keep the house clear from an accumulation of old, dirty garments that are a nuisance any way.

In making carpets I allow a pound and a quarter of rags to fill a yard of cloth; for a room twenty-five feet square I calculate to have about thirty-five or thirty-six pounds of rags. If there are any odds or ends left over they are woven into a rug that can be spread before stoves or doors. I never expend time or labor in coloring my rags. The last carpet I made I had rags enough for seventy-eight yards,



MOSS FRAME.

and I never felt the labor at all; it was done at odd jobs, and I was astonished to find I had such a quantity finished. I generally allow three knots and a half of warp to the yard. The labor of reeling and coloring the warp is the hardest part of the work for me. I know ever so many people who color and pass a whole season over a carpet, but when it is done it is only a rag-carpet. The prettiest one I ever saw was just brown and blue, narrow strips of each, and shaded from dark to light; a little black was woven in to give the dark contrast. One reason why we enjoy rag-carpet is this: We are not afraid to use them, and when one is worn out we can make another just as good. Sweeping carpets wears them out faster than using them by half. A stiff broom should never be used on carpets; picking up shreds and bits is the best way, and brush the dust off with a soft brush.

BREVITIES.

LYCOPODIUMS are among the prettiest greens for fringing.

The newest baskets for flowers are clover-leaf shape with handles.

A bunch of pretty Pinks and Roman Hyacinths, interlaced with Maiden's-Hair ferns, is a charming combination.

At a New York entertainment there was presented to one of the artists a large three-masted ship laden with Callas and Poinsettias, the rigging of Smilax, and flower flags streaming.

Of new decorations by florists for graves, this is the latest; a monument made of white Immortelles, the relief being represented by purple Immortelles. It can be made to look exactly like marble.

The following floral decorations were at the house of a lady who held a small party recently in this city. The mantel-piece of the drawing-room was a "lace draping" of Smilax. Two large baskets of the choicest blossoms stood thereon.

On a cabinet stood a basket of rare flowers, in the centre of which was a growing Palm. Each of two smaller cabinets was decorated with a round basket built high with flowers. The chandeliers of both front and back drawing-room were festooned with Smilax. Between folding-doors was suspended a crescent of choice white flowers.

On the piano stood a basket of rare blossoms with an Erica in the centre. The dining-room mantel was seven feet long, and was a bank of growing ferns and fresh flowers. Two large hand bouquets of Marshal Niel buds and Violets graced this, as did also a German straw basket exquisitely filled with buds, Pansies, and Carnations.

Excellent Furniture Polish.—Take two ounces of beeswax and half a pint of turpentine, which put in a basin, cutting the beeswax into shavings. Set the ingredients on the stove and melt gradually, stirring constantly. On using, apply with a woollen rag and rub well with another.

Yankee girls are now cutting and polishing diamonds. The art has been monopolized by Amsterdam experts, who have uniformly refused to teach any apprentices except Dutch boys of their own selection. Henry D. Morse, after employing Dutch diamond-cutters in Boston for many years, learned the secrets of the trade. He opened a shop in Roxbury, and privately taught six or eight young women this mysterious occupation. He finally apprised his Dutch workmen that American boys must be taught by them. They peremptorily refused to instruct the apprentices. He then discharged them, and brought the young women from Roxbury to fill their places.

Garden Hints.

ORNAMENTAL CLIMBERS.

WM. C. BARRY, of the Mount Hope Nurseries, has furnished the Rochester *Democrat* with a very full and complete list of ornamental climbers for the embellishment of the house and its surroundings.

Mr. Barry names first the Virginia Creeper, or American Ivy (*Ampelopsis*), as the most valuable climber, all things considered, for this climate, being hardy, growing rapidly, and with a rich green foliage, changing to crimson scarlet in autumn. It is especially suited to covering walls, trunks of trees, and verandas.

Ampelopsis Veitchii is newly introduced from Japan. Its leaves are small and overlap, and form a dense sheet of pleasing green. It is slightly tender when young, but afterwards becomes quite hardy. It adheres to walls without fastening. Its fine green color changes to crimson scarlet in autumn.

Aristolochia is a fine climber, with broad, heart-shaped leaves, and is a twiner, requiring a support.

Honeysuckles.—Among these are the well-known fragrant woodbine. Hall's Japan bears white and yellow flowers from June to November, is a partial evergreen, and is regarded by Mr. Barry as the best Honeysuckle we have, and one of the most valuable in the entire collection. The Monthly Fragrant Honeysuckle has red and yellow flowers; the Scarlet Trumpet has bright scarlet, tubular flowers, and the Japan Golden-leaved has variegated or netted foliage, but it is not entirely hardy, and is best raised in baskets and vases as an in-door climber.

Bignonia, or Trumpet Flower, is well known for its large, trumpet-shaped crimson flowers in August. It is valuable for covering stumps, trees, etc. Varieties give different shades of scarlet and crimson.

Akebia quinata, introduced some years ago, is light and graceful in growth, has sweet-scented, violet flowers, and is hardy.

English Ivy.—This is not hardy enough to endure the severe winters of the North, except on the north and east sides of buildings, and even then it requires some protection. We may add that it forms a fine green cover for ground in the shade of trees where grass will not grow, the warmth from the earth below preventing injury in winter.

Periploca is a hardy and vigorous twiner, with glossy leaves, and is quite hardy.

Menispermum (Moonseed), a slender climber, with small yellow flowers, has a good effect when trained on arbor-vitæ and other evergreen trees.

Clematis.—Under this head Mr. Barry remarks: "Within the last ten years the hardy Clematis has been wonderfully improved, and the newer sorts now in cultivation are justly regarded as the most beautiful and striking ornaments known for garden decoration. Contrary to the general impression, the severest winters do not injure them when slightly protected with straw or leaves. In order to induce a long succession of bloom, liberal culture is absolutely necessary, and a deep, well-drained soil, consisting of loam, rotten manure, and leaf-mould, is the most suitable to plant them in. During the warm, dry

weather in summer liquid manure may be given them advantageously, and every year the surface of the ground around them should be mulched with manure to keep up their strength. The Clematis is a gross feeder, and must be fed well to flower freely. They may be used in many ways, either trained on verandas, walls, or trellis-work, or they make superb single specimens on the lawn, trained to some ornamental support. They may also be employed as permanent bedding plants, and pegged down like the Verbena; or with a wire support of neat design, raised about a foot from the ground, to run on, very pretty beds may be formed. On trees and arbors their showy and handsome flowers are very effective. Some of the choicest varieties are as follows: Jackmanii, violet purple, is the best, all things considered; Miss Bateman, pure white and somewhat fragrant; Lady Londesborough, of a silvery-gray color, with a paler bar on each sepal; Velutina purpurea, blackish mulberry purple, the deepest colored of all the varieties of this type; Viticella venosa, reddish purple veined with crimson; Lady Stratford de Redcliffe, a new variety of a delicate mauve color and the anthers chocolate-red; Otto Froebel, one of the largest, finest varieties yet obtained—flowers grayish white, or French white, and of a thick, fleshy texture; Marie Lefebvre, pale silvery mauve, with a deep mauve-colored bar.

Mr. Barry regards the Chinese Wistaria as unquestionably the most elegant climber we have. In the city of New York it is employed extensively for decorating the fronts of dwellings, and has a fine appearance when climbing over evergreens. Its long, pendulous clusters of pale blue flowers have an admirable effect. There is a white one with double blossoms.—*Country Gentleman*.

"ON ORCHIDS."

FOR some years past the Orchis tribe has been attracting the attention of American flower-fanciers, but many years before they discovered the peculiar variety and merit of this class of plants England had valued them and recognized their capability of improvement.

Prof. John Lindley, in writing of them, says: "Orchidæ are remarkable for the bizarre figure of their multiform flower, which sometimes represents an insect, sometimes a grinning monkey; and so complicated is their combination that there is scarcely a common reptile or insect to which some of them have not been likened.

"They all, however, will be found to consist of three outer pieces belonging to the calyx, and three inner belonging to the corolla; and all departures from this number, six, depend upon the cohesion of contiguous parts, with one exception of monomeria, in which the lateral petals are entirely abortive."

The perianth of Orchids presents great diversity of form, all, however, belonging to one type peculiar to the family. It is generally irregular, and consists of six pieces in two series.

The three outer ones are known as sepals; of the three inner parts, the two lateral are petals, and the third differs so entirely in form and size that it is known as the *labellum*, or lip. It is this part of the

plant that varies so much in form, size, and color. It is invariably adherent to the ovary, and the posterior part becomes anterior through a half-twist of the ovary, as a general thing.

I have seen it stated that a well-flowered specimen of the orange-scarlet-flowered *Epidendrum Vitellinum majus*, in the Holloway nurseries, bloomed in May, was exhibited at Regent's Park, South Kensington, Manchester, Preston, and other shows, and was still in good condition late in June.

In a short article on American Orchid-growing which appeared not long since in the *Country* it was said that in the collection of Mr. Erastus Corning, of Kenwood near Albany, New York, on the 4th of June, there were more than one hundred and twenty distinct species and varieties in flower, of which the majority would compare favorably with those in the best English collections.

"Amongst those in flower of special note were the rare *Renanthera matutina*, with its singular blossom and equally strange coloring; the beautiful *Lælia Wolstenholmiæ*, *Ærides Schroederi*, *A. Larpentæ*, the curious *Bulbophyllum*, *Henshalli*, *Promenæa stapelioides*, and *Nanodes Medusæ*. Of *Odontoglossums* there were, amongst others, fine plants of *O. vexillarium* and *O. Alexandræ*, some of the latter bearing as many as twenty or thirty flowers on each stem.

"The recent addition of a unique specimen of the beautiful *P. Corningiana*, dedicated to the owner of this noble collection by Prof. Reichenbach, has added greatly to the interest of this collection. *Cypripediums* were represented, including the fine hybrids *C. Crossianum* and *Livianum*, as were also the *Epidendrums*, of which *E. Frederici Guilielmi* and *E. syringothyrsus* were the most noteworthy. The collection is rich in *Masdevallias*, and the curious *M. Nycterina*, *M. elephanticeps*, *M. Bella*, together with the showy kinds, have been long in flower. Another beautiful variety is a rich colored form of *banda tricolor* named *Corningi*, and worthy of its distinctive name."

As the winter-blooming Orchids are now in great demand, it may not be inappropriate to add a list of some which are now attracting attention, for those who are inexperienced in the culture of these peculiarly interesting plants: *Ansellia Africana*, *Broughtonia sanguinea*, *Cypripedium Argus*, *Pilumna fragrans*, *Saccolabium violaceum*, *Stenia fimbriata*, *Oncidium pelicanum*. There are many others which might be added to the above list, but as my space is limited I will give only a few.

New York florists have made attractive crosses for churches as follows: Take heavy wreathing of Princess Pine, and carefully select long twigs. At intervals of a few inches throughout these pieces are rosettes of holly-berries in a cluster of holly-leaves. The evergreens are so full and even and dressy as to be really elegant.

A favorite gift to children among rich flower-buyers in this city is a small gilt bedstead made up with flowers. The bed is of white Carnations, the pillows of Violets; a bunch of roses, ferns, and Cyresses is placed on the head and foot boards.



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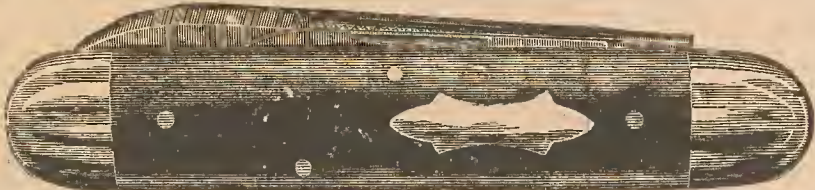
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GREAT



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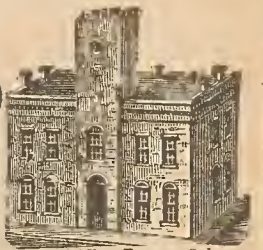
Opera House, Denver, Col.

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EVERY OTHER LOT ABSOLUTE-
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W. C. SANDERS, County Clerk and Recorder.

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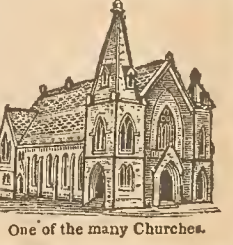
High School, Denver, Col.

date of this paper their names, P. O. address, County and State, plainly written in full, a clear warrantee deed to a lot 25 feet front by 125 feet deep in North Denver, Colorado, clear of all taxes.

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50 Perfumed Chromo and Snowflake cards in elegant case, name in Gold, 10c.
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NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1879.

REMARKABLE PLANTS.

SOME of the English papers have recently described a plant of the most novel characteristics, in the possession of a gentleman residing in London, and who is said to have been offered large sums for the rarity. It is about the size of an ordinary gooseberry bush, and, although living and growing, exhibits no semblance of vitality. It has no foliage whatever, but little pellicles of fine flint bud out of the twigs and stems, which latter are likewise encircled with rings of flint at every joint. In some places the flint, which it appears has exuded from the plant itself, cases the stem like a pipe. The plant looks black and dead, but the twigs, instead of being brittle like dead wood, are tough as leather thongs. It seems as though the flint, which forms so large a component of plant life, had, by some freak of nature, been eliminated from the natural vesicles of the plant, and developed outwardly.

One of the most gigantic plants in the vegetable kingdom is found in Nicaragua. It is closely allied to the well-known hedge plant called arums, or lord and ladies, but until the present time has wholly escaped the notice of travelling botanists. It produces but one leaf, which is about fourteen feet in length, supported on a stalk some ten feet long. The stem of the flower is a foot in circumference, and the spathe or flower two feet long, purplish blue in color, with a powerful, carrion-like odor. As this extraordinary plant is quite new to science, it has yet no name.

One of the most curious plants which have recently engaged the attention of those who are interested in floriculture and kindred growths is a specimen known as the lattice plant, of aquatic habits, and

brought from Madagascar as a rare acquisition. Its existence has for a considerable time past been known to botanists through a few dried leaves sent from Madagascar by a traveller, who was unable to transmit living specimens of the curiosity he had discovered; and it was not until a long period thereafter that this desirable object could be attained, when several of the living plants were safely brought from the above-mentioned country by the Rev. Mr. Ellis, the well-known missionary. The interest of this plant lies in the extraordinary structure of the leaves, which, unlike those of any other known plant, are made up of the ribs and cross-veins only; the interstices, which, in other leaves, are filled up with cellular tissue, being in this case left almost entirely open, and thus giving to the leaf the appearance, in every respect perfect and beautiful, of a piece of well-wrought net or lattice-work, from which it derives its name. Another though widely dissimilar growth, peculiar to the above-named land, may be here mentioned, on account of the terrible celebrity it acquired during the religious persecutions carried on under Queen Ranavalona's reign. This is the ordeal poison plant or tree, of great beauty in its appearance, and which was administered to those subjects of the queen who were suspected of being Christians, in the following manner: The fruit of the plant was taken, bruised and boiled whole; a fowl was boiled, and the broth set aside, and three pieces of the skin of the fowl were cut and put into the broth. A cupful of the poison was first given, followed by another of the broth containing the three pieces of skin. If vomiting did not speedily set in, the poison soon killed; but if it did, it was kept up by constant exhibition of the broth and warm water until the three pieces of skin were ejected. Should these obstinately remain, it was held as evidence of guilt, and another dose of poison was administered.

What is believed to be the ugliest-looking plant in existence, as well as structurally the most peculiar ever yet seen, was discovered some time ago beyond the northern limits of Cape Town, Southern Africa. It is a stunted-looking kind of growth, whose summit never reaches more than two feet above the level of the ground, while its short, woody trunk never possesses more than two leaves. These extraordinary leaves are, in point of fact, the expanded seed-lobes, which make their appearance as soon as the young plant rises out of the ground; and, what is still more astonishing, these leaves live, grow, and remain attached to the stumpy trunk during the entire life of the tree, which, it is represented, lives at least one hundred years. It is also stated that these two persistent foliar organs spread out laterally, in some instances attaining each of them a length of nearly six feet.

MELANGE.

RANAVALONA, Queen of Madagascar, has issued a proclamation to her subjects commanding them to send their children to school, saying that it makes her glad to see her subjects wise. She adds: "And so be all of you diligent, for although you do not now know the sweetness of knowledge and wisdom, you will discover it when they become yours."

MR. FURNESS, the Shakspearean scholar, gave the other day a charming wedding present to the bride of Mr. John Foster Kirk, the historian and editor. It was a bracelet carrying out the idea of the couplet:

A belt of straw and ivy buds
With coral clasps and amber studs.

It was made of gold, set with ivy leaves and buds in green enamel, little amber bosses studding the centre, and finished with a clasp of carved coral. Inside the bracelet the lines which suggested it were engraved.

THE report of an English Horticultural Society has the following: "A novelty was the 'skeleton of a cucumber' grown by Mr. E. R. Benmore, Chacombe, in 1873; when it was cut it measured 4 ft. 9 in., and as exhibited it presents the appearance of a netted-thread purse, fully 4 ft. 6 in. in length, and of a diameter about sufficient to pass the hand and arm down from end to end."

WHAT PEOPLE SAY.

THE CABINET came last eve. It grows better and better. We have taken it three years. I received a letter from my brother saying he had subscribed for me. I take a number of floral papers, but this is the best of all. I see you have changed one rule.

J. ANNIE ALLEN.

FARMINGTON, ME.

THE last number of THE LADIES' FLORAL CABINET is rich with fine illustrations, and full of interesting and instructive reading for ladies and florists. It is published at 46 Beekman Street, New York.—*Mirror and Framers*.

THE LADIES' FLORAL CABINET is a very bright and useful paper for those who are interested in the culture of flowers or in household matters. It is full of valuable information and practical advice; is evidently edited with care and *con amore*, and presents a very handsome appearance. It is published at 46 Beekman Street, New York.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Real Estate in the West.—The Denver Land Co. offer in another column alternate lots in their addition. These alternate lots are in fact given away, though a nominal charge of one dollar is made for the deed. The Company limit the number purchasable at this price to five lots. Many of the large cities of the West have been started in a similar manner, and those who secured lots then find themselves now in possession of valuable property. The opportunity does not often present itself of making an investment in real estate at such prices. The reliability of the Company and their title to the property being well established, there could be no risk, with a fine prospect for a rapid increase in value. Denver has had such a wonderfully rapid growth, it is probable that the land offered will be speedily taken up.

Floral Hints.

HOW TO TREAT PLANTS RECEIVED BY MAIL.

SOME time ago I received a lot of Camellias and Geraniums from a Pennsylvania nursery. Upon opening the package, received by mail, the plants were found to be in a very poor condition, especially the Geraniums. The leaves had all decayed, and the stems had in some places turned black. A lady friend present remarked, "What a pity! They look just like some I received. These are all dead; all mine died except one, and perhaps that one lived only by a chance." Certainly it did live only by a chance, because she put her plants, decaying as they were, directly into her garden, only partly sheltered from wind and sun.

This is the way I treated my plants: After having opened the box, I plunged the plants, moss and all, in tepid water, and after a little while separated them. In a wash-bowl I poured two pints of tepid water and one teaspoonful of pulverized camphor. In this water I submerged the plants for one hour, first taking care to remove all decayed leaves. During this time I spread a layer of wet moss on a newspaper, and sprinkled the moss with two teaspoonfuls of pulverized camphor gum. Upon this stratum of moss I opened the Geraniums evenly, and covered

them afterwards with wet moss, and on the top spread another sheet of paper. In this bed the plants remained over night. The next morning I potted the plants in four-inch pots, and kept them in a western window. For a few days they got no sun at all, but afterwards they were freely exposed to the sun in the evening. I watered the pots very spar-

condition, I noted down my experience in the matter, and hope it will not be without interest.

LIQUID MANURE FOR FLOWERS.

For the benefit of the lady readers of your paper I send the following recipe for liquid manure for flowers: Place one bushel of the clippings from horses' hoofs in a barrel, and fill it up with water. Let it stand for a week, when it is ready for use. Apply it with a watering-pot. All bedding plants can be watered with this liquid every other day, if they are pot-bound. Newly repotted plants should be watered only once a week, until they have plenty of working roots to take up the manure. Two or three weeks after the plants have been watered with the manure the foliage generally changes from green to a golden yellow, moving from the stem down to the end of the leaf, which, however, lasts only a few weeks, when it changes to a dark, glossy green. Plants given this watering grow very strong, and the flowers are very large and bright in color. This will last about six months.



SOLD OUT.

ingly with camphor-water, and painted the black places on the stems with a thick paste of soot and camphor-water.

It is three weeks since this operation took place, and all the plants are now leaved out. I did not lose one. Thinking perhaps that some of your many readers may some time get plants by mail in bad

Cuttings with Leaves.—We have experimented a little upon the new theory of starting cuttings. This is to bury a part of the leaves under the sand of the cutting bench, so as to prevent evaporation from their surface, while still having the benefit of the leaves to assist in the work the cutting has to do. We are favorably impressed with this new idea.

The Home.

HOUSEKEEPING.

ONE of the greatest difficulties in housekeeping is the week's wash. All the improvements in science do not seem to meet the needs of the housekeeper in this respect. Washing-machines, notwithstanding their name is legion, have done very little to lighten the burden; the wringer, however, has done much—more, perhaps, than anything else—and is an invaluable addition to the furnishing of the laundry. It requires vastly less labor to accomplish a large wash with it than without it, but it does nothing to lessen the labor of making the clothes clean before they are ready for rinsing. Any suggestions which may throw light on this vexed question are presumably welcome to all housekeepers. The latest reliable opinions are opposed to the time-honored custom of boiling the clothes. There is no necessity for boiling if the clothes are previously properly treated. Cold water should always be used to soak the clothes before washing. The following directions will be found, if carefully followed, to save work and give satisfactory results.

First, for soap, use the following, which whitens without injury to the fabric:

NEW JERSEY SOAP.

Common hard brown soap, 3 lbs.; refined borax, 4 oz.; fine salt, 2 oz.; soft water, 7 pints. Boil all together until thoroughly dissolved. When cold it will be a light-colored jelly.

Make suds with this soap and cold water; put the clothes in them over night. In the morning wash once in the suds, then put them into other cold suds, and let them scald well, not suffering them to boil. Rinse well and dry in the sun and open air.

Flannels should be sorted over, and all the spots rubbed with a little fine white soap, rubbing them slightly with the hand, never on a board. Afterward wash in tepid water and white castile soap; rinse in blue-water in which a little soap has been dissolved. They should be stretched well and snapped before hanging, and this should be done at once.

COLORED CLOTHES.

Colored woollen goods should be washed just as flannels. And here let it be said that almost any all-wool material will wash to look well, if carefully done, and the goods ironed, while still wet, upon the wrong side. If pulled so as to straighten the threads well before being put in the wringer, the cloth will be ready to iron when it comes from it. If not ripped the seams should be laid open and carefully pressed after the garment has been ironed. This process will renovate any good quality of cloth. When the material is mixed it is more difficult to make it look well, but it can generally be done. In washing black goods a little beef's gall in the suds prevents the color from running, and spirits of harts-horn in the rinsing water improve the color. To set blue use turpentine; for green and pink, alum.

To take out indelible ink get from the druggist a little iodide of potassium in the lump. Make a weak solution at first, and wet the spots. If not

efficacious after having lain in full sunshine some hours, make the solution a little stronger and repeat. No rule can be given, as the older the stain the more difficult of removal. To remove the stain of mildew tomato-juice will be found effectual, if the fabric be exposed to the sun while wet. It is much quicker than lemon juice and salt. In winter canned tomatoes may be used.

STARCHING.

Keep a bottle of the best white gum-arabic, dissolved in boiling water, tightly corked and ready. Add a tablespoonful of the liquid to a pint of good clear starch, well boiled, for all goods which require to be stiff. When dry dip in a very thin mixture of cold starch, squeeze well, and roll tightly in a cloth for two or three hours. Iron with a very hot iron, sponging off any specks with a clean white cloth wet in clear water.

For keeping soiled clothes a bag made with divisions is extremely useful. Table linen should always be kept by itself and washed first, that it may not come in contact with soiled clothing. Soiled hose should be put in a bag by themselves.

We clip the following directions from an *Exchange*:

FOR WASHING SILKS, LACES, ETC., BENZINE.

Take two wash-bowls; put some benzine in each. Wash by kneading and squeezing the goods in one bowl and rinsing in the other. Wipe with a soft, dry cloth, and iron immediately with an iron not very hot. In washing dresses do one breadth at a time, as it dries quickly. All silks, except very dark colors, wash well; also silk laces, kid gloves, etc., that cannot be washed in water. Do not throw away what is left, but let it settle; pour off into a bottle to wash with again, using fresh benzine for rinsing. One gallon of benzine, costing thirty cents, is sufficient to clean two silk dresses. A piece of woollen cloth wet with benzine will permanently remove grease-spots from carpets, etc.

Canning.—Canning fruit, which always seems so hard for some people, is very easy for me. Perhaps it is owing somewhat to the fact that, though I filled but two cans previous to my marriage, I had wonderful good luck the first season, not losing a can. The only precaution necessary is to have the fruit well cooked and hot, and the cans sealed tight. To prevent their breaking in receiving the boiling fruit I turn a half-pint of lukewarm water into them, shake thoroughly, and pour out, repeating the process twice, with water each time warmer than the last. The rings should be turned tightly as possible, and, as the cans contract by cooling, should be watched and tightened several times. I find it a good plan to lay a piece of writing-paper, cut to fit the can, on the top of the fruit, and add two or three spoonfuls of juice afterward; when the mould forms, it will be over the paper, and can be easily removed; and, moreover, the fruit is not nearly so apt to be tainted with it.

Household Industry.—Rose Terry Cooke, in the current issue of *Sunday Afternoon*, preaches this little lay sermon on household industry that ought to make an impression upon every girl in the

land. She says: "I shall never forget my own childish tears and sulks over my sewing. My mother was a perfect fairy at her needle, and her rule was relentless. Every long stitch was picked out and done over again, and neither tears nor entreaties availed to rid me of my task till it was properly done; every corner of a hem turned by the thread; stitching measured by two threads to a stitch, felling of absolutely regular width, and patching done invisibly; while fine darning was a sort of embroidery. I hated it then, but I have lived to bless that mother's patient persistence; and I am prouder to-day of the six patches in my small girl's dress, which cannot be seen without searching, than of any other handiwork—except, perhaps, my bread."—*Scranton Weekly Republican*.

A Good Paste.—J. K. writes: I have charge of a circulating library of over seven thousand, and have great trouble in keeping the paper numbers on the backs of the cloth-backed books. (The leather bindings I have numbered in gold.) Bookbinder's paste does only for a short time, but the labels afterwards get brittle and drop off. Can you give me information regarding a real good substitute for that purpose? It will require to be adhesive and at the same time retain its elasticity. A. Four parts by weight of glue are allowed to soften in fifteen parts of cold water for some hours, and then moderately heated till the solution becomes quite clear. Sixty-five parts of boiling water are now added with stirring. In another vessel thirty parts of starch paste are stirred up with twenty parts of cold water, so that a thin, milky fluid is obtained without lumps. Into this the boiling glue solution is poured, with constant stirring, and the whole is kept at the boiling temperature. After cooling, a few drops of carbolic acid are added to the paste, which must be kept in closed bottles to prevent evaporation of the water, and will, in this way, keep good for years. This paste is of extraordinarily adhesive power, and may be used for leather, paper, or cardboard with great success.

Leaves in Cookery.—An English writer, speaking of the culinary uses for leaves, says that one of the most useful and harmless of all leaves for flavoring is that of the common syringa. When cucumbers are scarce these are a perfect substitute in salads where that flavor is desired. Again, the young leaves of the cucumber itself have a wonderful similarity in taste to that fruit. Carrot-tops may be used, and a prodigious waste is suffered in not using the external leaves and blanched footstalks of the celery plant. The young leaves of the gooseberry added to bottled fruit give a fresher flavor and a greener color to pies and tarts. The leaves of the flowering currant give a sort of intermediate flavor between black currants and red. Orange, citron, and lemon leaves impart a flavoring equal to that of the fruit and rind combined, and somewhat different from both. A few leaves added to pies, or boiled in the milk used to bake with rice, or formed into crusts or paste, impart an admirable "bouquet." An infusion can be made of either the green or dry leaves.—*Moore's Rural Life*.

Hints on Dress.

CLIPPINGS ABOUT DRESS.

FALL BONNETS.

THE small bonnets have scarcely any brim, and seem to consist of a square crown that takes in the back of the head and covers only about half the top. These shapes have been worn during the summer at Newport and Saratoga, and have looked more like caps than dress bonnets, as they are without face-trimmings, plumes, or flowers—being simply trimmed with ribbon loops and bows. Other shapes serve either as a bonnet or round hat.

The regular Scotch cap is shown for very young faces, and there are jaunty Derby hats precisely like those worn by gentlemen.

FEATHERS.

Fancy feathers will be the leading feature of the trimmings of winter bonnets. Merchants call these fancy feathers because of the fanciful shapes in which they are mounted, but the feathers themselves are of natural colors—not dyed—and are plucked from rare birds. These feather ornaments combine many rich colors, and are mounted in flat pieces that conform to the shape of the bonnet. Occasionally the whole bird is placed in a natural poise on the front or side of the hat, but far oftener one bird is made to do service for two hats by being split in halves from bill to tail, and having a spirited little top-knot or some tail feathers added. The beautiful Brazilian humming-birds, that glisten like jewels, are more used than the larger birds. Sometimes an ornament consists of five or six of these tiny birds clustered together as if in a nest, their heads and long bills crowded as if pushing each other from the nest, and thus showing their upturned throats with their beautiful plumage. There are coronets with two heads meeting in the centre, a number of tiny wings stuck next in fan shape, and tail feathers at each end; these are to be set between the crown and brim, and will serve to trim the bonnet. The object seems to combine as many brilliant colors as can be massed together in one of these clusters. Sometimes an Alsatian bow is formed of birds, or else of their wings, and there are feather butterflies and foliage similar to those used last year. Golden pheasants' feathers, especially the small "eyes" of the feather, and guinea-hen feathers on borders, are shown for turbans.

WOOLLEN DRESSES FOR FALL.

Dark cloth colors in the new shades of amaranth, Rembrandt green, prune, Burgoyne, golden brown, and duck's-breast blues are shown in the new woollen dresses being prepared in the furnishing houses for early fall wear. The materials are camel's-hair cloth, cashmere, and a new fabric called *toile de sanglier*, which is regularly woven, yet has a rough surface, and resembles bunting made sufficiently heavy to serve for warm winter dresses. The trimmings are satin of the same shade, silk plush borders, many rows of machine-stitching, wide woollen braids, and gay contrasting silks in Scotch plaids or

in the most intricate mosaic designs.—*Harper's Bazar*.

COLOR.

Dark shades predominate, of course; but there is an almost infinite variety in their gradations, and the narrow stripes and clouded mixtures in the soft woollen textures are exactly suited to serviceable street and house wear.

Very dark, solid colors are, however, undoubtedly the best choice for street wear, and some of the best authorities restrict the design to the simple material, well cut, closely draped, and enriched only with stitching and buttons.

BUTTONLESS GLOVES.

A new glove, the "Foster" patent, recently introduced, furnishes very neat and ornamental substitutes for the buttons that are always coming off. The fastening in the new glove is effected by minute gilt hooks, with round tops riveted in, and placed at short intervals on both sides of the wrist. A fine silk cord, with gilt cap attached to the end, winds in and out of these hooks, holding them close, yet without the strain or waste which is necessary in buttoning the ordinary glove over. It is impossible for the fastenings to stir, and they are very pretty and ornamental.

DRESS FANS.

The fan has become a very important adjunct of the dress, and must as nearly as possible correspond with it. The most unique fans are undoubtedly those which are painted, or otherwise ornamented in special designs upon satin, silk, crape, or feathers. The sticks are opaline pearl, and some are beautifully carved, inlaid, or ornamented with encrustations of gold. Black satin fans are ornamented with designs in gold leaf, and also with an application of gold-thread embroidery.

WOOLLEN SUITS.

In the making of woollen suits the most important recent change has been in the substitution of the trimmed skirt for the overskirt. This renders the dress much more compact, less burdensome, and more susceptible of complete and harmonious design. An outside jacket accompanying a trimmed skirt and basque is a finished dress, simple yet serviceable, and so thoroughly protective that it seems hard to improve upon it.—*Demorest's Monthly*.

SCARF IN KNITTING.

MATERIALS.—8-ply Berlin wool or 4-ply fleecy, selecting any two colors that contrast prettily for the ends, the centre being made of one of the colors only; two needles, No. 8 Bell gauge. Cast on with the wool seventy-four stitches—that is, three stitches for each pattern and two over for the edge stitches. First row: Bring the wool in front of the needle in the right hand, then turn the wool quite round the needle, so as to bring it in the front again, and purl two stitches together; * the wool will now be in the front; turn it round the needle so as to bring it in the front again; pass the needle down the next stitch, and take it off without knitting it; then purl the next two stitches together, and repeat from * to the end of the row. Second row: Bring the wool in

front of the needle and turn round as before, then purl two stitches together; * turn the wool round the needle, bringing it in the front; then slip the next stitch thus —; put the needle down at the back of the stitch, and, bringing the needle in the front, take off the front part of the stitch without knitting it—this stitch slipped is a long loop; then purl the two next stitches together, and repeat from * to the end of the row. All the rows are the same as the second. Knit six rows of each color alternately for about one-quarter of a yard; then, working the same stitch but only one of the wools, knit about one yard, and make the other end to correspond with the beginning. Cast off. The ends are further decorated with a narrow strip of crochet and a fringe. Use wool like that in the centre of the scarf, and a crochet needle of medium size. Crochet on the edge of the knitting a row of 5 chain and 1 plain, then 2 rows more the same, working the plain stitch in the 5 chain of the preceding row. This, of course, makes three rows of the ordinary looped crochet. For the fringe cut the wool in lengths of about eight inches, and loop them into the last row of crochet.

Ice in the Sick-Room.—Mention is made in a foreign paper of a plan pursued by an ingenious physician for ensuring a supply of ice for use in sick-rooms during the hottest nights, and without disturbing the patient. This plan is to cut a piece of flannel about nine inches square, and secure it by ligature round the mouth of an ordinary tumbler, so as to leave a cup-shaped depression of flannel within the tumbler to about half its depth. In the flannel cup so formed pieces of ice may be preserved many hours—all the longer if a piece of flannel from four to five inches square be used as a loose cover to the ice-cup.

Pure White Castile is a little expensive for washing fabrics, but its purity preserves the color of silk handkerchiefs, ribbons, etc., wonderfully. We have seen a very fine damask, white silk neckkerchief, with deep blue border, washed in clear water in which castile soap was lathered, and few people could discover any difference between the laundered kerchief and a perfectly clean one. In this case the kerchief was snapped between the fingers until nearly dry, shaped, folded, and pressed under a weight—not ironed.

How to Make a Rug.—A good and quick way to make a mat to cover up some of the shabby places in your carpet, which will wonderfully brighten your room: Take all the bits of woollen cloth that are not large enough for anything else; cut them in rounds, or have them of uniform size; string them on strong wrapping cord, the different colors on separate cords; have ready a square of old rag-carpet, or any bit of carpet, though rag is the best, being heavy; sew your work on this very firmly. Geometrical designs and lines are the best patterns to follow; the floral are usually so unsatisfactory and much harder to do. Work the design first; fill in with gray or black, and if you wish you may ornament the edge with pinked-out scallops of any bright bits of cloth. Trim off all the rough edges nicely.

Household Art.

FIRE-BOARDS OR SCREENS.

THE manner of forming these boards is to have a pine frame made that will fit closely into the chimney. Cover this frame tightly with stout cotton cloth; and if the Indian style is to be copied, cover with black glazed muslin or paper. Then procure a number of pictures of decalcomanie, or the German embossed pieces, which come in sheets; the greater the variety the better. Cut these all apart and fasten them carelessly upon the background. When these are all dry varnish with Demar, laying the screen flat and using thin varnish; when the first coat is dry give a second, being careful to keep from dust during the entire operation. Another style is made upon the same kind of frame, but instead of a muslin cover with net or tarlatan, upon which arrange the figures with gold spangles scattered between; fill the chimney with fine white-pine shavings; and place the screen in front. The appearance of the white shavings showing behind the black or colored gauze will be found extremely lovely and refreshing, presenting a pure, cool appearance, exceedingly appropriate during the hot weather.

The frames for the Wedgwood boards are similar to those already described, but are covered with white muslin, over which is pasted very evenly, and with great care, for fear of injuring or marring the delicate surface, satin paper of a Wedgwood blue gray, or a Palissy gray green.

Thirteen sheets of lace note-paper of five different patterns are required, and some white embossed pictures; these are sometimes combined with the lace paper. Those parts of the sheets of embossed and lace paper which are to be used must be carefully and neatly cut out, keeping the parts exceedingly clean. The decorations are then painted upon the wrong side with mucilage, and fastened in position on the board.

MODERATION IN DECORATION.

"By the way, the works of women are symbolical. We sew, sew, prick our fingers, dull our sight, producing what? A pair of slippers, sir, to put on when you're weary, or a stool to tumble over and vex you—'curse that stool!'—or else at best a cushion, where you lean, and sleep, and dream of something we are not."

In the first place, we believe in fancy-work, and do all of it that is consistent with our other duties, taking pleasure in both the working and the work; but we also believe in temperance in all things, and think a little is needed in this direction as well as some others. Of course those who have experience in the work know how fascinating it is; and as fancy workers are notably industrious, they soon form a habit which is hard to break. When only the best class of articles are

made the evil is not so great; but when *anything* in the shape of fancy-work is eagerly seized on, and experimented with, and henceforth has a place in the house, it is positively alarming. For in this way a house is soon filled with a multitude of articles, many of which are neither useful nor ornamental, but are the cause of much extra work in taking care of them. With some this is carried so far that



FIRE-BOARD.

the house becomes positively hideous in the eyes of those who do not share the passion. We have in mind a house we once visited, which was literally filled to overflowing with all sorts of specimens, and



FIRE-SCREEN.

the greater part of our hostess' entertainment consisted in detailing the different processes of construction, with kind offers of patterns and any help she could give us in making the articles for ourselves.

To give you some idea of the excess to which she carried it, let me tell you that the first thing that greeted our eyes, hung conspicuously in the hall, was a mammoth wreath of worsted flowers, set in a heavy frame of pine cones. On entering the parlor what a bewildering sight met our gaze! In the further corner hung a large cotton basket, under which stood a what-not which did not belie its name.

On one side of the room were two large pictures in Berlin wool-work, one a large white kitten, the other a fierce-looking dog. Opposite them hung a huge farmer's wreath, made, as I suppose you all know, of various seeds. There was also a bunch of hair flowers framed, a specimen of feather flowers; these, with some portraits hung in shell and cone frames, completed the wall decorations. On a marble-topped table was the inevitable white wax cross covered with flowers. The mantle held the usual number of straw-framed pictures, pansy mats with their accompaniments. And then the tidies of all kinds and descriptions! One we remember in particular, as it seriously disturbed our peace of mind for the time being. It was pinned to the back of a large black hair-cloth rocker opposite us. It was in thread crochet and represented some animal, but which or what animal we could not decide. Was it a wolf, a deer, a dog, or the famous missing link? It still remains a mystery. The windows did not escape, but were decorated (?) with paper crosses, doves of cotton-flannel, and pictures. Besides these, were the mats and rugs, ottoman and sofa-pillow; and when you learn that none of them were masterpieces, and some of them very ordinary, you may be able to imagine the effect.

We believe, however, that fancy-work has its place in the house, and a place which nothing else can fill. There are many ornaments and conveniences which may be made that add much to the appearance and comfort of the house. But how many things are made, and cost both time and money, when for the same amount we could purchase an engraving or really *fine* chromo, which would be much more desirable. For one dollar, or even less, we may procure a delicate bust in Parian ware. Many who think they cannot afford to buy one will spend twice that amount on a piece of fancy-work. And many take time for this work which should be used in improving the mind by reading or the body by exercise. Some take time which should be given to social or even religious duties. Let me say in conclusion that I do not consider this a growing evil by any means, for there seems to be an increasing sentiment in the right direction in this respect, and, moreover, the girls of to-day are not so fond of the needle as their mothers were.

S. E. H.

Cheap Hanging-Basket.—Take an old tin pan, punch a hole in the bottom, fill with soil, and encase in a wire frame coated with vermilion and beeswax and filled with moss. A strawberry geranium will look beautiful in it.

Family Reading.

"COME UNTO ME."

A SWEETER song than e'er was sung
By poet, priest, or sages—
A song which thro' all heaven has rung,
And down thro' all the ages.
A precious strain of sweet accord,
A note of cheer from Christ our Lord :
List as it vibrates full and free,

Oh! grieving heart, "Come
unto Me."

Oh! wise provision, sweet
command,
Vouchsafed the weak
and weary ;

A friend to find on either
hand,

A night for prospect
dreary ;

A friend who knows our
bitter need,

Of each endeavor taking
heed ;

Who calls to every soul op-
prest,

"Come unto Me, I'll give
you rest."

"Come unto Me." The
way's not long,

His hands are stretched
to meet thee :

Now still thy sobbing, list
the song

Which everywhere shall
greet thee.

Here, at His feet, your bur-
den lay ;

Why 'neath it bend an-
other day,

Since one so loving calls to
thee,

"Oh! heavy laden, come
to Me"?

A sweeter song than e'er
was sung

By poet, priest, or sages—

A song which through all
heaven has rung

And down thro' all the
ages.

How can we turn from
such a strain,

Or longer wait to ease our
pain ?

Oh! draw us closer, Lord, that we
May find our sweetest rest in Thee.

ELEANOR KIRK.

STORY OF A KIND-HEARTED OLD MAN.

A PIANIST was giving concerts through the provin-
ces of Germany for her support, and to enhance her
reputation she advertised herself as a pupil of Liszt.
In a little town in the interior of Germany, where

she had announced a concert, she was confounded
the day before the concert was to take place by see-
ing in the list of arrivals and at the very hotel where
the concert was to be given, "M. l'Abbé Liszt." Here
was a dilemma, and what to do she knew not. Her
fraud would be discovered ; she would be ex-
posed ; she could never give another concert ; she
was ruined.

Tremblingly she sought the presence of the great
maestro, determined to make a clean breast of it and
cast herself on his mercy. Coming into his room
with downcast eyes, she knelt at the old man's feet

and suggestions as she played, and when she
had finished he added : "Now, my child, I have
given you a lesson ; you are a pupil of Liszt." Be-
fore she could find words to express her gratitude
Liszt asked : "Are your programmes printed ?"
"No, sir," was the answer, "not yet." "Then say
that you will be assisted by your master, and that
the last piece on the programme will be played by
the Abbé Liszt."—*Springfield Republican.*

A Robin's Æsthetic Taste.—Some good ladies,
living in a quiet, suburban street, had exposed some
lace on the grass to whiten
in the sun. On searching
for it it was gone, and no
diligence could find it.
The fickle breeze was ac-
cused of the theft, but no
corner could reveal the
secret. Finally, the search
was almost abandoned
when a member of the
household caught a glimpse
of a white shred dangling
from the nest which a
robin redbreast was build-
ing in a neighboring ever-
green. Here, with true
æsthetic taste and no small
sense of physical comfort,
the bird had placed the lost
lace as a lining for its
nest.—*Providence (R. I.)
Journal.*

Cheerfulness in old Age.—"Isn't Aunt Char-
ity a darling old lady ?"
said one of Aunt Charity's
nieces. She was indeed a
sunbeam. The strong,
resolute, brave face ; the
white hair under the plain
cap ; the sweet, smiling
mouth, were all winning.
We could depend on the
motherly woman who was
so jolly, so full of fun and
frolic, so ready to join in
whatever mirth was afloat.
Everybody came to her
with their joys and their
griefs, sure of sympathy.
An hour with her was a
tonic.

A Mother's Devotion.—Emma, a promising
young Indian girl at the school at Red Lake, died
on the 22d. A runner was sent to tell her mother,
who was making sugar thirty miles away, and she
started in the evening on her lonely march to the
agency through forests of pine—whose dark tops
seemed to chant a requiem to the departed—through
swamps, over deep unbridged rivers, in the darkness
of night, without food, without sleep or rest, and she
reached the agency soon after light.



MAMMA'S PICTURE AND PICTURE-FRAME.

and with many tears told her story : how she had been
left an orphan and poor, with only her one gift of
music with which to support herself ; the difficulties
she had encountered, until the fraudulent use of his
great name had filled her rooms and her purse.
"Well, well," said the great man, gently raising her
up, "let us see, my child, what we can do. Perhaps
it is not so bad as you thought. There is a piano ;
let me hear one of the pieces you expect to play to-
morrow evening."

Tremblingly she obeyed, the maestro making com-

The Kitchen.

MY KITCHEN.

I HAVE read the household experiences of so many that I wish to send my experience in the kitchen to the kind readers of THE CABINET, hoping that my failures may cause young girls to learn to adorn the kitchen as well as the drawing-room, and my successes to encourage young housekeepers who have been so unfortunate as not to learn to cook, to persevere. I was raised in a luxuriant Southern home, and of course never thought of learning to do such arduous labor as cooking. This idea has been quite a mistake in the South. When I was married, Mr. G—— and I began keeping house under the most happy auspices. Everything went on without any trouble until two years after our marriage, when our good old colored cook left us. She must go live with her children. With a good heart I determined to cook dinner; I knew whatever mistake I made my kind husband would forgive. I gathered my vegetables, and was busying myself about the kitchen when Mr. G—— came and delivered the pleasant news of a visitor for dinner. What could I do? I felt I should fail in everything. My vegetables were put on with some ham to boil. The griddle had its place on the stove, and down I put some bread before the griddle was hot, and of course I could not turn it. My bread was ruined; and what is a Southern dinner worth without corn-bread? Well, I next tried a rice-pudding, and thought I would boil enough to have a nice dish of rice for dinner. So I filled my porcelain boiler nearly full of rice, and it began to boil, and I began to dip out, and dipped until I had filled every empty dish in the closet. Over with the rice, I smiled at the dinner-pot, because I felt so sure of some nice cabbage, beans, and ham; but on lifting the lid I found everything burnt brown—another dish spoiled, just because I did not know how much water to put in the pot. Really I was discouraged; but it was growing late and something must be done. I concluded to have a fry dinner, and thought I was doing quite well. Our guest and family were seated at the table, and I was on the point of making known that I had cooked dinner—my first meal—when, tasting the biscuits, I found them without salt. On drinking my coffee it was quite dreggy, so I explained to our guest that we had a new and ignorant cook; gave them some nice sweet milk and cake I had on hand. It is useless to describe how chagrined I was. I was fully determined that such mistakes should not always be made by me.

Mr. G—— was from the North, reared and educated there, so was willing that I should learn to cook. He was going North to spend a part of his summer vacation, and I was to go to my mother's to stay until his return. While there I went to the kitchen every day, notwithstanding my mother's and sister's protestations, and learned, under old Aunt Hannah's superior guidance, to cook. I felt so glad of the knowledge that, with my younger sister, I hurried home to make preparations for my husband's return.

He wrote me when to expect him, and he wrote that his younger brother and wife would accompany

him; they were on a bridal tour through the Southern States. My little sister had become as enthusiastic as I was over the useful art of cooking. So we put everything in readiness in the house; then to the kitchen we hied, and such cakes, pies, custards, and puddings we made, and such baked turkey, smothered chicken, roast beef, and everything nice we could think of! Not one failure did we make. Our company arrived. Among the party was our guest of my first dinner. Mr. G—— very proudly told the joke of the young, ignorant cook, because he appreciated so much the improvement made in the short time, and thinks with me that every housekeeper should know how to cook. MRS. D. G. G.

A SERMON TO GIRLS ON COOKING.

COOKING-CLASSES have been popular among fashionable young ladies of late years; but there is no cooking-class which quite equals in its opportunity for excellent information that which you may find at home. Presuming that I am talking to a girl who has just left school, I advise you to make use of your leisure in taking lessons from your mother. There is an absolutely splendid feeling of independence in knowing how to make perfectly light, sweet, substantial bread. Then try your hand at biscuits, muffins, corn-bread, toast, and all the different forms into which breadstuffs may be blended. Toast seems a simple thing enough, but is frequently so ill made that it does not deserve the name. Gruel, a necessity of the sick-room, is often a hopeless mystery to women who have no idea of how it is evolved from the raw material. After you have mastered the bread question, try meats and vegetables.

Any bright girl who can comprehend an equation, or formulate a syllogism, can overcome the difficulties which beset her when learning to cook. Lucent syrups, golden cakes, delicately-browned bread, quivering jellies, melting creams, and the whole set of material things glorified, because made for love's sake and for the good of one's dear ones, are fit expressions for any woman. The charm of this accomplishment lies in the fact that it imparts to its owner a gratifying sense of power; it bestows on her, too, the power of blessing and resting those she loves best. Wherever the cook goes she takes her welcome along. One may tire of the sweetest singing, of the loveliest poetry, of the finest painting, and of the most witty conversation, but of cooking never. Yet I would be sorry to have you contented to be only a cook, only a domestic machine. That is not my meaning or intention. Be artist, poet, inventor, and well-bred woman; be the most and the best that you can, and add, as a matter of course, ability to keep house well and to do all that good housekeeping includes.—*S. S. Times.*

ANCIENT RECIPE FOR PUMPKIN PIE.

THE honor of originating the pumpkin pie, it seems, does not belong to the people of New England. Of this the *Atlantic Monthly* gives the following statements. But even as to things supposed to be peculiarly American there is no little error, as I have heretofore pointed out, and the appearance of

Indian pudding in Mr. Bartlett's dictionary reminds me that one of the things generally supposed to be of American and of peculiarly New England origin is not so; this is nothing less than pumpkin pie. The housewives of New England brought the knowledge of pumpkin pie with them from the old home. Here is a recipe for making it, from a *cook-book* published in London more than two hundred years ago:

"TO MAKE A PUMPKION PYE.—Take about half a pound of Pumpion and slice it, a handful of Time, a little Rosemary, Parsley, and sweet Marjoram slipped off the stalks, and chop them small; then take Cinnamon, Nutmeg, Pepper, and six Cloves, and beat them; take ten Eggs and beat them; then mix them and beat them altogether, and put in as much sugar as you think fit; then fry them like a frois; after it is fried let it stand till it be cold; then fill your pye; take sliced Apples thin round wayes and lay a row of the Froize and layer of Apples with currants betwixt the layer while your pye is fitted, and put in a good deal of sweet butter before you close it; when the pye is baked, take six yolks of Eggs, some white wine or Vergis, and make a Caudle of this, but not too thick; cut up the lid and put it in; stir them well together whilst the Eggs and pumpions be not perceived, and so serve it up."

A Mustard-Plaster.—How many people are there who really know how to make a mustard-plaster? Not one in a hundred at the most, perhaps; and yet mustard-plasters are used in every family, and physicians prescribe their application. The ordinary way is to mix the mustard with water, tempering it with a little flour. Such a plaster as this makes is abominable. Before it has half done its work it begins to blister the patient, and leaves him finally with a flayed, painful spot, after producing far less effect in a beneficial way than was intended. Now, a mustard-plaster should never blister at all. If a blister is wanted, there are other plasters far better than mustard-plasters. Then use no water, but mix the mustard with the white of an egg, and the result will be a plaster that will "draw" perfectly, but will not produce a blister on the skin of an infant, no matter how long it is allowed to remain on the part.

Snow Custard.—Beat 8 eggs, leaving out the whites of 4; add to them 1 quart of milk and 5 ounces of sugar; have a shallow pan of hot water in the oven, set the dish into it, and bake till the custard is thick; then take it out and set it away to cool; beat the remaining whites very light, add $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of sugar gradually and a tea-spoonful of lemon-juice. When the custard is cold lay the whites over the top in heaps, but do not let them touch.

To Pickle Fruit.—The following excellent mode is practised in many families: To each peck of fruit allow four pounds of sugar, a pint of sharp vinegar, and spice to taste; boil the vinegar and sugar together for a few minutes, then drop in the fruit and boil until moderately soft; when done pour the vinegar over them and let them stand until cold before covering. Plums, peaches, pears, etc., can be done in this way.

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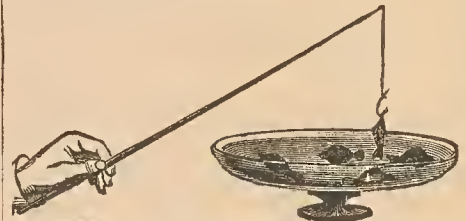
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and almost imperceptibly, the offending cause.
The disease is removed and the head ceases to
ache.

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in neat box of Japan-
ese wood, with jointed
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and magnetic hook.
The fish seize the hook,
and the lucky fisherman
draws them out of the
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curious toy.

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ity cast steel; the
spring cannot get clogg-
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being entirely concealed
within the handle,
which is one solid piece;
latest invention in cut-
lery, elegantly finished,
first-class every way.

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horn, tough and dura-
ble, in a neat case; cannot soil the
pocket. Suitable for ladies or gen-
tlemen. A handy, useful article.

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ing Question, Answer, and Forfeit Cards, will
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By mail, \$1. Florida Moss—10 ounces by
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When the Evening Shades are falling.

Words by THEO. D. C. MILLER.

Music by WM. T. KEEFER.

Andante moderato.

1. When the eve - ning shades are fall - ing, O'er the
2. When the eve - ning shades are fall - ing, I will
3. When the eve - ning shades are fall - ing, And the

bloom on plant and tree, I will take my love - ly E - va In a twi - light walk with me, Thro' the
take my love with me, And in bliss with love - ly E - va, I will wan - der by the sea; We will
dew is on the leaf, I must go from weep - ing E - va, But our part - ing will be brief; For I

clo - ver in the mead - ow, Where the lark sings in the grass, And the corn is gent - - ly
has - ten in the gloam - ing. To the deep blue waves so fair, And then speak our fond - - est
fond - ly love my treas - ure, And her heart is mine, I know, And 'twas in the pur - - ple

CHORUS. *mf*

wav - ing, In the breez - es as they pass. When the eve - ning shades are fall - ing, And the
whispers In a lov - ing way out there.
twi - light, That sweet E - va told me so.

TENOR.

When the eve - ning shades are fall - ing, And the

calm, pale moon we see, I will take my love - ly E - va Thro' the for - est path with me.
calm, pale moon we see, I will take my love - ly E - va Thro' the for - est path with me.

THE LADIES' *Home* GAZETTE

BY ADAMS & BISHOP.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1879.

No. 96. PRICE 12 CENTS.

CHRISTMAS GREETING.

"A stern discipline pervades all nature which is a little cruel that it may be very kind."

—HERBERT SPENCER.

THE shadows of the closing year are gathering about us. Once more the circle of the months draws to its completeness, and the season of storms heralds its approach by days of gloom and nights of cold. The natural world is wrapped in silent trance, but not in the silence of death. "Nature knows no pause in progress and development," says the great master, who studied well her secrets. The winter storm is as necessary to the strength of the oak as the summer sunshine or the autumn rain, and softly and stelteringly the Christmas snow-

fall covers "the unrisen wheat" and secures the promise of the coming harvest. In every bough lies imprisoned, in "alleries dark," the living sap that with returning spring shall fashion into beauty leaf and bough and fragrant blossom. Mighty sleeping forces, unseen but eternal, remind us of the sublime expres-

sion of the Hebrew prophet, "the hidings of God's power." We are conscious of reserved force, in the cold and silent air. The tempests linger awhile in their northern caves, but we are sure that they remain couchant, ready for a spring. Are they checked by the echoes of seraph music, by the glory

and open wide the gates of gold that never more shall shut.

Where shall be found the heart, in all earth's struggling millions, that shall not beat with gladder throb that it is Christmas? Is there anywhere in any dark mine or cold prison one that shall not

catch a gleam of the holy light, or some distant echo of the angel's song? If there is such a spot, Christian faith and Christian charity should blush that it should be.

In our own land more and more, we are coming to feel the gentle and tender influences that will not suffer any soul to eat the Christmas feast alone. Everywhere gentle charities carry the bread of love to cheerless homes and hungry hearts. At Christmas, if ever, men and women feel that they are all akin, and put away



A CHRISTMAS IN ELFLAND.

of the light from upper skies that floods Judaea plains? Truly December needs not the cheer of summer flowers or autumn splendor; there is a warmth and light throbbing through all the pulses of the world. Hope and love beat back with shining wings the frigid darkness of wrong and woe,

from them "that abomination called condescension." The rich and the poor meet together, with some faint realization that the Lord is the maker of them all. The rich go among the poor with sympathies all awake, remembering the Babe of the manger, "who, though he was rich, for our

sakes became poor"; and the poor grow tenderer toward the rich, as they feel that the icy barrier of pride melts away in the warm rays of divine love.

It is not alone in material things that the world is moving, but in spiritual as well; and in nothing is this more apparent than in the nature of its charities. How absurd would it have appeared a century ago to offer to the destitute poor, the entertainments which are now provided upon Christmas day throughout the length and breadth of our land! the Christmas-tree, loaded with fairy gifts for the waifs of the street, the rich flowers and luscious fruit, carried to the bedsides of the sick in cellars and attics, the feast of dainties provided for criminals within prison walls, and, better still, the words of love and cheer that are as freely given to those who, guilty though they be, are brothers still to the Son of Mary.

How much of the tender character of many of our charities, is owing to the more general observance of Christmas day as a hallowed festival, it might not be possible to estimate, but we are sure that it has not been insignificant. There is a peculiar charm in the observance of the great Christian festival that thrills all hearts. Its merry-making is merrier than that of all the year, for its joy is genuine and pure; its worship rises higher, for it swells the rapture of heaven with the gladness of earth. It is good to observe it outwardly, to do it honor with every tribute we can bring of loving homage, to wreath garlands and make feasts, to give and to receive gifts. Above all it should be marked by gifts of love; and who so poor that he has none to offer, and who is rich that has it not to give?

"Love is a present for a mighty king."

God had no better thing to offer, and he gave it to the world on the first Christmas morning. Like the breath of the south wind it came, and a new spring was born. Cruel faiths and dark superstitions fled before the soft radiance of the Bethlehem Star that gilds our day with beauty and blesses our nights with peace.

In every land we find some gentle thought or tender strain of feeling running like a thread of gold through the Christmas customs. None are more beautiful than the remembrance of the animal creation in the universal rejoicing. In the far North the Norwegian peasant children tie together a sheaf of wheat and other grain, which they place upon a pole planted in the snow as a Christmas-tree for the birds; and in the far South the Italian housewife

makes white cakes for the stalled cattle. Even those superstitions are beautiful that still cling about the day—superstitions which Puritanism condemned so severely, and Romanism exalted so rudely. The old German legends weave it into the warp and woof of their strange stories, like that of our engraving, where the maiden, by the observance of certain rites on Christmas eve, is borne away to Elfland, where children that have been transformed into birds for offence given the fairies, await the coming of

being carried away, but casts her into so deep a sleep that she cannot be awakened to take the offered fruit, and the gnomes are obliged to return her to her home on Christmas morning at the rising of the sun. Like all the rest, the story has its thread of gold, and the tale is not for the Norse folk only, but for us.

Let us make the gold our own. For each of us there is some deed of kindness to perform, some ministry of tender affection, some unkindness to forgive and forget, some bruised heart to bind, some sinful soul to cheer with words of hope.

"Make channels for the streams of love

Where they may broadly run;
And love has ever-flowing streams
To fill them every one."

Kindle bright fires, wreath your houses with holly and mistletoe, spread your tables with good things, give to your friends, give to your enemies, give to your beloved ones, make your homes bright and your children happy, give to the poor, but take heed how you give:

"That is no true alms which the hand can hold:
He gives nothing but worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite—
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms;
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a God goes with it, and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

Better to warm the heart than the body. Do not offend the one that you may benefit the other. It has often been made harder to the poor man to

accept a benefit than to go without it. Get him work and he can earn coals and blankets, but he can never buy a flower for his wife, though she loves them well; nor a toy for his child, though he looks into the toy-shop windows with longing eyes. Do not forget this when you would make him a present. And, kind readers, we wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Christmas Gifts.—No Christmas gift is more universally acceptable than flowers. They are always elegant, and admit of such range in taste and cost as to satisfy the requirements of the most fastidious.



THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS-TREE.

some beautiful maiden to restore them to their homes. If the fairies give her fruit, and she eats it, it confers on her the power to release the offenders from the power of the spell, and give them back to their beloved ones. But this is only on condition that the maid be fair, and will consent to remain herself in exile in place of those she releases. Sylva, the beloved of the whole hamlet where she lived, "as the rarer lily blossoms 'mid the green herbs of the field," resolved to adventure the spell for the sake of returning the child of her stepmother, who, by perverseness and cruelty to Sylva, had offended the little people, with whom Sylva is an especial favorite. An earth fairy, who loves her, cannot prevent her



"Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, good will to men."

AN ANCIENT CHRISTMAS CAROL.

WHEN Christ was born of Mary free
In Bethlehem, in that fair citie
Angels sang with mirth and glee:
In excelsis gloria.

Herdsmen beheld their legions bright
To them appearing with great light,
Who said, God's Son is born this night:
In excelsis gloria.

This King is come to save mankind,
As in Scripture text we find,
Therefore this song have we in mind:
In excelsis gloria.

Floral Gossip.

THE MISTLETOE

THE Mistletoe (*Viscum album*) belongs to the natural order Lorantheæ and Diœcia-tetrandia of Linnæus, it is a true parasitical plant, as at no period of its existence does it derive any nourishment from the soil or from decayed bark, like the fungi and allied vegetation. Of this genus there are several species; this is the only one of special interest, and is what is generally known as the English Mistletoe. It is an evergreen, pendent shrub, usually found growing on fruit-trees, but occasionally fixing itself on the thorn, oak, maple, and ash, very rarely on the pine. The stem, when full-grown, is an inch in diameter; it is very much branched or subdivided, forming a head from two to five feet in diameter. The bark is smooth, of a yellowish green color. The leaves are tongue-shaped, entire, in pairs on very short foot-stalks. The flowers are male and female in different plants, axillary, and in short, close spikes. Neither the male, nor female flowers have a corolla; the stamens and pistils spring from the calyx. The fruit is a globular white berry covered with a viscous substance; these berries appear in winter, and are in perfection about Christmas.

The Mistletoe may be made to grow on the apple or other trees, where the climate is not colder than that of England, by cutting a notch in the bark on the undersurface of a branch, and carefully inserting the seed therein; the only precaution being necessary is to place the seed in such a position that the embryo shall be directed toward the trunk of the tree, and that the seed shall not be bruised. The growth of the Mistletoe is very slow, rarely more than two or three inches of the shoot and two or three pairs of leaves being produced in a season; the durability of the plant is proportionately great, for when once established on a tree it is seldom known to cease growing until it has exhausted the vitality of the tree, causing its death. Many old orchards in England have been completely destroyed by this beautiful parasite. The death of the trees is not, however, to be greatly regretted, as the Mistletoe brings a high price in the markets, more than the value of the tree. Hundreds of tons of it are sold annually for Christmas decoration; it is now regularly imported into this country for the same purpose. The Mistletoe was a special object of worship with the ancient Britons, and that many important rites were performed with it by the Druids or priests is certain. By them it was held sacred, and many virtues were attached to it. They sent round their attendant youths with this plant to announce the entrance of the New Year; and a somewhat similar custom is still continued in France. The popular custom in England of kissing under a branch of Mistletoe during the Christmas festivities is referred to

the supposition on the part of some that it was the forbidden tree in the garden of Eden. Mr. Loudon supposes this pleasant custom most likely came from our Saxon ancestors, and to have been commemorative of Balder, the son of Odin, who is one of the heroes of Icelandic romance. According to the story, it was prophesied that Balder would die, to avert which fate his mother exacted a vow from all things on earth that they would not injure him. One of his enemies, knowing the Mistletoe had not taken the vow, as it did not grow upon the earth but on trees, made a dart of its wood, and with it killed the hero.

The origin of the modern custom connected with the Mistletoe is not very clear, which is perhaps fortunate. If known, the innocent merriment now associated with the plant would be exchanged for a feeling of stern disappointment, and it would be banished from many firesides, where it is now a great source of joy and pleasure. The Mistletoe of the Southern and Western States is the *Phoradendron*



A CHRISTMAS GAME.

flavescens, which grows chiefly upon the branches of elms and hickories; it is a yellowish-green, woody-stemmed parasite, with a jointed stalk having opposite and whorled branches, fleshy, obovate-shaped leaves, small flowers in axillary spikes, which are shorter than the leaves; the fruit, though smaller, resembles that of the English varieties. This species is widely distributed from New Jersey, South and West. This species has none of the poetic associations that distinguish in so marked a degree its English namesake.

AN ENCLOSED WINDOW-GARDEN.

A LADY correspondent of *Vick's Illustrated Magazine*, at Lynn, Mass., writes as follows:

I have no conservatory, or even a bay-window; only one south window in my sitting-room that I can use for plants. At this window, half way up, is a walnut shelf a foot wide, supported by iron

brackets, and on it is a zinc pan painted drab, with an inch of sand on the bottom to keep the pots moist. My idea was to enclose this window from the room, with the shelf inside, so as to exclude dust and include moist air. I communicated my idea to a carpenter, and his hands completed the practical part, and my window-garden stood completed. I am well pleased with it, and the plants are, judging from the way they grow. Now for details: I had a table made of black walnut, as long as the window is wide, including the easing, two feet wide and six inches deep. It is plain on the sides, has handsomely turned legs finished with casters. There is no top; at the bottom inside is a cleat, on which rest narrow slats of pine, and on this a zinc pan just the depth of the sides. An inch of damp sand supplies the moisture, and the warm air from the furnace comes in contact with the pan underneath and furnishes bottom heat. So much for the table. The sides are of walnut, and reach to the top of the window-casing. The front consists of two glass doors, opening in the centre, each one made of two panes of glass. The top is made of walnut and finished with a handsome moulding similar to a bookcase. The top is fastened to the table with four large screws, and to the top of the window with small brass hooks and screw-eyes. The whole can be removed from the window in a few minutes. An outside window in winter bids defiance to Jack Frost.

At different times I have had Hyacinths, Polyanthus, Narcissus, and Duc Von Thol Tulips. I have noticed that the flowers hang on longer than when kept in the dry air of the sitting-room. The plants are not half the trouble they were before, and so I think my window-garden a success. When winter is gone its mission is not ended; while I am writing to-day, with the thermometer among the nineties, my garden is still a pleasure, and gives me a cooling sensation when I look through its glass doors. On a shelf in a large pot is a Japanese climbing fern, *Lygodium scandens*; it is trained on strings and covers the upper

half of the window. In the lower part on one side is the Hoya, now full of lovely clusters of bloom; on the opposite side *Cissus discolor*, trained on a trellis like the Hoya. In the centre I have ferns, *Adiantum cuneatum*, in a ten-inch pot; it measures, outside the foliage, thirty inches. Besides this is *Cyrtomium falcatum* and another fern I do not know, and a lot of *Lycopodium Martensii*, green and white; *Begonia rex*, and silver-leaf *Begonia*. At ten o'clock in the morning I close the blind, open the window, and then open the blind when the sun has gone away. The ferns grow beautifully.

The LADIES' FLORAL CABINET for August contains numerous valuable household hints for floral and ornamental adornment of the home. Ladies of taste and those desirous of cultivating a taste for embellishing their home, should subscribe for this handsome monthly.—*The Reporter, Savannah, Mo.*

Gossip About Flowers.

AMPELOPSIS VEITCHII.

MR. DONALD G. MITCHELL, in a recent essay on rural adornment, gives very high and just praise to *Ampelopsis Veitchii*, a lovely new vine which has come to us from Japan, and which is by no means so well known yet as its merits deserve. It is smaller and of finer habit than our own Virginia creeper, clinging with much greater tenacity to either wood, brick, or stone, and carrying the greenness of its foliage well into November. Even then it yields to the cold with great reluctance, its leaves changing through a rich brown to a dark maroon, and dropping at last in flakes of deepest crimson. Were it only an evergreen it would, Mr. Mitchell thinks, more than match the ivy. The same vigorous creeper is also prominent in the plant decoration of Wellesley, near Boston. In the latest volume of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society it is said that the unique and picturesque porter's lodge, at the entrance gateway to that magnificent estate, is completely overrun by *Ampelopsis Veitchii*, and the writer declares that "this hardy vine of rapid growth, fine foliage, and wonderfully adhesive power has perhaps no equal." He adds that "on some of the trees it has mounted to the highest branches." It is also used elsewhere on the grounds, and with noteworthy effect, especially in the draping of a Druidical arch of rude stone with rock-work connected.

RELATIONS OF FLOWERS AND INSECTS.

FOR some years past—since the publication of Darwin's researches—we have been accustomed to look on the forms, colors, perfumes, and nectar-like secretions of flowers as so many adaptations and contrivances to secure the visits of insects, and the consequent fertilization of the flower. Recently, however, an observer has been found who is bold enough to challenge these opinions of Darwin, Delpino, Mueller, Lubbock, and others. M. Gaston Bonnier, after having observed during the last seven years some eight hundred plants in various parts of Europe, comes to the following conclusions, the details upon which he founds them being given in recent numbers of the *Annales des Sciences Naturelles* and of the *Bulletin* of the Botanical Society of France:

1. The development of colors in flowers has no relation to the development of nectar. In closely-allied species of the same genus the most conspicuous flowers are not those which are most visited by insects.

2. In dioecious flowers provided with nectar the insects do not visit first the male and afterwards the female flower.

3. Bees become much accustomed to colors, but as

much so to those which are inconspicuous as to those which are brilliant. For the same weight of honey a green surface is as freely visited as a green surface with a background of red.

4. The development of spots and stripes on the corolla has no relation to the production of nectar.

M. Bonnier, who has studied the anatomy and disposition of the nectar-secreting organs in a great number of plants, points out that these accumulations of saccharine material occur usually in parts of the plant where development is going on actively, as in young leaves or young ovaries. When the



HANGING BASKET OF FERNS.

emission of liquid ceases, the saccharine matters contained in the nectaries return into the plant, and are probably used up by the neighboring parts in the course of this development. In fact, the nectaries, whether floral or extra floral, whether they excrete liquid or not, act as reservoirs of nutriment which is in direct relation to the life of the plant.

HOW PLANTS DEFEND THEMSELVES.

IN a recent lecture Mr. Francis Darwin gave some curious instances of the way plants are protected

from insects and other dangers. Opium, strychnine, and belladonna, he said, three of the most deadly poisons, were all formed by plants as a means of defence to preserve them from cattle, etc. A curious use was made of this poisonous property, as recorded by Livingstone, who states that at one place in South Africa the natives were in the habit of catching their zebras by mashing up some poison plant in their drinking places. Poppies are protected by poison from the attacks of goats, and probably of other cattle. The strychnine plant was a good example of the way in which poison was limited to the part of the plant where it was needed. Almonds were also protected by poison, cultivators generally sowing the bitter kind, as the sweet kind was eaten by mice. Other plants were protected, not by strong poisons, but by some aromatic substance. The fennel, anise, and caraway seeds were examples of this, which were not eaten by birds on that account. The lime, which was protected by this aroma, was able to grow wild and hold its own anywhere, whereas the orange, the citron, and olive required to be carefully preserved and watched. The mint was another example of a plant protected against cattle by this aromatic principle. Flowers are often

more aromatic than the leaves of the plant on which they grow, and owe to this principle their safety from attack, and caterpillars will starve to death sooner than eat the flower of a plant the leaves of which they readily devour.

Water plants are unprotected, for the reason that water was protection enough. The most peculiar protection, perhaps, was that enjoyed by the common lettuce, which, when pricked, even by an ant's foot, spurted up a sticky juice and enveloped the intruder, who, biting the leaf from vexation, drew down upon himself a fresh shower of cabbage wrath, in which the unfortunate ant was drowned.

A Botanical Usurper.—

A curious instance of the invasion of a country by a plant of foreign origin is seen in the history of the mango in Jamaica. In 1782 specimens of the cinnamon, jack-fruit, and mango were sent to the Botanic Garden of the island. There the cinnamon was carefully fostered, but proved to be difficult of culture in the island; while the mango, which was neglected, became in eleven years as common as the orange, spreading over lowlands and mountains, from the sea-level to 5,000 feet elevation. On the abolition of slavery, immense tracts of land, especially coffee plantations, relapsed into a state of nature, and the mango being a favorite fruit with the blacks, its stones were flung everywhere, giving rise to groves along the roadside and around the settlements; and the fruit of these again, rolling down hill, gave rise to forests in the valleys. The effect of this spread of the mango has been to cover hundreds of thousands of acres, and to ameliorate the climate of what were dry and barren districts.

ORCHIDS.

WE well remember, when a little child, the first time we saw a plant growing without earth, in which to fix its roots. It was on a visit to the wife of a naval officer who had been long absent in tropical countries, and had brought home with him the strange root which I saw hanging up in a southern piazza, attached to a block of wood by a little fine wire. When told that in its native land it grew upon the branches of trees, and bore beautiful flowers, I remember feeling a sort of awe creep over me as though the thing were what the Scotch call "uncanny"—much the same feeling as I had when listening to tales of gnomes and fairies in the gloaming. Something of the same feeling clings to me still in studying the strange habits and weird, grotesque aspect of the singular plants called Orchids. Unlike all other plants in their appearance, structure, and modes of growth, they display a delight in contradictions and a prankish caprice in their choice of their abiding-places that would justify the idea that they took delight in surprising the unsuspecting botanist with some anomaly of growth or structure just as he had his ideas all settled, and was quite satisfied that he knew all about them, and prepared to enlighten the world upon their erratic habits. Charles Kingsley says that any one who has read Darwin's book on the fertilization of Orchids will be very wary how he says anything about this mysterious race. The caution is a wise one, any general assertion with regard to them, being liable to be flatly contradicted in some particular instance, often in very many.

They afford a study upon which a life-time might be easily expended without reaching all, or even a large proportion, of the singular facts with regard to their nature, or anything like an accurate knowledge of their various species.

Orchids are generally divided into two classes, the terrestrial and the epiphytal, the former growing in the earth, the latter upon trees.

Like all general statements with regard to them, it has to be qualified, as there are exceptions to the rule. The terrestrial, are found more especially in temperate regions, though they also extend into the tropics. The epiphytes are chiefly confined to the tropics, and to situations where the rain-falls are heavy, and the neighborhood of rivers and waterfalls. Heat and moisture seem to be the almost invariable conditions of flourishing growth. The two classes extend over nearly the whole world, the only places where they are not found being those where heat exists without moisture, or moisture without heat, as in the deserts of Africa and the extreme northern limits of the temperate zone. To give even a glance at the various species would require a volume. Epiphytal Orchids are the true aristocrats of the floral tribes. They resemble an order of Oriental grandees. They know no such motto of Western chivalry as that of the Black Prince, "I serve"; they do not own any allegiance to utilitarian ideas. Only a single plant of the race may be called actually useful, and to that the appellation applies only by courtesy, since the vanilla is valued for its delicate aroma and rich flavor; both merely luxurious additions to enjoy-

ment rather than the supply of a real need. No, with the Orchids, beauty seems to be its own excuse for being; and certainly, in whatever way we regard them, we must acknowledge that for grace of form, elegance of foliage, and magnificence of coloring, no race of plants can compare with them. The rose is the queen of flowers, but she displays only a limited number of colors; but in the Orchids we find every color of the rainbow. Even blue, the rarest of hues among flowers, is represented, and many individual plants display a number of colors in the most vivid contrast. Some are pure white, like the *Peristeria elater*, the Holy Spirit Plant of Mexico, whose column closely resembles a dove descending with wings outspread; others wear Tyrian dyes, and seem to flash with gold and jewels. The union of their strange forms with color, produces, as every one knows, the most singular simulations of animal life. Some of these are perhaps rather fanciful, but many are real and striking. Among these last, one of the most perfect is *Cynoches ventricosum*, which as its name imports, imitates a swan, the gracefully-arched column forming the head and neck.

In the figure, size, structure, and habits of these plants there is nearly as much variety as in the blossom. Some are Lilliputian, others by their height belong to Brobdingnag. The *Oncidium altissimum* has panicles nine or ten feet in length, and some of the *Deudrobes* grow to equal length, while the *Sobralias* sometimes exceed twenty feet in height. In the accompanying cut, we have endeavored to show something of their various contrasting qualities. On the right hand at the head of the page will be seen the *Oncidium papilio*, or Butterfly Orchid, with spotted leaves. Just below is the drooping, vine-like plant, *Deudrodium macranthum*, whose large panicles of flowers we had no room to figure; near it the blossom of the *Peristeria elater*. Beneath, showing the creeping habit of the root-like stem, from which the pseudo-bulbs are produced, is a *Sophronitis*. On the extreme left at the bottom of the page is the *Orchis aranifera*, or Spider Orchid, which, when seen with the addition of color, is very striking. Next is *Habenaria orbiculata*, with its strangely elongated lip. The central figure is *Cypripedium japonica*, a Japanese plant, easily grown, it is said, in pots. The *Cypripediums* are popularly known as moccasin flowers. Several varieties are native to our Northern woods and Western prairies.

Next is a dwarf specimen of the same genus, *C. Concolor*. Above, is the graceful vine of the *Vanilla aromatica*, trailing among the numerous clusters of pseudo-bulbs of the *Tilandsia*, common as a weed in Mexico and Central America. These singular bodies are really only the enlarged and thickened base of the leaf-stem, and are produced annually with the growth of the leaf; when the leaf withers the bulb still remains; and as the years pass clusters are formed such as are seen in the engraving. The bulbs are regarded by botanists as receptacles where nourishment is stored up for the support of the plant. They are common to very many Orchids.

Orchids, as a rule, are of slow growth and long life. The same plant produces new flower-stems some-

times annually, sometimes at longer intervals, but the plant itself lives to great age; it has been asserted that there is evidence of their living one hundred years. In this long life is found the safety of investing money in their culture, for the continued production of rare flowers will bring to the florist ample remuneration for both the cost of purchase and that of cultivation.

It is impossible to succeed with Orchids without a thorough knowledge of their habits of life at home. An amusing illustration of this fact was given in the case of a gentleman who, having vainly endeavored to grow a species of *Stanhopia*, found one morning, to his astonishment, that it was sending a green stem through the bottom of the pot. Finding from this hint that it preferred to grow upside down, he concluded to let it have its own way, and was rewarded by abundant blooms. The central plant figured in the engraving shows how the epiphyte is cultivated upon wood suspended by wires. Those that need more protection for the roots are placed in baskets, filled with sphagnum moss, placed over potsherds and pieces of charcoal; others are potted. Any one who has a greenhouse can grow some Orchids, but they thrive best in a house by themselves, their aristocratic proclivities demanding select society and luxurious surroundings. It is only necessary for this purpose to divide off a small portion of the greenhouse, where they will condescend to admit a few choice exotic ferns. Stove-heat has been considered hitherto almost indispensable to most epiphytes. Of late, however, new ideas have been introduced with regard to culture which will, if they can be carried out, greatly facilitate Orchid culture. It is claimed that very many of the plants now under cultivation may be grown in a grapery where the temperature never falls below 40° Fahrenheit. This is a contradiction of all received notions, but in a number of cases the experiment has been successfully tried, and it is greatly to be desired that the matter be thoroughly tested; for if it can be proved successful it will greatly reduce the expense of Orchid culture, and encourage many to engage in it that now look upon it as beyond their means.

As the facilities of intercourse with South America become more rapid and frequent, we shall doubtless learn more about these "beautiful things without foundation," as the Spaniards name them, and increase the number which can be successfully grown with care, even without the greenhouse. Already there is a considerable list for parlor culture, so that ladies who love beauty can adorn their rooms with ornaments more elegant than the finest work of art, and enjoy at the same time the delight of studying the curious secrets of plant-life; for it is only to the patient watcher that plants impart their strange confidences.

"Silence is vocal if we listen well,"

and listening is well repaid. Let us learn to listen, and we shall hear strange stories of forest and mountain, of river and vale, where these gipsy creatures have dwelt for centuries, reflecting the splendor of the sunset, and filling the air with rich perfumes, waiting for the acknowledgment and appreciation of man.

C. S. N.



ORCHIDS AT HOME.



NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1879.

WILLIAMS' HOUSEHOLD SERIES.

The Publishers would call attention to the extremely favorable terms upon which they offer the charming and popular volumes of WILLIAMS' HOUSEHOLD SERIES. These books have met with so favorable a reception hitherto that their merits need hardly be pressed upon the readers of the CABINET, to many of whom they are already familiar. The following premiums are offered upon orders for books:

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TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The Publishers of the CABINET feel that an apology is due to readers and correspondents of the paper for the neglect and delay which has occurred in the past in answering letters and queries. Under the new arrangements now completed, the editor will give prompt attention to all queries, and publish the replies as rapidly as possible. If the reply does not appear as soon as expected, our correspondents may rest assured that the delay has been unavoidable. Those who send plants for name, will find it much the safest plan to send a small branch or twig, with leaf and flower. Many leaves resemble each other so closely as to render identification impossible. Delicate blossoms may be secured between two cards wrapped in a little raw cotton. In the mail bags specimens are often so crushed as to be unrecognizable. Care in mailing is absolutely indispensable. Ferns are often entirely destroyed when enclosed in an envelope.

A Beautiful Christmas Present.—The \$1 Magic Lantern advertised in this issue will make a suitable Christmas present for every boy and girl. Don't fail to read the advertisement.

We willingly recommend to our readers "The Bowker Fertilizer" advertised on another page, as the Company's references and testimonials are all that can be asked.

Floral Hints.**KEEPING FLOWER-SLIPS.**

By inverting a tumbler or a glass over a slip when first set out, and keeping it over a few days, it will almost surely take root and thrive. If a handful of well-pulverized charcoal is put in the earth when you plant a geranium, it will have a much richer growth and color.

I have kept scarlet Japonicas fresh a very long time by putting their stems in a saucer of white sand; if the flower has its under surface touching the sand, it will keep bright a very long time. By placing the stems of holly berries, or almost any kind of scarlet berries, in the sand a few days, the berries will retain their brilliancy thereafter for months without being shrivelled. Autumn leaves laid in sand and carefully covered over with a layer of sand, for sometimes only four days, will preserve their color perfectly and not have the flat, stiff look of preserved leaves. The scarlet dogwood and the yellow leaves of the birch are beautiful preserved in this way. Lay them in with three or four leaves on a stem, and they will keep their graceful curves and waves as if just gathered; and one, by a little trouble, can have a more beautiful group of leaves to grace a winter bouquet than oil or wax or varnish can make them.

THE HYACINTH.

THE Hyacinth is a universal favorite in the most extended application of the word. The number of its varieties is now fully equal to that of any other florist's flower. They are not only desirable for planting in beds in the flower-garden, but for forcing into flower in the dull, cheerless months of winter and early spring, when their bright-colored blossoms and rich fragrance lend a charm not otherwise to be found. For growing in the conservatory or drawing-room the bulbs should be potted, as early as they can be obtained, in small pots of rich, light earth, and placed in a cold-frame, or some protected place in the garden where they may be secure from heavy rains; cover them with at least foot of newly-fallen leaves, and being once well watered soon after being potted, they may remain for a month at least, to form their roots, when they may be uncovered, and the most forward brought out and repotted into larger pots, and placed in a moderately warm room. The size of the pot will depend much upon the size of the bulb; as a rule, the first potting should be in four and the second in six-inch pots. Some care is necessary in the application and increase of heat, or the flowers will be abortive. For the first three weeks it should not be above fifty degrees at any time of the day; after that the heat may be increased to whatever degree is desirable in the room where they are to bloom. Water should be slightly warm when applied, and given in proportion to the development of foliage and flower; in no case should the earth in the pots become dry, neither soddened, an excess of water being as injurious as drought.

Hyacinths succeed best in a humid atmosphere,

which is not easily obtained in the drawing-room; and they are particularly sensitive to cold draughts of air, which may and should be avoided.

Hyacinths in glasses are an elegant and appropriate ornament to the drawing-room, and for this purpose occasion but little trouble. To those contemplating this interesting branch of floriculture we make the following suggestions:

1. If you choose your own bulbs, pay more attention to weight than size, and be sure that the bulb is sound at the base as well as at the top.

2. Use the single kinds only, because they are earlier, more hardy, and as a rule perfect their flowers in water better than the double varieties.

3. Use rain or soft spring water.

4. Set the bulb in the glass so that the lower end is almost but not quite in contact with the water.

5. When the bulb is placed, put the glass in a cool, dark closet, or any convenient place where light is excluded, there to remain for about six weeks, or until the roots fill the glass, which they will do sooner than in the light, as they feed more freely in the dark.

6. Fill up the glasses with water as the level sinks by the feeding of the roots or by evaporation.

7. It is not necessary to change the water if a few pieces of charcoal are placed in the bottom of the glasses.

8. When the roots are freely developed, and the flower-spike is pushing into life, remove by degrees to full light and air.

9. The more light and air given, from the time the flowers show color, the shorter will be the leaves and spike, and the brighter the colors of the flowers.

10. Do not place the glasses where the direct rays of the sun will strike upon them, as that will raise the temperature of the water sufficiently high to cook the bulbs, which is by no means an unfrequent cause of failure.

11. Hyacinth bulbs for forcing either in glasses or in pots should be of the very best quality; common mixtures will do very well for the open border, but named varieties should always be selected for house culture—not that the names are essential, but because all poor and undeveloped bulbs are culled out from named sorts and sold as mixtures.

CUTTINGS BEFORE PLANTING.

CUTTINGS of Geraniums and many other plants will be found to start with more certainty if wrapped in slightly damp moss for a few days before inserting in sand. This will allow the cut end to partly heal or become calloused, and thus not be so liable to rot or damp off. The propagator must be the judge as to the time the cutting ought to be so kept. Verbenas and similar woody cuttings can be kept but a day or two, while some hard-wooded cuttings may be kept for two weeks to advantage. Never allow cuttings to become wilted before insertion, and always allow several leaves to remain on each to elaborate the sap and assist in forming roots. Do not crowd your cuttings, as this will often cause them to damp off.

Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

MODENA.

EDITOR OF CABINET: I have taken the CABINET for five years and like it extremely, but have never until now ventured on a question. Will you tell me how to treat Ivy Geranium? I have been very unsuccessful in making them bloom in winter. K. E. GEORGE.

Answer.—Perhaps you have not sufficiently considered the preparation the plants need for winter blooming. They should have through the summer abundant sunshine, air, and water. Place them in a rich, loamy soil, and after they are well grown give them a season of rest. Early in September the plants should be taken up, the earth shaken from the roots, and the tops pruned back closely and in such a manner as to give symmetry to the form, and then repotted. The plants should be shaded for a week or so, then water or sunshine may be allowed. Such a course of treatment ought to give you thrifty plants all winter.

NORTH COHOCTON, STEUBEN Co., N. Y.

Does Amaryllis need peculiar treatment to have it bloom? as I have been much disappointed in mine bearing no flowers. H. M. MOULTON.

Answer.—Amaryllis requires careful management. Plant in large pots, in loam mixed with rotted manure. When placed in the earth press the bulb firmly in, so as to settle the earth about its roots, leaving the neck uncovered; water thoroughly and give moderate heat until it shows signs of growth, which, if the bulb is in good condition, will be very rapid when it commences. Water about once a week with warm water, and give abundant light. Sometimes a single bulb will throw up several spikes, and the time of flowering will last five or six weeks. When done flowering let them rest for a month or two, withholding water; keep them in a cool place where there is a free circulation of air, but which is secure from frost. A Johnsonii has been known to bloom twice a year.

DANVILLE, MICH.

In reading the pleasant and instructive columns of the CABINET I have seen the questions of other correspondents kindly answered, and would like to ask the following: 1. How old Cinerarias and Gloxinias must be before blooming; also Amaryllis Johnsonii and Allamandas. SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—1. The two first are propagated from seed sown in the spring; plants kept in shady situations during the summer should bloom the following winter and spring. 2. We refer you to answer given above. 3. Allamanda is easily grown, if a thorough understanding be had of their needs. They are capable of producing flowers of large size and substance; for eight months of the year they require a great deal of light, but should be protected from the direct rays of the sun at midday. When done blooming they should rest for about two months. Water should be gradually withheld, and during the rest-period only sufficient given to prevent the leaves from drooping. They do best when well established in large pots. Plant young plants in light turfy, loam with a little sand. Delicate kinds are best grafted on stronger varieties.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. W. Hyde.—“No” to all of your queries. The Rubber Plant is Ficus elastica, an evergreen, large-growing tree. Crassula is an herbaceous plant, sometimes assuming a shrubby form. The House-leeks belong to the same order. We do not know a plant that has been christened “Roman candle.” Feverfew should be planted in the open ground; it will flower in a pot, but is apt to draw up too long, unless in a large pot, with plenty of light, and in a cool room.

Mrs. E. A. Warner.—Your enemy is the scale. Your remedy is to take a smooth stick, dip in strong soapsuds, and scrape the plants until clean, then rinse with clear water. Cacti are liable to attack from insects, particularly scale.

Amateur.—The rose vase for the centre of your bed is General Jacqueminot. For the next row, La France or Paul Neron; for the outer circle, Caroline Manais. The best moss rose is Princesse Adelaide. Mad Faleot, a fine apricot-yellow, orange bud, is nearest to an ever-blooming orange rose of any to be had. Amie Vibert is the best pure white ever-blooming rose. “The Rose,” by Parsons, is probably the best book for you.

Hattie Farrar.—Hen and chickens is a popular name applied to Bellis perennis (Double Daisy); also, with as much propriety, to Sempervivum soboliferum, the House-leek of the cottage garden.

Nina Smith.—The Justicias are not hardy; there are many species and varieties. The greenhouse varieties are best grown from cuttings of young wood; they will root freely in sand. They will grow in almost any soil or situation, preferring a light, rich loam and a rather high temperature with liberal watering. Old plants do not bloom well; young ones should be started annually.

Dora B. Foreman.—The tuberous rooted Begonias require a long period of rest; the proper time is manifested by their leaves drying up and drooping, which follows immediately after flowering. At that time cease watering and put them away, in the pots, in some dry place entirely free from frost, where they should remain until the first of April, unless they show signs of growth sooner, when they should be repotted in a light, rich soil, and grown in as warm and moist atmosphere as possible. There are so many species of Ornithogalum that it is difficult to give cultural instruction without knowing which yours is. They are, as a class, of the easiest culture; some of them will flower if the bulbs are hung up dry in a warm room. If your bulb is large and healthy, give it a rest by keeping it perfectly dry for a month or two. Many kinds of bulbs are induced to bloom by a period of rest that have been sterile for years.

O. B.—Your plant is Oxalis tetraphylla, a winter-blooming species. The bulbs should be planted any time from September until January, in rich, fibrous soil; they will flower during the winter and spring, and require rest during summer. Plant your Lily of the Valley out of doors in partial shade; it will surely bloom soon as it gets established. It is an early spring flower.

A. R. R.—It is a simple affair to make a vaporizer, as H. P. S. says, but more difficult to tell how; you must be shown instead of being told. A very useful one can be bought for twenty cents, which is the cheaper plan, unless exercise for ingenuity is wanted. We cannot give you the correct name of your Trumpet

Fuchsia without a branch in flower. It is a local name given to some plant not at all allied to the Fuchsia. It is very interesting floriculture to grow Coleus from seed; if the seed you have saved is from hybrid sorts you will be likely to get some very good ones, and no two alike. Sow the seed in boxes about the first of February. The plant enclosed is Lamium maculatum, popularly known as Dead-Nettle.

An Old Subscriber's plants came so badly broken that it is impossible to name them correctly. No. 1. is undoubtedly a Pentstemon. Var.-leaved Chrysanthemum can be had from the leading florists, whose catalogues please consult.

Mrs. John Willis.—The plant is Lychnis coronaria.

Mrs. M. C. Allen.—The plant is Ponciana Gilliesii, a native of Mendoza, South America; it is a very beautiful shrub, highly esteemed for greenhouse culture.

Mary Weed.—The leaf and flower sent is from one of the Morndas (Horse-balm), probably M. didyma. The Coleus are all difficult to carry through the winter, especially in an ordinary drawing-room. The only way to treat them properly is to take cuttings in the fall and grown on the young plants. They require the warm, moist air of the greenhouse. “Wandering Jew,” is a popular name applied to several plants, most commonly to the several varieties of Tradescantia.

Mrs. Asa Turner.—The specimen sent is from the Eleagnus Argenta, a shrub or low-growing tree, rarely more than fifteen feet high. Its popular names are Pursh or Silver-Berry. It is propagated by seeds or by layering the young shoots in September. The Cactus family is so large that it is impossible to give a correct name from your description; it probably belongs to the section Cereus.

Miss M. C. Blaine.—The specimen sent is Lycopodium Carolinianum.

E. A. Claypool.—The specimens sent are so badly bruised that we cannot give the names correctly. Do not know the popular names of either of them. No. 2 is one of the Solanums; cannot say which without the fruit.

Maria Herbert.—The name of plant is Bryophyllum Calycinum, a native of the East Indies.

A PLAIN ANSWER.

A GENTLEMAN of large scholarship, and well known for his fine reasoning powers, but of rather rough manners, was inexpressibly bored by an acquaintance, whose intense self-conceit sometimes rendered him intolerable to his friends. One day, after the latter had been displaying his peculiarity in a very provoking manner, our professor turned to him very gravely and said: “Yes; what you say is true; in fact, you and I know everything there is to know. You know everything in the universe, except that you are a fool, and I know that.”

Did the prophet Isaiah ever eat at a railroad station? It certainly looks so, for how could he have described it so literally if he had not? “And they shall snatch on the right hand, and be hungry; and he shall eat on the left hand, and they shall not be satisfied.” —Congregationalist.

Vanderbilt controls 3,620 miles of railway and employs 27,706 men.

New Things in Science and the Arts.

THE ARTOTYPE.

WE live in an age so full of new thoughts that we have hardly time to draw breath between the announcements of new discoveries in science and art, and few are able to appreciate and understand the rapidity with which the civilized world is moving.

Among the late improvements in what for want of a better term may be called mechanical art, is the Artotype, a recently-introduced combination of photography and lithography, the object being first photographed and afterwards printed upon a printing-press with printer's ink.

During a visit to the establishment of Messrs. Haroun & Bierstadt, 58 Reade Street, we were favored with an opportunity of seeing the pictures printed and examining them in various stages of development, and we have no hesitation in saying that the delicacy and finish, far surpass the finest photograph, while the clearness and permanency of the print equals the best steel engraving.

If the mention of printer's ink suggests the idea of coarseness to the reader, he may be assured that it is an altogether mistaken one. There is a softness of tone, and a gradation in the shadows which persuade one, in spite of evidence, that there must have been touches from the skilful brush of an artist in india-ink.

No better evidence of the refinement and elegant delicacy possible to the process, can be given, than that it has been selected by experienced publishers, to illustrate Ruskin's "Modern Painters." John Wiley & Sons have ventured upon the rather hazardous enterprise, of giving a beautiful edition to the public at one-fifth of the old one. When we say hazardous, we do not mean with regard to the public, but to the distinguished author, whose wrath spares neither friend nor foe in what he believes to be the interest of art.

Certainly the new process answers to one of his favorite axioms, "All true art is delicate."

It is not alone in black and white that the process is available, but in color also; we understood, however, from what was told us, that this part of the work had not yet been entirely perfected, though, if we might judge from what we saw in a certain private drawer into which we were permitted to peep, of a cluster of Eglantine and other wild flowers, that looked as though the dew had hardly dried from off their petals, we should think perfection was not far off.

The advantage is also possessed of being applicable to a great variety of different substances. We saw prints upon white satin, brown leather, and pine shingle, all clear, bright, and perfectly finished. Upon the pure and even surface of white holly the effect is very fine; upon leather it is quaint, and suggests the adaptation to many uses in the industrial arts.

The photograph has always, when good, given an exquisite refinement of shading; but the very tints which give its greatest beauty are the most evanescent, and every one knows how frequently a photograph is marred or ruined by change of color, by fading, and by unsightly spots; but the artotype is sub-

ject to none of these objections. Its exquisite gradations of shadow are entirely permanent, and it is subject to no uncertainty of effect from the varying skill of the manipulation or the changeful quality of chemicals, the process being wholly mechanical.

That its adaptation to the illustration of medical and scientific subjects is especially great, cannot be doubted; for the delicate pencil of the sun can delineate what no mortal hand would dare attempt, and all that can be desired is attained, when the sketch from nature is fixed in enduring tints. When scientific works and valuable books on art, can be illustrated in a style which is equal to the finest steel engraving, at a cost which will place them within the reach of the many, a great advance will be made toward the education of the public taste, and invaluable aid will be afforded to the study of natural science.

NEW FABRIC.

PATENT rights have recently been secured in this country, says an English journal, for an invention which consists in the creation of a type of novel textile fabrics termed "diamantés." It consists in sprinkling upon any kind of textile fabric glittering or sparkling particles of crystalline or metallic materials, with spaces reserved, if desired, for producing patterns. This process embellishes the fabric, and gives it an appearance which it is proposed to term "diamanté."

But beyond the creation of what may be termed an article of fashion there is in this invention a patentable novelty, which results from the actual process by which this result is attained. It consists in the use of matters designated as crystalline—that is to say, transparent and sparkling. They may be either gelatinous, like purified isinglass, or non-gelatinous, like glass, or metallic, like gold and silver. These matters may be variously colored. The materials pulverized fall upon the fabric, which is stretched and arranged to travel over rollers. A jet of steam is directed upon the fabric, the effect of which is to render the surface of the gelatinous grains or particles moist and sticky, so that the dissolved particles seize the particles of crystalline matter which may be in contact with them, and the passage of the piece upon the hot cylinder then brings about the sticking and drying. The use of steam is important, as steam does not affect the shades of color of the fabric like water, which might otherwise be used to damp the fabric before sprinkling.

NOVELTIES IN DECORATION.

CUP AND SAUCER.—A cup and saucer (contributor 1601) that has just received the seal of the Society of Decorative Art is decorated with a Japanese design in pale tints of chocolate brown upon an ivory-colored ground. Besides the particularly graceful finish and execution of the work, it has the novel feature of having some of its lines ornamented with small white beads of enamel.

SAUCER.—A curious shape for a saucer has been tried with much success. It is flat, the edge turned up at right angles, to which a corrugated appearance is given, the decoration being in contrasted colors.

INDUSTRIAL ART IN NEW YORK.

HITHERTO there has been no museum in this city which has given any special attention to the applications of industry to art and art to industry. This want the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum have determined to supply, and have devoted a portion of the new art building, in Central Park, to collections illustrating industrial art. They propose to begin with the applications of metals. Valuable gifts have already been received, others are promised, and more are earnestly solicited. Professor Thomas Egleston, of the School of Mines, Columbia College, has been authorized to receive such donations. Communications relating to the matter may be sent to him or to the Director of the Museum, Gen. Di Cesnola. The department is an important and useful one, and it is to be hoped that contributions will be liberal.

THE PHONOGRAPHIC PIANO.

THE phonographic piano is among the late applications of the principle of the phonograph. A music-box which may cost a large sum of money and be of the best construction, can only produce a limited number of tunes, but the phonographic piano can play any tune for which the music is furnished. The bars are struck by strikers as in a piano. A strip of prepared paper, upon which the tune is perforated, about ten inches wide, passes through rollers and over the keys, the strikers springing through the perforations in the paper and striking the right note, the operator taking no more part in the production of the music than the organ-grinder in turning the rollers. Of course automatic music can never be more than a body without a soul, any more than a chromo can be a painting, but there are many persons who have a certain fondness for music which never develops into a passion, and often exists without the least musical ability. To such persons the phonographic piano will be a boon, for it will allow them to choose their own tunes, and to execute them in such a manner as will give them great pleasure. It is claimed that the music is really good, and as the price is within the reach of very moderate means, it will, doubtless, be popular.

The Introduction of the Telephone.—The rapidity attending the introduction of the telephone as a means of business communication is shown by the fact that though thirteen months ago the first one was used in Chicago, the American District Telegraph Company now has over fifteen hundred patrons—that is to say, it has put up that number of telephones, with the corresponding number of wires. The carbon telephone constructed by Edison is used. The company has a central office and nine branch-offices, which take in nearly every portion of the city. At its central office and branches the number of messages per day average twenty thousand. The demand for the telephone may be inferred when we say that the company has forty-seven men and five teams constantly employed in putting up new lines and instruments, and twelve others who are constantly engaged in keeping the lines in repair.—*Christian Union*.



WINTER WREATH OF GRASSES AND LEAVES FOR WALL.

A Gigantic Garden.—China has the largest population of any country in the world. It has the longest and greatest wall ever built, and it has also the largest and most fertile garden ever cultivated. The Chinamen, who walk over bridges built two thousand years ago, have 50,000 square miles around Shanghai, which area is called the Garden of China. This area is as large as New York and Pennsylvania combined; it is all meadow-land, raised but a few feet above the lakes, rivers, canals—a complete network of water communication—the land under the highest tillth; three crops a year harvested; population so dense that wherever you look you see men and women in blue pants and blouse, so numerous that you fancy some fair or coming off.

General Reading.

TWO WAYS TO HELP THE POOR.

BY MISS SCHUYLER.

[From a paper read before the State Charities Aid Association Conference on "The Importance of Uniting Individual and Associated Volunteer Effort in Behalf of the Poor." No. 18 of the State Charities Aid Association pamphlets.]

ON other occasions I have repeatedly said that three or four poor families were as many as any one visitor might better undertake—a visitor, I mean, having other duties, as most of us have, and able to give comparatively little time to visiting the poor. And why so few? Surely, says some young and generous spirit, longing to give something of the brightness and freshness of youth to gladden the lives of those who have never had any youth, surely I can do more than this. Should my four families live in the same neighborhood, it would take only one hour to visit them all once a week, and I have more time than this to give to the poor. Yes, I answer, fifteen minutes to each family is quite enough, is far too much, if it means that you stop merely to enquire: "How they are getting on?" "Not ill, I hope?" "What! an accident? I am very sorry. Of course not able to work. Nothing to eat? Horrible! Here, take this dollar, and I will look in again next week!" And so, hastily retreating, to escape the thanks which follow, on from one poor family to another, and so home, with a glow of satisfaction that at least those people have a dinner to-day—only "I might just as well have given my whole morning, and have visited a dozen families as those four." And with this the thought is dismissed; and the next day, and the next bring their round of home duties and social engagements, until "my morning for visiting the poor" comes in its turn again, when the visits and the dollars are repeated. What permanent good has been done? If your family are worthless, if the man is shamming illness, they take the gift as the fair spoil of your credulity, and ask themselves what other dupes, be they churches, societies, or soft-hearted individuals, will listen to the same or another story and supply the dollars for the other days, until you come again. All you have done in this case is to have helped to pauperize a family. On the other hand, suppose the story to have been a true one, suppose the man to have been a respectable, hard-working mechanic, temporarily disabled, how much have you helped him? Was it being a friend, was it helping him in time of need, to go off and leave him, without knowing what was to become of him and his family during your absence? And in either case, true or false, has your dollar helped to benefit that family permanently?

My friends, it will take all the time you can spare, all the thought you can give, to understand and to help as you might a very few of the many who need your help so sorely. Suppose you give of your best

thought and best effort to *one* of these poor families, and see what this may mean. Let us take one of the cases usually considered discouraging—a widow with partly grown up children, boys and girls, where not one of the family knows how to do anything towards his own support, where all have lived along in some mysterious way, partly by picking up odd jobs, partly by alms, with no future before them beyond a continuance of this same hand-to-mouth existence. What can be done for these people? I think you must begin by seeing enough of them to know all

and what have you received? God's gifts are many and come to us in various ways, and the word spoken to one differs from that spoken to another. But is there, can there be, anything more satisfactory in our intercourse with the poor than to have those who first came to us as beggars come at last as friends, wanting our sympathy in their joys and sorrows, but not wanting our money?

And your poor mechanic, temporarily disabled? Could you not have seen his doctor, and spoken a good word for him to his employer, and arranged to help him until well again by a loan, for which he would have given security—as such men can—and repaid you later in small instalments? Why break down his honest pride and self-respect by making him, for the first time, a recipient of alms? Why let him toss in fevered anxiety with care for the morrow, when the sleep of to-day is so important for his recovery? Your one dollar given can do but little for him; your one hundred dollars loaned can do much.



A FERNERY FOR WINDOW.

about them, by studying the character and natural abilities of each member of the family, before you can know what you can try to do for each. If they know nothing, this must first be made apparent to them; for it is not in human nature to acknowledge willingly that we cannot do some *one* thing well. All women think they can sew and wash, all men will sooner break our necks than acknowledge they cannot drive, and so our poor woman undertakes washing or sewing, or house-cleaning—knows how to do everything, but can't get any work. Suppose we begin by giving her some of our own clothes to wash, and when she brings them home torn to pieces, instead of being annoyed, ask her, very gently, if she would not like to take a few lessons in washing, offer to arrange to have her taught, and tell her you will give her another trial with your own clothes later, and will try to find work for her. If that woman has a spark of ambition and good feeling she will accept your offer, and the next time your washing will be well done. I think the few dollars spent in replacing what that first lesson cost you will have done better service than if they had been given outright in several of your fifteen-minute visits. And the eldest daughter wishes to learn to work upon the sewing-machine; and the son is willing to take a trade; and the little children might better go to school. You see that they are taught, and at first help to find work for them, and stay by them, and encourage them to let you know of their successes or failures; at last they stand on their own feet and make their own way, and when they come to see you it is to tell you how well they are getting on, or to seek your sympathy when in affliction. But then that family, for the case is not a fictitious one, required more time than fifteen minutes a week; more time, much thought, some effort, more money perhaps that first year. This you have given;

and what have you received? God's gifts are many and come to us in various ways, and the word spoken to one differs from that spoken to another. But is there, can there be, anything more satisfactory in our intercourse with the poor than to have those who first came to us as beggars come at last as friends, wanting our sympathy in their joys and sorrows, but not wanting our money?

A MINIATURE AQUARIUM.

TAKE with you a small tin pail down to the seaside and fill it full of pure salt-water. Walk along on the sunny side of some creek or inlet until you come to a spot where eel-grass or seaweed is growing luxuriantly. Place your pail of water down beside you, and in it wash carefully a quantity of the eel-grass or seaweed. Repeat this operation several times at different places, being careful not to soil the water with mud. Now put into your pail a pebble, with a choice bit of seaweed attached to it, and you have all the material necessary for your aquarium. Take it home and pour the water into a small glass phial, drop carefully into it the stone with the seaweed growing upon it; then, after covering the mouth of the bottle with muslin to exclude dust, place it in a sunny window, and in a few weeks you will be astonished at the result. The seaweed will have shot out little delicate branches through the water, which will remain perfectly pure and transparent for months, while every drop of it will contain many living objects of different varieties that will increase and multiply to a wonderful extent, and will be ready at all times to be admired under the microscope.

As the water in the phial evaporates it will be necessary to add fresh to it. By adding salt water it is evident the whole would soon become too salt to sustain life.

SATIN-COVERED FAN.

A FAN that has just received the seal of excellence of the Society of Decorative Art for harmonious coloring and simplicity of arrangement is an ordinary Japanese fan, cut square, and covered with heavy blue and yellow bronze satin, with jessamines painted in water-color on the satin. The handle is gilded with a rich dead gold, and tied round with a large satin bow of the same color as the blue covering.

Hints to Young Housekeepers.

HOUSECLEANING.

To clean house properly, begin in the attic, take one room at a time and clean thoroughly; inspect every corner, trunk, box, and drawer, and dispose of all useless rubbish. Bury old shoes around the roots of the grapevines, and they will serve you years longer by retaining moisture, and thereby increasing the fruitfulness of the vines.

Brush the walls, dust carefully, and wash the floors in ammonia-water. See that the stoves used downstairs are well cleaned and carried up to one of the attic spare rooms, and they will be free from rust when wanted in the fall. Oil the pipe with warm linseed oil, and it will retain a good polish.

Proceed with the bedrooms, one only at a time; examine the bedsteads, and, if afraid of bugs, wash them in a solution of corrosive sublimate, and your slumbers will be undisturbed. Wash varnished woodwork with cold tea made from grounds previously used and boiled over. It removes dirt, fly-specks, and leaves a beautiful gloss. Plain painted surfaces require a little ammonia in the water, about a tablespoonful to the gallon; use laundry soap, a sponge; *rinse quickly* with warm water, and wipe dry with a soft muslin cloth. Whiting applied with a cloth dipped in warm water, and carefully rubbed off with a dry cloth, cleanses white paint without injuring it.

To clean the metal plates, key-holes, etc., of doors, also brass stair-rods, use sapolio, or, if brass, rotten-stone.

The semi-annual oiling of furniture tends to give walnut-wood a darker and richer look, and renews its freshness. Any housekeeper who has never tried this simple process is advised to do so, and note how quickly all white spots and blemishes disappear. No matter how old and much abused chairs and tables are, try it upon them. Ten cents' worth of oil, mixed with a little rotten-stone, which may be had at any druggist's, will be sufficient to polish the furniture of a large dwelling. Apply a little at a time with a small flannel cloth and rub until dry, and smooth with a larger piece of flannel, and finish with dry rotten-stone.

To clean marble mantels, take one part of finely-powdered chalk, one part pulverized pumice-stone, and two parts of common soda, mix with water and rub well the whole surface, then wash with soap and water, and you will find every stain has been removed.

The gilded frames of mirrors and pictures are beautifully cleaned by applying the white of eggs with a soft camel's-hair brush. To prevent flies settling upon them, wash in garlic or onion water. Do not fear the odor, as it soon dies away and brightens the gilt. Accidents *will happen* even in the best-regulated households, and oil or grease sometimes gets spilled upon carpets. To clean such spots, use fuller's-earth and water, spread thickly, cover with paper, and let it remain two days; brush off, and if not removed make another application. If haste is required, use refined benzine.

The following are good and tried directions for kalsomining: Clean the walls from dust, fill all crevices and nail-holes with plaster-of-Paris and white sand, and coat the walls with a thin sizing of glue-water. Then mix eight pounds of zinc-white to a thick cream with warm water, and add half a pound of dissolved glue. (Some use common whiting instead of zinc-white; it is cheaper, but not near so good.) Apply with the largest size paint-brush or small whitewash-brush. If the mixture becomes too thick to spread evenly, add warm water. If the kalsomine is wanted tinted, a few cents' worth of dry colors will be sufficient. This is cheaper than paper or paint, and is more quickly put on the walls. A pretty border for a room, in imitation of inlaid-wood, is made by pasting cloth smoothly around the floor the desired width, then over that paste wall-paper of wood colors and geometrical designs. When perfectly dry brush over with thin glue-water, then apply two coats of copal varnish.

Wash the shelves of closets, pantry, and store-room with strong alum-water and they will never be troubled with red or black ants. Put in every mouse-hole little paper parcels of fine corn-meal and arsenic mixed, and the obnoxious little creatures will be effectually exterminated. But this should be done in very cold weather only. Plaster-of-Paris mixed with gall is good to fill mouse-holes.

Experienced housekeepers recommend paper bags for keeping dried small fruit, corn, etc., etc. We have used instead for years the Mason quart and half-gallon self-sealing jars. They are the very thing for dried and soft yeast. The latter should never be put in a jug unless under your own immediate supervision. If the housekeepers throughout our land could only look into these jugs they would either banish or clean them with their own hands.

The color and durability of our kitchen floor is most satisfactory, and the cost was only \$2 50. It was first oiled with boiled linseed-oil, then varnished with shellac varnish, and again oiled. It is kept beautifully clean by merely wiping up with cold water. Three times a year it is given a coat of oil.

We use white oil-cloth, bound with red, for wall-protectors back of the kitchen table, and under the hooks where pans, etc., are hung. It is easily kept fresh by washing in soap and warm water.

SYDNEY A. FAIRFAX.

ENTREES.

MR. DELMONICO, talking about entrees, says that Americans ought to copy "the French method of utilizing small bits of raw meats and fowls, and of re-cooking all kinds of cold joints and pieces of cooked meats which remain, day after day, from every dinner in almost every family." The success of such dishes depends mainly on the sauce, which is best made from broth. The following is his recipe for a favorite sauce: "Take an ounce of ham or bacon; cut it up in small pieces, and fry it in hot fat. Add an onion and carrot, cut up, thicken with flour, then add a pint or quart of broth, according to the quantity desired, season with pepper and salt, and any spice or herb that is relished (better though without

the spice), and let simmer for an hour, skim carefully and strain. A wineglass of any wine may be added, if liked." Cold roast, or broiled beef or mutton, may be cut into small squares, fried brown in butter, and then gently stewed in the sauce above described. Mr. Delmonico describes croquettes as the attractive French substitute for American hash, and tells how to make them: "Veal, mutton, lamb, sweetbreads, almost any of the lighter meats, besides cold chicken and turkey, can be most judiciously turned into croquettes. Chop the meat very fine. Chop up an onion, fry it in an ounce of butter; add a tablespoonful of flour. Stir well, and then add the chopped meat and a little broth, salt, pepper, little nutmeg. Stir for two or three minutes; then add the yolks of two eggs, and turn the whole mixture into a dish to cool. When cool mix well together again. Divide up into parts for the croquettes; roll into the desired shape in bread crumbs. Dip in beaten eggs, then into bread crumbs again, and fry crisp, a bright golden color. Any of these croquettes may be served plain or with tomato sauce or garniture of vegetables."

RICE DISHES OF ITALY.

THE rice dishes of Italy are popular and delicious, so unlike our own well-known ones that we urge a trial of their excellence upon our readers. Chief among them rank the *risotto* of Milan and the cream of rice and chicken. The *risotto* is made by par-boiling well-washed rice in boiling water for five minutes, draining and drying it on a cloth, frying it light brown with a little chopped onion and butter, and then stewing it until tender in enough highly-seasoned broth to well cover it; it has to be watched closely, and the saucepan shaken as the rice absorbs the broth, so that it shall not burn; when the rice is done it is put into a buttered mould with shreds of cold chicken, tongue, or ham, well shaken down, dusted with grated cheese, and browned in the oven. Slices of mushroom or a little tomato sauce are used as variations from the chicken or tongue.

The cream of rice is made by boiling the breast of a fowl and a cup of rice in chicken broth until soft enough to rub through a fine sieve; the paste thus formed is used to thicken boiling milk, seasoned with salt, pepper, and nutmeg, to the consistency of thick cream; it is one of the most delicious and nutritious of all soups.

Risotto is prepared with sausages in the north of Italy in a very appetizing dish; the sausages are twisted without breaking the skin in inch pieces, and fried brown; the rice is washed, boiled for five minutes in boiling water, drained and dried, and then browned in the sausage-fat with a chopped onion; last of all, these ingredients are stewed in highly-seasoned broth until the rice is tender and has absorbed all the broth, enough being used to well cover it when it is set to stew.

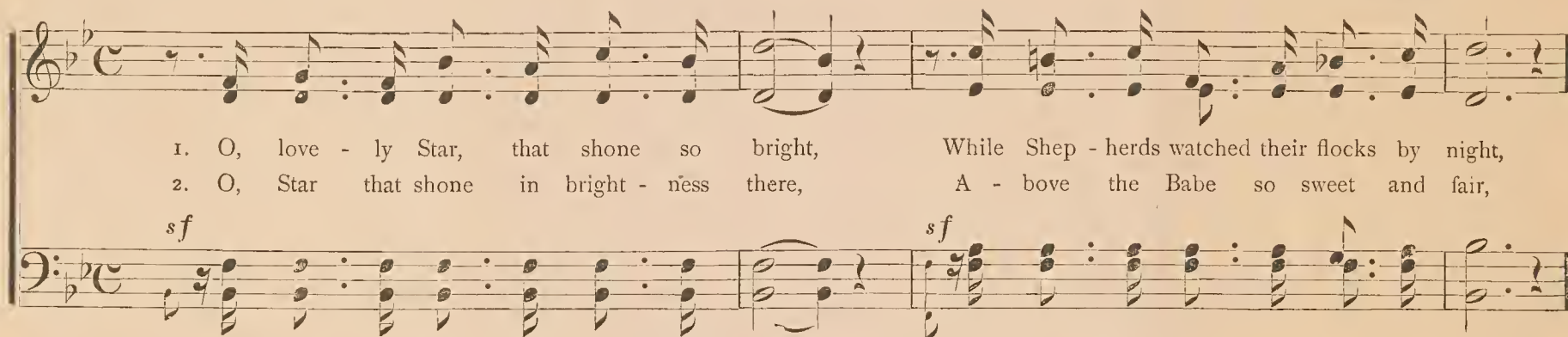
One person abusing another in the presence of Churchill, the poet, said, "He was so extremely stupid, that if you said a good thing he could not understand it." "Pray, sir," said Churchill, "did you ever try him?"

O, Lovely Star that shone so Bright.

Words by GEO. COOPER.

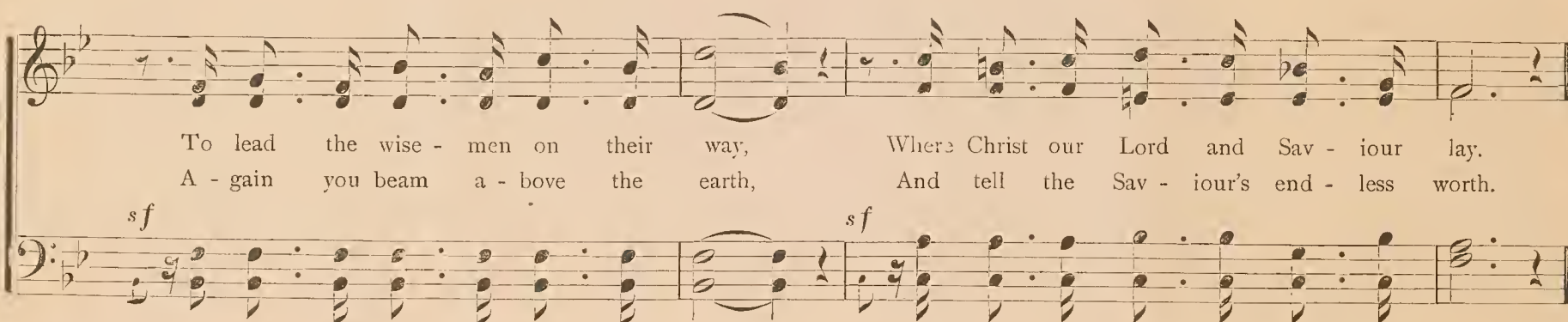
Music by H. MILLARD.

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1. O, love - ly Star, that shone so bright, While Shep - herds watched their flocks by night,
2. O, Star that shone in bright - ness there, A - bove the Babe so sweet and fair,

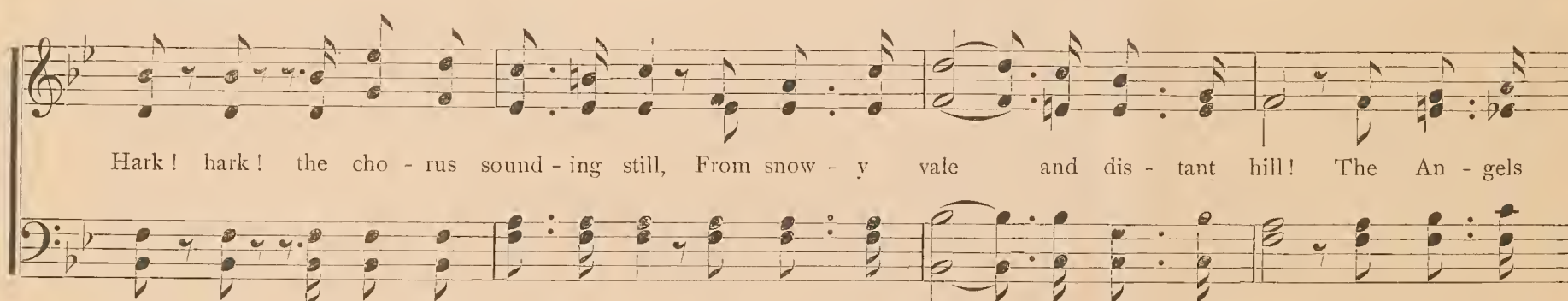
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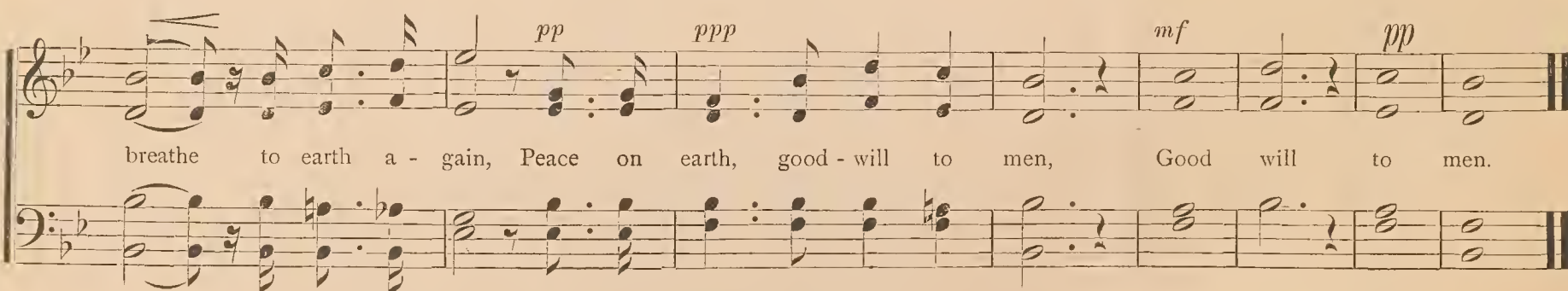
To lead the wise - men on their way, Where Christ our Lord and Sav - iour lay.
A - gain you beam a - bove the earth, And tell the Sav - iour's end - less worth.

sf *sf*

CHORUS.



Hark! hark! the cho - rus sound - ing still, From snow - y vale and dis - tant hill! The An - gels



breathe to earth a - gain, Peace on earth, good - will to men, Good will to men.

pp *ppp* *mf* *pp*

3.

O, Lovely Star, each cloud of gloom
Thy beaming rays of joy illumine!
And all our sorrow dies away,
When thou hast brought our Christmas day!

CHO.—Hark! Hark!

4.

Hosanna! to the Lord our King!
In cheerful voices we will sing,
Good Angels answer us again;
Peace! Peace! on earth, good will to men.

CHO.—Hark! Hark!

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